THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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LITERARY ESSAYS

The Complete Works *of*
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

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and
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Literary Essays
Essays on Art

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INTRODUCTION.[1]

Thackeray as a literary critic has not received so much formal attention from his biographers as he has in his capacity as a critic of art. A study of his opinions on books and writers might, however, be made to throw not a little light on the character of Thackeray and of his writings in general. At bottom, what kept him from being a good critic either of literature or of art seems to have been precisely what has made him the favourite novelist of so many persons — to wit, his exuberant personality, his excess both of humour and of sentiment. The man who believes that "heart is the first" principle in art is not far from right — the pictures and books that move the world come from sound-hearted men; but to insist on such a maxim is to run the risk of forgetting that head is of equal, if not greater, importance. Now the primary use that the critic, at least, must make of his head is to observe thoroughly and impartially the facts relative to the inquiry he is making and to draw the conclusions warranted by them. This the critic who extols the heart — or let us say, sympathy — is often disinclined to do. Thackeray, for example, certainly did not look at all the facts that were accessible about Pope and Swift before he wrote his lectures on them. They were excellent lectures, but they contained some very one-sided criticism.

This is not merely to say that Thackeray's criticism was impressionistic. Unrestrained impressionism is as bad as extreme academic formalism, but there is such a thing as fairly consistent, just, and keenly intelligent impressionism. Thackeray's impressionism was rarely of this kind. It blinked facts, indulged prejudices to a marked degree,

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[1] Copyright, 1904, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

and, in his later years, softened into easygoingness. Yet coming from the pen of Titmarsh, or Fitz-Boodle, or Thackeray himself it could not fail to be humorous, generous in the main, and therefore more or less charming. Hence in the "Humourists" and "The Roundabout Papers" Thackeray's criticism is always worth reading, and as literature is delightful; and hence even the early pieces here collected, although chiefly hackwork, are worthy of a glance from the reader and of more than a glance from the student.

One review in this volume is so excellent as criticism and so readable as an essay that it is a pity it is not better known. This is, of course, the notice of Roscoe's edition of "Fielding's Works." Thackeray was generally at his best in speaking of his master; here he had space to do both Fielding and himself justice in a way that deserves to be gratefully remembered. Other great writers, his own contemporaries, Carlyle,[1] Macaulay, and Dickens, are treated with much sympathy and intelligence. On the other hand, Bulwer continues to fare badly. The satiric treatment of the fashionable annuals does credit to Titmarsh's acumen, even if there is too much of it when it is all collected. The reviews of the novels, while fairly slashing and too much padded with quotations, show on the whole good temper and sound taste, though it is hard not to suspect with Mr. Whibley that the review of Miss Landon's "Ethel Churchill" indicates that Thackeray was not above praising rather ecstatically a favourite of his editor's. The notices of more serious books are generally as dull as such things are wont to be when read two generations after they were written.

It is interesting to think, however, that reading Count Krasinski's "History of the Reformation in Poland," foreign as such a task seems to Thackeray's nature, may have given the hint for the composition of "The Great Cossack Epic" that appeared the next year in *Fraser's*. Why the reviews of the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence and of Tyler's account of Henry V were not made more interesting by the future author of "Esmond" and the frustrated author of a great romance of the heroic king is hard to say. But these papers are delightful reading compared with the labored "Passages from the Diary of the late Dolly Duster." "Jerome Paturot" yields Thackeray another opportunity to display critical ineptitude by praising Charles de Bernard and dismissing Balzac and Dumas with contempt. But, after all, did not Matthew Arnold himself fall into very similar mistakes with regard to French writers? "Grant in Paris" suggests the fact that Fitz-Boodle sometimes expended his satire on quite unworthy objects. "Dickens in France" and "Dumas on the Rhine" scarcely lie open to this objection, but it is not hypercritical to say that Thackeray might easily have made the papers more interesting.

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[1] It would not do to omit the familiar passage in which Carlyle referred to this review: "The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London."

"A Box of Novels" contains some readable remarks on Irish fiction,[1] and the tribute to Hazlitt and the criticism of Horne in the review that follows are far from unworthy of Thackeray. The notice of "Coningsby" derives interest from the relations of that novel to "Vanity Fair," and the treatment of Willis's "Dashes at Life" is noticeable because the tone is a little too patronizing toward a man who had helped Thackeray in former days. But Thackeray had not then seen America, and Willis as a writer of fiction was, for all his cleverness, almost impossible. It remains only to call attention to the articles on Christmas books,[2] with Thackeray's hearty praise of Dickens and his amusing reference to his own "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and to the paper on Laman Blanchard and the letter on "The Dignity of Literature," which set forth in a clear fashion

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[1] "Our Batch of Novels for Christmas, 1837" reminds us that in the first "Roundabout" Thackeray mentions Mrs. Trollope as "the author of 'The Vicar of Wrexhill'" and wonders whether she read her son Anthony's novels.

[2] Thackeray's "Grumble" was his last contribution to *Fraser's* except the short paper on "Mr. Thackeray in the United States," published six years later.

Thackeray's manly views with regard to the relations that should subsist between men of letters and the public.[1]

W. P. TRENT.

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[1] As the dates of publication of the several items of this volume are given as footnotes, special and minute bibliographical details will be included in the general Bibliography in the concluding volume. It should be added that Thackeray's earliest reviews will be found among his *Juvenilia* in Volume 28, that "The Paris Sketch Book" contains what are really reviews, and that some similar pieces doubtless remain unidentified in the journals to which he contributed.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By Thomas Carlyle.[1]

Since the appearance of this work, within the last two months, it has raised among the critics and the reading public a strange storm of applause and discontent. To hear one party you would fancy that the author was but a dull madman, indulging in wild vagaries of language and dispensing with common sense and reason, while, according to another, his opinions are little short of inspiration, and his eloquence unbounded as his genius. We confess that in reading the first few pages we were not a little inclined to adopt the former opinion, and yet, after perusing the whole of this extraordinary work, we can allow, almost to their fullest extent, the high qualities with which Mr. Carlyle's idolaters endow him.

But never did a book sin so grievously from outward appearance, or a man's style so mar his subject and dim his genius. It is stiff, short, and rugged, it abounds with Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words, astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon — no such style is Mr. Carlyle's. A man, at the first onset, must take breath at the end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathise; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.

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[1] *The French Revolution: a History.* In three volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser. 1837.

[*The Times*, August 3, 1837.]

There are, however, a happy few of Mr. Carlyle's critics and readers to whom these very obscurities and mysticisms of style are welcome and almost intelligible; the initiated in metaphysics, the sages who have passed the veil of Kantian philosophy, and discovered that the "critique of pure reason" is really that which it purports to be, and not the critique of pure nonsense, as it seems to worldly men; to these the present book has charms unknown to us, who can merely receive it as a history of a stirring time, and a skilful record of men's worldly thoughts and doings. Even through these dim spectacles a man may read and profit much from Mr. Carlyle's volumes.

He is not a party historian like Scott, who could not, in his benevolent respect for rank and royalty, see duly the faults of either; he is as impartial as Thiers, but with a far loftier and nobler impartiality.

No man can have read the admirable history of the French ex-Minister who has not been struck with this equal justice which he bestows on all the parties or heroes of his book. He has completely mastered the active part of the history; he has no more partiality for court than for regicide — scarcely a movement of intriguing king or republican which is unknown to him or undescribed. He sees with equal eyes Madame Roland or Marie Antoinette — bullying Brunswick on the frontier, or Marat at his butcher's work or in his cellar — he metes to each of them justice, and no more, finding good even in butcher Marat or bullying Brunswick, and recording what he finds. What a pity that one gains such a contempt for the author of all this cleverness! Only a rogue could be so impartial, for Thiers but views this awful series of circumstances in their very meanest and basest light, like a petty, clever statesman as he is, watching with wonderful accuracy all the moves of the great game, but looking for no more, never drawing a single moral from it, or seeking to tell aught beyond it.

Mr. Carlyle, as we have said, is as impartial as the illustrious academician and minister; but with what different eyes he looks upon the men and the doings of this strange time! To the one the whole story is but a bustling for places — a list of battles and intrigues — of kings and governments rising and falling; to the other, the little actors of this great drama are striving but towards a great end and moral. It is better to view it loftily from afar, like our mystic poet, Mr. Carlyle, than too nearly with sharp-sighted and prosaic Thiers. Thiers is the *valet de chambre* of this history, he is too familiar with its dishabille and offscourings; it can never be a hero to him.

It is difficult to convey to the reader a fair notion of Mr. Carlyle's powers or his philosophy, for the reader has not grown familiar with the strange style of this book, and may laugh perhaps at the grotesqueness of his teacher; in this some honest critics of the present day have preceded him, who have formed their awful judgments after scanning half a dozen lines, and damned poor Mr. Carlyle's because they chanced to be lazy. Here, at hazard, however, we fall upon the story of the Bastille capture; the people are thundering at the gates, but Delaunay will receive no terms, raises his drawbridge, and gives fire. Now, cries Mr. Carlyle with an uncouth, Orson-like shout: —

> Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood, into endless, rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; — and overhead, from the Fortress, let one great gun go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!
>
> On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths,

still soar aloft intact; — Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

Did "Savage Rosa" ever "dash" a more spirited battle sketch? The two principal figures of the piece, placed in skilful relief, the raging multitude and sombre fortress admirably laid down! In the midst of this writhing and wrestling "the line too labours (Mr. Carlyle's line labours perhaps too often), and the words move slow." The whole story of the fall of the fortress and its defenders is told in a style similarly picturesque and real.

> The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seem to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole in the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots, — he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? — "*Foi d'officier*, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, — or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, — "they are." Sinks the drawbridge, — Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

This is prose run mad — no doubt of it — according to our notions of the sober gait and avocations of homely prose; but is there not method in it, and could sober prose have described the incident in briefer words, more emphatically, or more sensibly? And this passage, which succeeds the picture of storm and slaughter, opens (grotesque though it be) not in prose but in noble poetry; the author describes the rest of France during the acting of this Paris tragedy — and by this peaceful image admirably heightens the gloom and storm of his first description: —

> O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers; — and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! . . . One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered!*

The reader will smile at the double-jackets and rouge, which never would be allowed entrance into a polite modern epic, but, familiar though they be, they complete the picture, and give it reality, that gloomy, rough, Rembrandt-kind of reality which is Mr. Carlyle's style of historic painting.

In this same style Mr. Carlyle dashes off the portraits of his various characters as they rise in the course of the history. Take, for instance, this grotesque portrait of vapouring Tonneau Mirabeau, his life and death; it follows a solemn, almost awful picture of the demise of his great brother: —

> Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone, the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, and sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. . . . Barrel-Mirabeau, worthy Uncle, already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. "Barrel-Mirabeau," says a biographer of his, "went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused; he again demands, with refusal; and then again; till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this *canaille* of an intruder — alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point, who had drawn with swift dexterity; and dies, and the Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident.*" So die the Mirabeaus.

Mr. Carlyle gives this passage to "a biographer," but he himself must be the author of this History of a Tub; the grim humour and style belong only to him. In a graver strain he speaks of Gabriel:—

> New Mirabeaus one hears not of: the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far from help.

Here is a picture of *the* heroine of the Revolution:—

> Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy; joyfulest she where all are joyful. . . . Reader, mark that queenlike burgher-woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature, in an age of Artificiality, Pollution and Cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen, —and will be seen, one day.

The reader, we think, will not fail to observe the real beauty which lurks among all these odd words and twisted sentences, living, as it were, in spite of the weeds; but we repeat, that no mere extracts can do justice to the book; it requires time and study. A first acquaintance with it is very unprepossessing, only familiarity knows its great merits, and values it accordingly.

We would gladly extract a complete chapter or episode from the work—the flight to Varennes, for instance, the huge coach bearing away the sleepy, dawdling, milk-sop royalty of France; fiery Bouillé spreading abroad his scouts and Hussars, "his electric thunder-chain of military outposts," as Mr. Carlyle calls them with one of his great similes. Paris in tremendous commotion, the country up and armed, to prevent the King's egress, the chance of escape glimmering bright until the last moment, and only extinguished by bewildered Louis himself, too pious and too out-of-breath, too hungry and sleepy, to make one charge at the head of those gallant dragoons — one single blow to win crown and kingdom and liberty again! We never read this hundred-times told tale with such a breathless interest as Mr. Carlyle has managed to instil into it. The whole of the sad story is equally touching and vivid, from the mean ignominious return down to the fatal 10th of August, when the sections beleaguered the King's palace, and King Louis, with arms, artillery, and 2000 true and gallant men, flung open the Tuileries gates and said "*Marchons! marchons!*" whither? Not with *vive le Roi*, and roaring guns, and bright bayonets, sheer through the rabble who barred the gate, swift through the broad Champs Elysées, and the near barrier, — not to conquer or fall like a King and gentleman, but to the reporters' box in the National Assembly, to be cooped and fattened until killing time; to die trussed and tranquil like a fat capon. What a son for St. Louis! What a husband for brave Antoinette!

Let us, however, follow Mr. Carlyle to the last volume, and passing over the time, when, in Danton's awful image, "coalised Kings made war upon France, and France, as a gage of battle, flung the head of a King at their feet," quote two of the last scenes of that awful tragedy, the deaths of bold Danton and "seagreen" Robespierre, as Carlyle delights to call him.

> On the night of the 30th of March, Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, "*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not," and would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes to sleep as usual.
>
> And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris city: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the revolution

enter among them. "Messieurs," said Danton politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end." — Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups; wide-eyed, whispering, "Danton arrested!" Who, then, is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did you hear Chabot or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?" Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not given in any quantity: indeed, few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men." — Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" So Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis."

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual; — and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, "*Fournée*" as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2nd of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in prison; for the time presses.

"What is your name? place of abode?" and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus ;* an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; "the highest fact," so devout Novalis calls it, "in the Rights of Man." Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago the trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him, — piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stock-jobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the Tenth of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: "Where are the men that had to press Danton to shew himself that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of dooming me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him "dies away in his throat": speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

* * * * * * *

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille: it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied; angel Wife left weeping; love, riches, revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible; like a madman's dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied:

"Calm, my friend," said Danton, "heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*)." At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate, "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then!"—but, interrupting himself: "Danton, no weakness!" He said to Hérault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads will meet *there*," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection, and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of "good farmer-people" there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

This noble passage requires no comment, nor does that in which the poor wretched Robespierre shrieks his last shriek, and dies his pitiful and cowardly death. Tallien has drawn his theatrical dagger, and made his speech, trembling Robespierre has fled to the Hôtel de Ville, and Henriot, of the National Guard, clatters through the city, summoning the sections to the aid of the people's friend.

About three in the morning the dissident Armed-forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed-force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: "Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!"—Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home; Municipal Cannoneers range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and, on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable!* it is thou that hast lost it," cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-

Just called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it. — On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him; his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. "He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the feast of the *Être Suprême*" — O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

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The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered, their "seventeen hours" of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie;*" Robespierre opened his eyes; "*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!" — At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw; the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry; — hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and suchlike, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and

but can hate lustily, are told to curse crowns and coronets as the origin of their woes and their poverty, and so did the clever French spouters and journalists gibe at royalty, until royalty fell poisoned under their satire; and so did the screaming hungry French mob curse royalty until they overthrew it: and to what end? To bring tyranny and leave starvation, battering down bastilles to erect guillotines, and murdering kings to set up emperors in their stead.

We do not say that in our own country similar excesses are to be expected or feared; the cause of complaint has never been so great, the wrong has never been so crying on the part of the rulers, as to bring down such fearful retaliation from the governed. Mr. Roebuck is not Robespierre, and Mr. Attwood, with his threatened legion of fiery Marseillois, is at best but a Brummagem Barbaroux. But men alter with circumstances; six months before the kingly *dechéance,* the bitter and bilious advocate of Arras spake with tears in his eyes about good King Louis, and the sweets and merits of constitutional monarchy and hereditary representation: and so he spoke, until his own turn came, and his own delectable guillotining system had its hour. God forbid that we should pursue the simile with regard to Mr. Roebuck so far as this; God forbid, too, that he ever should have the trial.

True; but we have no right, it is said, to compare the Republicanism of England with that of France, no right to suppose that such crimes would be perpetrated in a country so enlightened as ours. Why is there peace and liberty and a republic in America? No guillotining, no ruthless Yankee tribunes retaliating for bygone tyranny by double oppression? Surely the reason is obvious — because there was no hunger in America; because there were easier ways of livelihood than those offered by ambition. Banish Queen, and Bishops, and Lords, seize the lands, open the ports, or shut them (according to the fancy of your trades' unions and democratic clubs, who have each their freaks and hobbies,) and are you a whit richer in a month, are your poor Spitalfields men vending their silks, or your poor Irishmen reaping

A WORD ON THE ANNUALS.

A PARCEL of the little gilded books, which generally make their appearance at this season, now lies before us. There are the *Friendship's Offering* embossed, and the *Forget-Me-Not* in morocco; *Jennings's Landscape* in dark green, and the *Christian Keepsake* in pea; *Gems of Beauty* in shabby green calico, and *Flowers of Loveliness* in tawdry red woollen; moreover, the *Juvenile Scrap-book* for good little boys and girls; and, among a host of others, and greatest of all, the *Book of Gems*, with no less than forty-three pretty pictures, for the small sum of one guinea and a half.

Now, with the exception of the last, which is a pretty book, containing a good selection of modern poetry, and a series of vignettes (which, though rather small, are chiefly from good sketches, or pictures), and of Jennings's *Landscape Annual*,[1] which contains the admirable designs of Mr. Roberts, nothing can be more trumpery than the whole collection — as works of art, we mean. They tend to encourage bad taste in the public, bad engraving, and worse painting. As to their literary pretensions, they are such as they have been in former years. There have been, as we take it, since the first fashion for Annuals came up, some hundred and fifty volumes of the kind; and such a display of miserable mediocrity, such a collection of feeble verse, such a gathering of small wit, is hardly to be found in any other series. But the wicked critics have sufficiently abused them already; and our business, therefore, at present, is chiefly with the pictorial part of the books.

The chief point upon which the publishers and proprietors of these works have insisted, is the encouragement which they have afforded to art and artists, by keeping them constantly before the world, set off by all the advantages of a pretty binding, a skilful engraver, and a poet, paid at a shilling a line, more or less, to point out the beauties of the artists' compositions, and to awaken, by his verses or his tale, the public attention towards the painter. But the poor painter is only the publisher's slave; to live, he must not follow the bent of his own genius, but cater, as best he may, for the public inclination; and the consequence has been, that his art is little better than a kind of prostitution; for the species of pictorial skill which is exhibited in such books as *Beauty's Costume*, the *Book of Beauty*, Finden's *Tableaux*, etc., is really nothing better.

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[1] Jennings's *Landscape Annual for* 1838: *Spain and Morocco*. By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from drawings by David Roberts. 8vo. London: Jennings. 1838.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1837.]

It is hardly necessary to examine these books and designs one by one—they all bear the same character, and are exactly like the *Books of Beauty*, *Flowers of Loveliness*, and so on, which appeared last year. A large weak plate, done in what we believe is called the stipple style of engraving, a woman badly drawn, with enormous eyes—a tear, perhaps, upon each cheek, and an exceedingly low-cut dress—pats a greyhound, or weeps into a flower-pot, or delivers a letter to a bandy-legged, curly-headed page. An immense train of white satin fills up one corner of the plate; an urn, a stone-railing, a fountain, and a bunch of hollyhocks adorn the other; the picture is signed Sharpe, Parris, Corbould, Corbaux, Jenkins, Brown, as the case may be, and is entitled "the Pearl," "la Dolorosa," "la Biondina," "le Gage d'Amour," "the Forsaken One of Florence," "the Water-lily," or some such name. Miss Landon, Miss Mitford, or my Lady Blessington, writes a song upon the opposite page, about water-lily, chilly, stilly, shivering beside a streamlet, plighted, blighted, love-benighted, falsehood sharper than a gimlet, lost affection, recollection, cut connection, tears in torrents, true-love token, spoken, broken, sighing, dying, girl of Florence, and so on. The poetry is quite worthy of the picture, and a little sham sentiment is employed to illustrate a little sham art.

It would be curious to know who are the gods from whom these fair poetesses draw their inspiration (and, whatever be their Castaly, they have, as it were, but to turn the cock, and out comes a ready dribble of poetry, which lasts for any given time), or who are the persons from whom the painters receive their orders. It cannot be supposed that Miss Landon, a woman of genius,—Miss Mitford, a lady of exquisite wit and taste—should, of their own accord, sit down to indite namby-pamby verses about silly, half-decent pictures; or that Jenkins, Parris, Meadows, and Co., are not fatigued by this time with the paltry labour assigned to them. Mr. Parris has exhausted all possible varieties of ringlets, eyelashes, naked shoulders, and slim waists; Mr. Meadows, as a humorous painter, possesses very great comic feeling and skill; who sets them to this wretched work?—to paint these eternal fancy portraits, of ladies in voluptuous attitudes and various stages of dishabille, to awaken the dormant sensibilities of misses in their teens, or tickle the worn-out palates of elderly rakes and *roués?* What a noble occupation for a poet! What a delicate task for an artist! "How sweet!" says Miss, examining some voluptuous Inez, or some loving Haidee, and sighing for an opportunity to imitate her. "How rich!" says the gloating old bachelor, who has his bedroom hung round with them, or the dandy young shopman, who can only afford to purchase two or three of the most undressed; and the one dreams of opera-girls and French milliners, and the other, of the "splendid women" that he has seen in Mr. Yates's last new piece at the Adelphi.

The publishers of these prints allow that the taste is execrable which renders such abominations popular, but the public will buy nothing else, and the public must be fed. The painter, perhaps, admits that he abuses his talent (that noble gift of God, which was given him for a better purpose than to cater for the appetites of faded *debauchées*); but he must live, and he has no other resource. Exactly the same excuse might be made by Mrs. Cole.

Let us look at the *Keepsake*[1] which is in pink calico this year, having discarded its old skin of watered crimson silk. The size of the book is larger than formerly, and the names of the contributors (distinguished though they be) withdrawn from the public altogether; the editor stating, in a preface, that if the public like this plan, the mystery shall be sedulously guarded: if otherwise, in the next series the great names of the contributors to the *Keepsake* shall be published, as of old.

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[1] The *Keepsake for* 1838. Royal 8vo. London: Longman.

There are a dozen plates. A pretty lady, of course, by Chalon, for a frontispiece; next comes an engraving, called, touchingly, "The First." This represents a Greek kissing a Turkish lady; and, following it, is a third plate, with heart-breaking pathos, entitled "The Last." It is our old friend Conrad, with Medora dead in her bed; but there are some other words tricked up to this old tune: "What! is the *ladye* sleeping!" etc. We think we can recognise, in spite of the incog., the fair writer who calls Conrad's mistress a *ladye*. The next is a very good engraving, from a clever picture by Mr. Herbert. A fierce Persian significantly touches his sword; a melancholy girl, in front, looks timidly and imploringly at the spectator. Who can have written the history which has been tagged to this print? Is it Lord Nugent, or Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, or Lady Blessington, or my Lord Castlereagh, or Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs? It is of the most profound and pathetic cast, and is called "My Turkish Visit." We quote from it, chiefly to show the manner in which these matters are arranged between writer and publisher; the tale itself is a perfect curiosity.

A lady introduces the supposed authoress (for, though the *ego* is feminine in this tale, any one of the above-mentioned noblemen or noblewomen may have written it) to Namich Pasha, the Turkish ambassador at Paris. The authoress longs to see a real Turk, his excellency, Namich, not being enough Mahometan for her. Namich wears a skull-cap and a frock-coat; *her* Turk (dear enthusiast!) must have a turban, a yataghan, a pair of papooshes, a kelaat, a salamalick (for other Turkish terms, consult *Anastasius* and

Miss Pardoe), and, perhaps, a harem to boot. The gallant Namich has the very thing in his eye; and the very next day the authoress, in a sledge (sledges were in fashion in Paris that year), drives *several miles down the Versailles road, to the kiosk of a Turkish diamond merchant.* O happy Lady Skeggs! what an adventure! what an imagination above all! Who but a first-rate genius could have invented such an incident, and found a kiosk, and a Turk domiciled in it, on the road to Versailles?

Her ladyship arrives at the kiosk, and thus describes its owner: —

> Sooliman was a tall, powerful, but emaciated man, advanced in years, whose countenance bore the remains of much stern beauty; but his large dark eyes had that glaring restlessness which we are apt to ascribe to insanity; his black brows were contracted with severity, and his mouth bore a harsh expression amidst the flowing beard which surrounded it.
>
> His costume consisted of a long, full dress of violet-coloured cloth, under an open robe of dark green, the edges and hanging sleeves of the latter being bordered with rich sable; a fawn-coloured Cashmere formed his girdle, in which was placed a straight dagger; yellow-pointed slippers, formed his garments, and on his head he wore a high cap, or *kalpak*, without ornament.

There he is, as fierce-looking a Mussulman as heart could wish for; but a strange creature of a Turk, who in a kiosk at Versailles, with an abhorrence of all the innovations introduced by the grand seignior, and a determination to stick by old customs, has adopted *a Persian costume!* Barikallah, Bismillah, Mahomet resoul Allahi, as our friend Fraser[1] says, he is an Ispahânee, a Shuranzee, a Kizzilbash, and no mistake; but not a Turk. How does our lovely authoress explain the eccentricity?

Proceeding, however, with the interesting story, her ladyship is introduced by the powerful but emaciated Turk to around; and long after Aminéh slumbered I remained in a waking dream, scarcely daring to ask my delighted senses, can all these things be?[1]

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[1] Not the eminent publisher, but the agreeable writer of that name. In spite of the author's assertion (who obtained his intimate knowledge of Persian in a forty-three years' residence at Ispahan), we fancy the figure to be neither Turk nor Persian. There is a Jew model about town, who waits upon artists, and is very like Mr. Herbert's Sooliman. — O. Y.

Sleep, happy Wilhelmina Amelia, we will follow thee no further.

But seriously, or, as Dr. Lardner says, *seriatim*, is this style of literature to continue to flourish in England? Is every year to bring more nonsense like this, for foolish parents to give to their foolish children; for dull people to dawdle over till the dinner-bell rings; to add something to the trash on my lady's drawing-room table, or in Miss's bookcase? *Quousque tandem?* How far, O Keepsake, wilt thou abuse our forbearance? How many more bad pictures are to be engraved, how many more dull stories to be written, how long will journalists puff and the gulled public purchase? It is curious to read the titles of the *Keepsake* prints, as they follow in order: after the three first which we have noticed come—

The Greek Maiden;
Zuleikha;
Angelica;
Theresa;
Walter and Ida (a clever picture, by Edward Corbould);
The Silver Lady;

and all (save the one which we have marked) bad—bad in artistical feeling, careless in drawing, poor and feeble in effect. There is not one of these beauties, with her great eyes, and slim waist, that looks as if it had been painted from a human figure. It is but a slovenly, rickety, wooden imitation of it, tricked out in some tawdry feathers and frippery, and no more like a real woman than the verses which accompany the plate are like real poetry.

There are one or two shops in London where German prints are exhibited in the windows; it is humiliating to pass them, and contrast the art of the two countries. Look at the Two Leonoras, for instance, and contrast them with some of the heroines of Mr. Parris, or the plump graces of Mr. Meadows. Take his picture called "The Pansies," for instance, in that delectable book the *Flowers of Loveliness*, and contrast it with the German print. In the latter, nothing escapes the artist's industry, or is too mean for him to slur over or forget. The figures are of actual real flesh and blood; their dresses, their ornaments, every tittle and corner of the whole picture, carefully copied from nature. Mr. Meadows is, perhaps, more poetic; he trusts to genius, and draws at random; and yet, of the two pictures, which is the most poetical and ideal? those simple, life-like, tender Leonoras with sweet, calm faces and pure, earnest eyes; or the fat indecency in "The Pansies,"[1] whose shoulders are exposed as shoulders never ought to be, and drawn as shoulders never were. Another fat creature, in equal dishabille, embraces Fatima, No. 1; a third, archly smiling, dances away, holding in her hand a flower—there is no bone or muscle in that coarse bare bosom, those unnatural naked arms, and fat dumpy fingers. The idea of the picture is coarse, mean, and sensual,—the execution of it no better.

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[1] Our friend Mr. Yellowplush has made inquiries as to the authorship of this tale, and his report is that it is universally ascribed in the highest circles to Miss Howell-and-James.

We have seized upon Mr. Meadows, for he is the cleverest man of the whole bunch of artists to whom this style of painting is confided, and can do far better things. Why not condescend to be decent, and careful, and natural? And why should Miss Corbaux paint naked women, called water-lilies, and paint them ill? or Mr. Uwins design a group of females (the Hyacinths), who have limbs that females never had, and crouch in attitudes so preposterous and unnatural? Both these artists have shown how much more they can do: it is only the taste of the age which leads them to degrade the talent with which they are gifted, and the art which they profess.

It is tedious to continue a criticism upon a subject which offers so little room for remark or praise. It is the test of a good picture, after seeing it once, to remember it involuntarily, as it were, and to distinguish it from a host of the inferior brood. Yet, in looking through those dozen volumes of Annuals, there is not one plate in the whole two hundred which can be recalled to memory the day after it has been seen. It is a shame that so much time and cleverness should be wasted upon things so unproductive. In *Friendship's Offering*[1] and the *Forget-Me-Not*[2] there are, with the exception of the frontispieces, but two pictures of moderate merit—an Italian view by Stanfield, and a picture of Venice by Werner: all the engraver's skill and labour goes for naught, when employed upon the paltry subjects which illustrate the volumes. In Roberts's *Annual* the prints are more successful; for the artist is skilful, and his drawings are far more easily copied in engraving than subjects of history or figures. The pictorial illustrations of the *Christian Keepsake*[3] and Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-Book*[4] are, to speak with due reverence, humbug. Some of them have already figured in evangelical magazines, some in missionary memoirs, some in historical portrait galleries, some few are original; but the general character of the works is not original—the drawings have served, most likely, some profane purpose, before they were converted to pious use: and it is painful to read so frequently the name of religion *exploitée* in this instance to puff off old prints and enhance publishers' profits. Of a similar degree of humbug is the *Juvenile Scrap-Book*[5]—it comes from the same firm to which we owe the *Christian Keepsake.* The prints with an affectation of novelty, and with new stories or poems to illustrate them, are poor and old. There is the old plate of the Princess Victoria, published two years ago, and the old plate of Carlisle Castle, and Gainsborough's milk-girl, and Duppa's Magdalen (or Carlo Dolce's), newly scraped up by the engraver, and with a fine new title. The unwary public, who purchase Mr. Fisher's publications, will be astonished, if they knew but the secret, with the number of repetitions, and the ingenuity with which one plate is made to figure, now in the *Scrap-Book*, now in the *Views of Syria*,[1] and now in the *Christian Keepsake*. Heaven knows how many more periodicals are issued from the same establishment, and how many different titles are given to each individual print!

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[1] *Flowers of Loveliness: Twelve groups of Female Figures representing Flowers.* Designed by various artists, with poetical illustrations, by L. E. L. [*i.e.* Letitia Elizabeth Landon.] London: Ackermann. 1838.

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[1] *Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for* 1838. London: Smith and Co. 1838.

[2] *Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for* 1838. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London: Ackermann. 1838.

[3] The *Christian Keepsake for* 1838. Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 8vo. London: Fisher. 1838.

[4] The *Drawing-room Scrap-Book.* Dedicated to Queen Victoria. With poetical illustrations, by L. E. L. 4to. London: Fisher. 1838.

[5] Fisher's *Juvenile Scrap-Book.* By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London: Fisher. 1838.

We have arrived almost at the end of the list. Mr. Hall's *Book of Gems*[2] has far higher pretensions and merits than the rest of the collection. The paintings are new, and generally good, and the engravings are careful and brilliant—if they were but three times the size, both painters and engravers would have done themselves justice: the poetry is also very well selected; and the book may lie upon all drawing-room tables in the country, and not offend modesty or good taste. But what shall we say of *Gems of Beauty*[3] and Finden's *Tableaux?*[4] There is not a good picture among all the numerous illustrations to these gaudy volumes. We have not meddled with the prose or verse which illustrates the illustrations. Miss Landon writes so many good things, that it would be a shame to criticise anything indifferent from her pen — Miss Mitford has made the English reader pass so many pleasant hours, that we must pardon a few dull ones. The wonder is that either of the ladies can write so well, and affix to this endless succession of paltry prints, verses indifferent sometimes, but excellent so often. In the work called Fisher's *Scrap-Book*, for instance, Miss Landon has performed a miracle — it may be "a miracle instead of wit"; but it is a perfect wonder how any lady could have penned such a number of verses upon all sorts of subjects, and upon subjects, perhaps, on which, in former volumes of this *Scrap-Book*, she has poetised half-a-dozen times before. She will pardon us for asking, if she does justice to her great talent by employing it in this way? It is the gift of God to her — to watch, to cherish, and to improve: it was not given her to be made over to the highest bidder, or to be pawned for so many pounds per sheet. An inferior talent (like that of many of whom we have been speaking) must sell itself to live — a *genius* has higher duties; and Miss Landon degrades hers, by producing what is even indifferent.

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[1] Fisher's *Oriental Keepsake*, 1838. Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, etc., illustrated. In a series of views drawn from Nature, by W. H. Bartlett, William Purser, etc. With descriptions of the plates, by John Carne, Esq., author of *Letters from the East*. Second edition, 4to. London: Fisher.

[2] The *Book of Gems: the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain*. Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo. London: Whittaker. 1838.

[3] *Gems of Beauty: Displayed in a Series of Twelve highly-finished Engravings of the Passions*. From designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. With fanciful illustrations in verse, by the Countess of Blessington. 4to. London: Longman.. 1838.

[4] Finden's *Tableaux: a Series of Picturesque Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume*. From paintings by various artists, after sketches by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of *Our Village*, etc. London: Tilt. 1838.

Here, however, rather late in the month, appear the *Children of the Nobility*[1] — a charming series of portraits by Chalon, Bostock, and Maclise. The beauty of the collection is that the pictures are really from nature; while your Leilas, Lillas, and such trash, are but the offspring of a very poor imagination. O lovely, melancholy Miss Copleys! O sweet, fantastic Lady Somersets! O charming Lady Mary Howard! you are brighter than all the Gems of Beauty melted down, and all the Flowers of Loveliness in a bunch. This book is a real treasure. Mr. Chalon, our Watteau, has contributed the greater part of the series. Both Mr. Maclise's drawings are admirable in truth and feeling; and the contributions of Mr. Bostock merit no less praise. These gentlemen, not the humblest among artists, will condescend to copy flesh and blood, and the consequence is that there is not a single bad drawing in the collection. Now, let us look at the *Book of Beauty*,[1] in which are many portraits likewise. The difference between the natural beauties and the artificial is quite ludicrous. Chalon's Ayesha, Meadows's Dolorida, and somebody else by Jenkins, are, of course, from imagination, and are, in consequence, the three worst plates of the book. Dolorida is neither more nor less than shameful — another of Mr. Meadows's fatties in a chemise. If it were but a good honest fat woman, dressed in real calico, we should not cry out; but the chemise is unnatural, and so is the woman, who has not even the merit of beauty to recommend her. Let the reader look, too, at the difference between Chalon's Ayesha, and Chalon's Mrs. Lane Fox; the former is a caricature of a woman, and the other — it is difficult to speak of the other — such a piece of voluptuous loveliness is dangerous to look at or describe. The binding of this book, by the way, is perfectly hideous — it looks like one of Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats.

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[1] Portraits of the *Children of the Nobility: a Series of highly-finished Engravings.* Executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. From drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., and other eminent artists. With illustrations in verse by distinguished contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. First series, 4to. London: Longman. 1838.

The *Authors of England*[2] are engraved in that admirable medallion style which has lately been invented by Mr. Collas. They are from reliefs by Weeks and Wyon, and are startling in effect and reality. This book can hardly be called an Annual, for it has a permanent interest, and is sure, we should think, of an extensive popularity. Artists alone should buy it as a study, for there is no better, in the science of light and shade and line drawing. It is marvellous what effects and imitations of nature are produced by this method, by which the engravings look as real as the medals from which they are taken.

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[1] *Book of Beauty*, 1838: *with highly-finished Engravings.* Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Royal 8vo. London: Longman. 1838.

[2] The *Authors of England: a Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters.* Engraved from the works of British artists by Achille Collas. With illustrative notices by Henry F. Chorley. 4to. London: Tilt. 1838.

OUR BATCH OF NOVELS FOR CHRISTMAS 1837.

What a precious batch of novels has old Oliver[1] sent us. Our table groans with them — as well it may; for the load was wellnigh breaking down the hackney coach in which it was conveyed, and the backs of the two Irish porters who carried the same from the interior of the coach into the midst of the sanctum in our domicile. If Yorke supposes that we are to set in review before Regina's readers the tithe-part of the collection, he must be dreaming — an indulgence he invariably allows himself after one of the many symposiacs to which the worthy fellow abandons his wits, for the purpose of giving a fillip to his constitution. If so, why were we not of the party, to have had our share of the general fun and potation? But we can easily divine. The novels were to be reviewed, and Oliver thought rightly, that, after the overnight's punch and frolic, he would find himself little inclined for so much drudgery reading. He has laid the task on us, though we are as little inclined that way as the unfortunate gentleman himself; for we also had our "potations pottle deep" yester-evening, in the old hall of the Inner Temple, on the occasion of seven-and-twenty students being elevated by the stiff benchers from their places beneath the salt to the dignity of barristers. We must, however, obey Oliver's commands; for it is no joking matter if he flies into a passion.

TROLLOPE'S "VICAR OF WREXHILL."[2]

If against the inroads of the evangelical party the orthodox church has need of a defender, it hardly would wish, we should think, to be assisted *tali auxilio.* Mrs. Trollope has not exactly the genius which is best calculated to support the Church of England, or to argue upon so grave a subject as that on which she has thought proper to write.

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[1] [Oliver Yorke.]

[2] *The Vicar of Wrexhill.* By Mrs. Trollope, author of *Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, *Tremordyn Cliff*, etc. 3 vols., 8vo. London: Bentley. 1837.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1838.]

With a keen eye, a very sharp tongue, a firm belief, doubtless, in the high-church doctrines, and a decent reputation from the authorship of half-a-dozen novels, or other light works, Mrs. Trollope determined on no less an undertaking than to be the champion of oppressed Orthodoxy. These are feeble arms for one who would engage in such a contest; but our fair Mrs. Trollope trusted entirely in her own skill, and the weapon with which she proposed to combat a strong party is no more nor less than this novel of *The Vicar of Wrexhill.* It is a great pity that the heroine ever set forth on such a foolish errand; she has only harmed herself and her cause (as a bad advocate always will), and had much better have remained at home pudding-making or stocking-mending, than have meddled with matters which she understands so ill.

In the first place (we speak it with due respect for the sex), she is guilty of a fault which is somewhat too common among them; and having very little, except prejudice, on which to found an opinion, she makes up for want of argument by a wonderful fluency of abuse. A woman's religion is chiefly that of the heart, and not of the head. She goes through, for the most part, no tedious processes of reasoning, no dreadful stages of doubt, no changes of faith; she loves God as she loves her husband—by a kind of instinctive devotion. Faith is a passion with her, and not a calculation; so that, in the faculty of believing, though they far exceed the other sex, in the power of convincing they fall far short of them. Oh! we repeat once more, that ladies would make puddings and mend stockings! that they would not meddle with religion (what is styled religion, we mean), except to pray to God, to live quietly among their families, and move lovingly among their neighbours! Mrs. Trollope, for instance, who sees so keenly the follies of the other party—how much vanity there is in Bible Meetings—

how much sin even at Missionary Societies—how much cant and hypocrisy there is among those who desecrate the awful name of God by mixing it with their mean private interests and petty projects—Mrs. Trollope cannot see that there is any hypocrisy or bigotry on her part. She, who designates the rival party as false, and wicked, and vain, tracing all their actions to the basest motives, declaring their worship of God to be only one general hypocrisy, their conduct at home one fearful scene of crime, is blind to the faults on her own side. Always bitter against the Pharisees, she does as the Pharisees do. It is vanity, very likely, which leads these people to use God's name so often, and to devote all to perdition who do not coincide with their peculiar notions. Is Mrs. Trollope less vain than they are when she declares, and merely *declares*, her own to be the real creed, and stigmatises its rival so fiercely? Is Mrs. Trollope serving God, in making abusive and licentious pictures of those who serve Him in a different way? Once, as Mrs. Trollope has read—it was a long time ago!—there was a woman taken in sin; the people brought her before a great Teacher of Truth, who lived in those days. "Shall we not kill her?" said they; "the law commands that all adulteresses shall be killed."

We can fancy a Mrs. Trollope in the crowd, shouting, "Oh, the wretch! Oh, the abominable harlot! Kill her, by all means—stoning is really too good for her!" But what did the Divine Teacher say? He was quite as anxious to prevent the crime as any Mrs. Trollope of them all; but He did not make any allusion to it. He did not describe the manner in which the poor creature was caught, He made no speech to detail the indecencies which she had committed, or to raise the fury of the mob against her. He said, "Let the man who is without sin himself throw the first stone!" Whereupon the Pharisees and Mrs. Trollope slunk away, for they knew they were no better than she. There was as great a sin in His eyes as that of the poor erring woman,—it was the sin of pride.

Mrs. Trollope may make a licentious book, of which the heroes and heroines are all of the evangelical party; and it may be true that there are scoundrels belonging to that party as to every other; but her shameful error has been in fixing upon the evangelical *class* as an object of satire, making them necessarily licentious and hypocritical, and charging upon every one of them the vices which belong to only a very few of all sects. Another writer, because the Rev. Mr. Hackman murdered a young lady, or the Rev. Dr. Dodd forged a bill of exchange, might, with fully as much justice, declare all clergymen to be murderers, and the whole body of the Church of England to be a set of forgers. We will follow the fair lady through a part of her story, and see how she deals with the people whose characters she professes to describe.

The Rev. Jacob Cartwright arrives to take possession of Wrexhill Vicarage, just as the Lord of Wrexhill manor falls ill of an apoplexy and dies. Mr. Mowbray senior dies on the day after Mr. Mowbray junior comes of age, and sad is the sorrow of his two daughters, Helen and Fanny; of his ward, Miss Rosalind Torrington, and above all, of his wretched widow, Mrs. Mowbray.

The match, on her part, had been one of singular disinterestedness. She was the possessor of a vast fortune in land and in the three per cents, and with the simplicity of a confiding heart, which despises the botheration of a settlement, she had married Mr. Mowbray, who thus became the master of all her wealth. But they lived together, says Mrs. Trollope, in the most affectionate manner, until Mowbray's sudden demise, with a charming family around; Mrs. Mowbray, the first woman of the county, loving her husband, loving her children, and looked up to by all the neighbourhood.

It may be supposed that such a charming creature (only forty-three, Mrs. Trollope says, and very young and pretty for her age) must have felt sadly the stroke of fate which carried off the best of husbands, one fine morning before breakfast.

Without any violent breach of probability, we may, we think, take it for granted that she *was* very seriously

them, and chastise them, wherever they be. So have we seen in that beautiful market in Thames Street, whither the mariners of England bring the produce of their nets — so have we seen, we say, in Billingsgate, a nymph attacking another of her sisterhood. How keenly she detects and proclaims the number and enormity of her rival's faults! How eloquently she enlarges upon the gin she has drunk, the children she has confided to the parish, the watchmen whose noses she has broken, and the bridewells which she has visited in succession! No one can but admire the lady's eloquence and talent in conducting the case for the prosecution; no one will, perhaps, doubt the guilt of the hapless object on whom her wrath is vented.

But, with all her rage for morality, had not the fair accuser have better left the matter alone? That torrent of slang and oaths, O nymph! falls ill from thy lips, which should never open but for a soft word or a smile; that accurate description of vice, sweet orator [-tress or -trix]! only shows that thou thyself art but too well acquainted with scenes which thy pure eyes should never have beheld. And when we come to the matter in dispute — a simple question of mackerel — O, Mrs. Trollope! why, why should you abuse other people's fish, and not content yourself with selling your own?

But, to return to Cartwright and Mrs. Mowbray. The evangelical monster no sooner obtains a footing in Mowbray House, than he casts his eyes about to see on whom he shall begin to practise his wicked ways. *The Schamer!* not content with the love of all the ladies in the village, he makes tender advances to poor little Miss Fanny Mowbray; he prays with her in private (extracts from the prayers are given by Mrs. Trollope), and completely succeeds in winning, under the guise of devotion, the budding affections of this warm and innocent young lady. But presently he discovers that the mother is as partial to him as the daughter; and, of course, forsakes instantly the young one in search of the older and richer prize.

To be more in his power, Mrs. Mowbray must be dispatched to London and confided to an attorney of his own kin and persuasion. With the following polite letter the vicar prepares Mr. Corbold for the arrival of his client:—

To STEPHEN CORBOLD, Esq., Solicitor,
Gray's Inn, London.

My dear valued Friend and Cousin,

It has at length pleased God to enable me to prove to you how sincere is the gratitude which I have ever professed for the important service your father conferred upon me, by the timely loan of two hundred pounds, when I was, I believe you know, inconvenienced by a very troublesome claim. It has been a constant matter of regret to me that I have never, through the many years which have since passed, been able to repay it; but, if I mistake not, the service which I am now enabled to render you will eventually prove such as fairly to liquidate your claim upon me; and from my knowledge of your honourable feelings, I cannot doubt your being willing to deliver to me my bond for the same, should your advantages from the transaction prove at all commensurate to my expectations.

[Here follows a statement of the widow Mowbray's business in London, with the commentary upon the ways and means which she possessed to carry that, and all other business in which she was concerned, to a satisfactory conclusion, much to the contentment of all those fortunate enough to be employed as her assistants therein. The reverend gentleman then proceeds thus:]

Nor is this all I would wish to say to you, cousin Stephen, on the subject of the widow Mowbray's affairs, and the advantages which may arise to you from the connexion, which, equally, of course, for her advantage as for yours, I am desirous of establishing between you.

I need not tell *you*, cousin Stephen, who, by the blessing of a gracious Saviour upon your worthy endeavours, have already been able, in a little way, to see what law is—I need not, I say, point out to you, at any great length, how much there must of necessity be to do in the management of an estate and of funds which bring in a net income somewhat exceeding fourteen thousand pounds per annum. Now I learn, from my excellent friend, Mrs. Mowbray, that her husband transacted the whole of this business himself: an example which, I need not remark, it is impossible for his widow and sole legatee to follow. She is quite aware of this, and by a merciful dispensation of the Most High, her mind appears to be singularly ductile, and liable to receive such impressions as a pious and attentive friend is able to enforce on all points. In addition to this great and heavy charge which it has pleased an all-wise God, doubtless for His own good purposes, to lay upon her, she also has the entire management, as legal and sole guardian of a young Irish heiress, of another prodigiously fine property, consisting, like her own, partly of money in the English funds, and partly in houses and lands in the northern part of Ireland. The business connected with the Torrington property is, therefore, at this moment, as well as everything else concerning the widow Mowbray's affairs, completely without any agent whatever; and I am not without hopes, cousin Stephen, that by the blessing of God to us-ward, I may be enabled to obtain the same for you. I know the pious habits of your mind, cousin, and that you, like myself, never see any remarkable occurrence, without clearly tracing therein the immediate finger of God. I confess that, throughout the whole of this affair — the sudden death of the owner of this noble fortune: the singular will he left, by which it has all become wholly and solely at the disposal of his excellent widow; the hasty, and not over-wise determination to renounce the executorship, on the part of this petulant Sir Gilbert Harrington; the accident, or rather series of accidents, by which I have become, at once and so unexpectedly, the chief stay, support, comfort, consolation, and adviser of this amiable but very helpless lady; — through the whole of this I cannot, I say, but observe the gracious providence of my Lord, who wills that I should obtain power and mastery even over the things of this world, worthless though they be, cousin Stephen, when set in comparison with those of the world to come. It is my clear perception of the will of God in this matter, which renders me willing, yea, ardent in my desire, to obtain influence over the Mowbray family. They are not all, however, equally amenable to the wholesome guidance I would afford them; it is evident to me that the youngest child is the only one in whom the Lord is at present disposed to pour forth a saving light. Nevertheless, I will persevere. Peradventure the hearts of the disobedient may, in the end, be turned to the wisdom of the just; and we know right well who it is that can save from all danger, even though a man went to sea without art; a tempting of Providence which would, in my case, be most criminal; for great in that respect has been the mercy of the Lord to His servant, giving unto me that light which is needful to guide us through the rocks and shoals for ever scattered amidst worldly affairs.

Thus much have I written to you, cousin Stephen, with my own hand, that you might fully comprehend the work that lies before us. But I will not with pen and ink write more unto you, for I trust I shall shortly see you, and we shall speak face to face. I am now and ever, cousin Stephen, — Your loving kinsman and Christian friend,

WILLIAM JACOB CARTWRIGHT.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the widow Mowbray has besought me to instruct *the gentleman acting as her agent* to obtain lodgings for her, in a convenient quarter of the town; and therefore this letter will precede her. Nor can she be, indeed, set forth until you inform her whereunto her equipage must be instructed to drive. Remember, cousin, that the apartments be suitable; and in choosing them, recollect that it is neither you nor I who will pay for the same. Farewell. If I mistake not, the mercy of the Lord overshadows you, cousin.

This is a very clever piece of writing (for we are not going to question at all the undeniable talent of the authoress of *The Vicar of Wrexhill*), and there is little in the whole passage to cause any outrageous disgust in the mind of any reader. The blasphemy of the vicar is of the simple kind here; not a compound hypocrisy, such as he displays in his prayers with Miss Fanny, when he contrives, in addressing the Deity, to make most passionate and licentious avowals to the young girl. These prayers we shall not make it our business to transplant into our columns; it would be a pity to take them from the congenial soil in which they grow. But it is a gross and monstrous libel on the part of the authoress, who might, if she chose, describe one hypocrite of evangelical Christians, to make them *all* liars and hypocrites.

She does not introduce an evangelical dinner into her book, but it is a scene of drunkenness and debauchery; not an evangelical vicar, but it is a display of licentiousness, overt and covert, such as no woman ever conceived before. This Mr. Corbold is as great a rogue as his cousin. Mrs. Mowbray arrives in town—more paw-paw work between her and the vicar. She transacts her business, and returns to the country with her solicitor in the carriage; her daughter sitting beside that gentleman, who occupied what is vulgarly called the place of bodkin.

"You will sit in the middle, Helen," said Mrs. Mowbray.

"I wish, mamma, you would let me sit in the dickey," replied the young lady, looking up, as she spoke, to the very comfortable and unoccupied seat in the front of the carriage, which, but for Mrs. Mowbray's respectful religious scruples, might certainly have accommodated Mr. Corbold and his bag perfectly well. "I should like it so much better, mamma."

"Let me sit in the middle, I entreat," cried Mr. Corbold, entering the carriage in haste, to prevent further discussion. "My dear young lady," he continued, placing his person in the least graceful of all imaginable attitudes, "my dear young lady, I beseech you——"

"Go into the corner, Helen!" said Mrs. Mowbray, hastily, wishing to put so exemplary a Christian more at his ease, and without thinking it necessary to answer the insidious petition of her daughter, which, as she thought, plainly pointed at the exclusion of the righteous attorney.

Helen ventured not to repeat it, and the carriage drove off. For the first mile Mr. Stephen Corbold sat, or rather perched himself, at the extremest edge of the seat, his hat between his knees, and every muscle that ought to have been at rest in active exercise, to prevent his falling forward on his nose, every feature, meanwhile, seeming to say, "This is not my carriage." But by gentle degrees he slid further and further backwards, till his spare person was not only in the enjoyment of ease, but of great happiness also.

Helen, as her mother observed, was "very slight"; and Mr. Corbold began almost to fancy that she would at last vanish into thin air; for, as he quietly advanced, so did she quietly retreat, till she certainly did appear to shrink into a very small compass indeed.

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On the journey to London Mrs. Mowbray had not thought it necessary to stop for dinner on the road, both she and Helen preferring to take a sandwich in the carriage; but from the fear of infringing any of the duties of that hospitality which she now held in such high veneration, she arranged matters differently; and learning, upon consulting her footman, that an excellent house was situated between London and Wrexhill, she not only determined upon stopping there, but directed the man to send forward a note, ordering an early dinner to be ready for them.

This halt was an agreeable surprise to Mr. Stephen Corbold. It was, indeed, an arrangement such as those of his peculiar sect are generally found to approve; for it is a remarkable fact, easily ascertained by those who will give themselves the trouble of inquiry, that the serious Christians of the present age indulge themselves bodily, whenever the power of doing so comes in their way, exactly in proportion to the privations and mortifications with which they torment the spirits; so that, while a young sinner would fly from an untasted glass of claret, that he might not lose the prologue to a new play, a young saint would sip up half-a-dozen (if he could get them) while descanting on the grievous pains of hell which the pursuit of pleasure would for ever bring.

The repast, and even the wine, did honour to the recommendation of the careful and experienced Thomas; and Mrs. Mowbray had the

a sudden and most unexpected movement, impressed a kiss upon her cheek.

Helen uttered a piercing shriek, and Mrs. Mowbray, opening her eyes, demanded in a voice of alarm, "What is the matter?"

Mr. Corbold sat profoundly silent, but Helen answered, in great agitation, "I can sit in the carriage no longer, mamma, unless you turn out this man."

"Oh! Helen, Helen! what can you mean by using such language?" answered her mother. "It is pride, I know; abominable pride!—I have seen it from the very first; which leads you to treat this excellent man as you do. Do you forget that he is the relation, as well as the friend, of our minister? Fie upon it, Helen! you must bring down this haughty spirit to something more approaching to meek Christian humility, or you and I shall never be able to live together."

Now, this scene is as improbable as it is rankly indecent. A young girl assaulted at her mother's side, and the mother (a lady of high birth and breeding) quite callous to the insult,—an artful scoundrel of an attorney, who has before him the prospect of a business which is to make his fortune, and who would naturally wear his very best behaviour, drunk on the very first opportunity, and insulting the daughter of the person on whom all his success in life depends!

Such clever rogues as Mrs. Trollope's evangelical hypocrites would surely be a little more careful in their hypocrisy, and not forget the main chance for all the kisses of all the Miss Mowbrays in the world.

The lady returns to Mowbray Hall; marries the vicar, as we have said; and the remainder of the novel details his doings under his new accession of riches. There is a capital burlesque of a serious fancy-fair, and a Jew-Missionary to Wabheboo; which exhibits a most unwomanlike genius for slang and drollery. And there are scenes with the ladies of the village, and descriptions of the vicar's manner of spiritual consolation, which, if they had been written by Fielding or Louvet, could scarcely be less unscrupulously filthy. Of course Mrs. Cartwright makes a will, at the instigation of her demon of a husband, leaving away her property from her children. Of course, too, stricken by repentance, she manages secretly to prepare another. She dies, and it may be imagined how virtue is at length rewarded—how the young Mowbrays marry the respective lads or girls of their heart—and how the fiendish vicar slinks away from Mowbray Hall, which henceforth becomes the abode of happiness, virtue, and the real orthodox religion of the Church by law established.

There can be little doubt as to the cleverness of this novel, but, coming from a woman's pen, it is most odiously and disgustingly indecent. As a party attack, it is an entire failure; and as a representation of a very large portion of English Christians a shameful and wicked slander.

BULWER'S "ERNEST MALTRAVERS."[1]

To talk of *Ernest Maltravers* now is to rake up a dead man's ashes. The poor creature came into the world almost still-born, and though he has hardly been before the public for a month, is forgotten as much as *Rienzi* or the *Disowned.* What a pity that Mr. Bulwer will not learn wisdom with age, and confine his attention to subjects at once more grateful to the public and more suitable to his own powers! He excels in the *genre* of Paul de Kock, and is always striving after the style of Plato; he has a keen perception of the ridiculous, and, like Liston or Cruikshank, and other artists, persists that his real vein is the sublime. What a number of sparkling magazine-papers, what an outpouring of fun and satire might we have had, from Neddy Bulwer, had he not thought fit to turn moralist, metaphysician, politician, poet, and be Edward Heaven-knows-what Bulwer, Esquire and M.P., a dandy, a philosopher, a spouter at Radical meetings. We speak feelingly, for we knew the youth at Trinity Hall, and have a tenderness even for his tomfooleries. He has thrown away the better part of himself—his great inclination for the LOW, namely; if he would but leave off scents for his handkerchief, and oil for his hair; if he would but confine himself to three clean shirts a week, a couple of coats in a year, a beek-steak and onions for dinner, his beaker a pewter-pot, his carpet a sanded floor, how much might be made of him even yet! An occasional pot of porter too much,—a black eye in a tap-room fight with a carman—a night in the watch-house—or a surfeit produced by Welsh rabbit and gin and beer, might, perhaps, redden his fair face and swell his slim waist; but the *mental* improvement which he would acquire under such treatment—the intellectual pluck and vigour which he would attain by the stout diet—the manly sports and conversation in which he would join at the Coal-Hole, or the Widow's are far better for him than the feeble fribble at the Reform-Club (not inaptly called the "Hole in the Wall"), the windy French dinners, which, as we take it, are his usual fare; and above all, the unwholesome Radical garbage which forms the political food of himself and his clique in the House of Commons. For here is the evil of his present artificial courses—the humbug required to keep up his position as dandy, politician, and philosopher (in neither of which latter characters the man is in earnest), must get into his *heart* at last; and then his trade is ruined. A little more politics and Plato, and the natural disappears altogether from Mr. Bulwer's writings; the individual man becomes as indistinguishable amidst the farrago of philosophy in which he has chosen to envelop himself, as a cutlet in the sauces of a French cook.

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[1] *Ernest Maltravers.* By the author of *Pelham, Eugene Aram, Rienzi,* etc. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders. 1837.

The idiosyncrasy of the mutton perishes under the effects of the adjuncts; even so the moralising, which may be compared to the mushrooms, of Mr. Bulwer's style; the poetising, which may be likened unto the flatulent turnips and carrots; and the politics, which are as the gravy, reeking of filthy garlic, and greasy with rancid oil;—even so, we say, pursuing this savoury simile to its fullest extent, the natural qualities of young Pelham—the wholesome and juicy *mutton of the mind*, is shrunk and stewed away.

Or, to continue this charming vein of parable, the author of Pelham may be likened unto Beau Tibbs.

Tibbs, as we all remember, would pass for a pink of fashion, and had a wife whom he presented to the world as a paragon of virtue and *ton*, and who was but the cast-off mistress of a lord. Mr. Bulwer's philosophy is his Mrs. Tibbs; he thrusts her forward into the company of her betters, as if her rank and reputation never admitted of a question. To all his literary undertakings this goddess of his accompanies him; and what a cracked, battered trull she is! with a person and morals which would suit Vinegar Yard, and a chastity that would be hooted in Drury Lane. The morality which Mr. Bulwer has acquired in his researches, political and metaphysical, is of the most extraordinary nature. For one who is always preaching of Truth and Beauty, the dulness of his moral sense is perfectly ludicrous. He cannot see that the hero into whose mouth he places his favourite metaphysical gabble—his dissertations upon the stars, the passions, the Greek plays, and what not—his eternal whine about what he calls the good and the beautiful, is a fellow as mean and paltry as can be imagined; a man of rant and not of action, foolishly infirm in purposes and strong only in desire; whose beautiful is a tawdry strumpet, and whose good would be crime in the eyes of an honest man. So much for the portrait of Ernest Maltravers; as for the artist, we cannot conceive a man to have failed more completely. He wishes to paint an amiable man, and he succeeds in drawing a scoundrel: he says he will give us the likeness of a genius, and it is only the picture of a *humbug*.

Ernest Maltravers is an eccentric and enthusiastic young man, to whom we are introduced on his return from a German university. Fond of wild adventure and solitary rambles, we find him upon a heath, wandering alone, tired, and benighted. The two first chapters are in Mr. Bulwer's very best manner: the description of the lone hut to which the lad comes—the ruffian who inhabits it—the designs which he has upon the life of his new guest, and the manner in which his daughter defeats them, are told with admirable liveliness and effect. The young man escapes, and with him the girl who had prevented his murder. Both are young, interesting, and tender-hearted; she loves but him, and would die of starvation without him. Ernest Maltravers cannot resist the claim of so unprotected a creature; he hires a cottage for her, and a writing-master. He is a young man of genius and generous dispositions; he is an excellent Christian, and instructs the ignorant Alice in the awful truths of his religion; moreover, he is deep in poetry, philosophy, and the German metaphysics. How should such a Christian instruct an innocent and beautiful child, his pupil? Why, *seduce* her, to be sure!

After a deal of namby-pamby Platonism, the girl, as Mr. Bulwer says, "goes to the deuce." The expression is as charming as the morality, and appears amidst a quantity of the very finest writing about the good and the beautiful, youth, love, passion, nature, and so forth. It is curious how rapidly one turns from good to bad in this book. How clever the descriptions are! how neatly some of the minor events and personages are hit off! and yet how astonishingly vile and contemptible the chief part of it is! that part, we mean, which contains the adventures of the hero, and, of course, the choicest reflections of the author.

The declamations about virtue are endless, so soon as Maltravers appears upon the scene; and yet we find him committing the agreeable little *faux-pas* of which we have just spoken. In one place, we have him making violent love to another man's wife; in another place, raging for blood like a tiger, and swearing his revenge. Let us listen to a little of his prate:—

> "And you, Mr. Maltravers," said Lady Florence, turning quickly round, "you—have friends? Do you feel that there are, I do not say public, but private affections and duties, for which life is made less a possession than a trust?"
>
> "Lady Florence, no. I have friends, it is true; and Cleveland is of the nearest; but the life within life—the second self, in whom we vest the right and mastery over our own being—I know it not. But is it," he added, after a pause, "a rare privation? Perhaps it is a happy one. I have learnt to lean on my own soul, and not look elsewhere for the reeds that a wind can break."
>
> "Ah, it is a cold philosophy! You may reconcile yourself to its wisdom in the world, in the hum and shock of men; but in solitude,

with nature, ah, no! While the mind alone is occupied, you may be contented with the pride of stoicism; but there are moments when the heart wakens as from a sleep — wakens like a frightened child, to feel itself alone and in the dark."

Ernest was silent, and Florence continued, in an altered tone, "This is a strange conversation, and you must indeed think me a wild romance-reading person, as the world is apt to call me. But if I live, I — pshaw! life denies ambition to women!"

"If a woman like you, Lady Florence, should ever love, it will be one in whose career you may perhaps find that noblest of all ambitions — the ambition women only feel — the ambition for another!"

"Ah, but I shall never love," said Lady Florence; and her cheek grew pale as the starlight shone on it. "Still, perhaps," she added quickly, "I may at least know the blessing of friendship. Why, now" — and here, approaching Maltravers, she laid her hand with a winning frankness on his arm, — "why, now, should not we be to each other, as if love, as you call it, were not a thing for earth, and friendship supplied its place? There is no danger of our falling in love with each other: you are not vain enough to expect it in me; and I, you know, am a coquette. Let us be friends, confidants — at least, till you marry, or I give another the right to control my friendship and monopolise my secrets."

Maltravers was startled; the sentiments Florence addressed to him, he, in words not dissimilar, had once addressed to Valerie.

"The world," said he, kissing the hand that yet lay on his arm, "the world will ——"

"Oh, you men! — the world, the world! Everything gentle, everything pure, everything noble, high-wrought, and holy, is to be squared, cribbed, and maimed to the rule and measure of the world! The world! Are you, too, its slave? Do you not despise its hollow cant — its methodical hypocrisy?"

"Heartily!" said Ernest Maltravers, almost with fierceness. "No man ever so scorned its false gods, and its miserable creeds — its war upon the weak — its fawning upon the great — its ingratitude to benefactors — its sordid league with mediocrity against excellence. Yes, in proportion as I love mankind, I despise and detest that worse than Venetian oligarchy which mankind set over them, and call 'the world.'"

And then it was, warmed by the excitement of released feelings, long and carefully shrouded, that this man, ordinarily so calm and self-possessed, poured burningly and passionately forth all those tumultuous and almost tremendous thoughts, which, however much we may regulate, control, or disguise them, are deep within the souls of all of us, the seeds of the eternal war between the natural man and the artificial; between our wilder genius and our social conventionalities; — thoughts that from time to time break forth into the harbingers of vain and fruitless revolutions, impotent struggles against destiny; — thoughts that good and wise men would be slow to promulge and propagate, for they are of a fire which burns as well as brightens, and which spreads from heart to heart as a spark spreads amidst flax; thoughts which are rifest when natures are most high, but belong to truths that virtue dare not tell aloud. And as Maltravers spoke, his eyes flashing almost intolerable light, his breast heaving, his form dilated, never to the eyes of Florence Lascelles did he seem so great; the chains that bound the strong limbs of his spirit seemed snapped asunder, and all his soul was visible and towering, as a thing that has escaped slavery, and lifts its crest to heaven and feels that it is free.

That evening saw a new bond of alliance between these two persons; young, handsome, and of opposite sexes, they agreed to be friends, and nothing more. Fools!

This is one among the many expositions of Mr. Bulwer's philosophy. It is curious and painful to read it, and to mark the easy vanity with which virtue is assumed here, self-knowledge arrogated, and a number of windy sentences, which really possess no meaning, are gravely delivered with all the emphasis of truth and the air of profound conviction.

"I have learned," cries our precious philosopher, "to lean on my own soul, and not look elsewhere for the reeds that a wind can break!" And what has he learned by leaning on his own soul? Is it to be happier than others? or to be better? Not he! — he is as wretched and wicked a dog as any unhung. He "leans on his own soul," and makes love to the Countess, and seduces Alice Darvill. A ploughboy is a better philosopher and moralist than this mouthing Maltravers, with his boasted love of mankind (which reduces itself to a very coarse love of *woman*kind) and his scorn of "the false gods and miserable creeds" of the world, and his "soul lifting its crest to heaven!" A Catholic whipping himself before a stone image, a Brahmin dangling on a hook, or standing on one leg for a year, has a higher notion of God than this ranting fool, who is always prating about his own perfections and his divine nature; the one is humble, at least, though blind; the other is proud of his very imperfections, and glories in his folly.

What does this creature know of virtue, who finds it *by leaning on his own soul*, forsooth? What does he know of God, who, in looking for Him, can see but himself, steeped in sin, bloated and swollen with monstrous pride, and strutting before the world and the Creator, as a maker of systems, a layer down of morals, and a preacher of beauty and truth?

Now let us give an extract which exhibits Mr. Bulwer in a more favourable light. We beg his pardon for insisting upon the point, that his attempts at the sublime are chiefly ridiculous, and that his *forte* lies in the humorous and the sarcastic. Here is a ball at Naples:—

> And there sat Madame de St. Ventadour, a little apart from the dancers, with the silent English dandy, Lord Taunton, exquisitely dressed, and superbly tall, bolt upright behind her chair; and the sentimental German, Baron von Schomberg, covered with orders, whiskered and wigged to the last hair of perfection, sighing at her left hand; and the French minister, shrewd, bland, and eloquent, at her right; and round on all sides pressed and bowed and complimented, a crowd of diplomatic secretaries, and Italian princes, whose bank is at the gaming table, whose estates are in their galleries, and who sell a picture, as English gentlemen cut down a wood, whenever the cards grow gloomy. The charming St. Ventadour! she had attraction for them all; smiles for the silent, badinage for the gay, politics for the Frenchman, poetry for the German, the eloquence of loveliness for all.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Pray, was Madame in the Strada Nuova, to-day?" asked the German, with as much sweetness in his voice as if he had been vowing eternal love.
>
> "What else have we to do with our morning, we women?" replied Madame de Saint Ventadour. "Our life is a lounge from the cradle to the grave, and our afternoons are but the type of our career. A promenade and a crowd—*voilà tout.* We never see the world except in open carriages."
>
> "It is the pleasantest way of seeing it," remarked the Frenchman, drily.
>
> "*J'en doute;* the worst fatigue is that which comes without exercise."
>
> "Will you do me the honour to waltz?" said the tall English lord, who had a vague idea that Madame de Saint Ventadour meant she would rather dance than sit still.
>
> The Frenchman smiled.

> "Lord Taunton enforces your own philosophy," said the minister.
>
> Lord Taunton smiled, because everybody else smiled; and besides, he had beautiful teeth; but he looked anxious for an answer.
>
> "Not to-night, my lord: I seldom dance. Who is that very pretty woman? What lovely complexions the English have! And who," continued Madame de Saint Ventadour, without waiting for an answer to her first question, "who is that gentleman — the young one, I mean — leaning against the door?"
>
> "What, with the dark moustache?" said Lord Taunton; "a cousin of mine."
>
> "Oh, the tall Englishman with the bright eyes and high forehead," said the French minister: "he is just arrived from the East, I believe."
>
> "It is a striking countenance," said Madame de Saint Ventadour; "there is something chivalrous in the turn of the head. Without doubt, Lord Taunton, he is *noble?*"
>
> "He is what you call '*noble*,'" replied Lord Taunton, — "that is, what we call a 'gentleman.' His name is Maltravers — Mr. Maltravers. He lately came of age, and has, I believe, rather a good property."
>
> "Monsieur Maltravers, only Monsieur?" repeated Madame de Saint Ventadour.
>
> "Why," said the French minister, "you understand that the English '*gentilhomme*' does not require a *De*, or a title, to distinguish him from the *roturier*."
>
> "I know that; but he has an air above the simple *gentilhomme.* There is something *great* in his look; but it is not, I must own, the conventional greatness of rank; perhaps he would have looked as well had he been born a peasant."
>
> "You don't think him handsome?" said Lord Taunton, almost angrily — for he was one of the beauty men, and beauty men are sometimes jealous.
>
> "Handsome! I did not say that," replied Madame de Saint Ventadour; "it is rather a fine head than a handsome face. Is he clever, I wonder? But all you English, my lord, are well educated."
>
> "Yes, profound — profound; not superficial," replied Taunton, drawing down his wristbands.

This is very neat and good; the individualities are admirably touched off, in that light, pleasant way which Mr. Bulwer has.

The French woman, the lord, and the German baron are each sketched with great fidelity and *esprit.*

But Maltravers comes on the scene, and our pleasure disappears as he incontinently begins to spout. It is as if

"Fie, your grace!" exclaimed Lady Mary: "disagreeable subject! Lord Harvey was only, as usual, talking of himself."

The whole party were silent for some minutes. After all, wit is something like sunshine in a frost, very sharp, and very bright, but very cold and uncomfortable. The silence was broken by Lady Marchmont exclaiming—"How fine the old trees are! There is something in the deep shadow that they fling upon the water that reminds me of home."

"I am not sure," answered the duke, "that I like to be reminded of anything. Let me exist intensely in the present—the past and future should be omitted from my life by express desire."

"What an insipid existence!" replied Henrietta; "no hopes and no fears."

"Ah! forgive me," whispered Wharton, "if the present moment appear to me a world in itself."

"I," said Lord Harvey, "do not dislike past, present, nor future. Like woman, they have all behaved very well to me. The past has given me a great deal of pleasure; the present is with you; and as to the future, such is the force of example, that I doubt not it will do by me as its predecessors have done."

"Truly," cried Lady Mary, "the last new comedy that I saw in Paris, must have modelled its hero from you; let me recommend you to adopt two of its lines as your motto,—

"*J'ai l'esprit parfait—du moins je le crois;*
Et je rends grace au Dieu de m'avoir créé—moi!"

"It is very flattering to be so appreciated," answered Lord Harvey, with the most perfect nonchalance.

"What an affecting thing," said Lady Mary, "was the death of Lord Carleton! He died as he lived, holding one fair hand of the Duchess of Queensberry; who with the other was feeding him with chicken. What an example he gave to his sex! He was equally liberal with his diamonds and his affections."

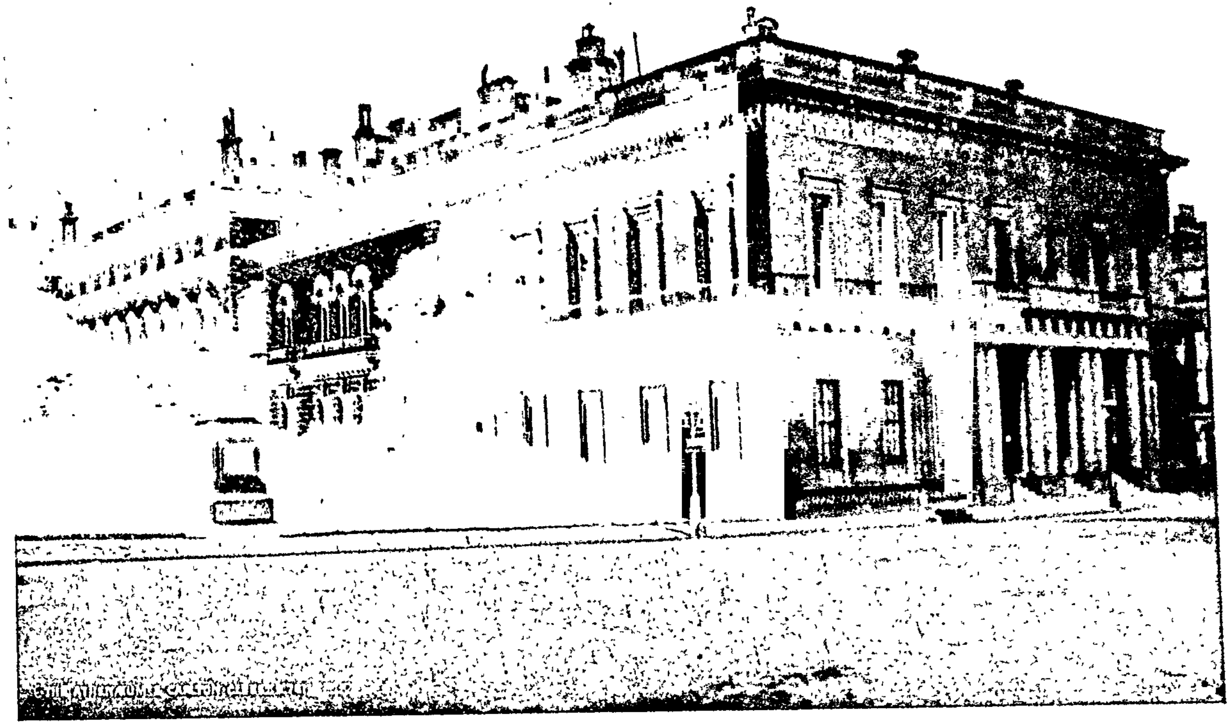
"L'un vaut bien l'autre," said Lady Marchmont.

"I shall set off for Golconda to-morrow," cried Wharton.

"Don't!" interrupted Lady Mary; "it would be too mortifying, when you came back, to find how little we had missed you."

"Oh, you would miss me," returned he laughing, "precisely because you ought not. I hope that you have heard the proposed alteration in the commandments at the last political meeting at Houghton? Hanbury suggested that the 'not' should in future be omitted; but Doddington objected, as people might leave off doing wrong if it became a duty. At all events, they would not steal, covet, and bear false witness against their neighbour with half the relish that they do at present."

"Ah," replied Lady Mary, "we make laws, but we follow customs.



THE ATHENÆUM.

(A London club identified with the careers of Thackeray and Dickens.)

By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second make ourselves answerable for the follies of others."

"Well, Lady Mary," replied Wharton, "we have now arrived where you, and you only, give the laws, —yonder is our poet's residence."

The boat drew to the side, and the gay party stepped upon the bank.

* * * * * * *

Pope did the honours of his garden, but few flowers lingered in it; these Pope gathered, and offered to his fair guests. Lady Marchmont placed hers carefully in her girdle. "I shall keep even the withered leaves as a relic," said she, with a smile even more flattering than her words. It was well that she engrossed the attention of her host from the dialogue going on between Lord Harvey and Lady Mary.

"You learned the language of flowers in the east," said he, "but I thought only dwarfs were the messengers."

"And such they are now," replied his listener; "here is one flower for you. The rest the gods disperse on empty air," and she flung the blossoms carelessly from her.

Pope did not see the action, for he was pointing out a beautiful break in the view. "I have," said he, "long had a favourite project —that of planting an old Gothic cathedral in trees. Tall poplars with their white stems, the lower branches cut away, would serve for the pillars; while different heights would form the aisles. The thick green boughs would shed 'a dim religious light,' and some stately old tree would have a fine effect as the tower."

"A charming idea!" cried Wharton, "and we all know

"That sweet saint whose name the shrine would bear.

But, while we are waiting for the temple, cannot you show us the altar? We want to see your grotto."

Pope desired nothing better than to show his new toy, and led the way to the pretty and fanciful cave, which was but just finished. It was duly admired; but, while looking around, Wharton observed some verses lying on the seat.

"A treasure for the public good," exclaimed he; "I volunteer reading them aloud."

"Nay, nay, that is very unfair," cried Pope; who, nevertheless, did not secretly dislike the proposal.

"Oh," replied the duke, "we all allow for your modesty's 'sweet, reluctant, amorous delay'; but read them I must, and shall." Then, turning towards Lady Mary, he read the following lines:—

"Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know,
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scene
Of hanging woodlands, and of sloping green:

Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only lives where Wortley casts her eyes."

"Pray, fair inspirer of the tender 'strains,' let me lay the offering at your feet."

"Under them, if you please," said she, her fine features expressing the most utter contempt; and trampling the luckless compliment in the dust, she took Lord Harvey's hand, exclaiming, "The atmosphere of this place is too oppressive for me," left the grotto; but part of her whisper to her companion was meant to be audible, —

"A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace."

The above extract is from Miss Landon's charming novel *Ethel Churchill.* The reader will pardon the length of the quotation; for we mistake if there is anything in modern English literature more sparkling or beautiful. But we are not going to praise Miss Landon's novel, for the very reason which has made us cry out against Mr. Bulwer; it is not written in a healthy and honest tone of sentiment; there is a vast deal too much tenderness and love-making, heart-breaking and repining, for persons in this every-day world, —persons who, like ourselves, have to pay butchers' bills for twelve children, and have buried (without shedding a tear) our third wife thirty-seven years ago.

Love is as good a material in novels as a sweetmeat at dinner; but a repast of damson cheese is sickly for the stomach, and a thousand consecutive pages of sentiment are neither pleasant nor wholesome.

All the heroes and heroines in this book are either consumptive or crossed in love. There is one who marries a man for whom she cares nothing, and loves a man who cares nothing for her. Her husband discovers her attachment, and she her lover's treason, at one and the same time. My Lady Marchmont gives them both poison, and then goes mad. There is another case, where the husband marries against the grain; his wife, crooked, consumptive, but passionately fond of him, dies under the ice of his neglect. There is Ethel Churchill, who adores the gentleman last mentioned, and a young poet who adores her. Both, of course, are hopelessly miserable; the bard perishes from a complaint in the chest; but Ethel, more happily, marries the widower at the end of the third volume. There are a few historical characters — Pope, Walpole, the fair Lavinia Fenton, and some others. This is the outline of Miss Landon's novel.

But, though an uninteresting tale, no one can read it without admiring the astonishing qualities of the authoress. There are a hundred beautiful poems in it, and a thousand brilliant *mots*, which would have made the reputation of half-a-dozen French memoir-writers. The wit in it is really startling; and there are occasional remarks which show quite a fearful knowledge of the heart, — of that particular heart, that is to say, which beats in the bosom of Miss Landon; for she has no idea of a dramatic character, and it is Miss Landon that speaks and feels throughout. She writes a very painful journal of misery, and depression, and despair.

We do not know what private circumstances may occasion this despondency, what woes or disappointments cause Miss Landon or Mr. Bulwer to cry out concerning the miseries attendant upon genius; but we would humbly observe that there is no reason why genius should not be as cheerful as dulness, — for it has greater capacities of enjoyment, and no greater ills to endure. It has a world of beauty and of happiness which is invisible to commoner clay, and can drink at a thousand sources of joy inaccessible to vulgar men. Of the ills of life, a genius has no more share than another. Hodge feels misfortune quite as keenly as Mr. Bulwer; Polly Jones' heart is to the full as tender as Miss Landon's. Weep, then, whimper and weep, like our fair poetess or our sage Pelham, as if their woes were deeper than those of the rest of the world! Oh, for a little manly, honest, God-relying simplicity — cheerful, unaffected, and humble! But it is dull to sermonize in magazines; there are better books where the thing is better done, and where every genius of them all may read, and profit, too.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.[1]

THE dignity of history sadly diminishes as we grow better acquainted with the materials which compose it. In our orthodox history-books the characters move on as a gaudy play-house procession, a glittering pageant of kings and warriors, and stately ladies, majestically appearing and passing away. Only he who sits very near to the stage can discover of what stuff the spectacle is made. The kings are poor creatures, taken from the dregs of the company; the noble knights are dirty dwarfs in tin foil; the fair ladies are painted hags with cracked feathers and soiled trains. One wonders how gas and distance could ever have rendered them so bewitching.

The perusal of letters like these produces a very similar disenchantment; and the great historical figures dwindle down into the common proportions as we come to view them so closely. Kings, Ministers and Generals form the principal *dramatis personæ;* and if we may pursue the stage comparison a little further, eye never lighted upon a troop more contemptible. Mighty political changes had been worked in the country, others threatened it equally great. Great questions were agitated — whether the Protestant religion should be the dominant creed of the State, and the Elector of Hanover a King, or whether Papacy should be restored, and James III. placed on the throne — whether the Continental despotism aimed at by Louis should be established, or the war continued, to maintain the balance of power in Europe, or at least, to assure the ascendancy of England, — on these points our letter-writers hardly deign to say a word.

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[1] *The Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne; with her Sketches and Opinions of her Contemporaries and the Select Correspondence of her Husband, John, Duke of Marlborough.* In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1838.

[*The Times*, January 6, 1838.]

The political question seems only to be used as an engine for the abuse of the opposite party. The main point is whether Harley shall be in, or Godolphin; how Mrs. Masham, the chambermaid, can be checked or won over; how the Duchess of Marlborough can regain her lost influence over the Queen, or whether the Duke is strong enough to do without it, can force his Captain-Generalcy for life, and compel the Queen to insure to his daughters the pensions and places of their mother.

The volumes are compiled from the materials which Archdeacon Coxe had heaped together before he wrote his voluminous panegyric upon the Duke of Marlborough; and though some of the letters have already been printed in Coxe's work, they are far more interesting and lively in their present natural state than when dressed and garbled with the long explanations of that respectable historian. The first volume contains a number of letters from the Duke of Marlborough to his Duchess during the last five years of his command and victories in Flanders — namely, from 1706 to 1710. A long and interesting series of Maynwaring's letters to the latter, and some few from Hare, Halifax, Walpole, Sunderland, and Godolphin.

We have, moreover, at the commencement of the collection, one or two letters from Queen Anne, who had not altogether broken the ties which bound her to her old friend, and still addressed her with the silly and sentimental nickname which she had adopted in their early correspondence. The Duchess, who piqued herself (and with much justice) upon her freedom of speech, addressed the Queen as her affectionate Freeman, and that tender and maudlin sovereign was wont to sign herself in reply " her sweet Mrs. Freeman's poor faithful Morley."

Her sweet Mrs. Freeman's advice and remonstrance, her wayward humours, her restless jealousy, her captious, quarrelsome, "honest" affection, were borne by poor dear Morley for long years with exemplary forbearance. The Queen was too lazy to seek for another favourite, the Duchess too fiery and jealous to permit another to share her affection. Anne's letters to her before she ascended the throne, and for a short time afterwards, are like those of a sentimental schoolgirl to her teacher — Freeman in all things correcting and advising, Morley following with all possible respect and duty. And, sternly honest as she avowed herself to be, it must be confessed that our brave Duchess had managed to secure a moderate portion of the world's goods for herself and her kin. She herself and her children afterwards received marriage portions from the Princess; her poor dear Morley offered her *de ses propres deniers* £5000 a year, which after incredible struggles faithful Freeman was induced actually to accept; and, to crown all, when the latter, by the death of King William, came into her full estate, Mrs. Freeman had the very best and largest and richest employments under her; the worthy Mr. Freeman likewise coming in for such a share of the honours and splendour as fell to the lot of no other subject of the Queen. It may be as well to see what was his previous conduct, in the reign of her father and her predecessor.

Disgusted with the conduct of King William, Marlborough and his great ally, Godolphin, determined to desert that monarch, as they had done King James before. Godolphin, in an agony of repentance, offered to give up his post, and move heaven and earth for a restoration of James. Marlborough, who, as is shown by the enthusiastic Archdeacon Coxe, had forgotten friendship, gratitude, and loyalty for the sake of religion[1] (*tantum religio potuit suadere*), all of a sudden forgot his attachment to the Thirty-nine Articles, and swore he would sacrifice everything, up to his wife and children, for King James. He promised to bring over his Flanders army, and induced the king's daughter and son-in-law, who had, like himself, deserted their father and benefactor, to write repentant epistles, and earnestly to pray for his return. What was the cause of the penitent Earl's conversion ?

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[1] He writes to the Prince of Orange: "I thought it my duty to your Highness and the Princess Royal by this opportunity of Mr. Dykvell, to give you assurances, under my own hand, that my places and the King's favour, I set at nought in comparison of being true to my religion." — COXE i. 34.

The Princess Anne, who was then tied to the apron strings of her dear Mrs. Freeman, had been refused her pension; the Whigs were favourites with the King, and Anne and her party detestable to him; and more, King Louis was uttering awful threats from Versailles, and preparing mighty armaments to replace the exiled monarch. The future conqueror of Blenheim was doing that which the victor of Waterloo did not—he was securing a retreat for himself. If William was worsted, he had his private correspondence with James, and his solemn oaths to desert,[1] or in any other way to sacrifice wife and family, should his imposed sovereign so command—if James were vanquished, he had but to deny his correspondence, to curse the Papist traitor who had forged his immaculate name, and to swear again by the blessed Thirty-nine Articles, as on a former occasion. Storming redoubts with Monmouth[2] or Eugene,[3] crushing Villeroi at Ramilies, or Villars at Malplaquet, Marlborough was a MAN,[4] cool, modest, daring, intrepid—there is no English general (save one) who can compare with him. Cringing for place, or retailing pitiful court scandal, in favour or out, flattering James or William, or deserting either, his great rival of latter days, Mrs. Masham (whom Maynwaring, in one of his clever mean letters, calls the "stinking chambermaid"), was his superior in intellect and his equal in honesty.

The power of satire hardly ever displayed itself in so mean and disgusting a form as in Swift's character of the Duke and his lady. The father of lies himself could not have invented sneers more diabolical.

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[1] Macpherson.

[2] Campaign with Turenne, 1672.

[3] Blenheim, 1704.

[4] The reader remembers the Duke's exclamation, on seeing, in his old age, his portrait as a youth — "That was once a man !"

"I shall say nothing" (says the veracious Dean) "of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies have rendered problematical; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners *who deny him personal valour* seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgment in the matter; and that fear which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way until the other party had bid for him more than his friends were disposed to give.

"We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be made general for life. I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intention of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. That liberality which nature has denied him with respect to money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises; but this perfection, so necessary in courts, is not very successful in camps, among soldiers, who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

"His wife, the Duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her that the Duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall. For above twenty years she possessed without a rival the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She has preserved a tolerable court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three furies raged in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable kind, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has in her time affected the character of it by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting, and I have then said enough."

We have given Swift's sentiments as more curious than authentic; for they show how bitterly party spirit was carried in this political war, and how the partisans of Harley were disposed to judge of the services and intrigues of Marlborough and his friends. The Duke and his party of course judge their enemies with no less severity. The Dean's strictures, however, are scandalously mean, and what adds to their baseness is the fact, manifested in many places of Swift's diaries, that he entertained the highest admiration of Marlborough. Swift does not, indeed, in this passage, swear that Marlborough, the hero of fifty battles, was incompetent or a coward, but with marvellous ingenuity, he hints both. He shows him to be a trimmer in politics (and on this point the Dean ought certainly to have some knowledge from his own private experience); he pretends that he was conspiring for no less than the Crown, and declares that his sole wish to keep the command over the army was occasioned by his love for the salary received and the vast plunder to be won. With regard to the first charge, it is sheer folly and knavery to urge it. *Le bel Anglais*, who had received the thanks of Louis XIV., and had fought under Turenne, was not likely to forget the gallantry which he had shown in his early years. That he was not prodigal of his person in the numerous sanguinary battles which were fought under his command, we can readily believe. He was not the man, like cock-brained Peterborough, to covet danger for danger's sake, and esteeming courage at precisely its right value, never exposed himself except when necessity called upon him to do so. The same stupid accusation of shyness was laid against Napoleon, and in the early part of his career against the Duke of Wellington, and with the same feeling of malignant party spirit.

Another accusation against the Duke — "that he loved the war for the profits it brought him" — bears perhaps a better foundation, nor is Swift the only person who made it. The Tory party in their address to the Queen in 1711 say, "That they have much reason to expect that what was intended to shorten the war has proved the very cause of its long continuance, for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have been disposed not easily to forego them. And your Majesty will hence discern *why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain.*"

In spite of all the bright achievements recorded in the reign of Anne, there is not, we think, a meaner page in our *past* history; the party who make this accusation against Marlborough, are not a whit more honest than he. We have a hero leading his soldiers to a thousand extraordinary victories, and squeezing a percentage out of their miserable pay, and a profit from their scanty black bread. Walpole is detected taking bribes at the War Office, and Cardonnell is dismissed for similar knavery. Oxford is intriguing with Mrs. Masham, and Bolingbroke against Oxford, and the Queen with the Pretender. The Whigs delay the peace, and the Tories ruin it. But to remain in place, no crime is too great, and no meanness too small. And whether sneaking into preferment under the petticoats of Mrs. Masham, or degrading the country and betraying it (by that disgraceful peace, which lost to us all the benefits of the struggle commenced by the brave and prudent King William), Oxford seems to have but one single aim in view — himself namely. He will throw over the Queen, the Pretender, the Elector, he will cringe to Marlborough or betray anything, so that he may keep the white staff and be my Lord Treasurer still.

We might follow up the tale with the treason and humiliation of Bolingbroke, at once the accomplished profligate and the plausible and unprincipled statesman; but we are outstepping the limits of this history, which do not extend quite so far as the period of the Duke of Marlborough's disgrace, the catastrophe of Denain, the shameless peace of Utrecht, the death of Anne, and the battle of parties over her corpse.

The Duke's letters are written in the midst of his campaigns, and serve to show some of the most favourable points of his character. We may gather from some of his replies, that the Duchess, true to herself, was in the habit of addressing him in that querulous and violent strain which she used to her dear Mrs. Morley and all the world beside. The Duke answers with most admirable meekness: in the very midst of the heat of battle he is thinking of her and home, and sighing for quiet. We should fancy from the honest

Duchess's character, that Woodstock or St. Albans was not exactly the place to find repose; but her husband's good-humour is imperturbable: he loves her as much after five-and-thirty years as when pretty Sarah Jennings was courted by the gay young Colonel Churchill.

The following is his letter from Ramilies,—one might fancy Sir Charles Grandison, in his best wig, writing it to Miss Byron:—

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

RAMILIES: *Monday, May* 24, 11 o'clock, 1706.

I did not tell my dearest soul the design I had of engaging the enemy if possible to a battle, fearing the concern she has for me might make her uneasy. But I can now give her the satisfaction of letting her know that on Sunday last we fought, and that God Almighty has been pleased to give us a victory. I must leave the particulars to this bearer, Colonel Richards, for having been on horseback all Sunday, and after the battle marching all night, my head aches to that degree that it is very uneasy to me to write. Poor Bingfield, holding my stirrup for me, and helping me on horseback, was killed; I am told that he leaves his wife and mother in a poor condition. I can't write to any of my children, so you will let them know I am well, and that I desire they will thank God for preserving me; and pray give my duty to the Queen, and let her know the truth of my heart, that the greatest pleasure I have in this success is, that it may be a great service to her affairs, for I am sincerely sensible of all her goodness to me and mine. Pray believe me when I assure you that I love you more than I can express.

There is something very touching in the kind-hearted simplicity of the great conqueror, who thinks of "poor Bingfield's wife and mother," and his own wife and children, in the midst of all the hurry and triumph of a great victory. The following extract shows him in an equally amiable light; it is evident that the brave old Duchess has been in one of her tantrums:—

I have received yours of the 6th this morning. Could you be thoroughly sensible of the uneasiness I have had for the last six weeks, and still lie under, you would not have used so hard an expression to Mr. Freeman, by saying he was as cautious in his writing as if he writ to a spy. I do assure you that he would with pleasure always let you know his heart and soul; and, besides that he has not time for the present business, he has said so much on several occasions on the obstinate perverseness of the Queen, that I wish Mrs. Freeman could see that the Queen is not capable of being changed by reason; so that you shall be quiet till the time comes when she must change. As to what you say of the offer of King Charles to me, my thought is the same with yours. I had rather live a quiet life with your love and kindness, than with the most ambitious employment any Prince can give.

A quiet life—Heaven help him!—in the midst of some of the storms of Marlborough House, he must have sighed for the repose of Ramilies, and the quiet cannonading of Malplaquet. His letter upon that victory is very curious and interesting:

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

I am obliged to you for the account you give me of the building of Blenheim in yours of the 21st, and the further account you intend me after the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury have seen what is done. You will see by my former letters, as well as by this, that I can take pleasure in nothing as long as you continue uneasy and think me unkind. I do assure you, upon my honour and salvation, that the only reason why I did not write was, that I am very sure it would have had no other effect than that of being shown to Mrs. Masham, by which she would have had an opportunity of turning it as she pleased, so that when I shall speak to the Queen of their harsh behaviour to you, they would have been prepared. I beg you to be assured that if ever I see the Queen, I shall speak to them just as you would have me, and that all the actions of my life shall make the Queen, as well as all the world, sensible that you are dearer to me than life, for I am fonder of happiness than I am of my own life, which I cannot enjoy unless you are kind. Having written thus far, I received intelligence that the French were on their march to attack us. We immediately got ourselves ready, and marched to a post some distance from our camp. We came in presence yesterday at between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, but as there were several . . . between us, we only cannonaded each other. They have last night intrenched their camp, by which they show plainly that they have changed their mind, and will not attack us, so that we must take our measures in seeing which way we can be most troublesome to them.

This afternoon the brigade which made the siege of Tournay will join us, and then we shall have all the troops we can expect; for those we have left for the blocking up of Mons, must continue where they are. I do not yet know whether I shall have an opportunity of sending this letter to-night; if not, I shall add to it what may pass to-morrow. In the meantime, I can't hinder saying to you, that, though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon the good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me much greater trouble.

I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot; and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised, it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of being in another battle; but nothing in this world can make me happy if you are not kind.

The latter part of this letter shows the noblest qualities of the Duke. Nothing can be more modest, more tender, more manly. We see a hero before us in this man on the field of battle; his brilliancy fades elsewhere and sinks into the very commonest light of common day.

The reader need not be told that this was Marlborough's last great victory. Two years afterwards he was dismissed from his command, and between his own faults and those of his successors, the fruits of his long victories were cast away. Louis' commissioners, humbled and powerless, were willing to accept almost any terms of peace; but those proposed by the Duke were so outrageous (demanding that Louis should send an army to dethrone his own grandson in Spain), that the French ambassador refused at once to treat. The Duke's recall speedily followed, and the heart and spirit of the mighty British army went with him. Louis rallied; with inconceivable folly, the Tories separated the British troops from their allies, and made a separate peace. It was a noble conclusion to this great war!

The advantage which Great Britain gained by all its glories, sacrifices, and triumphs, was a privilege *to supply the Spanish colonies with negroes!*

We propose on another day to look at the letters in these volumes which more concern the Duchess, her quarrels, her friends, and her intrigues.

EROS AND ANTEROS, OR, "LOVE."

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.[1]

CUPID ought to have reviewed the first of these books—*Love*, but his Lordship was engaged with some of his *other* foreign affairs, and therefore it has been done by various hands. We propose merely to describe it.

The plot of her Ladyship's novel, or rather, the text on which she writes her sermon on love, runs thus:—

A most beautiful and innocent person, Lady Herbert by name, marries, at the commencement of the first volume, Lord Herbert, one of the handsomest men in the three kingdoms, to whom she brings an immense fortune and a heart redundant with the tenderest feelings.

After they have been married about three weeks (and are residing at Moreton Park, the country seat of the happy couple), Lord Herbert finds that the attractions of the honeymoon are not sufficient for him; seeks acquaintance among his neighbours—with one Sir Something Gregory especially; courses, hunts, shoots, gets tipsy with Sir Gregory, and insults his wife in the grossest way. He comes to Herbert House, in London; a daughter is born to him; she grows up in the course of a few chapters to fourteen or fifteen years of age; Lord Herbert becomes acquainted with a Sir Charles Lennard; gambles, deserts his home, and goes, to use a common phrase, "to the deuce."

He then forms an intimacy with a Signora Lanti, an Italian singer; he steals or forces from his wife her family jewels, and makes them a present to the Lanti. Nay, more, this fashionable and exclusive husband, after cheating Lady Herbert out of her trinkets, insists upon bringing the Lanti to Herbert House, *introduces her to his wife and daughter*, and she (Lanti) appears in Lady Herbert's jewels! Hereabouts a charming episode is introduced in the work. Lady Herbert, walking to a race ball, is insulted by the mob; my Lord rescues her, swears at her because her dress is *trop decolletée*, and makes her appear at the window and courtesy to the populace which had used her so ill. Tired and indignant, my Lady retires to rest; my Lord, who has been drinking at the race-dinner, speedily joins her, *kicks her out of bed on to the floor*, and then proceeds to belabour her as she lies on the ground. She flies to a female friend on the second story, and lies on *her* floor all night, in an agony of tears, bruises, and mortification.

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[1] *Love.* By the authoress of *Flirtation.* In three volumes. London: Colburn. 1837.

[*The Times*, January 11, 1838.]

His Lordship, waking in the morning, repents of the "eccentricities" of the previous night, and begs Lady Herbert's pardon; that loving creature forgives him all, and they are as good friends as ever.

A little time afterwards, Sir Charles Lennard, attracted by her beauty, makes to her the most passionate and immoral declarations. She informs her excellent husband. He swears it is folly to quarrel about such trifles, *and bids her receive the honourable baronet as before.* His tender wife says nothing, but does as she is bid.

Lady Herbert has adopted into her family an orphan girl, one Miss Clermont; and the grateful young lady, seeing Lord Herbert's weaknesses, adopts all sorts of methods to entice him. Knowing that he is attached to gambling, she learns in secret the art of billiards, she gains large sums of money for the noble lord, and thereby wins his heart. She runs away to Brighton; he follows her; they then decamp to Dieppe. Lady Herbert writes to her husband (after she has been made aware of the fact), and says, that for her daughter's sake she will pardon all, if her dear Francis will but come back. At Dieppe, where the guilty couple are staying at the "hostelrie" of the *Aigle Noir*, Lieutenant Clermont, R.N., (Miss's brother) finds them out by accident, calls out my Lord, shoots him, and leaves him dangerously ill. Miss Clermont goes mad. His Lordship dies in great agonies, and his wife forgives him as usual.

This is but the end of the second volume; shall we confess that we have not read the third? If this is exclusive love, it should be a lesson to all men never to marry a woman beyond the rank of a milkmaid, and *vice versa.* But may we venture humbly to ask, are exclusives, fashionables, lords, or whatever they are called, so continually drunk? Do they allow men to make declarations to their wives, and encourage them afterwards? Do they kick their ladies out of bed? Do they, after having so ejected them, proceed to flog them as they lie on the floor?

The next volume of the novel turns (as we are told, for we have not read a line of it) upon the love which Lady Herbert and Miss Herbert have *for somebody else.* The mother and daughter are rivals — a sweet subject, involving much complicated interest, and eliciting, doubtless, a great deal of moral disquisition.

We quote a very few brief extracts from *Love,* as specimens of the style of that work.

Miss Clermont *loquitur.* She debates about the propriety of accepting Captain Danesford, and giving up her wicked intentions with regard to my Lord H.

> "Very likely, Captain Danesford, I may repent of having refused your offer; you will live to see Anna Clermont humbled in the dust. But, still, I could not — would not — marry Captain Danesford, *that rough, ugly man.* Oh, no. And in the meantime, I am free to weave a web of doubtful issue — a mixture of hues of dazzling brightness and of darkest gloom."

Miss Clermont plays at billiards. After leading her antagonist a deuce of a game, she says, —

> "Come, I will not pocket the red ball this time, but I will lay you so close to the cushion that you shall make nothing of the advantage."

There is a general dismay — her adversary can do nothing with the red ball, and Miss Clermont wins the game. All the company admire, except one — Lord de Montmorenci.

Lord Herbert, already nourishing his profligate designs, says fiercely to Lord M——:—

> "Those who do not feel happy when I have obtained success are not my friends, and to cast a puritanical reproach upon the person — a woman too — who has done me such a signal service as Miss Clermont has done, *is not interested in my welfare.*"

It is thus that men, even in the very highest society, when agitated by their passions, forget their grammar.

Another similar:—

> "*Looks!* Miss Clermont," and he added with a peculiar emphasis as he spoke: "many *look* good, you know, who are bad; the fairest fruit is often most rotten at the core."
>
> "A woman's *looks* is often not the mirror of her soul."

No more they *is*, and no mistake. The next sentence is quite as remarkable. The tempter Lennard tries to inveigle Lord Herbert from his wife.

> "*La petite Annette* (Miss Clermont) would establish herself near you, and all would go on *in good taste.*"
>
> "Why, to say truth, Lennard, I am half inclined, only — Mabel!"
>
> "Oh! hang that old lady's name; she is certainly a witch, you are so afraid of her."

How that word *old* disenchants a man; but, witch — he could not *swallow* his wife *being called a witch.*

The passage is elegant, though borrowed. "Why," says an ancient, though polite writer, "why witch? Mr. Wilds, why witch?"

We have but one more little extract, and we have done. After flying to Dieppe, to the "hostelrie" of the *Aigle Noir* (as we have already had the honour to remark), the miserable pair of runaways are left to their own society, and the stings of their own conscience.

> A note was brought in to Lord Herbert; he knew from whom it was, and its contents, before he opened it. Frederick Clermont appointed a meeting that night, at a lonely part of the shore to the left of the town, and desired him to bring a friend with him.

> Miss Clermont insisted on seeing the paper.
>
> Lord Herbert tore it.
>
> Suddenly the former assumed a composure, which, however, did not deceive his companion; but glad of any change for the time which gave him liberty to collect his thoughts, he appeared likewise to be deceived, *and those two miserable beings sat down opposite to each other, and looked as if they were formed to be mutual scourges!*

We shall not comment upon this "apposite" simile. Heaven forbid that any reader of this paper should be *tête-à-tête*, or (more correctly speaking) *dos-à-dos*, under any such circumstances; to be so situated with a *mutual scourge* would be punishment terrific indeed. If, indeed, a man having been drunk in the honeymoon, has kicked his wife out of bed—if he has encouraged her to receive the attentions of a friend, such an infliction might, perhaps, be necessary and deserved. But, thank Heaven, the world (unless in the most exclusive circles) does not do this. Drunken Irish hodmen *may* occasionally indulge in such frolics, but not lords and gentlemen, as we humbly suppose. Ladies may be neglected in genteel society, but they are not often *thrashed.* Husbands may be unfaithful, but they do not introduce mistresses to their wives and daughters; and ladies must be loving, silly fools indeed, if they allow such indignities to be practised on them, and yet love on.

'Tis against this particular doctrine of Lady Charlotte Bury's that we cry out. We are not anxious to show that the details of her ladyship's novels are dull, and the morals faulty; the reader can draw his conclusion for himself. We only beg humbly to offer the opinion, that a lady, when she is kicked by her husband, is not in duty bound to live with him; and that when she is betrayed and insulted by him, she is worse than a fool to respect or to love him. In fact, the passion in such a case is not love, but a base, degrading, prurient imbecility. It is impossible, however, to say how all this may be in exclusive society, but we may whisper that any member of such society who betrays its mode of life (if such be its mode of life) is a very silly and ridiculous person.

THE DIARY RELATIVE TO GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.[1]

WE have another book of Lady Charlotte Bury's before us; for though there is an attempt to mystify the reader as to the sex, and no mention of the name of the author, anybody who has read the book (or, like ourselves, has had the advantage to peruse also the delectable novel of which we have just been writing) must at once see that the romance called *Love*, and the publication entitled a *Diary of the Reign of George IV.*, are the work of the same pen.[2]

With regard to *Love*, when we wrote the above paragraph concerning it, out of respect for the sex, and perhaps for the rank of the authoress, we were unwilling to deal hardly with her work. It would have been easy to do more than simply laugh at the novel of *Love*, and show that that silly book was a wicked one likewise, which we were grieved and angry to see published under her ladyship's name; but *Love* was too dull to be dangerous, and too entirely vapid and insignificant to be efficiently immoral.

In speaking of the present work, it is neither our wish nor our duty to be so guarded. We never met with a book more pernicious or more mean. It possesses that interest which the scandalous chronicles of Brantome, and Rabutin and the ingenious Mrs. Harriette Wilson have excited before, and is precisely of a similar class. It does worse than chronicle the small beer of a court—the materials of this book are infinitely more base: the foul tittle-tattle of the sweepings of the Princess of Wales's bed-chamber or dressing-room, her table or ante-room, the reminiscences of industrious eaves-dropping, the careful records of her unguarded moments, and the publication of her confidential correspondence, are the chief foundations for this choice work. Add to this scandal of the Prince of Wales, sneering small-talk about the Princess Charlotte, a few old women's tales of families moving in what is called high life, and paw-paw stories of their domestic infidelities and peccadilloes, and we have an accurate catalogue of the diary.

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[1] *Diary relative to the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other Distinguished Persons.* London: Colburn. 1838.

[*The Times*, January 11, 1838.]

Thackeray also reviewed the *Diary* in *Fraser's Magazine* (March 1838) under the title of *Skimmings from the Diary of George IV.* See Vol. XVII. of this edition: *The Yellowplush Correspondence.*

[2] [*John Bull* stated authoritatively that Lady Charlotte Bury did not write this *Diary*. The book, however, is given among her works in the catalogue of the British Museum.]

There was no need surely of any fresh records of this poor Princess's eccentricities or errors; her grotesque fits of anger or love, her vulgar frolics with her confidential toadies, her tipsy indecencies in concerts and ball-rooms, have been amply described already through the agency of a person whose hatred was as insatiable as his vanity, who first insulted her, and then debased and exposed her. The Princess's character and conduct are, unfortunately, matters of history. There is no spot, however remote, which gave her refuge, scarcely an action of her life, however secret, that has not been spied out and recorded, and may be known to all. Thanks to the supernatural malignity that pursued her, we may follow this poor woman in every hour of her life — stare, if we please, into her bedroom or her carriage, her cabin or her bath. Those may who will, but we will not insult the reader by supposing that *he* would, or that he has any mind to enter upon a subject at once so painful or so mean. Was there, we ask, any need of fresh information as to the Princess's life and follies? Was it modest or decorous that a woman should record them? — a woman, too, who has eaten at her table, and dipped into her purse, shared in her wild revels, and doubtless flattered her, and cringed to her in her time?

As for the authorship of the book, both the work and the subject are so utterly contemptible that it is hardly necessary to go through the trouble of detection. We mentioned the other day, how in the novel as well as the *Diary*, the exquisite grammarian who wrote both or either, had chosen to call a daughter the *prototype* of her mother. We have further proofs, now, if Lady Charlotte Bury did not write this book, it was her *shadow.* When Lady Charlotte was in attendance on the Princess, the shadow was at her Royal Highness's side; when the authoress was not in service, Lady Charlotte was likewise released. We have letters from Nice, where Lady Charlotte is, letters from Genoa, from Rome, where her ladyship and the author likewise appear side by side. She is introduced to the Pope, and of course Lady Charlotte too;[1] the whole attempt at disguise is as feeble and awkward as can be. To be sure, it is scarcely worth while to pull off the mask, or show the countenance it covers.

We are puzzled where to extract from this *Diary*, and shall content ourselves with a very few quotations from the second volume. They show, in a charming light, the author's feelings and morals. In a note she tells the old story of the Princess Pauline:—

> This lady, so famous, and it might be said, so infamous, has made sufficient noise in the world to render all description of her person and character almost superfluous; yet at mention of her name, it is impossible not to pause and look back upon her brief and black career. She was of middle stature; and, it is said, so faultless formed, that she sat to Canova as a Venus. It is related that when some one asked her if she did not feel it unpleasant to have sat unclothed for her statue, she replied, "Oh, no! the room was perfectly well warmed, and I felt no inconvenience whatever." Yet this fair Laïs not only turned the heads of the Englishmen who travelled in Italy, but, strange to say, was equally courted by the women. And those of the highest rank and purest character did not disdain to sit at her feet and caress them with their hands; it has been even said, embrace them! Princess Borghese was doubtless very beautiful, but her manners were those of a *petite maîtresse*, giving herself the airs of a crowned head. Many were the really great ladies who waited in her drawing-rooms, and did not blush to be subservient to her caprices. What will not circumstances effect? "*Ce grand mot de circonstance*," which Madame de Stael said, rules the world.

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[1] Since this was written, Mr. Colburn's letter has settled the question that the *Diary* is the work of a woman.

The reader will see, in the above delicate story, an example of the chief merits of the *Diary* — a delightful mixture of morality, namely, with indelicacy, a pretty veil of fine words to wrap up the nudities of the tale. Pauline sat *unclothed* for her statue — it would be indecent to say naked — ladies caressed her feet and *embraced* them, not kissed them of course; it would be immoral to say kiss. Here is a passage regarding another princess — the young and beautiful Princess Charlotte, of whom our authoress discourses as follows: —

> Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance — a play of features and a force of muscle rarely seen with soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful, but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's. In short, it is the very picture of her, and not in miniature. I could not help analyzing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them even than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in *the shade of circumstances and of years?* It is that youth and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed to interested calculations, what effect must the same causes produce on the generality of mankind? In the course of the conversation, Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done in *isinglass*, and which showed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency.

TUM-TE-DY! what a graceful, courtly, delicate, lady-like word! The Princess talked *Tum-de-dy*, did she? and of course the lady of honour did not breathe a syllable. The Princess "edged in a good deal of it," and would have "gone on with it," if the lady had "entered into the thing" — not she. Her ladyship would not for the world utter anything so wicked as tum-de-dy. Her morals are as pure, depend upon it, as her style. Oh! my lady, my lady, what is this book from beginning to end, and what is "*Love*" and "*Flirtation*," but a weak sprinkling of windy morality in a most atrocious quantity of tum-de-dy?

Let us give a very few extracts more: —

> Mr. R—— dined afterwards. During the evening he was not of course allowed to talk with me, but was called to the sofa, and forced to amuse the Princess. He was made for this laudable purpose to relate a story, *the most horrid*, not fit for the *lowest*, or most immoral society. Lady C. C. and Lady G. E. did not know which way to look, and their distress made us all look grave, which displeased the princess, and her countenance was immediately overspread with a scowl, which is always very painful to witness. I cannot conceive how any man of taste and feeling could be persuaded by any Royalty to utter such things in the hearing of any woman; and I doubt if the ladies should not have risen and left the room.

Why is this story told? Is it to show the superior morality of the authoress, who doubts if she ought not to have left the room? or to vilify the poor crack-brained princess, whom we read of just before as giving a thousand ducats to Lady C. C., and treating her with the utmost kindness? or is it to let the public know how fashionable men and women employ their time, and princes and princesses converse?

Lady C. C., who is a great coward on the water, was frightened, and unfortunately said: —

> "Well, Madam, I do for your Royal Highness what I would not do for any relation. It is a sacrifice I would not make for them, to come out in an open boat in such a wind!" She was angry and said, "Then you should never travel, Lady Charlotte." We were much amused by the latter pinching me and Dr. H. (between whom her ladyship was sitting) from fright. I think Lady C. C. is a little smitten with the handsome Algernon Percy. She said to me, "His voice and looks are supremely interesting," and she talked to him the whole night.

According to our authoress, Lady C. Campbell (who is so attached to the Princess that she would do for her more than for her own family) has a heart extraordinarily susceptible; a little way on we read: —

> This fortnight the Pope came to the Princess; her Royal Highness received him on the steps of the palace, and after he had sat with her

for about an hour, Lady G. and Lady Charlotte Campbell *had time to fall in love with the almoner.* The good old Pontiff went away blessing all whom he passed. The scullions and cooks came out in a crowd to kiss his toe, which they did most audibly. The Princess followed the Pope downstairs, and when he descended the grass plots to his carriage, His Holiness turned round, and *made the most graceful bow I ever saw!*

A little more love: —

Major Andreossi sang like an angel. I never heard anything sung so well, not even by the Chanticleer, in point of taste. He is, *besides, a handsome man*, highly considered by Lord William Bentinck, and reckoned an excellent officer. I heard every word he pronounced, and he sang with so much feeling, and so much nature, that *I have had him in my head all night.* What a ridiculous way of expressing myself! Shame on such slip-slop language! I ought rather to say that the sound of Major Andreossi's voice is still in my ears, and his sentiment and feeling have touched my heart, and left an impression on it which I think will never be utterly lost.

We are glad to be able, at any rate, to quote something good from this book. It is not the author's own, we need not say: —

SONNET.

By Lord Moira.

What splendid vision o'er my fancy flies,
And with long dormant heat my bosom warms,
Banners and barbed steeds, and loud alarms,
And listed fields, and love the mighty prize;
Bewitching to my thought the years arise
When chivalry refined the pride of arms:
Then valour sought its meed from female charms,
And fierceness melted at the fair one's eyes.
O days, congenial to the noble soul!
Then love was dignity; then falsehood shame;
Then conscious truth a generous boast allowed.
Now under fashion's frivolous control,
'Tis ridicule to bear a towering name,
Or hold a post distinguished from the crowd.

We may read this diary, and say, indeed, it is a ridicule to bear a towering name, or to pretend to the old virtue which characterized it, or to the honour which formerly belonged to it. It is ridicule indeed to come of a noble race, and uphold the well-known honour of an ancient line. What matters it if you can read in your family record the history of a thousand years of loyalty and courage, of all that is noble in sentiment, honest and brave in action?—the pride of ancestors is a faded superstition—the emulation of them a needless folly. There is no need now to be loyal to your prince, or tender to his memory. Take his bounty while living, share his purse and his table, gain his confidence, and learn his secrets, flatter him, cringe to him, vow to him an unbounded fidelity—and when he is dead, *write a diary and betray him!*

MEMOIRS OF HOLT, THE IRISH REBEL.[1]

THIS book, though somewhat too long, possesses considerable interest, and gives some very curious pictures of human life and manners. Holt, although a general of the Irish rebels in 1798, does not pretend to give much information regarding the general history of that insurrection; but he has a number of personal adventures to relate, and paints in a very lively manner the dangers, defeats and victories of the people under his command. The son of a respectable Protestant farmer, Holt, born in 1756, married a wife at six-and-twenty, and was, according to his own story, a thriving and peaceable man, until the commencement of the revolutionary troubles in 1797.

He was at this time employed as a superintendent of roads, and had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the chief road inspector, by pressing rather unceremoniously for a sum of money which Holt had paid for the forwarding of the works, and which the worthy inspector, although he had received a sum to discharge this claim, was quite unwilling to pay. Holt describes how at last he procured the money, and how the overseer swore revenge upon him.

The troubles commenced; the country was placed under martial law, and the overseer appeared, among the most loyal subjects of the King. We read, with some doubt however, how this exemplary loyalist applied to a tenant for rent, and upon the tenant refusing, he shot him through the head; at the same time wittily remarking to the man's wife, "that he had saved her the trouble of stripping the corpse"; for this unlucky wretch, to welcome his landlord, had issued out of bed, and was slaughtered in his shirt.

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[1] *Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798.* Edited from the original manuscript in the possession of Sir William Betham . . . by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1838.
[*The Times*, January 31, 1838.]

Poor Holt was to be the next victim of this gentleman's loyal indignation; accordingly one day his house was visited, and he was warned to fly; he did so, and on the next morning a second domiciliary visit was paid to his cottage, and the poor fellow from his lurking place saw the sky red, and his cottage in flames, and knew that his children and wife were houseless, and himself a doomed man. What was he to do? If he returned, his friend, the overseer, was ready to administer to him the justice which he had dealt out to the poor tenant, and Holt had nothing for it but to fly, and take the oath as an United Irishman.

The oath once taken, he speedily found an opportunity to distinguish himself among his companions, for strength, prudence, and courage, and became the leader of a small band of rebels. He then describes the adventures of himself and his troop — now so small as to be reduced to four-and-twenty men, now so considerable as to swell into an army. According to his own account (for, like other great men, Holt professes a great reverence for himself), he was the only man among the leaders who possessed heart or head. He organized the bands which had formerly been in an utter state of indiscipline; he taught them that in their close engagements with the military they possessed a far better weapon than that in the hands of the regular soldier — the pike namely; and he led his people against the King's troops always with great courage on his own part, once or twice with considerable success. His description of the "Battle of Ballyellis" is very lively and picturesque; he lured on a body of the Royal Cavalry (a corps especially hated by the Irish, and called the Ancient Britons), and lining the road through which they were to pass with pike and musket men, barricaded one end of it with carts, and when the troops had entered this defile, despatched a body of stout fellows to attack them in the rear, so that the Ancient Britons were completely vanquished—nay, cut to pieces, all save one, whose horse, goaded by one of the rebel pikes, took the barricade, cleared it, and bore the rider away. "This I called," says the conqueror with a *naïve* exultation, "the Battle of Ballyellis." According to Holt, three hundred and seventy was the number of Ancient Britons slain on this day, and we only wonder at the inaccuracy of other historians, who have rated the number of slaughtered at fifty-five.

"A black trumpeter," says the Ballyellis Cæsar, recording with a grim humour the events of that victorious day, and a ferocity not unworthy of the overseer, "was most tenacious of life; he took more piking than five white men. Before he expired a fellow cut off his ears, for the sake of the gold rings, and put them in his pocket."

"I saw a young boy from one of the dikes pass his pike into the side of a soldier, and could not extract it again; the soldier fell dead. The boy took from his pocket a purse with thirty-five guineas in it, some of the plunder he had made the day before. One of the boy's comrades instantly seized the purse, and tried to take the money from him. He cried out to me, and I caused his well-earned prize to be restored: he presented me with it. I kept it for him, till I gave it to his father, one Gough, who lived near Clone, the residence of Charles Coates, Esq."

We may learn admirably to understand the character of this war by details such as these, which are told by honest Holt, in the simplicity of his heart, as things of quite common occurrence. The next story is one, however, of a noble character, and will be perused with interest, as giving a very favourable view of Holt's natural kindliness and generosity:—

> I remained in the camp till the Sunday following, as I expected a visit from my brother, William Holt, a builder by trade, and ordered out twenty-four of my best cavalry to go to meet him. We set out very early, and crossed over Ballymanus, towards Redena-bridge, where we perceived eight soldiers and a sergeant, with some baggage, proceeding towards Aughrim. I said, "Boys! here is some game for us."

We bore down upon them, and on getting near them they soon found out who we were. I rode in front, and perceiving there were but nine of them, I ordered my men to halt, and reversed my fire-arms, to let the sergeant know I did not intend to fire on them. The small party of soldiers stood conscious of being overpowered by numbers, and as I approached the sergeant he presented me with his sword, which I refused to take. On turning round to the cars, I saw a well-looking woman and five children; they were much terrified. I asked the sergeant if it was his wife? He said, "Yes, Sir!" I then went over to her and took her by the hand, saying, "Madam, do not fear, I will do no harm either to you or your husband." She still wept bitterly, and the poor children cried out, "Oh, Sir, do not kill daddy." These poor innocents made me think of my own. I then ordered the soldiers to drive in the cars to Aughrim, and, turning to the sergeant's wife, I said, for I had learned her name by asking that of her husband, "Mrs. Jones, did you ever hear of the man they call General Holt?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied, "but surely you are not him? I am told he is a terrible man."

"Madam," said I, "the Devil is not as black as he is painted. I certainly am that person you so much dread."

We then proceeded to the town, and halted at Michael Bolan's, where I ordered a gallon of ale to be given to the soldiers, and brought Sergeant Jones, his wife, and children, into the house, and had bread, butter, and cheese given to them, with ale and punch, and made them comfortable. The poor woman could not keep her eyes off me; she was incredulous, and could only believe that I showed so much mercy merely to be the more cruel at last.

I told Sergeant Jones I should search his baggage, and if I found flints, powder, ball-cartridge, or fire-arms in it, I should be very angry. He assured me there was nothing of the kind, or he would have honestly told me, and if I found any I might shoot him immediately. I then asked him if his regiment was to meet eight of my men in the same situation, did he think they would have put them to death? Both the sergeant and his wife said they would certainly have done so. "Then," said I, "I will set a good example, and give my compliments to General Jones,[1] and tell him, I hope it will not be thrown away." I then called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following order:—

> "I command all and every United Irishman to let the bearer, William Jones, and company, pass from Aughrim to Rathdrum unmolested, and any person acting contrary to this requisition shall be punished in the severest manner. Given under my hand, at Mr. Bolan's, Aughrim, Sunday evening. GENERAL JOSEPH HOLT."

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[1] Quære, St. John?

> I sent twelve of my own guard with them as far as Whally's Abbey, fearing, if they were attacked, they might be killed before they could produce my pass. They proceeded unmolested, and my men returned with my brother. He had but two miles to come to me from his own house. I placed my pickets, and sat down and drank punch with him till about 2 o'clock in the morning, when he set off on his return home. We had much conversation respecting my affairs, and I instructed him as to my wishes and intentions.
>
> On his way back he was unfortunately intercepted by a supplemental corps called, in derision, the "Bondmen of Cronebane," a poor set of rascals, without valour, honour, or honesty, and a disgrace to His Majesty's uniform ; they seized and made him prisoner, dragged him to Rathdrum, and told him he would be hanged the next day, for going to see that villain, his brother.

And Holt's good-natured action here met with its reward; for he says : —

> Had I glutted my revenge, and imbrued my hands in the innocent blood of Sergeant Jones and his eight comrades, my brother would have fallen a victim to his affection in visiting me, which, by the law of the period, was punishable with death. When that grateful and worthy man, Sergeant Jones, heard that a prisoner of the name of Holt had been lodged in the guard-house, he instantly went to see him, and finding that he was my brother, the kind-hearted and brave fellow, with tears of joy in his eyes, shook him by the hand, saying, "Fear not, Mr. Holt, your brother saved the lives of myself, my wife, my children, and my eight comrades yesterday, and treated us with every civility ; I will do my best to save your life to-day, and prove my gratitude to that humane and much-scandalized and misrepresented man." He then left my brother, and went to General Jones (Quære, St. John ?) and related to him how he had been taken and treated by me.
>
> The General, at first, would scarcely credit the sergeant's statement, believing, from the common report of my enemies, that I was a fierce and cruel monster, guilty of all the atrocities laid to my charge, and committed by some of those under my command. But the sergeant produced my pass, and called the men of his party to vouch for the truth of his story, whom the General examined separately, and finding them all to agree in every particular, he said it was a shame to give such a character as he had heard of me to a man of so much good feeling and humanity. Sergeant Jones then told the General there was a brother of mine in the guard-house, charged with being in company with me and the rebels the day before. Upon which, the General immediately ordered him to go to the officer of the guard, and desire

him to bring the prisoner before him, which being done, my brother was questioned as follows:—

"What is your name?"

"William Holt."

"Are you brother to the robber chief?"

"I am."

"Were you on a visit to him yesterday?"

"I was. I had not seen my brother for a long time, and receiving an intimation from him that I might see him at a certain place, I have transgressed so far as to go and see him. I wish sincerely he could safely leave the business he is now engaged in, which he never would have joined but from necessity, to save his life; which was unjustly threatened, and his house burnt. I have never joined in the rebellion, or interfered in any way; but I know, by going to my brother, my life is forfeited, and I cannot help it. God's will be done."

The General looked at him for some time without speaking, overpowered by his generous feelings. At length he recovered himself, and said—"No, Holt, your life is not, shall not be forfeited. It is much to be regretted that so fine a fellow as your brother should die the death which, I fear, eventually awaits him. He mercifully saved the lives of nine of His Majesty's soldiers yesterday, and sent them in safety to this place. He gave them a pass for their security, and I will do the same to you. I believe your story of your brother's misfortunes, and I hope some opportunity will occur by which his life may be saved."

I am inclined to think that this brave and generous officer did not let this affair remain unknown, as I have good reasons for knowing he interested himself for me with General Moore, and I am sure it served me much in the time of my adversity, which was approaching. My brother got his pass of safety, and did not abuse the kindness of the General.

We have not space to follow Holt through his other dangers and escapes, they are very interesting, and the rough style in which they are told renders them doubly impressive. He has that degree of superstition which is remarkable in almost every one who leads his bandit life, and relates how on three occasions he was saved from the enemy by dreams. It is pleasing to read in his simple language the many instances of kindness and fidelity shown to him—of shelter and bread given to the flying rebel, whose betrayal would have made the fortune of his host.

At length, however, Holt's band dwindled away at the close of '98, and he found himself at the head of but a few men, tracked daily by the military, flying for life from place to place, and quite unable to make any permanent resistance to the overwhelming forces of the King. He determined to disband his few remaining men, and to give himself up a prisoner. His wife had a relative, a servant in the Powerscourt family, and her good-natured mistress made interest that Holt's life at least should be spared if he yielded. He describes thus his farewell of his comrades; it is, we think, a very touching picture: —

> I would not surrender myself without first communicating to my men my intention of doing so; although that act involved me in no small danger as well as pain, but I considered myself bound to do so, and I proceeded towards them for that purpose. I found them at Brady's of Ballinalough, and I called them together; when they were assembled I said —
>
> "Men and friends, any hope of our succeeding in our enterprise is now out of the question, as you all know: the report of the French coming to our assistance is all unfounded; our situation is one of extreme distress and peril; cold, hunger, and misery in our present fate, and it is growing worse and worse every day; the approach of winter will expose you to still greater dangers, and bring you into the power of your enemies; you may individually escape by returning to your homes; but a price is set on my head; I cannot escape, hundreds are looking out for me to secure the blood-money. I have therefore determined to surrender to Lord Powerscourt, and give you my last, my best advice, which is to return to your homes and employments. When I have surrendered, the patrolling of these hills by the cavalry will cease, and the traveller may pass without notice or annoyance. I have only to add, that none of you need fear that I will give information injurious to any of you; that part of my oath is still binding on me. I now entreat the Omnipotent God to protect and guide you all to safety and quiet, which shall be the prayer of your unfortunate but faithful commander, when he will be probably wandering over the wilds of some foreign country. So, farewell for ever, my dear fellows, and may God bless you all!"
>
> I then shook hands with them all, one by one, while the tears stood in their eyes, and my own eyes were not dry. I felt very acutely that I could not see them all in safety before I left them.
>
> Before I finally left them, I again addressed them.
>
> "Above all things, my dear fellows, the best, the truest, the honestest, and the most faithful of my followers, if you value your happiness

in this world, or the hopes of happiness in the next, avoid Hacket and his thieving company, who will all be sooner or later brought to the gallows."

The poor fellows all kneeled down and offered up their prayers to God for my peace, happiness, and future welfare. I bade them a last farewell and left them. While I remained in sight, they put their hats on their fire-locks, waving them backwards and forwards to let me know that they still had their eyes upon me. Thus was I gratified by the only proof of affection those poor fellows were able to show me.

I proceeded across the side of Ballybracka mountain, through Kippure, and ascended Douse mountain, and so on to the corner of Lord Powerscourt's demesne wall, where I sat down, and looked about to see if any one observed me, and then I went to the house of an old friend, William Kelgan; he was at home and received me cordially, and here I met my wife. My worthy host brought me some refreshment, after partaking of which we set out together to Lord Powerscourt's, where we arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening, on the 10th day of November.

A droll description follows of a "sumptuous repast" at Lord Powerscourt's, whence Holt was carried the next day to Dublin, and afterwards despatched to New South Wales. The second volume of the book contains his adventures in that colony; but Joseph Holt the convict is by no means so interesting a character as General Holt the rebel, and we must here bid him farewell.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH OF CHEAP KNOWLEDGE.[1]

1. *The Poor Man's Friend.* Hetherington, Strand.
2. *Livesey's Moral Reformer* (weekly). Livesey, Preston.
3. *The Wars of Europe.* Pattie, Brydges Street.
4. *The Penny Story-Teller.*
5. *The Sporting Gazette*, 2d. Foster, Crane Court.
6. *The Sporting World*, 2d. Bollaert, Wellington Street.
7. *Oliver Twiss*, by Bos, 1d. E. Lloyd, Bloomsbury.
8. *The Weekly Magazine*, 1½d.
9. *The Fly*, 2d. Glover, Water Lane.
10. *The Penny Age.* Robins, Barbican.
11. *The Penny Satirist*, Nos. 22, 23, 24. Cousins, Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
12. *Cleave's Penny Gazette of Variety.* Wakelin, Shoe Lane.
13. *London Satirist.* Wakelin, Shoe Lane.
14. *The Star of Venus ;* or, *Shew-up Chronicle.* Clark, Brydges Street.
15. *The Town*, 2d. Forrester, Strand.

A WALK into Paternoster Row, and the judicious expenditure of half-a-crown, put us in possession of the strange collection of periodical works of which we have given the catalogue. We know not how many more there may be of the same sort; but at least these fifteen samples will afford us very fair opportunity for judging of this whole class of literature. It is the result of the remission of the stamp-laws, — has sprung up in the last few months or years, — and may be considered the offspring of the "March of Intellect," which we have heard so much about; the proof of the "intelligence of the working classes," and the consequence of the meritorious efforts of "the schoolmaster abroad."

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1838.]

These are the three cant terms of the Radical spouters; any one of these, tagged to the end of any sentence, however lame, never fails to elicit a shout of approbation at White Conduit House or the Crown and Anchor. To listen to Wakley, Vincent, or O'Connor, one would imagine that the aristocracy of the country were the most ignorant and ill-educated part of its population — the House of Lords an assembly of ninnies — the Universities only seminaries where folly and vice are taught. The wisdom and honesty of the country rests with the working man, whose manly labour sharpens their intelligence, and who are educated in very different schools from those effete and effeminate places of learning in which the higher classes fritter their youth and intellect away.

We do not desire, however, to plunge the reader into a political dissertation as to the relative merits of aristocrats and democrats, and the question whether there really be a higher class and a lower, as persons (probably prejudiced or bribed) have feigned; we wish to examine the case merely in a literary point of view, and ascertain, as well as we can, what are the literary tastes of the lower class, and how their intelligence, which is boasted of so often and so loudly, displays itself. With the claims of the higher class we have nothing to do; the readers of this Magazine belong (as we humbly conceive) to that class chiefly, and can judge as well as ourselves of the condition of its literature. But few of them are acquainted with works written for people of quite a different condition. Few of them, we venture to say, have even heard of most of the above periodicals, and are as ignorant of the philosophical excellence of the *Poor Man's Friend* as of the graceful sprightliness of the *Shew-up Chronicle.*

In the descriptions of society and life, as we read them in these papers, the manners of the lower classes in the *country*, are, of course, not represented. We can judge only here of the people in the great towns — a tremendous society moving around us, and unknown to us — a vast mass of active, stirring life, in which the upper and middling classes form an insignificant speck, and of which we (taking for granted that WE here applies to both writer and reader) are quite ignorant and uninformed. An English gentleman knows as much about the people of Lapland or California as he does of the aborigines of the Seven Dials or the natives of Wapping; or if he ever does venture to explore these unknown districts (as some daring spirits have) — to examine the customs, the amusements, and the social condition of the inhabitants — he does so for an hour or two at midnight; taking the precaution of drunkenness before he makes the attempt, and moving stealthily among those dangerous and savage men, effectually disguised — *in liquor*. All the curiosities that such a traveller brings back from the *terra incognita* are, probably, a coat from which the pockets have been ingeniously separated, or a black eye, the parting gift of a native.

For those, then, who, though eager for knowledge regarding the habits of these people, are yet unwilling to brave the dangers which must be encountered in the search, there can scarcely be a better method of acquiring science than by such books as the fifteen penny publications above inscribed. If they do not give so lively a picture as that visible to the actual observers, they give, at least, a view more general. Long months' unremitting intercourse, and considerable expenditure, are necessary for him who wishes, with his proper eyes, to behold this enormous London world (for to call that "the world" which is so registered in the *Court Guide* is sheer nonsense); by examining a heap of such papers as these, he may know it, however, in a morning's reading.

It may appear a strange affectation, in this blessed year 1838, to affect an entire ignorance of the habits of fourteen-fifteenths of the people amongst whom we live — a poor repetition of Mr. Croker's old joke, who knew not, positively, where about was Russell Square; but the fact is so. Thanks to reviewers and novelists, with the very highest classes of society we are as intimate as with our own brothers and sisters; we know almost as well as if we had been there (as well, as to enable us *to say* that we have) all the manners and customs of the frequenters of Devonshire House—what great people eat at dinner—how their rooms are furnished—how they dance, and flirt, and dress; all this has been described and studied by every writer of fiction who has the least pretension to politeness, or the slightest claim to gentility. And who are these people, whom we study, and ape, and admire? At the utmost, a miserable forty thousand! Fifteen hundred thousand more are moving in the same streets, of whom we know nothing. No modern writer has given any account of them, except only the admirable "Boz." Mr. Bulwer's low life, though very amusing, is altogether fanciful. Mr. Theodore Hook has never—so exquisitely refined is that popular author—penetrated beyond Mecklenburgh Square. Even the habits of people in that part of the town he views with contempt; and is obliged to soar upwards again to the higher atmospheres of fashion, in which only his delicate lungs can breathe at ease.

There is not much need, luckily, that a writer should be despatched expressly from the polite world to examine the doings of the world impolite. It has a literature its own; a dozen specimens of which are before us now, and of which we shall give a *résumé*.

One may pretty well judge, then, from these specimens, what are—in London, at least—the literary wants and tastes of the poorer classes. Since the change of the stamp-duty, the Penny Gazettes, which flooded the town with treason, have disappeared altogether. Was it the abstract political creed of these papers (Cleave's *Gazette* and Hetherington's *Dispatch*, for instance) which caused their popularity? or was it through different means that they attained the enormous sale which they once had? In the first place, the very defiance of the law was an excitement to the purchaser; the price, another excitement; and furious attacks upon the King and nobility—upon the factory-owner—upon the magistrate and the policeman—upon all who interfered with the presumed liberties, the amusements, or the pockets of the people,—filled, for the most part, the columns of these papers. It is folly to urge that what is called "Radicalism" in the country — the bugbear which Mr. "Sledgehammer" Attwood threatens from Birmingham, the great popular creed of which the immaculate Mr. Wakley is the prophet and expounder — is a fixed and reasonable sentiment. With the men whom these worthies represent, the word Radicalism does not mean *opinion;* it should simply be interpreted *hatred.* They hate the nobility, for the nobility ride in a gold coach, and themselves starve on foot; they hate the factory-master, for he will keep all the profits to himself; — a policeman with them is a "bloody bludgeon-man" — a kind of ogre, invented by Sir Robert Peel to swallow or imprison poor Englishmen; and a newspaper stamp the "cursed red slave-mark," at the name of which the Radical spouter lashes himself into a fury, and the Radical audiences discover that we are the most injured and enslaved people on earth. Against Radicalism in the abstract we are not here to argue; it may be the right creed or the wrong one — at any rate, it is supported by many able and honest men; but, is it the belief of the country? or of any number in it strong enough to form a body, which by any stretch of courtesy may be called a party? The answer is simple: three Radical newspapers have died this year. The first, a morning paper, called the *Constitutional,* came out with a good deal of *prestige* at the period of the repeal of the stamp-act.[1] Some small show was made among the Radical members of Parliament, who promised to support it. For some months (after which time it fell off wofully in point of intelligence) it was as good as any other morning paper; it was purely Radical, if any journal was. And what was the consequence? It never had a thousand subscribers. A small paper, called the *Morning Gazette,* succeeded the *Constitutional,* and then followed it to the grave. Lastly fell the *True Sun,* by far the ablest paper of the three, ably conducted and written; cheaper, better, and larger than any other evening paper — the *Standard*, of course, excepted. It was an old paper of five or six years' standing, the property of a leading Radical in the House of Commons, of acknowledged importance to the party. There were meetings concerning it, and petitions, and a deal of talk about subscriptions; and what then? The Radical leaders would not subscribe, — not they! Their business is only to talk, not to *do*. The poor *True Sun* sunk one Saturday evening, and lies along with its defunct brethren.

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[1] [*See* Introduction to Vol. XXVIII. of this edition in regard to the *Constitutional* and *Public Ledger;* also Biographical Sketch in Vol. I.]

May their bones lie soft! We only have alluded to their fate (in a digression, for the length of which we trust the reader will pardon us) in order to attempt to show that pure Radicalism is not the belief of the people; nay, that politics of any sort, except the Bloody Bludgeon-man, Bloody Red Slave-Mark, Bloody Poor-Grinding aristocracy kind, have no interest for them. At least, among fifteen works published for their use we find nothing of a grave, doctrinal character, and no sort of sober discussion regarding the first principles of that creed which, as we are told, they prize so highly.

In our whole catalogue of publications, it is curious that there are only two which pretend to instruct the reader — namely, the *Moral Reformer*, and the *Poor Man's Friend*. The first is not merely good in its intention, but very well executed. It appears weekly, and is written by a strong advocate of Temperance Societies, and directly addressed to the poor. The latter is a political pamphlet costing a penny, like the *Reformer*, but published we know not at what intervals. The number before us is especially directed to two points — the abolition of the Poor Law, and the puffing of a London paper, called the *London Dispatch;* of which Dr. Beaumont, the ex-prisoner of Doulon, is the editor. Listen to the warning of the *Poor Man's Friend:* —

> What single journal is there, within the reach of the working classes, that stands up for the rights of the millions? Is there one strenuous advocate among the daily papers? Is there a solitary diurnal print, morning or evening, that is not blindly linked to the interests of the present Ministry, or openly playing the game of the Tories? Not one. What weekly newspapers are there which possess a stronger claim on

the support of the mass of useful population? There were two, the *London Mercury* and the *London Dispatch*, and the poor, unfortunately, were not able to support both. The divided favours kept these journals fluctuating between six and seven thousand each, and this number did not produce within thirty pounds a week of what each cost in production; nay, they were in different hands, they were preying upon each other. The *London Mercury* cost two or three fortunes to maintain it; and the *London Dispatch* cost Mr. Hetherington, the proprietor, years of labour and loss; and while two public-spirited individuals worked incessantly for the cause in their different ways, each steadfastly maintaining the interests of the poor, they were gradually impoverishing themselves, without the prospect of reaction; and conscious of his right to be supported, each was reluctant to give up his task, while the slightest hope remained. The consequence was, as might be expected, each sought to dispose of the wreck of his investment by disposing of the property. A third person stepped in, and purchased the *Mercury* unconditionally, — the *London Dispatch* was subsequently bought by the same individual; and Mr. Hetherington, anxious to be useful to the millions, stipulated for the constant advocacy of his own principles, and to the last did his duty by the cause. Happily, the purchaser formed a junction of the two papers, — engaged the services of the well-known and long-tried patriot, Doctor Beaumont, whose learning entitled him to the highest respect of all classes, and whose principles were tested for years in the dungeons of France, while suffering for his advocacy of the poor against the rich. Under his able guidance, with much valuable assistance, the interests of the poor are advocated in the *London Dispatch and London Mercury*, whose circulation among all ranks in England, and on the Continent, renders it a formidable opponent to the friends of despotism, as well as to the pretended friends of the poor.

Rush, then, to your newsmen! Hasten to the printing office! Depend upon it, says the shoemaker, to preserve the rights of Englishmen, to uphold the cause of suffering poverty, there is nothing like leather.

The *Poor Man's Friend*, consisting of four pages, then robs a tale from the *Torch*, which occupies nearly two; and, returning to the charge about the *London Dispatch*, again avers that the millions can never prosper without it. Lo! and all that we have learned for one of the pennies of our half-crown is, that the *Poor Man's Friend* is neither more nor less than a *humbug;* he is no more the poor man's friend than the gentleman in the street who inserts small printed bills into your hand is the sick man's friend; he only works for his employer, the Radical or medical quack, as the case may be.

Livesey, as we have said, is in a much better strain; and the millions will read more wholesome lessons in these *Moral Reformers* than in the pages of all the *London Dispatches*, from this day until the day when the *Dispatch* shall be no more. He tells the poor how it is good to be sober, and the rich that it is right to be charitable. And he quotes from the words of A Certain Great Philanthropist, Who lived before him, and Who taught that men might be happy even though they were loyal to Cæsar, and contented though they were poor. Here is a melancholy extract from this little pamphlet:—

> Who can estimate the amount of unknown poverty and suffering that exists at this present time among the poor, and especially among the weavers? Indeed, no saying can be truer than this, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Among other reports, the one printed by the Rev. J. Johns, domestic missionary, in reference to the poor of Liverpool, is truly affecting, as will be seen by the following extract:—"Within these few months, I have seen what, had I *not* seen it, I could not have imagined. I have seen life under forms which took from it all that, in my eyes, made it happy, hopeful, or even *human*. I have seen life under forms which made it necessary for me to rouse up all the strength of my previous reasoning and convictions, in order to convince myself that these were really fellow-beings, going through a preparatory state of discipline, which, under the eye of an all-powerful and purely benevolent Providence, was to prepare them for an eternal and exceeding weight of glory. Few could have seen the scenes which have passed under my eyes (especially during the months of the late trying winter), without feeling that the time was indeed arrived when man should go forth to the relief of his brother. Mothers, newly become such, without a garment on their persons, and with infants nearly as naked, lying upon straw or shavings, under a miserable covering, without fire or food, or the means of procuring them; children taken from their schools, in order to earn by begging, or by something but one degree above it, a few half-pence worth of bread for themselves and their parents; men in the prime of life lounging at noonday across their beds, unable to procure work, and dependent upon the charity of their fellow-poor for subsistence; mothers of families only able to provide necessaries for their children by pawning their little all, or by incurring debts wherever they could be trusted; persons in fevers, whose recovery was

prevented and whose weakness was prolonged by the want of all that promotes convalescence; and infirm and aged people, who were shivering out the last hours of life in absolute want of everything that could sustain or endure it. I must only further permit myself to observe, that I have often found their physical wants so great, as not only to embitter life, but to antedate its close. I have no hesitation in saying, that an unsuspected amount of human existence must be annually sacrificed, in this and similar great towns, *from simple and absolute starvation.* No jury sits on these neglected remains; no horror-stricken neighbourhood is electrified by the rumour that one has died among them of cold, and nakedness, and hunger. Obscurity clouds the death-bed, and oblivion rests upon the grave. But, unknown as it may be to the world at large, the fact is awfully certain, —that not a few of our poor, especially of the aged and infirm, die, winter after winter, of no disease but inanition. I have known instances of this nature, to which I came, or was called, too late; I have known others, also, in which I was enabled to save those for whom, I believe, there was no hope or friend in the world."

A wretched story, indeed! But, at least, not to US is the credit due for a measure which shuts out these poor creatures from hope, and, as it were, enforces and legalizes starvation. Those "poor man's friends" who sit on the ministerial benches have perpetrated this, among other benefits for their country.

We have here, then, the only two papers of the bundle which pretend to any gravity of discussion or information. The one is chiefly occupied with the Temperance Societies, the Poor Law, and such sorrowful statistics as belong to it; the other is a simple puff for a weekly Radical print. Is it unfair to conclude that the people, for whose special benefit penny literature has been invented, do not care much for politics or instruction, but seek chiefly for amusement in exchange for their humble penny?

Our next paper is called the *Wars of Europe, edited by a distinguished Officer of the Blues:* a laudable and amusing publication. In the number before us, the Siege of Badajos is the "distinguished Officer's" theme. A rude woodcut represents a breach; an ensign waving the British flag; there is also a host of Frenchmen, in cocked hats, striving in vain against British valour.

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, — the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and, withal, a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, — Captain Nicholas, of the Engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the forty-third, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw, having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him ; and although there was a deep cut along the foot of the breach, also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers, at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins ; but, when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole to earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone.

* * * * * * *

Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege ; and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault, — sixty officers, and more than seven hundred men, being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded ; the first three severely. About six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente ; as many at the castle ; and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred. And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this — the forty-third and fifty-second regiments of the light division lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle !

Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage, taking place in a space of less than a hundred square yards ; let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death ; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water ; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions ; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking ; — let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power.

And nobly, indeed, does this "distinguished officer" write. But, stay; have we not read something of this in a book called the *History of the Peninsular War*, by one Napier? Yes, truly. And here we arrive at the extraordinary fact, that *two* "distinguished British officers," in describing a particular feat of arms, have used the selfsame sentences, lines, words, stops — nay, commas.

As for supposing that the distinguished officer of the

Blues would *steal* from his brother officer's book, it is out of the question. A man in the household troops would sooner die than do it. However, the hero of the Blues makes a very entertaining miscellany,—the very best, we think, in our whole catalogue. The stories are taken from good books, are written in good language, and tell of things which it does one good to hear of. Many a schoolboy, on a holiday, many an honest workman, of a Saturday evening, will read over these brave stories of danger and victory, and think the penny well spent which has bought him this little magazine.

Next in the list is the *Penny Story-Teller,*—eight pages, a picture, and tales completed, commenced, and to be continued. *The Secret Vault, The Wish Fulfilled, The Obtuse Smoker.* This latter story, in the "Boz" style, has very great merit; and the reader will excuse us for giving a very brief quotation.

> *An Inn Parlour at midnight.*—The night was nearly over. The candles—the two which the landlord had allowed to run to seed, were "dark with(out) excess of light"; two or three empty pipes remained, quiet monuments to the memories of departed smokers; the little round *mausoleums* of sand were struck out of their right places by the departings of the departed; a few tumblers, empty, remained; the fire had caked into a dull, red-hot, hollow roof; the cat was curved into a sleep on the sanded hearth; the four bell-ropes hung, at *intervals*, over the tables in wondrous repose; and only one very broad-brimmed hat blackened the one handsome peg out of the twelve that adorned, foot by foot asunder, the happy back-room of the Harp!—the hat of Quail!

If this be an original tale, the *Penny Story-Teller* has a clever contributor. The imitation of "Boz" is very happy. We cannot speak in similar terms of *The Secret Vault* or *The Wish Fulfilled*, which are wondrous dull; but *The Obtuse Smoker* is worth a dozen pennies, and we have no reason to complain of our bargain.

The *Sporting Gazette* and the *Sporting World* are more aristocratic in their pretensions, being printed on a smart white paper, and sold for twopence. We incline to the latter, which is not merely bigger than its rival, but has, moreover, a picture; the pet of the Fancy, the gallant Dick Curtis, stands in the front page, his shirt off, his fists doubled—worth threepence at the very least. Besides a paper about the Darby, and a host of miscellaneous matter, we have a couple of songs from a clever compiler of such ditties, Mr. A. B. C. D. E. F. W. N. Bayley[1]; who writes in the following awful way concerning fox-hounds and blood-hounds:—

A Talbot! a Talbot! fleet, famous and free,
With the royal old Norman came over the sea,
To track through the kingdom, by field and by flood,
To the sound of the bugle—the scent of the blood.
The red dog is snuffing the breath of the morn,
And the deer is aroused e'er the dews are updrawn;
One spring at his bark, and one bound at his bay,
Deep-mouthed and death-telling—the stag is away!
Away by the meadows, away by the mound,
The high-antlered spirit is spurning the ground!
His feet will scarce touch the long blades as they pass;
But the stream from his wound leaves its stain on the grass!
Hark! a voice, fierce and full, on the wings of the wind—
'Tis the bay of the Talbot!—by blood will he find!
Red, red is the colour—the red blood is spilled;
The red dog hath tracked it—the red deer is killed!

Tremendous, by all the gods!—and the five reds in the last couplet, quite terrible both to the ear and the eye. But, hark to the lay of the foxhound!

Ho, foxhounds, arouse ye! the kennel is free—
There's a fox in the forest, a scent on the lea;
Come forth by the couple, bound out by the brace;
This morn the bold hunter will give ye a chase!

Hollo! mark ye, the gate is flung open and wide,
And the whipper shall welcome each brace by his side
Unkennelled, uncoupled, we'll give ye the slip,
And you shall "Hark forward"—Tantivy! ya hip!

To cover! to cover! away to the wood;
Your foot now be fleet, and your scent now be good;

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[1] [F. W. N. Bayley was often called "Alphabet" Bayley.]

Through the copse let him creep — o'er the field let him rush, —
Hark-away ! or he'll give you a sweat for his brush.

What mirth and what music — what echoes resound —
Full flinging his melody back to the hound !
Ha ! the dogs skirt the vale, and the dogs skim the hill ;
Ho, Reynard, fly fleeter ! What, Babbler, be still !

Hark-away ! tally-ho ! he is seen — he must die !
Fling your feet o'er the field, and your voice to the sky ;
Bound the hill — skirt the wood — skim the mead — keep the view ;
Ha, Reynard ! red Reynard, no rescue for you.

Tantivy ! they have him — tantivy ! they hold —
Ne'er a goal but was gained when the battle was bold.
Let the hen keep her roost, and the rabbit its coop ;
For, ho, Reynard ! they kill thee — who-hoop ! and who-hoop !

Doth his scent taint the air, doth his blood stain the rush ?
Then fall ye to the carcase, and I'll bear the brush ;
And fair be your suppers, as fleet was your run.
Ho, foxhounds ! good foxhounds ! Your duty is done.

This is a sporting song, right up, slick down, and no mistake. Adapting it to Mr. Rooke's tune of "To the Mountain," we commenced singing it immediately after perusal, and have been singing without intermission for four hours. The greatest excitement prevails in our house and neighbourhood. Our beloved and other half has placed herself at the pianoforte, and accompanied us.

At the first verse, the grooms and the coachmen left the stable, and are at this moment joining in chorus in the court-yard. All the horses in the stable are kicking like mad; the dogs are howling, yelling, worrying; the cook, the maids, and men of the family, are shuffling and squeezing at the drawing-room door. As we come to the words : —

Bound the hill — skirt the wood — skim the milk — keep the view —
Ho ! Reynard ! red Reynard ! Cockdoodledyoo ! —

as we come, we say, to these sublime words, Mrs. Yorke's excitement knows no bounds. That exalted lady, who is of a Leicestershire family, suddenly leaves the grand Broad-wood at which she is seated — she whirls it into the middle of the room — she shouts with the voice of an Amazon — and, with a run and a bound — yes — no — yes — she clears the piano, music-stool and all, falling, flushed and panting, into our arms, stretched forward to receive the gallant girl!

A halfp'orth of nuts are now lying at the publisher's; we will wager them, ay, or double as many, against a fifty-pound note, that our gallant friend, Mr. Bayley, has never been hunting in his life. But, for a man of genius, this is a trifle. The song is a good song, though not an 'unting song.

Farewell, then, to the *Sporting World.* We come next to *Oliver Twiss,* by Bos, a kind of silly copy of Boz's admirable tale. We have not, we confess, been able to read through *Oliver Twiss.* The only amusing point of it is an advertisement by the publisher, calling upon the public to buy "Lloyd's edition of *Oliver Twiss,* by Bos," it being the *only genuine one.* By which we learn that there are thieves, and other thieves who steal from the first thieves, even as it is said that, about that exiguous beast the flea, there be other fleas which annoy the original animal.

The *Weekly Magazine* is a periodical devoted to literature, borrowed, stolen, or original. It contains sixteen quarto pages, and sells for the moderate sum of three halfpence. It is neither (as far as we may judge of the whole by a single number) very good nor very bad; but at least it is good in its intentions, and quite harmless.

And now we come to the *Fly.* The *Fly* is of a graceful, fantastic, sarcastic, caustic nature such as the French *Corsaire,* or *Charivari.* It has but four pages; a print (a most atrocious scrawl by the way) is inserted loose between them. A couple of *diableries,* copied from the clever lithographs of Le Poittevin, figure in the first page; and the *Fly,* in consideration of all these excellences, is made to cost twopence. The reader will be pleased with an extract; which shows the exquisite wit and good taste of the drivers of the *Fly.* The scene is Pimlico Palace. Our gracious sovereign is amusing herself with her maids of honour. *Musca loquitur:* —

Her majesty remarked that she had heard that many persons were fond of *a nice* place, but, for herself, she should, in future, endeavour to avoid *an ice place.* This sally put the whole of the household in good-humour; and they forthwith began to debate among themselves what they should do to amuse themselves for the rest of the day. Her majesty set an example, which was immediately followed, by seating herself at a table, "her eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," and committed the following to paper: —

That all rooks vile traitors are
I'll quickly shew a reason,
For which I need not go far,
As they all *hatch high trees on.*

When this had been sufficiently admired, the Baryness Lehzen, who said she would not be *crowed* over, sat down and wrote the following: —

Oh! how I love to see the snow-
Balls which little urchins throw
At one another as they go
Or come from school. I
Long to join in their sport. My
Blood is up; I want a snow-ball;
I want a snow-ball to let fly.

Here she was interrupted by Miss Cocks, who mischievously threw a large snow-ball, which, striking her immediately under the ear, produced, as she remarked, a dreadfully unpleasant sensation. This was the signal for the adjournment to the lawn, when a general snowballing was commenced among the royal party; her majesty remarking that she "did not know anything about the ball hot (ballot), but she thought the ball cold capital good sport," and immediately threw a large one at Miss Cocks, who, ducking her head, sorry are we to record that the unfortunate Lehzen received it in her mouth, while she was crying out "Flare-up"; and the sport was put an end to by a servant announcing that Lord Melbourne had arrived.

O rare *Fly!* can anything be more refined and gentlemanlike, more acute and sarcastic, than the above elegant passage? A deal more of such delightful *badinage* follows. We cannot quote it, for, alas! our columns are narrow, and our readers might question the propriety of any further extract. To drop all attempt at pleasantry, let us say that we scarcely ever have seen anything more witless and more blackguard than this *Fly*. It is inconceivably dirty, and at the same time, inexpressibly dull.

We have quitted, as the reader will perceive, the regions of pure literature among the penny publications, and are now arriving at those prints which describe men and manners, and the fashionable amusements of the metropolis. *Imprimis*, comes the *Penny Age*, of which we have had the ill-luck to purchase the first number only, and that dated so far back as October. There is a wood-cut, cleverly executed; and a flourishing prospectus, from those distinguished persons who are editors of that periodical, and proudly speak of themselves as "we of the Penny Age." We of the *Penny Age* are determined to ransack all London for the amusement of the public. Let us give a specimen of the *Penny Age*. We would wager that the following passage describes persons and places of which *no* single reader of this magazine ever heard until now. What, O reader! do you think are the most fashionable concerts about town? You will answer, The Philharmonic, perhaps; or the Ancient Concerts, or Mori and Lindley's. Hear the opinion of "we of the *Penny Age*."

> London Concerts.—There are some really excellent places of the kind, where the amusements are even equal to the theatres; in fact, in many instances, far surpass them. *The most select vocal establishments* that we know of at present are the Eagle Tavern, City Road; the White Conduit; the Union Saloon, High Street, Shoreditch; the Earl of Effingham, Whitechapel Road; the Royal Standard, Vauxhall; the Rising Sun, New Road; and the Yorkshire Stingo Tavern, *ditto*. Bagnigge Wells, that once famous resort for the Cockneys, is sadly altered; the company *is not of that select order* it used to be; and the singing is by no means worth the price of admission. If you feel inclined to hear a song and smoke a cigar long after midnight, we would warmly recommend Evans', under the Piazzas, Covent Garden; Regan's, the Cider Cellars, Maiden Lane; and Offley's, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Of each of these rooms, we shall give a full description in a future number. The "crack" concert singers of the day are decidedly, Harry Howell, little Herbert, his brother, John, or, as he is more familiarly called, "Jerry," Tom Jones (not Fielding's),

and W. Williams (the Irish vocalist), in the comic line; Messrs. E. Taylor, Tom Keates, Harry Bailey, Jem Matthews, Jem Connel, Bob Best, Bill Summers, Tom Woolridge, Mrs. Parkinson, Prideaux, and Miss Frazer-James, in the sentimental business. By the by, the latter lady has acquired her popularity entirely from possessing a fine face and a rather tidy figure. As for her singing, *it is all our visionary powers combined with Mr. Walker.* That she has a splendid voice we do not deny; but she has no judgment at all. Her notes are wild and inharmonious, her style excessively vulgar, and her air affected and vain. We speak this with no malicious feeling; but we do think that Miss James had better stay at home at "Frazer Cottage," and look well after her dahlias. We shall visit some of these places, and report the proceedings in our next.

We have printed in italics one or two of the most pleasing phrases, or turns of expression, which have struck us in the perusal of the above passage. The dreadful castigation of Miss Frazer, the exquisite raillery in the passage concluding, "it is all our visionary powers and Mr. Walker," must strike the most inattentive reader. But is not there a world of knowledge laid open to us? Who knew before that Bagnigge Wells had sadly fallen off in point of fashion? Who knew what were the most *select* concerts about town? The Union Saloon, High Street,—the Earl of Effingham, Whitechapel,—the Stingo Tavern, Ditto-Street,—where are they? and what are they?—sweet, modest violets, blushing unseen! Who are little Herbert and Harry Howell, chiefs of "the comic line"? Bob Best and Bill Summers, heroes "in the sentimental business"? Bob Best and Bill Summers are living, singing, drinking satires upon the vanity of reputation. They are applauded as fervently as Grisi and Lablache. A hundred thousand people in this town know how exquisitely Bob Best can sing "Meet me, meet me, in the heveníng"; and have wept, perhaps, with tender Bill Summers, as he warbled "My 'arp and lute." Why should *we* only be the awarders of fame? a miserable clique in this vast society? Why should not the *Penny Age* have a voice as potential as the *Times*, and the Stingo Tavern be as fashionable as the King's Theatre?

We could put a thousand more such interrogatories, showing how false and foolish are our received notions on things in general; but time presses, and we have still several papers to examine. They tend equally to level social distinctions, and to leave us in wonder at the strange infatuation which has placed fashion and mastery in Grosvenor Square, neglecting Barbican or Wapping, despising and enslaving Saint Mary Axe.

The *Penny Satirist* and *Cleave's Gazette and London Satirist* are both of them very nearly as big as a newspaper; but have very little reason in their names. It would be quite puzzling to find out whereabouts the satire lies in either of these publications, except in certain *bon-mots* and epigrams, extracted from some of the stamped papers. The *Penny Satirist* has, moreover, a medical adviser, who answers all questions put to him by the subscribers to the miscellany. The rest of its columns are filled with extracts from magazines or new novels, and present a very harmless and not unamusing variety. Rude woodcuts adorn all these publications, and seem to be almost all from the hand of the same artist—Grant, by name. They are outrageous caricatures: squinting eyes, wooden legs, and pimpled noses, forming the chief points of fun.

Of the *Star of Venus*, or, *Shew-up Chronicle*, we shall speak with respectful brevity, not knowing whether that interesting publication still continues to appear. It is full of information regarding the numerous houses of evening entertainment with which London abounds, and which are called by the elegant *Star* and other of the politest papers, "The Free and Easies." We read here of "the celebrated Barley Mow establishment, in New Gravel Lane, Shadwell," where that eminent artist, Kitchen, is now exhibiting a series of pictures—of the Wheatsheaf Tavern, and the Great Mogul Rooms; all places to which entrance is to be gained for the sum of twopence, where music is nightly performed, and beer or punch may be drunk. But the best guide for those who are anxious to obtain such information is undoubtedly the paper called the *Town*.

We can speak with more confidence of this elegant and ingenious miscellany, having purchased and perused no less than three numbers of it; whereas, in the instance of the *Shew-up Chronicle*, we could but give a partial judgment upon the single number with which it was our good fortune to meet. The *Town* is doubly valuable then, for it describes exactly that portion of the town of which no Christian ever heard until now. The *Town* abounds with the most varied and singular information, as will be seen by perusing merely the table of contents of a single number. Description of gin-shops — the Puffing system — a smart rap upon certain medical quacks. The Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, not an antiquarian paper, but a fearful satire upon a certain society, discovered by the elegant writer of the *Town*, "as he was *sojourning* his way homewards up Baldwin Street, City Road." Well, will it be believed that these scoundrels, "up Baldwin Street," actually assembled at an ale-house, where they hold a club? but ah! how inferior to that other club called the Knights of St. John! The President "is a fat fellow, with a mopstick by way of truncheon, a dress of blue calico, and a cap like that worn by chimney-sweeps on a May-day!" Disgusting, indeed, and vastly inferior to the Knights of St. John. These opposition Knights, be it remembered, are dubbed "Knights of the Old Fountain," doubtless from the name of the hostelry at which their revels take place. And a mass of important information connected with life in London is made known at once. We dare swear that the reader was never before aware of any of these facts. The whereabouts of the City Road is mysterious to most men, the existence of Baldwin Street, a fact which till now we should have laughed to scorn. Who knew of the Old Fountain in Baldwin Street? and who knew of the club at the Old Fountain? Who, we ask, was aware of this most audacious imitation of the most distinguished club in London, the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem? Moles that we are, with a pitiful clay heap for our earth, while a world, varied, vast, and beautiful, is spread before us. But, reflection is folly as yet — it is the second stage of knowledge; as yet we are knocking only at the gates of science, and have all to learn. What, for instance, are the principal gin-shops in town? Your ladyship blushes, and is silent. You do not know a fact, of which, allow us to say, it is a shame you should be ignorant. The following brief *résumé* will put you in possession of the names, not only of the taverns themselves, but of the ladies who dispense the gin.

A Gineva palace has been recently erected in Rupert Street, Coventry Street, where two or three sprightly daughters of the proprietor enliven the scene; and in good truth, choice *spirits* abound within the dwelling. But we must not dwell; so many have we to remark upon, that our space will not allow us to be critical.

The Old Bailey boasts the pretty Mrs. Sharpe; Basing Lane the delightful Mrs. Younghusband; and Newgate Market the charming Mrs. Pusey. In Bishopsgate Street, a blooming flower is planted in the Flower Pot; and the Marlborough Head has a good-looking face. Billingsgate, too, recalls pleasing recollections; Mrs. Clarke is a remarkably "tidy sort"; and honest Joe Tomlinson, of Saint-Mary-at-Hill, has a better half equal to his ancient name-sake, of the Bell, who espoused the "blue-eyed Sue." The rib of Charley Wilson, at the Half Moon, Gracechurch Street, gives the customers a *cordial* welcome — at least, those who may be said to be con*gin*ial spirits. In Goswell-street Road we have a pretty Mrs. Jones; in Holborn, a light and sprightly Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Price, in Villiers Street, Strand, makes her visitors feel that the goods she vends are not dear at any *price*. Mrs. Morris, and her daughter, the lovely Emma, hold regnant sway at the Castle, not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn Road; but there is a gentleman residing in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, who may freely sing: —

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none so *fat* as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives *just by the* alley.

The particular solicitude of the neighbouring bailiffs is devoted to Sally, for they all strive to *arrest* her attention. To go further a-field, Mrs. Pople, of the Tottenham Court Road, is really a remarkably nice person; Mrs. Robinson, of Oxford Street, is the very essence of politeness; and our jolly friend, Newman, is anything but a "Pig in the Pound." Mrs. Bull, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, is both beautiful and good; while the "wife of Teddy Roe," of Bell Street, Paddington, *wakes* her husband whenever occasion requires. In that suburban locality, the Kent Road, we meet with two lovely girls, daughters of our old friend and sporting associate, Harry England. The way in which Harry has brought up his family is highly creditable to him — at least, such is the opinion of the *Town*. But we are really getting too far out of TOWN; we could go on enumerating charming women, who superintend *palaces* of destruction in and about the metropolis, till doomsday; but we must cut the subject for the present, otherwise we may be *brandied* for tediousness by some *rum* fellow, and this we do not desire, as *cordiality* is our sole aim and drift, the very spirit of our journal. In conclusion we would say, to the millions who read the *Town*, shun the *bunch of grapes*, and then the *bitters* of life will be comparatively unknown to you.

Have you any notion who are the principal pawnbrokers in London? Read but the *Town* and you will find that —

the leading pawnbrokers in the metropolis are Mr. Fleming, of Farringdon Street; Mr. Whiskard, of Bishopgate Street; Mr. Dobree, of Charlotte Street and Oxford Street; Mr. Lawton, of Leicester Square; Mr. Vaughan, in the Strand (whom we most earnestly request to leave off discounting, and to employ his capital legitimately — viz., in his business); Young, of Saint Martin's Lane; and Muncaster, of Snow Hill. These men have all plenty of capital, and, if they please, can advance *a couple of thousand pounds* at five minutes' notice.

All other contributions to this miscellany offer an interest equally great, and are of the same elegant nature. We see *An Essay on Tripe, its Vendors and Consumers*, in which the sellers of that luxury are lashed with unflinching satire, or greeted with hearty praise, as their conduct may deserve; *Letters from our Reporter in Quod* (which, as your ladyship knows, is the name for the Queen's Bench Prison): *Memoirs of a Bankrupt;* strictures on gambling-houses, and descriptions of the most fashionable dancing-rooms in *the* metropolis. Thus it is that the *Town* describes

BELILO'S.

Near unto Aldgate is situated a place called the Orange Market; and in the Orange Market stands Howard's Assembly Rooms, and there doth the great Belilo hold regnant sway. He is the presiding deity, — in common *parlance*, the master of the ceremonies; and, to do him justice, we must observe that he is a most perfect master of every ceremony attendant on the ball-room. The weekly assemblies of Mr. Belilo are held every Saturday night, from eight till twelve o'clock.

Before the Christian adventurer profanes the temple of Belilo, it is necessary that he pay the sum of one shilling, and sixpence extra for the privilege of wearing his hat. This custom, we are sorry to say, is very prevalent, and we confess ourselves surprised at a man of Mr. Belilo's acknowledged politeness permitting such a gross breach of etiquette within the rooms governed by his mighty self; but so it is.

Having complied with these enactments, you enter a square room, capable of holding four sets of quadrilles, and numerous spectators. The walls are decorated with landscape paintings, and the temple is illuminated with lamps of ground glass. On the right of the door sits a little Jew boy with a basket of "suth nith cakes"; and on the left sits a full-blown Jewess, behind a bar, the administering angel to the wants of Jew and Gentile, in the way of refreshments. Nearly facing the door, the band is stationed, consisting of a violin, a trumpet and a harp; the latter instrument may be properly denominated the Jew's-harp, for all the musicians are of that persuasion.

Having described the room and its appointments, we will now proceed to give some few critical remarks upon the company who frequent it. They are for the most part Jews and Jewesses. The men are great nobs in their way; it is surprising to witness with what elegance they smoke their cigars whilst whirling in the dizzy mazes of the waltz; and it is even more so to observe the fortitude with which their partners endure the horrid nuisance of their repeated puffs of smoke slap in their pretty faces. Boots are the order of the night, and it would be considered a mark of effeminacy to sport pumps. Hats, as we have said before, are worn in the dance: they appear to be generally of the tall silk description, and as we like to assign reasons for absurdities, we believe them to be worn by the Hebrew lads because they imagine that they give a dignified cast to the Jewish phiz. The wit of some of these *sparks* is exceedingly *bright;* for example, to a gentleman lighting a cigar,—"By Cot, sir, if you don't take care, you'll burn that cigar." This piece of imagined humour we have heard repeated half a dozen times in one evening. There is one little chap, a Jew, about four feet nothing, who is frequently exceedingly rude and impertinent, and very fond of dispossessing strangers of their places in the dance, by stating that he had previously taken them. Belilo should see to this insufferable little monkey; if he does not, we shall, most certainly, in a future number. We shall now go into the ladies, dear creatures!

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Perhaps the reader thinks we have carried him far enough, and has no disposition to listen to any further description from the lips of this exquisite writer of the *Town,* whose observations, when he does get among the "dear creatures," are not exactly such as would bear repetition in this Magazine.

We have come to the end of our list, having striven to tell the truth concerning every one of these newspapers,—though not, as we confess, in one or two instances, *the whole* truth.

The *Town*, the *Penny Age*, the *Fly*, and the *Shew-up Chronicle* contain a vast deal of matter to which we have not alluded, and which we assuredly shall not describe. Suffice it to say that ribaldry so infamous, obscenity so impudently blackguard and brazen, can hardly be conceived, and certainly never was printed until our day. The main point of these papers seems to be a wish to familiarize every man in London who can afford a penny with the doings of the gin-shops, the gambling-houses, and—houses more infamous still. The popularity of the journals, and their contents, are dismal indications indeed of the social condition of the purchasers, who are to be found among all the lower classes in London. Thanks to the enlightened spirit of the age, no man scarcely is so ill-educated as not to be able to read them; and blessings on cheap literature! no man is too poor to buy them. The *Town* forms the *délices* of the servant-maid, who grins over the precious page along with sly John Footman; the text-book of the apprentice, who doles it out to his comrades; the hidden treasure of the charmed schoolboy, who, by this excellent medium, knows as much about town as the oldest rake in it. Blessed, then, be the press, and the fruits thereof!

In old times (before education grew general), licentiousness was considered as the secret of the aristocracy. Only men enervated by luxury, and fevered by excess of wealth, were supposed to indulge in vices which are now common to the meanest apprentice or the poorest artisan. And as mystery in those bigoted days accompanied all knowledge, the science of wickedness was as occult as any other,—only followed by the practitioners in silence and darkness.

When the people lighted on one of these, they hunted him down, like a Jew, or an alchymist, or a witch; witness poor old sainted Charteris, well-nigh a martyr to the foul-mouthed illiberality of his day! But the schoolmaster is abroad, and the prejudices of the people disappear. Where we had one scoundrel, we count them now by hundreds of thousands. We have our penny libraries for debauchery, as for other useful knowledge; and colleges like palaces for study — gin-palaces, where each starving Sardanapalus may revel until he die.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. SOUTHEY, COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.[1]

SIX volumes of the ten which are to form the complete collection of Dr. Southey's *Poetical Works* have appeared already. We have been somewhat remiss in noticing their publication, but their popularity has been established long since, and the reader needs no laboured notice at the present day to be able to appreciate and admire them. *Madoc, Thalaba,* and *Joan of Arc,* the much-abused *Wat Tyler,* the odes, and the admirable ballads (the most generally pleasing, perhaps, of all Dr. Southey's poetical compositions) form the contents of the volumes before us. *Roderick, Kehama,* and the remaining pieces will complete the series. The critic has but little to do in such a case but to point out the existence of the work, the beauty of the type and embellishments, and the cheapness of the cost; the public has long ago acknowledged its merit, and established its reputation. A short and very interesting preface gives us the history of these works, and of the poetical education of their author.

> At the age of sixty-three (says Mr. Southey) I have undertaken to edit and collect my poetical works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow on them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes, and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste and fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.

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[1] *The Poetical Works of Robert Southey.* Collected by Himself. In 10 volumes. London: Longman. 1837-1838.

[*The Times*, April 17, 1838.]

In this solemn way does Mr. Southey address himself to the world; he says "hail" and "farewell" at the same breath, and proclaiming (with perhaps a just self-satisfaction) the "*exegi monumentum*" he takes leave of his work, and sets it in order, ere he part from it to return no more.

> When I add (continues Mr. Southey) what has been the greatest of all my advantages—that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than man, constantly and unweariedly engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said everything necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, if any there be.
>
> It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that in which a person, in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it, but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of the world is permitted to us in poetry alone? Of all the smaller pieces there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and by the blessing of God looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope.

Were we disposed to examine or account for Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet, we could find no better means of explaining them than are here given by himself. A small and amiable coterie of partial friends, continued solitude, a long habit of self-contemplation, are what Mr. Southey calls the greatest of all his advantages, and what another person would declare to be amongst his greatest drawbacks. A timid man of genius cannot be other than a vain one, and the continued study of the *ego*, thus encouraged by temperament, situation, and unceasing praise of friends, cannot surely conduce to the healthy development of the poetical character. Such a man may examine himself a vast deal too much; in the pursuit of this study—and a very fascinating study it is—he forsakes others fully as noble, and quite as requisite to complete his education as a poet. Surely the period of solitude and contemplation should not commence too early, for repose, which is so wholesome after action, is only enervating without it, and a strong genius, just like a powerful body, shut out from the world and the fresh air, grows indolent and flaccid, without exercise, or, what is worse, morbid. Some particular quality of the mind or body (especially where there is an original tendency to disease) becomes unduly developed and inflamed. In a poet, we may venture to say that the disease (fatally aggravated by seclusion) is self-approbation. It is a vital part of his mental constitution, but it requires careful exercise, diet, medicine, else it inflames to such an extent as to choke up all the other functions, and colours everything with its own sickly hue. A poet in such a condition becomes like a bilious *millionaire* from India—his wealth and all the world are nothing to him—he can only muse and moan over his unhappy liver. We do not mean to hint that Mr. Southey is in any such condition (there may be, perhaps, in the passage we have quoted, beautiful and simple as it is, a very slight tinge of the complaint), but we would only say that he retired too early from the world, where he might have found a healthier and even a higher school of poetry than in his quiet study, by his lonely Cumberland lake. A man may be an exquisite painter like Gerard Dow, for instance, and give us a complete and delightful picture of an interior, let us suppose, with a single figure studying—it was Dow's general subject; but a *great* artist has the whole world for his subject, and makes it his task to portray it.

But though, if a study and genius so various and profound are requisite for the construction of an epic poem, *Joan of Arc* or *Madoc* can hardly be the highest rank in their number. There is no English reader to whom the two poems are not familiar and welcome, who has not followed the course of Madoc over the sea, where

> Fair blew the winds, and safely did the waves
> Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale
> Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
> Making him long to be a mariner,
> That he might rove the main, if I should tell
> How pleasantly for many a sunny day
> Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
> Prince Madoc sailed, and of the happy isles
> Which he had seen.

Or of Joan in her battles and victories for France. Who has not read of Roderick, his fall, and his repentance? And his last combat, when he was

> Laying on the Moors with his good sword, and smote
> And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,
> And trampled down; and still at every blow
> Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
> "Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
> Roderick and vengeance!"

Or the "wild and wondrous" song of Thalaba; and Kehama's fearful curse?

> From Sickness I charm thee,
> And Time shall not harm thee;
> But Earth, which is mine,
> Its fruits shall deny thee;
> And Water shall hear thee,
> And know thee, and fly thee;
> And the Winds shall not touch thee
> When they pass by thee,
> And the Dews shall not wet thee
> When they fall nigh thee:
> And thou shalt seek Death
> To relieve thee, in vain;
> Thou shalt live in thy pain,
> While Kehama shall reign,
> With a fire in thy heart,
> And a fire in thy brain;
> And Sleep shall obey me
> And visit thee never,
> And the Curse shall be on thee
> For ever and ever.

If these are not great epic poems, at least they contain noble poetry, and the wreath, in Mr. Southey's own words, although

With many an unripe blossom garlanded,
And many a weed, is mingled with some flower
Which will not wither.

Of the ballads and lyrical pieces it is not necessary to speak in any such terms of qualified praise. They are among the very best of that species of composition in our language. The reader has no need to be reminded of *Blenheim* and the awful *King of the Crocodiles*, and knows the beautiful moral of the *Holly Tree:*—

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
    Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
    Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
    So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
    Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
    The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
    More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

There is another song in this (the second) volume, fully as beautiful as the above. We have spoken of some of the poet's characteristics, and identified him in some degree with his works. It were hard to pay any man a greater compliment than to identify him with the following stanzas. One may read far before one will meet with a passage containing a sublimer philosophy, or showing a piety more fervent and humble:—

My days among the Dead are past;
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
  And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
  I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their passions seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
  My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust.

Surely, no. The author of the *Life of Nelson* must live as long as our history and language endure. There is no man to whom the latter owes a greater obligation — no man who has done more for literature, by his genius, his labours, and his life.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE DOLLY DUSTER; WITH ELUCIDATIONS, NOTES, ETC.; BY VARIOUS EDS.[1]

To OLIVER YORKE, *Esq.*

REDOUBTABLE SIR,—

Emboldened, among other reasons, by seeing your late article on "Naval Novelists," to look upon you as a "dealer in marine stores," I venture to hope you will become the "receiver" of this little lot of stolen property! Hollow moralists, struck by conscience, may sound an alarm about this transaction. But though no poet, if there be any who turn up their eyes at my dealings as dishonest, or my article as trash, let me tell them I am not the first who has boasted of being

> A gatherer and disposer of other men's *stuff*;

and when I relate how I possessed myself of this MS., they will at least acquit me of wishing to take you in (spite of the above pun) with a false-Hood. Everybody recollects "the Great Montgolfier," and none better than myself, as I stood next to honest Jack Gully in the row; who, when it "wouldn't go off," declared the whole affair was got up for a Cross, and the story that it would ascend from its stage on the lake was nothing more than a lakeonic lie. Jack is a wit in his way (and very often in other people's way too, as on this day, when a fat woman wanted to get before him); and he indulged in his best on the occasion, instigating the mob to stone the breath out of the balloon's body, assuring them that it was all a bottle of smoke,—that all hopes were "up the flue," and that as it had not been "set to the right air," it ought to be made "to sing on the wrong side of its mouth." The more Jack went on, the more the balloon wouldn't go off; and at last a general scrimmage commenced, frightful to witness, but unprofitable to relate after the Sunday newspapers. Suffice it to say, that the downright savage animals were quite outdone by the upright wild beasts Cross had enticed into his menagerie, who speedily immolated the poor Montgolfier, and committed many other rum and shrub enormities. Jack told Cross to his face that the affair was a cheat; and that one who had so many quadrupeds to prove what he had made by "all-fours," ought not to have resorted to "cribbage." "Whist!" said Cross, "I'll pacify them; instead of Montgolfier, I'll let off Vesuvius." "A burning shame!" growled Jack, "ending the day as you began it—with a Mount-gull-fire!"

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, October, November, 1838.]

Now, during this row (lend me your fan, Mrs. Gully, while I confess), I snatched from the shattered car this bundle of MS., which I fancied had been placed there to feed the hot-air furnace. Sagacious readers will, of course, discover that the heaviness of its matter kept down the balloon; and numberless other severe things will doubtless be said about it. To all this I can only reply, that, had the monster risen and required fuel, the "Diary" would, I think, have "gone off flamingly;" which, I admit, there is now no grate reason to expect. However, after all, it was probably not intended to be consumed, but escaped from the travelling-bag of the three smoke-Jacks who meant to ascend. It is evidently the production of flighty individuals; but whether fabricated on some occasion when they were "up," and "blowing their clouds," or produced in "the milky way," over their bohea, must remain dubious.

With this candid confession, I leave the MS. in your hands, renowned O! Y? (thou exclamative-interrogation!); and, as "murder will out," I shall of course not be surprised to see my pilfering "come out" too. KNARF.

THE HORNS, KENNINGTON COMMON.

P.S.—As this is a suspicious transaction, I give my address. I fear "Nimrod" will suspect, by my intimacy with Gully, and the title of my residence, that I practise "tossing." But I am, though not a John, too real a "Bull" to like this cowherdly vice.

To the Reader.

[*By Editor No. 3.*][1]

In editing this "Diary," I hope to experience some portion of the tender mercies shewn to the more popular of my recent predecessors in this daily increasing branch of literature — a branch which (judging by the knowing and queer secrets it often discloses) must be an offshoot of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. I trust I have, in my editoryall labours kept "on the right side of Polly Ticks," as old Fourinhand says by his credit-giving one-eyed flame at the Red Lion — of whom it may be truly added, that

> He loves her for her *cordial*, *trusting* ways,

as Leigh Hunt has sung in "The Gentle Armour," or "The Shift for a Story," as plain John Bull would call that forlawn poem.

Nevertheless, though I have tried to keep on the right side of politics, and, after selecting a certain number of Diaries as models, have resolved not to be led away by one more than another, I am not quite confident that in this Chronicle I shall be found at all Times coming up to the Standard, as a Herald that sticks to his Post. But if my weakness should betray, that one immoral (beg pardon, *immortal* — left out the T, which here — as Sylky Buckingham says, by its effect upon sailors — radically improves the immoral) — *immortal* work has enchanted me more than the others, the reader, on detecting the potent influence, will moderate his surprise if he find it to be that of a Lady who has even penetrated my Lord Brougham's double-breasted black waistcoat, in spite of the gold chain that guards his heart, liver, and brandy-vault — vulgarly, stomach. This chain, by the by, it is hoped was thrown off, with the others, on the 1st of August, when the waistcoat, with the rest of the blacks, had a right to be emancipated — or exchanged for a "coollee" during autumn.

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[1] It may be well to state, that WE have no connection with this squad of Diary "Editors." — O. Y.

With respect to the genuineness of Dolly Duster's Journal, I will only observe that, like Lady Carry-the-Candle's *Diary*, "its authenticity is too apparent to be questioned;" though there may be some discrepancies in the dates, &c., which, however, are of little consequence, as none but tailors and dancing barbers care about figures. It will be seen that, beside my labours, editors 1, 2, and a *blank*, have revised and commented on the MS. This, it is presumed, will be duly appreciated, as the very first instance that has followed the excellent example of Lady Carry-the-Candle's *Diary*, in giving notes by various editors, contradicting each other; which (*entre nous*), in that case as in this, would appear really ingenious, if it were allowable to state that one ed., or head, had concocted the whole of them. But I am dumb on this point, as Nash said when seated on the tip of the extinguisher steeple.

So many dishes of *scan.-mag.* having lately been served up, I confess I am rather afraid I may be thought "a day after the fair." But let those who have a liquorish tooth for scandal remember, that the day after the fair is always the best for seeing "behind the scenes," and that "spice-nuts" are then the most abundant.

I have now only to explain that, where the sense or opinion seems doubtful, brief remarks are supplied, equal, I trust, in critical sagacity to those which adorn other Diaries; and, on "the greatest-happiness-to-the-greatest-number" principle, blanks are frequently left for names and dates, to admit of readers filling them up with the precise periods at which *they* consider the circumstances ought to have occurred, and with the names of those friends whom they think the stories most likely to annoy.

Editor No. 3.

INTRODUCTION.

[*By Editor No.* 2.]

Not a hundred miles from St. James's is a certain narrow, dirty lane, called ——, on either side of the way shooting off numerous dim and crooked Courts; and, as a whole, resembling in form one of those little beasts, with long dark body and many legs, called an Earwig—a creature, by the way, not uncommon about most Courts.

As an earwig always has been, is, and ever will be, the same ugly creature, so —— is found at the present time much the same disagreeable place it was at the period to which we are about to allude. With ——, however, we have but little to do, beyond pointing it out as the scene of the early days of the Authoress of this Diary, and as a landmark near which was to be found, —— years ago, —— Court, which is closely connected with the records of her Journal. The "march of improvement," which halted and billeted in this neighbourhood for a considerable period, made sad havoc among the Courts around. Previous to that time, these retired and shady nooks were so numerous as to entitle this to be called the Court-end of the town; but when the before-mentioned "march" marched off, it was found that a great number of these "retired small dwelling-places for persons with small means" (as George Robins would say) had decamped also, and among others —— Court, in which resided Mr. and Mrs. ——, who must speedily be introduced to the reader. This fact might lead the hasty to expect here some description of —— Court; but as most of its inhabitants figure in the Diary, where will also be found notices of their respective domiciles, it is unnecessary to state more than that it contained some thirteen houses, six on each side, some of whose shattered windows, having had their "last glass," spoke open-mouthed warnings to the intemperate: shewing by their wasted frames that, though long accustomed to "drops," their rain was now nearly over; while others appeared so far gone, that their mouths were stopped with old flannels, to warm the air before admitting it, I suppose, as is now recommended by Mr. Jeffrey to similar sufferers. The end of the Court was graced with a house of far higher and wider pretensions than any of the others — standing indeed in the same relation to its fellow-houses that its inhabitants did to their neighbours, who looked up to them as "quite tip-top sort of people."

By those bred in streets and squares, Courts are nowadays but too often sneered at with a degree of contemptuousness quite surprising to those who have had opportunities of studying the people "within their precincts." They are represented by these sneerers merely as by-places "confined to the few;" while, in fact, their thirteen-families-in-a-house population makes them not only "*confined* to the many," but literally crammed as well. Alas! how often is it the fate of the victims of Courts, both male and female, to die in their confinement!

And, then, the crooked ways of Courts! why, they are proverbial: but if any one doubts the fact, let him try to make his way from St. James's to St. Paul's entirely by "Court advancement" (which *is* to be done, though a dirty job); and he will find he wants much better directions than Boyle's *Court Guide*[1] will give him, and will have to pass many "bad livings" before he reaches the end of his journey.

Little do the mass know about the important matters which frequently transpire in Courts. Some few have endeavoured, at various times and in various ways, to draw public attention to their affairs; but it has generally been done in a faithless and exaggerated manner, — representing the class of persons who usually dwell in Courts as mere coarse sensualists,—as doing everything and talking of everything in a way not fit to mention to ears polite,—as murdering the "king's English," by using the *v* for the *w*,[1] and as being unblest with one spark of humour or sentiment.[2]

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[1] Boyle ought to be roasted. His *Guide* is a yearly "take-in" to the subscribers. As to the string of Dirty Courts above alluded to, you get no more information from his *Guide* than from the "Guide to the Tire-all," as the Cockneys call the modern Swiss "leaders." — *Ed. No.* 3. [*Swiss* leaders! Editor 3 must have been thinking of the Swiss hero, — of whom I have lately discovered, first, that he was only a Guide to the Lakes; and, secondly, that his willingness to communicate all he knew gained him the name of William *Tell!* — *Ed.* ——.]

Luckily, however, just as I am puzzling about what to say next, I have opened Lady Carry-the-Candle's *Diary*, in which I find a passage so much to my purpose, that I cannot resist lugging it in head and shoulders. But before doing so, I may here observe, that if this Journal *should* see the light, and make as much noise as the sentimental and moral work from which I am going to quote, I here declare I have done my best to prevent it; and, as these remarks will shew, have even taken some pains to Bury it. With this explanation of my Undertaking, I proceed to quote the opening reflections on Section I. of Lady Carry-the-Candle's *Diary*. I have only to premise that if, in transcribing this "brown study" on Courts, I should catch any of my own remarks breaking in, I shall do my best to enforce the "silent system," by putting the rascals into solitary confinement, between crotchets—thus [   ].

Carry-the-Candle (*loquitur*).—"Courts are strange mysterious places . . . . . those who once obtain an entry there generally lament their fate; and yet, somehow or other, they cannot break their chains [they much oftener break their shins, owing to a scarcity of links, ma'am]. I believe, nevertheless, that it is all one,[1] whether these Circles of Society [alluding to their round numbers?], which stand apart from the rest of the world [particularly from the Squares?], exist under one form of government or under another; whether under emperors, kings, protectors, or consuls: they may vary as to modes and designations, but Courts are Courts still [not often *still*—too thickly inhabited for that, ma'am] . . . . . Intrigues, jealousies, heartburnings [gin-drinking?], lies, dissimulation, thrive in them as mushrooms in a hot-bed [and there are always persons as ready to Catch-up these mushrooms as the others, ma'am]. Notwithstanding, they are necessary evils [not the 'intrigues,' &c., but the Courts!]; and they afford a great school both for the heart and head [to say nothing of the *pluck*,[2] which ought to be mentioned in this delicate allusion to the slaughter-houses in Courts, where the butcher-boys practise]. It is utterly impossible, so long as the world exists, that similar societies should not exist also;[3] and one may as well declaim against every other defect attendant upon humanity [or belong to the 'Cruelty to Animals Society' at once], and endeavour to extirpate crime from the world; as pretend to put down Courts and their concomitant evils [the 'king's evil' among the rest]."

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[1] If Editor 2 had kept his eye on the "march of intellect," he would have found this custom becoming very general. The decline of our boasted refinement in this respect, even since the late king's death, is very marked; for, as may be publicly seen on illumination-nights, persons of all classes now make light of using the "V" for the "W."—*Ed. No.* 3.

[2] Editor 2 of course excepted from this censure the unrivalled author of *Pickwick*. By the way, as what I am writing *may* never be published after all, I will put down something of my own, lest I forget it. An insinuating friend (who I afterwards found wanted to borrow half-a-crown) advised me the other day to try my hand in the style of the inimitable *Pickwick!* I involuntarily exclaimed, "What the Dickens are you thinking of?" Then, recovering my breath, I added, "No; I should as soon expect to equal Johnson as to imitate *Boz*-well!" I refused him the half-crown.—*Ed. No.* 3. [Modest man!—*Ed.* ——.]

Now, I must here ask what is meant by *pretending* to put down Courts? The thing was actually done, as I have already hinted, when the "improvements" were made in the vicinity of ——. Bonaparte himself hardly swept away more Courts than the Charing Cross improvers. There was such a rage for this sort of thing at that time, that, not content with their Cross purposes, they went at it Pall Mall, and actually seized upon Carlton House and razed it to the ground. Then, as this had upset the king, there was a word or two from the throne; and so they set him up again by erecting a new palace at Pimlico. What a to-do there was about that unhappy building! Thinking of Richard III.'s humpbacked policy to his cousin, it was properly named Buckingham; and nicely it was treated! After raising the walls and folks' expectations to the highest (which were not very high, however), they clipped its wings, and played all kind of pranks with it; and no sooner did Buckingham pop up its little pate (evidently with its nightcap on), to look out for itself, than the order was given, "Off with its head!" This gave rise to fresh murmurs. Some urged that striking off its head would disagree with its inside; while the bowels of the mass were little moved by such a qualm, though they loudly protested against the enormous expense these vagaries would incur. All complaint, however, was useless. Regardless of cost, again the order was given, "Off with its head!" and all that followed the command, as in Richard's case, was the sordid exclamation —

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[1] If "all one" be a polite phrase for "all dicky," I fear some readers will not understand it; but if it only mean "all my eye," I have no doubt they will see through it.—*Ed. No.* 3.

[2] If Editor 2 refers to a sheep's lights, liver, &c., called the "pluck," it was not likely the elegant authoress *would* mention it.—*Ed. No.* 3.

[3] *If* societies similar to the world be meant, it is a discovery.—*Ed. No.* 3.

So much for Buckingham![1]

But as his cousin was in the end too much for King Dick (who had a wife so short a time that he may fairly be called

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[1] If Editor 3 be not mistaken, there is a curious coincidence between the fate of this dome and the doom of Caraccioli, the Neapolitan prince hung by Nelson. In his case, notwithstanding a weight of shot, almost as heavy as the censure passed on the little dome, was attached to his feet, to the horror of all who had condemned him his head some time after suddenly appeared above water, at a short distance from the spot where it sunk. It was precisely similar with the little dome — it sunk from view, and was nearly forgotten; when, lo and behold! equally to the horror of all who had condemned it, after taking a trip through the lake in the Park, it has popped up again right before the nose of St. Martin's church! The only difference is, that it has brought up with it two young ones, which it had, I suppose, during its interregnum. It appears to have suffered by its aquatic excursion; and the holes about it plainly shew the eels have been there, while the fish-scales are still sticking upon it. This note must not be thought visionary, for it is evident others have seen some connection between the dome and the hero Nelson; and, considering his last great battle and death covered the above and every other fault, and made things "equal on all sides," these persons have quaintly named the place "Trafalgar *Square*." So happy a title, however, has not been given to the building that supports the domes (which, as a whole, very much resembles an omnibus turned over, with three Mackintoshed passengers' heads and

"single Gloucester"), so in this case, after all its ill usage, Buckingham finally triumphed; and having had possession of two crowns, and being still Victorious, is at least equal to "double Gloucester."[1]

Confound this palace! What a digression it has led to! Let us return at once—"Dat is, iv dey can," as Soult says of what he calls "de idle Legion of De Lazy Evans." But, not to speak ironically of the Spanish-mahogany general and his men, I must confess myself under a difficulty similar to their own, having to appear greatly interested in my undertaking without considering the prospect of pay. Hem! I trust it will be believed, then, that however reluctant, on some grounds, I may be to proceed, yet, as it is in compliance with the urgent request of one whom I am bound to obey, I resign myself to the melancholy task. Let me also declare, that though urged to the performance as a matter of *profit* by her who supplied the papers, my spirit could not endure *that* idea—at least, while she was *alive*.

Now, if this patient waiting for my pay till she had paid the debt of nature was not to my credit, and noble on my part, I am no judge; and I therefore hope the reader will not trouble himself further about what I am likely to get by my labours. I consider it nothing to him how or to what bookseller I dispose of it—whether the jokes take with Mr.

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shoulders thrust out of the side-windows). It is called the National Gallery, but is so low that it might be mistaken for the National Pit: though some constructions are seen about the outside, meant for boxes, I suppose, and fitted up very like those at "Richardson's" show in Bartlemy Fair; but as they are generally covered with stripes (which I expect they get at the barracks behind), I have too much feeling to wish to have a cut at them.—*Ed. No.* 3.

[1] If Editor 2 alludes to a kind of apology for cheese in great favour with poor-law commissioners, it is very coarse—I mean both the allusion and the cheese. She might almost as well have called Richard *a flat* as "single Gloucester." It is a great pity she is not more guarded in her expressions, and in her exposing her draggings up.—*Ed. No.* 3. [*Apropos*, "Hwat the divil are you after being after?" roared Pat Lardner, catching his footboy thrashing a "Gloster" with a whip; "Hwat's all this pillalu, you thafe o' the world?" "Why, yer rivrence," replied the bogtrotter, "I'm just after whacking the chaze to make it confess what's become uv the fat, sure."—*Ed.* ——.]

Wit-taker, or whether my being a tall woman enables me to negotiate with Longmans or Talboys — whether my good old English manner finds favour with Mr. Bull, or my milk of human kindness with Mr. Cowie — whether my offspring is brought forth by Mr. Hatch-hard, or whether it is cut out to suit Mr. Taylor — whether its sneers please Mr. Mocks-on, or its crooked allusions, Mr. Bently — whether it may get pickings from Mr. Bohn, or a gift from Mr. Boone — whether it sufficiently displays the old-woman for Mr. New-man, or its hints are dark enough for Mr. Knight — whether it affords bait for Mr. Fisher, or is upset by Mr. Tilt — whether it enables me to give my hand to Mr. Souter, or lights the fire for Mr. Coalburn — whether, in short, it suits either, neither, or the whole of these gentlemen, and Chapman and All — or whether my own coal-hole is to be its only book-cellar, and it is thus deprived of a chance of being blown up in a magazine (a sure way of making it go off) — whether, I repeat, any or all of these fates await it, is nothing whatever to the right-minded or left-handed reader.

As we now quite understand each other, we can go on comfortably: it is better to have it out at once.[1]

Let us return, then, to ——; and as we have made such a straggling roundabout march, I think we had better commence at once with Section I.

Before, however, we come to *dis*-section, as Queen Caroline or the doctor's boy would say, I must tell the reader where I am going to begin. I am vexed at the delay; but neither the Paddington omnibus without stoppages, nor myself, can start till the proper time; and though, when we do, we shall try to "take off" as many persons as we can, you must not be too impatient for us to "go on."

What I wish to premise is merely this:—Some writers not only think it unnecessary to say who or what they are, or where they came from, but actually pretend to be what they are not—wishing to appear the real-made ladies, instead of the lady's-maid. Now, I think this wrong; and therefore, before expecting the reader to place implicit reliance on all that is related by the authoress of the following journal, and that he may judge of the writer's qualifications for the task, I consider it my duty to give a brief sketch of her history up to the commencement of her Robinson-Crusoe-like performance. I ought to mention, however, in respect to this allusion, that the notches in this journal sometimes stand for a year, whereas Crusoe's only stood for a day, with an extra one for "Friday."[1]

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[1] If Editor 2 alludes to toothdrawing, I must remark that the dentists, who generally give three tugs for your shilling, do not seem to think so. —*Ed. No.* 3.

Section I.

Somewhere about —— years ago, the authoress of this diary was left on the step of a door in ——. It was one of those bitter-cold foggy mornings, when few things are so easily found as mist; but the child's good step-mother, or whoever she had to thank for leaving her, took care, before giving her the "parting drop," to wrap her well up in flannel; so that, though the outside of the parcel appeared worsted, the inside was doubtless bettered by the precaution. This door-step, therefore, forms the foundation-stone of the child's history; but the quickness with which it reaches the fourth story requires some explanation to the architectural reader. In the garret of this house lived the farrier's wife, Mrs. Morris, and ——

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[However unbuilderlike, I am here compelled to stop short with this fourth story, leaving the unsheltered reader to gaze on the six stars above, and imagine the roof, &c. The reason for this may be eventually explained; but at

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[1] If Editor 2 refers to that singular emigrant's mode of keeping a diary by cutting notches in a beam of wood, it is an insult to mention him in connection with a person of such extensive correspondence as the authoress of this Diary. It is true, Crusoe established this daily post for his own use, and that, on returning to his hut, the post was always in before him; yet it is notorious that he never got a letter all the time he was on the island — though he *may* have opened many a seal. — *Ed. No.* 3. [Robinson Crusoe little thought, when he was notching the post, that those very wood-cuts would be made to illustrate this Diary! — *Ed.* ——.]

to-da. It's unnesry to menshun the paneful parting I had with my good step-mother, God Blesser! though I must not omit the memrable fackt that Morris, for the first time in his life, shuke hands hartily with me, gave me a shilling, wished me "good Buy," and threw his old hob-nailed shoe after me, for luc, as he said, but which gave my ankle such a chip with its heavy Sole as will take some time to Heel.

Wen I noct at Mrs. ——'s door, with teers in my eyes, this morning, Mr. —— himself opnd it; and as soon as I tolled him my busyness, he good umordly smiled, tuke my and, and sade, "My deer gal, yuve had no brekfast."

Now, Ide been so unappy at leving Mrs. Morris, that I sirtinly hadnt bin able to take any, and I blieve I was stamring out, "Yes—No," when he larfed and sade, "Ah, youve forgottn; go down Below and join Noah," as I understude him; and, without another word, he gave me a push down the stares, and wauked into the parler.

On entring the kitchen, I xpected to find an old man, but was sirprised to see only a gal about a yeere or 2 older than myself. She stared at me a minnit, and then, with a kind of harf-nod (either ment as a sine of welcum, or kaused by a difkilty in swallering a triangler krust), she pusht a chare to me, handed a Large basin of tee, and, with a kros ireish aksent, told me to be "Sated." I thenkt her, and sade a gentlemn had sent me down to brekfast with Noah.

"Noah!" sclaimed the gal, speking in her te-cup before she coad git it from her mouth—"Wot d'ye mane by that? My name's No-r-r-r-ah. My well-made Annsisters desinded in a strate line from that good Man of the First Water; but Ime not kwite such a tship of the ould ark as U take me 4."

I begd her pardn; and wishing to turn her thorts in another direkshun, I venchered to say, "You apeer to ave a kind master."[1]

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[1] The printers make sad complaints of the difficulty of following the spelling of the Diary, and declare they would rather make it right than do so. I tell them it will give them too much trouble to correct it; but they say, "it is no trouble; authors generally afford them so much prac-

"Yes, sure," she replied, in a softer tone; "but, by the powers of Dilf, as Nick's praste used to swear, it 'ill be a fine morning when I can say that of missthress."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, "I hope you've no complaints against her?"

"Arrah, my dear," said Norah, with a wink, "sure you don't know what I do, or you wouldn't say that same. May be, my darlint, you think it nothing that she's such a complate famine! Faith, your appetite for her 'll fall off as you get more hungry."

"Hungry! famine! I don't understand you."

"Nor does she, by me sowl; but lucky it is I understand myself; or its clane starved I'd been before now, and jist like her hash on a Monday — may be you don't know that's all bones?"

Here seizing upon the quartern loaf, with one swoop she severed a lump something like the top of Mrs. ——'s old music-stool, and buttering it much after the style in which M'Adam's roads are mended, she cut it across, and shewed her teeth at a slice of it, which instantly represented old London Bridge in miniature.

"I am very stupid," said I, when this operation was ended; "but I do not yet see why you call her a famine."

"You are right; you are stupid, mighty stupid. My darling, I call her a famine bekase she starves everybody."

"Starves everybody! Why, you seem to have a good breakfast before you."

"Don't I tell you, honey, that's bekase I look out for myself? and then it's a small mite of help I get from master. But I see you don't understand polithical aconomy. Famine, my dear, doesn't ralely starve paple to death; but it makes 'em look nine ways for pratees, and ten before they find 'em."

This was said with warmth, and I saw it would not do to

tice in this way, that it comes quite natural." Satisfied they are not spelling for compliments, I shall let them have their own way with the remainder of the Diary. — *Ed. No. 3.*

dispute the point; I therefore softly said, "I am sorry to hear this of mistress, for——"

"Misthress! Is it misthress you mane? Oh! then, you are my come-after, eh? Well, darlint, I wish you joy of your berth, as the ould gridiron said to the chop."

"I hope I shall not find my situation quite so hot," said I.

"Won't you, darlint? quite, every bit as hot as the chop's, dear; and by the time you lave this, you'll be jist as much reduced—jist as near the bone—not a bit of fat left."

"But if master's kind," said I, half-frightened at her account, "that will be a comfort."

"Will it, now?—divil a bit. No; it ought to be: but in this house everything that ought to be a comfort is jist the other thing. Only let misthress hear him say a kind word to you, or let him tell her you don't wear your hair, or your cap, in the worst style possible (which I flatter myself is the case with Norah), and it's no more end there'll be to it than to a nate round dumpling. You'll hear of it every day of the wake, and Sunday into the bargain."

"Well——"

"Well," interrupted Norah, jumping up to answer the bell, "I can only say, as our dustmen ginerally do by the small beer, you'll find it all out."

Seeing me rather dejected when she came down, she told me she must leave in an hour, and therefore in a brief manner offered some advice as to the best way of "managing misthress"; but though I afterwards found many of her hints useful, it is not necessary to notice them here, except that Norah finished by saying, "If, my darlint, you want ralely to vex her, tase her about the little ateing you git."

On entering the parlour, Mrs. —— received me with remarkable kindness.

"I have heard," said she, "a great deal in your praise, and I know I shall like you. I shall do all I can to induce you to remain with us; and I hope, while you stay, you will find every comfort you require."

"She'll certainly have to find every comfort she requires," said Mr. ——, as if to himself, while writing at a table;

"and she mustn't spare her trouble in looking for it: I have done so for a whole week without finding one."

"What's that you say, *dear?*" said Mrs. ——, *rather* tartly.

"I say, love, I have looked for shells in Pegwell Bay till the tide has come up; and then I've got wet-footed for my pains, and gone away without even a periwinkle after all."

"Pooh! *what* has that to do with us? Well, my dear," turning to me, "I can only repeat, that while you stay here you will find every comfort you require."

"By my sowl, will she," muttered Norah, who had slipped into the room, with a look that showed something had greatly ruffled her, and that she was determined to commence an action; "but, by the powers of Dilf, that 'ill not be the worst of her finding, for if she doesn't wish to starve, sure, she'll have to 'find herself.'"

"You insolent creature!" said Mrs. ——, changing colour and temper together to save time; "what right have you to make such a remark?"

"Oh! right is it?" said Norah, with a wink. "Why, your ladyship, not a bit more right than you had to tumble my box about: I found an opening, and jist took advantage of it—so did you."

"Impertinent slut! leave the room immediately."

"Lave the room? It's lave the house I will; and (pointing to me) I wish this poor darling and the rats joy of my lavings and your ladyship's company."

"Come, come," said Mr. ——, "this is very improper behaviour, Norah. I cannot allow it; I beg you will leave the room this moment."

"Ay," returned Mrs. ——, "*you* at last, sir, find she is impertinent; but who has encouraged her, Mr. ——, in her impudence? Who has always taken her part, whenever I have mentioned her faults? You now, I hope, see, sir, *all* I have said of her is richly deserved."

"Another time, my dear," said Mr. ——, with a smile, "would be better for anything you have to say to me."

And Norah, rather emboldened, than deterred, by Mrs. ——'s attack on her husband, again commenced.

"May be, ma'am, before I lave, you'll jist tell me what rason you had for rummaging my thrunk this bright morning?"

Mrs. —— bit her lip, and again told her to leave the room.

"I'll not lave, ma'am, till I know why you tumbled over my box."

"*Did* you fall over her box, my dear?" asked Mr. ——, looking gravely at Norah, and then at his wife.

"Fall over it! no," bawled Norah, snapping her apron-string. "I wish she'd had that same luck. I mane to say, I left my kay in it, and now, by me sowl, I find every precious thing as complately disordered as if it had got tipsy at the blessed thoughts of my laving. Oh! it's not that I presume to compare myself to a so-logical baste, but if I *had* come behind her, faith, I'd have tumbled her in, and doubled her up in my thrunk as nate as an elephant."

Mr. ——, wishing to put an end to the matter, said, in his quietest manner, "I have no doubt, Norah, your mistress thought there was reason for looking into your box; and I'm very glad, and I'm sure she is, that in her search she has found no room for complaint."

"Faith, she's not glad uv it, at all, at all," muttered Norah.

"How do you know that, sauce-box?" said Mrs. ——, disdainfully. "And how do you know that I have found no room for complaint?"

"Och!" returned Norah, with her usual wink, "I'll be bound you have: the ould thrunk's pretty full, but if it had more in it than it has, sure your ladyship 'ud find room for complaint."

"Yes," returned Mrs. ——, stamping her foot, "yes, if it had more in it than it has, I certainly should have found room for complaint, notwithstanding all your fine airs, *Miss Norah.*"

These last two words being drawn out with a contemptuous sneer, Norah's eyes flashed fire as she replied, "Don't miss me, ma'am! What, bekase your ladyship can't miss anything else, you must miss my own darling name! By the powers of Dilf ——"

"Why did you search her box, dear?" asked Mr. ——, in a soft tone, just in time to stop what he saw was coming.

"Oh!" said Norah, with her standing wink, "I can guess: misthress told me yesterday, it was positive she was I got a letter from you, sir, when you were at Margate; and she jist tried to find it, to see which of us two skullsplits, as she called us, had to pay the postage."

"You insolent wretch!" bawled Mrs. ——; "will you get out of the house?"

"A letter from me, my dear!" said Mr. ——. "Why, I didn't think the girl could read."

"And it isn't I that can," returned Norah; "and so misthress thought she'd better read it for me — if she could find it."

Here she winked again.

"You impudent baggage!" exclaimed Mrs. ——, taking two fearful strides towards Norah.

Mr. —— again interposed; but his wife insisted on his holding his tongue, or turning Norah out of the house. Neither of these orders, however, were to be easily executed; and for some reason, Mr. —— preferred measuring twelve paces, and was more pleased than astonished to find the last one ended just outside the room. This was lucky, too; for at that moment came a very long and loud knock at the door, and, with his usual condescension, he immediately opened it. A tall, thin personage, apparently about two-and-twenty, with a boa, muff, cloak, shawl, clogs, veil, reticule, &c. &c., and a little dog with a curly tail behind her, instantly popped in, and, with a most rapid delivery, addressed a few words to him.

"Pray, does Mrs. —— live here? — this is —— Court? had some trouble to find it — hope not wrong — long walk back — can't ride, got the headache: about the time I said I'd call — hope she's not engaged — won't keep her a second."

This, and much more, was uttered so fast, that it was not till Mr. —— had made many vain endeavours to answer her that he was able to edge in sideways —

"Yes, ma'am, Mrs. —— is at home — quite at home (this to himself) — pray walk in."

And he at once showed her into the room where his wife and Norah were not very quietly concluding the debate, previous to a division; and then, thinking his health would be benefited by a walk, Mr. —— started off to the Park.

"Oh! madam," said the stranger in the same rapid manner, observing Mrs. ——'s confusion, "I fear I intrude — I'd no idea — beg pardon — my name is Smith — perhaps you know Mr. Tom Smith, butcher, Aldersgate Street? — only ask one question — not detain you a minute. Ah! there's Norah — called yesterday — said this morning would be convenient — hope no complaints against her — like her looks, hope she's cleanly — looks strong, hope she's industrious — looks hearty, hope she eats well and works well — little chew, little do, you know — likes children, I hope — no objection to nursing — won't mind taking them out — little shay on purpose, pretty thing, cost ten guineas; where there's children there must be charges — some of the washing done at home, can lend a hand, I hope — able to wait at table — use a scrubbing-brush — cook plain joints and poultry; do all the pastry myself — makes haste of her errands — good needle-woman — no followers — early riser — not timid at sitting up late when family out — can use her pen — help in brewing — in short, makes good use of her spare time, and has no objection to make herself generally useful?"

All this was said with certain motions of the head like a horse at a funeral, and little tic-douloureuxish contortions of the face, and, altogether, in a manner which Mrs. Smith thought must appear very womanly, in spite of her girlish looks; besides being rattled through with the speed of a railway-engine, much to the annoyance of Mrs. ——, who saw she might as well attempt to stop a Birmingham train by a puff of her breath, as Mrs. Smith's tongue till it had ended its first trip. But what was more vexatious than all, she had come in at a very critical moment for Norah; and Mrs. —— could not forgive her. As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Smith's questions shewed the nature of her visit, Mrs. —— determined to have a woman's satisfaction on both parties. By giving Norah an excellent character, she saw she would help her to a place where she must work like a donkey in pea-season; while, at the same time, she would be revenged on her chattering new mistress, by inducing her to take a servant who, she believed, would always "keep her in hot water." Seeing Mrs. Smith, therefore, about to commence again, Mrs. ——'s face assumed a benignant aspect as she said, with a significant look at Norah,

"You may depend, ma'am, on finding in Norah one of the best servants that ever came into a house! It is useless to say more; for, in one word, I know of no failing in her, not even that alluded to by you, and one common to girls at her age — tse-ee-ee! — want of appetite. I assure you, her working and eating always keep pace with each other; and she is never tired of either. Tse-ee-ee-ee!" laughed Mrs. ——, very significantly.

"Tse-ee-ee-ee, tse-ee-ee-ee!" tittered Mrs. Smith, pleased with the character.

"Tse-ee-ee! good-morning, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. ——, going to the door, and wishing to be rid of her.

"Tse-ee-ee! good-day, Mrs. ——," said Mrs. S., who had not intended leaving so soon, and who therefore rattled away the faster till she got out of the house. "Tse-ee-ee! — good-day, good-day — hope favour us with a call — Mr. Smith's a charming man — been married seven years, come Easter Monday — he'll be glad to see you — Mr. —— will be delighted to take a glass of brandy and water with him — I don't drink spirits, but I'll take care you shall have a good cup of tea — come any day but Friday — kill Fridays — Monday our best day for company — take us as you find us, rather old-fashioned, but always something to eat, and little bit left — rough and ready, like our Jack at sticking the sheep — tse-ee-ee!"

"Tse-ee-ee!" tittered Mrs. —— again, as she opened the door. "Cursed vulgar, impertinent young thing!" she added, as she shut it.

On returning to the parlour, Mrs. —— was rather mortified at finding Norah had slipped downstairs; who, I suppose, thought it prudent not to disturb the good opinion Mrs. —— had so unexpectedly formed of her, by renewing the searching debate. And Mrs. —— seemed to think it unnecessary to take further notice of it at present; but, taking my hand, said,—

"My dear Dolly, I fear we have made you very uncomfortable; but, as soon as that saucy, lazy slut leaves us, we shall go on very happily."

She appeared to forget I had heard her give Norah such an excellent character; but persons suffering under an accumulation of injuries and sorrows cannot be expected to be consistent to a hair in all they say or do! From this first hour's experience of this woman, I am convinced she is a deeply persecuted person! KNARF.

NOTE BY ED. NO. 3.

Oct. 25, 1838.

With some surprise and much apprehension, I have just read the following letter (written on the back of a "weakly dispatch" to Lord Yellowbelly). I at once lay it before the reader, merely noticing that, as its date implies, it was begun on the 5th, and appears to have cost the author twenty days' work to finish. Its "cacographical" purity, however, accounts for this labour.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

Reform Club, October 5.

SIR,—A lady by the name of Duster has, I perceive, commenced the publication of her Memoirs in your Magazine. I very seldom read that miscellany, much more write in it; and must confess an extreme disgust at a report which has gone abroad that I myself am connected in any way with the Memoirs in question.

May I request, sir, that you will contradict this rumour, which is likely seriously to injure me in the society in which I have at present the honour to move. A member of the club from which I address you this note, a partisan (as far as my efforts go) of ministers, a friend of the most celebrated literary men in England, it would ill become me to contribute to a miscellany like yours, or to attempt by a stupid series of cacographical errors, to awaken the laughter of the public. A gentleman, sir, should never be a buffoon; it is a poor wit which is obliged to adopt such vulgar means for obtaining applause. In case you refuse the insertion of this letter, I need not say that I shall expect *a very different species of satisfaction.* — I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servant, FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH.

P.S. (*Private.*) — Haven't I got on in spelling? Come and dine here some day: we let people in while the Irish members are out of town. I have got a novel in the style of a certain friend of mine, for which I want to make some arrangements with you: it's got poetry, classix, metafizzix, and is crammed chock full of bits of Greek play. Do you twig?

Now, with Mr. F. Y.'s remarks on O. Y.'s Magazine I have nothing to do, though I must express *my* "extreme disgust" at them. The gentleman appears to have left his gratitude in his yellow ——, when he exchanged them for the Reform trousers. I should like, however, to ask this late street-door grinder which of his literary friends discovered him in these "Passages"? There is a certain member of his Club, who squints abominably, and I suspect he is the man. I know he once took Joe Hume for a humbug; and after that "comes a horse to be shaved."

But with respect to the "lady" whose *Diary* has called forth Mr. Y.'s inky thumb. Our title ought to have shewn him that, though I am trying to make much of her, poor Dolly is no more! I am sure the fact must have escaped him, or this heavy blow from his Club would not have been inflicted. Nevertheless, I must add, were she alive, she would doubtless, like other ladies, rejoice at any opportunity of wearing the ——; but to have it thought that she inhabited Mr. Yellowplush's —— would indeed have warmed her heart, while she would feel bound to express her deep regret at the serious consequences to him such a mistake might incur.

The Dusterian Diary.

Tuesday 18—. No sooner was dinner over to-day, than a scene commenced between Mr. and Mrs. ——; he all the while as cool as a terrier's nose, she growing warmer and warmer every minute, like a dog-day morning. He asked for the Irish whisky; she said, the Scotch was better for him.

He said, "I like the Irish."

She said, "Yes, Norah for that!"

He said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "You know."

He said, "I know! What have I to do with Norah?"

She said, "That's what I want to know."

He said, "I'll have an explanation."

She said, "That's what *I* want."

He said, "Then give me one directly."

She said, "You know *I* can't."

He said, "I beg it, madam, as a favour."

She said, "Not the only favour, sir, you've begged of a lady; but I am not so able or willing as Norah to grant it."

"Madam," said he, "this is a base and false insinuation!"

"Sir," said she, "the insinuation is not all that's base and false in the present company."

"Mrs. ——," said he, "I am ashamed of you!"

"Mr. ——," said she, "that's half way to being ashamed of yourself."

"Madam," said he, "then I'll leave the rest of the road to your ladyship."

"Sir," said she, "I've arrived at the end of it; I am completely ashamed of your lordship."

"My dear," said he, "I hope you didn't find it a difficult journey?"

"Sir," said she, "it was all down hill."

"Madam," said he, "you, who so much like to descend, must have found it pleasant travelling."

It is uncertain how long the firing of small shot would have continued, had I not unfortunately at this moment dropped one of the glasses I was putting on the table. The smash seemed the signal for a more vigorous engagement; and I therefore quitted the room.[1]

"Let me have some hot water!" bawled Mrs. ——, stamping her foot, and glaring at her husband with eyes like fire.

"Let me have less noise!" cried Mr. ——, thumping the table, but evidently still as cool, and as little affected by her warmth, as a toad's stomach by summer.

"Mr. ——," said his wife, "I will no longer submit to your vile treatment. Was it for this I shut my eyes and ears to all I saw and heard of your faults before marriage — that I affected not to believe what was generally said of your shameful irregularities — that I have never since marriage alluded to your past follies, and endeavoured to persuade myself you were guilty of no new ones?"

"Mrs. ——," replied her spouse, again making the glasses nervous by his mock-energetic manner, "Mrs. ——, you can please yourself about submitting to my 'vile treatment' for another minute; and as for your keeping your eyes and ears shut before marriage — if true, you have made up pretty handsomely for it, by keeping your mouth open ever since."

"It's false, you monster!" said she, feeling for her pocket handkerchief — or the poker, I am not sure which — "you know not what I have suffered for you — many, many hours have I passed in silence, unable to speak or sleep."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. ——, taking out his snuff-box; "these curious hours, my dear, must have been while eating your meals: and when I've been out, too — for I'll swear, my love, you never found yourself in such unprecedented difficulty when I was at home."

"Inhuman wretch!" she continued, grinding her teeth — "Oh, that ever I should have tied myself to such a brute!

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[1] It will, perhaps, puzzle some commonsense readers to see how Dolly could take down what passed during her absence. This instance, however, is not half so surprising as some that occur further on; but diaries would now be dull without discrepancies. — *Ed. No.* 3.

But, Mr. ——, you may jeer, you may jeer—it shall not last long—you shall yet find I have a spirit, and am not to be trodden upon—you vile, unfeeling, immoral man!"

"Im-mo-ral m-a-n!" said Mr. ——, slowly. "My dear, that sweet temper of yours is the parent of more immoralities and sins than the inventor of picking pockets. Unfeeling, immoral! Why, Mrs. ——, your amiable temper has indeed done its best to make me miserable; and as Misery and Wickedness are twin sisters, and generally go hand in hand, it was hardly likely I could avoid the one when introduced to the other [here he yawned]. But, you see, madam, it was you, you, who did me the honour [here he made a bow] to bring them in my way; and now, alas! you are envious and jealous of them, as you are of every soul I even look upon." [Here he gazed at himself in the glass.]

"Jealous! jealous! am I?" and, gulping down her grog, bang went the tumbler at Mr. ——; but he not being so big-headed as she thought, it missed him, and went through the old-fashioned looking-glass that had belonged to her great-grandmother. This added chagrin to her anger; but she tried to disguise it. "*Is* it jealousy I feel?" she continued, curling her lip like a sofa-scroll reversed; "jealousy, indeed! Ha, ha! No, Mr. ——, it is not jealousy, but every other feeling of an injured woman [here she wiped her eyes]. For such a villain I can only feel pity, horror, grief, dismay, disgust, contempt—in one word, hatred——"

"Malice, and all uncharitableness," added Mr. ——, pulling up his shirt-collar; "very lady-woman-wifelike, amiable, sweet, tender sentiments!"

"Aggravating scoundrel!" screamed Mrs. ——; and at one fell swoop she cleared the mantel-shelf of all its curious knickknacks;—fairy tea-cups, glass couches, ivory ships, china shepherdesses and cats, all went to the dogs together; and with them what *rather* galled Mr. ——, namely, all the tiny innocent Indian idols given him by the captain's lady! When he looked down and saw his little household gods thus shivered about his hearth, it almost overcame the north-pole coolness of his temper. But catching his wife's eye on the broken looking-glass, he said, with a smile of satisfaction, "My dear, I apprehend we are mutual sufferers?"

"Mutual fools!" bawled his wife, looking round for another smash; and Mr. ——, observing her eye fixed on his glass, snatched it up, drank off his grog with a smack of his lips, and then whispered in his peculiar way to himself, "'Twould have spoilt the carpet, by gum!"

"'Twill not spoil you, you sot!" returned his wife, dropping down in her chair with a bump that shook the house.

"I hope not, my dear, for your sake," he replied, with a sigh and a cough.

"For my sake, you drunkard! I suppose it is for my sake you lead the life of a detestable great brute of a fish, swallowing everything that comes in your way, you ugly, enormous whale!"

"If I *am* a whale, my dear, I hope I shall never meet with you for a Jonas: with all my ability in that way, it would be no joke to swallow *you*, my love."

"Joke!—no, it *should* be no joke, Mr. ——," said she, shaking her head at him.

"I know it, my dear. You would not only take care to upset my stomach long before the three days expired, but, what is worse [here he looked at the fragments on the floor], my butler would find nothing whole in my pantry for his use when you left."

"You heartless, sneering brute! how long am I to sit and hear these insulting taunts?" shouted Mrs. ——, rising and going towards him in a most menacing way. "If you provoke me much more, you base man! I neither know nor care what may be the end of this disgraceful uproar you have raised."

"*I* have raised! hem!" whispered Mr. —— to himself. Then, looking towards the door, he pretended to rise, but she made a spring.

"No, no, you cowardly brute! you shall not escape me!" and in an instant, with a kick, she sent her footstool clean into the china cupboard; and then away flew the table sprawling, legs uppermost, over to the other side of the room — the bottles and glasses upon it, like true emissaries of evil, immediately dispersing themselves in small divisions in various directions, while the brandy and whisky, like rogues as they are, ran away with the wine. She paused a moment, then bang went an arm-chair after the table, upsetting a smaller one in its course; which also falling legs upwards, whack went another chair at its shins: all which performance Mr. —— witnessed with as much calmness and unconcern as if he were a cabinetmaker. Mrs. —— saw this, and was the more enraged. She determined, therefore, to make a climax; and looking real slaughter at her husband, she made a desperate attempt to get a grip of him across the confused outworks she had thrown up between them. Unfortunately, however, just as the tips of her fingers touched him, and promised the consummation of her hopes, down she fell with a crash, in a Hottentot position, amongst the shattered furniture, and smash went legs and arms — of the chairs — beneath her. This was a most unlooked-for and undignified catastrophe, and evidently disconcerted the heroine — who, however, seized one of the broken legs, belaboured about her for a minute, and then once more took aim at Mr. ——'s cranium; but, missing again, the leg disappeared through the window, and cut a little boy's head open in its journey. Whether from chagrin, fright, or being puzzled what to do next, is uncertain, but no sooner had the leg made its exit, than Mrs. —— shrieked out, "Oh, you mon — mon — monster! vil — vil — villain! O! O! O!" and in a twinkling was stretched out in the most legitimate, ladylike fainting-fit — none of your vulgar, noisy fits, but a quiet monumental resignation to rigidity.

"Scipio Africanus," said Mr. ——, in that peculiar manner, as if to himself, as he looked down on his wife — "Scipio Africanus, amidst the ruins of Carthage, was nothing to this!" But for once it was not effectual — it provoked no reply. Mrs. —— was too tired with her exertions to lose this unexpected chance of recovering the exhaustion of the nervous influence; and she therefore silently kept her place among the shatters of the storm, with little hope that her husband would attempt to rescue her from the wreck.

Nor was she deceived. Mr. —— twice scratched his left eyebrow, gazed again on his wife, took a pinch of best "blackguard," and, something after the fashion of a cat on hot bricks, picked his way as well as he could towards the door, muttering, as if to himself again: "Unhappy woman! what a situation! a complete hospital of broken limbs! What a melancholy thing if the tables or chairs should change legs with her while I go for a doctor!"

Here, thinking he heard a slight movement, he looked round; but though it struck him the chair-cushion was not under Mrs. ——'s head when he saw her the moment before, he must have been mistaken, for she was more rigid than ever. He therefore again commenced talking, as if to himself: "By the by, there is one limb missing. To prevent disputes among them, I'll send it back again through the hole in the window when I go out. I hope it will not hit her, poor creature!" Then, taking one more look, he popped out of the room and locked the door after him.

He now called me upstairs, and started me off to request his "particular friend," Dr. ——, 12 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, would come and see Mrs. —— as soon after his dinner as convenient. I remonstrated against going such a distance for relief, but he declared Dr. —— was the only man who understood his wife's complaint; and I, therefore, found further argument useless.

What might be going on while I was absent I knew not; and I accordingly made my way to Chelsea as quickly as possible. A pretty errand it was! I could find no such man as Dr. ——; and, after two hours' search and inquiry, I was compelled to return home, unable to gain any tidings of him. On reaching the house, in vain I hammered with the knocker, as if committing a forgery on a blacksmith, and rung the bell like a sexton; while the rain pelted down till I could have wrung myself. Cold and miserable, I had just made up my mind to return to my good stepmother's, when, to my astonishment, Mrs. —— touched me on the shoulder!

"Oh lauk, ma'am!" cried I, shuddering, "how, *how* came you here?"

"How came I here, girl?" said she; "why, do you think I was going to remain locked in while the wretch fetched somebody to murder me? No; directly he started you off, he went out and locked the street door after him. But, as soon as I heard him go, I made my escape out of the back parlour window, and through the back door, and pursued the rascal. I caught sight of him in the next street, and followed at such a distance as just to keep a glimpse of him. But oh, the dance the villain gave me! at the rate, too, of full five miles an hour! — over roads pulled up for gas-pipes — under scaffolds of houses being pulled down — crossing the street always when there was almost a certainty of my being run over — then shooting down courts, alleys, lanes, stable-yards — oh, what places he led me through! I every minute expecting one or other of these vile ankle-wringing outlets would end in 'no thoroughfare,' when he must have turned back and discovered me at his heels. But, no, this was not the case — and the wretch never even turned his head an inch; yet," she continued, her face crimsoning at the thought, "yet, would you believe it, all at once it struck me the dastardly, mean, sly fellow, knew I was following him! Oh, how I wished I could have knocked him down without letting him see me! As this, however, was not to be done, I returned home as fast as I could, wishing he might find himself at Jericho when he stopped, and persuading myself that it was impossible he could know I was behind him. But, alas, the aggravating scoundrel! it is too certain, too certain! On looking back, just before I came up to the door, there — would you believe it? — there, to my horror, I saw the monster's head grinning round the corner!"

Astonished at her story, but thinking more of my own uncomfortable condition, I anxiously exclaimed, "What *can* we do? We can't get in!"

"Can't we?" said she, coolly; "indeed, we can. I took care, before I came out, to put the key of the back door in my pocket—and the kettle on the fire for tea, too. So come along round with me, girl, and we'll make ourselves a strong cup."

Poor lady! it makes my heart bleed to think of her ill-usage, and the fortitude with which she bears it.

Sunday.—Went out to tea at[1] Mr. Easy's; spent a delightful evening—most interesting stories of the neighbours and acquaintances of Mr. E. One lady present (Mrs. C. P.'s "private and confidential"[2]) said she had that day had the honour of seeing Mrs. ——'s daughter, who is at boarding-school. After saying, "She is very clever—talks all sorts of nonsense—is a fine piece of flesh and blood," the lady exclaimed, "What will be her fate?" or *fat*, I'm not sure which, but think it must have been *fat*, as most in keeping.

There was a John Runstir sat next me at supper, who seems quite ill-placed in a kitchen, for he appears to be a delightful and sincere person. He expresses himself with great enthusiasm, and has all the sentiment of a footman. He said beefsteak and onions was a dish one should not eat too often. I asked, Why? He said "It is too *pekong*." Mrs. Stuff, after praising his family, told him, that "whatever little good she had in her, she owed it to his mother" (who cooked the supper).

But the most charming person in the company was the before-mentioned Mrs. C. P.'s private and confidential. She really had such excellent open-your-eyes stories of everybody. I remember the following remarks created quite a sensation.

She said: "It is strange that every person, even the most profligate, abuses Michael S——s, the Radical Whitechapel butcher; yet they all visit him, and buy meat at his shop. —— said the other night, he had as much murdered the late

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[1] Taking tea "*at*" Mr. Easy's is very different to taking tea "*with*" Mr. E. The "at" means joining the "ladies and gentlemen of the kitchen, or lower house"; "with Mr. E." is used by the master's company only. in the upper house.—*Ed. No.* 3.

[2] Vulgarly called "lady's-maid."—*Ed. No.* 3.

Churchwarden —— as if he had shot him, when he got him turned out of the select vestry. He then proceeded to say, that it was not so much from losing the good dinners for the future, as from a diabolical deceit he practised upon him respecting one of his favourite joints. It seems that, at the parting dinner they had when —— left the vestry, S——s had one dish of veal before him which he liked very much, but upon which the churchwarden doated also: so, in order not to part with any of this dish, S——s feigned its underdoneness, and recommended —— to a similar looking one at the other end, but which was part of a jackass he had borrowed of the churchwarden's wife, and which he had had killed and skinned at his shop, and sent to table under the care of a Mrs. W——, who owed the churchwarden a grudge. I shall never look at that man again without dislike (nor at his veal either). Think of any one jackassing another's appetite; and to please a woman! The wretched churchwarden (finding the joint tough) wept his lost veal for some time; and when it was convenient to Michael S——s to rid himself of his dish (*i.e.* when he had done dinner), he had the hide of the jackass brought in, in proof of the deception he had practised, and informed the churchwarden he sent him back his nephew's skin, that, as soon as he had devoured the remaining parts of what he had dined off, he might get inside it, when his wife would see her donkey again alive and well! The shock proved too great for the unhappy man, who lost all appetite, and died of brandy and water; and the villainy has hitherto remained unpunished, and the perpetrator of this jackass tragedy can walk about in peace! Oh, surely not in peace! People generally end this tragic tale by saying, "Poor[1] ——, he was a great fool!" It will be better, at the next parish election, to be that great fool, than the butcher who is dignified with the false epithet of clever!"[2]

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[1] If my readers end this tragic tale, by saying "poor!" I shall be vexed.—*Ed. No.* 2.

[2] If this story alludes to a certain ill-used alderman by election, but who, like Eve, it seems, is not intended to have a gown, I fear some of the

This narrative had such an effect upon us that the party very soon after broke up; and I recollect nothing more being said worth relating, except the following very fine remark by the same story-telling lady. Mrs. Trite having declared that she experienced very different feelings in the company of different people, the lady alluded to strikingly exclaimed — "How the heart dilates or closes in the presence of different persons! It must be very unwholesome to be with those in whose society the latter is the case!"

We all thought this astonishingly fine, except young Mr. Pillem, our family surgeon's gentleman, and that young rascal would have it that the heart could only "dilate" as often as it "closed," in anybody's company (and that must be pretty frequently); and said it would be much more "unwholesome" to be with those in whose society the latter was *not* the case — for that would be with the "dead uns."[1]

Monday. — Mr. —— has not returned since the quarrel. Mrs. —— however appears neither alarmed nor surprised; but, to my horror, is busily at work making preparations

facts are incorrectly stated. There certainly was a bother, and I think a trial, about his killing a donkey for a calf some years ago; but, unless my memory deceives me, it was explained satisfactorily, without his flying to Geneva for protection, or causing any tragic death. However, I insert the above account, in consequence of its striking similarity to an occurrence related in Lady Carry-the-Candle's *Diary;* and I can hardly help suspecting the author of that work must have seen the MS. of this journal before she concocted that story, for, on reference, I find not only the general facts similar, but that she has used the very language of my author to such an extent, that, on the average, there is not above one word in a line different in the two accounts!

With respect to any offence being given to the worthy gentleman's connections, I may add, that though Justice is always expected to hold the SCALES up boldly to public view, yet she has no objection in this case, as in others, to being blindfolded, if any one has a purse long enough. In plain lingo, we'll leave it out of the next edition if they will stand something handsome or kick up a noise that will make *this* Diary "popular." — *Ed. No.* ——.

[1] On investigation I find the *whole* of this day's entry has been copied into the Carry-the-Candle *Diary*, with merely such slight alterations as "Count Munster" for John Runstir, "Italy" for beefsteak and onions, &c. &c.; while all the fine sayings are retained almost word for word. — *Ed. No.* 3.

for a party! The notice is short, but the neighbours in and about the Court are too fond of good living and scandal to decline the pressing invitation she has sent them. It is remarkable to see how cheerfully she skips about to-day, occasionally giving language to her injured feelings.

"Yes, yes, Mr. ——," she said just now, "you think I am moping and crying at your absence—you'd like me to break my heart—but, Mr. ——, I am not such a fool—I am not such a fool, Mr. ——. U-u-ugh, the brute!"

She sent for the man the other day to mend the furniture; and when he came, she said to him, "You see, Mr. Gloosplit, what I have to put up with from Mr. ——."

"Did he do this, marm?" exclaimed the man.

"He! no; it wouldn't have been lucky for him if he had! No, but what a villain he must be, Mr. Gloosplit, to drive me to do it!"

"He must, indeed, marm!—it's most equal to bugglary! But," continued the man, taking up the broken leg of the large table, and scratching the old glue out of the fracture, "but, marm, it's most a pity it isn't the other leg, for this is the same one as you broke off last time Mr. —— druv you to it."

The man thought she frowned, but couldn't tell why, and therefore examined the table, and told her it was what a doctor calls a compound fracture.

"Don't talk to me about doctors or compounds, but finish your job, and you shall have a glass of brandy," said she.

"Thankee, marm; but," continued the man, with an air of the greatest surprise, "somehow there's only three legs to this here chair."

"I've lost the other," said Mrs. ——, colouring, and not liking to own she had sent it through the window.

"Lost it! well, that *is* a pity! Are you quite sure, marm, you haven't got it?"

"Yes, quite."

"Then I suppose you must have a new one, marm? But it *is* a pity, that it is."

"What's the price?"

"Twelve shillings, marm; but as you lost it, marm, and I suppose Mr. —— druv you to it, I shall only charge half-a-guinea, and the half-crown for fixing."

"For fixing?"

"Yes, — oh, that's quite reglar, marm!"

Now this shows how the poor woman is imposed on. It was this very man's son whose head was cut open by the limb when it flew through the window; and as soon as the young urchin saw it was the leg of a chair that struck him, he quietly picked it up, took it home, told his father the house it came out of, got twopence for it, cured his head with a penn'orth o' black jack, and pocketed a penny profit by the job: while his father just rubbed Mrs. ——'s own leg with a bit of sandpaper, and now charges her half-a-guinea for it! Such rapaciousness disgusts *me*.

Wednesday, —th. — Mrs. —— had her party yesterday, at which several persons living in the Court, and other neighbours, were present.

Mrs. ——'s arrangements were excellent, everything as nearly after the manner of great folks as possible. A dozen port, at 33s., was ordered from Mr. Mixem's, with as much dirty whitening and sawdust about the bottles as they could send at the price; and this dozen, with all its pristine marks of primitive purity thick upon it, was accidentally placed on the floor near the head of the kitchen stairs, so that the guests as they came in could warrant it to themselves just brought up from Mrs. ——'s cellar. Entering the "blue parlour" an hour before dinner, an old superannuated piano presented itself as sideboard extraordinary; upon which various dishes of oranges, apples, nuts, and sweet biscuits, with two venerable decanters of sherry, looking like a couple of tight-laced old maidens, with hoops and brown skirts, were interspersed amidst a collection of wine glasses and tumblers that had been handed down, with small additions, from one member of the family to another for the last hundred years. At the back of this sideboard stood two broken branch candlesticks, which had once been plated; but their silver had long since passed into other hands; and with their lopped limbs and copper faces, each with a notched candle-paper fitted in its socket, they now somewhat resembled a couple of old Greenwich pensioners with ruffles on, stretching out their single arms to shake hands with each other. Around, lay numerous spoons of the same antique description, and of that modest size so peculiar to the times or mouths of our grandfathers; while one gravy-helper of very modern and capacious character appeared ready to spring on the little venerables and swallow them up, had not a grave elderly fruit-knife opposed its blade to the monster's advance. On the right-hand corner, just so as not to look intrusive, was to be seen a reverend pair of plated snuffers, minus their legs, and sleeping quietly on their haunches in the tray, like a lame dog on a rug. The twelve chairs were of equally ancient aspect, six possessing elbows, and looking exceedingly like that number of old gentlemen with their hands on their knees, talking to the other six prim old damsels, two of whom inclined a little on one side, as if rather deaf and striving to listen; but what was a little unpleasant, when you sat down on them they were all troubled with a kind of wheezing cough, that made those unaccustomed to them always feel uneasy and look foolish.

Around the room hung sundry pictures, so placed as not to monopolize any light, but which seemed to be unfinished perpetrations of early genius. In one you were struck by seeing a dragoon looking full at you without a face, seated on a white horse with only three legs — the former trifling omission arising from the artist having been cleverer at depicting the jacket and trousers than the countenance; and the latter, from the same individual possessing a facility in painting small bolsters (which served well enough for three legs), but whose genius had not yet accomplished the foreshortening of the foreleg, which was necessary to complete the Charing-Cross attitude of the animal.

This parlour was to be the dining-room, and when the cloth was laid the old piano contributed greatly to the effect by its treasures. Mrs. —— superintended the operation, and made an admirable display of her limited resources — everything was in perfection, from the cructs to the wine-cooler; the latter article officiating in the shape of a small green tub, used on common days for washing cabbages.

The other parlour, which is to be considered the drawing-room, was furnished in a similar manner, but displaying, instead of the plate, the ancient family china in a corner cupboard; while various nooks and corners exhibited a collection of curiosities, comprising two high-heeled spangled slippers, in which a very great aunt had danced at a masque with Charles the Second; some stuffed birds, all very tame and dingy in their day, but now looking extremely fierce and brilliant; various shells and minerals, including a chip from the 97th story of the Tower of Babel, a real warranted thunder-bolt, &c. &c.

Let us now turn to the guests; among whom were the following: —

Mrs. A—— and Mr. D——d, who seem likely to a-d-d themselves together. He is the chemist at the corner of the street, and she is the widow of the late Corporal A——. They appear well suited to each other — at least, not likely to quarrel. She never contradicts any one, and he never says anything worth contradicting. Mrs. Haggle says, however, that Mrs. A.'s quiet temper may alter when she takes the druggist for a husband, and he, after all, may sometimes find himself "well shaken, when taken."

Mr. B——, who is always dumb to others because they don't speak to him, while others are always dumb to him because he can't hear them. He is a very deaf and patient man, and a sort of dumb waiter for all he gets to eat and drink, having many things put on him which others ought to bear. In short, he is looked on as nothing or nobody, and, instead of Mr. B., is called Mr. Blank.

Old Mr. Gravel, whose conversation is like a garden-walk, consisting of some smooth pebbles, but mixed up with such a rough sand of gruff sayings, that if you are thin-skinned it is impossible to come in contact with him without being grazed. He always seems gritty, and I think ought to be well pumped on.

Mr. Larkins, who is ever on the look-out for a victim to his love of fun, and who lives upon invitations and practical jokes. He seems to bear about with him a sort of trick-pestilence, which completely infected the other gentlemen yesterday, and much deteriorated the tone and character of the whole party.

Mr. Gill, the fishmonger; a sort of satirical, unfeeling man — a complete eel-skinner.

Among the ladies was old Mrs. Haggle, who never buys a penn'orth of tape without 'bating the man down, or including a bodkin in the bargain; and who treats everybody's character in the same manner, always trying to clip a little bit off the best end of it, or adding something to make a hole in it.

Another fair guest was Miss Daisy; a living personification of her own name; whose fifty pounds a year form a little golden centre, around which various *beaus* form a border that renders the flower complete. But as she is waiting to find one out of this border as golden as herself, I fear she will remain long on the stalk.

Nor must I omit Mr. Fitzhoward Hawley, a "fashionable" young lawyer's clerk, who thinks "segares, opera densers, neyew novvels, beelyards, pugdorgs, women, and young puppies — aw — most deloightful sources of enjoyment — 'pon my sewl!"

Several others were present; but as I shall not have time to write down all that was said by those I have mentioned, I must leave the rest till another time.

The dinner went off admirably and rapidly, apparently with a just appreciation of the Ude-istical maxim, that "the proof of the pudding is in the *eating*"; for scarcely a compliment was paid during the whole time, though the guests ate most voraciously; and even Mrs. —— either forgot to tell them her troubles, or, knowing that the road to her friends' hearts was through their stomachs, deemed it politic to have all the turnpikes well bribed before she started.

The moment dinner was removed, however, Mrs. —— commenced relating the wrongs she had suffered. A long and painful story it was, particularly to some, who had nothing before them. Mr. D. and Mrs. A. seemed much affected, and Miss Daisy shed tears. Mrs. Haggle was horror-struck, and said, "If I didn't feel sure it *couldn't* be so, she really should have thought Mr. —— *must* have had some great provocation."

The gentlemen were evidently so indignant, that they could hardly make their patience hold out, but drew their breath very hard, and showed it was much more difficult to swallow this long story than a good dinner. At length, however, Mrs. —— came to the end of her troubles, and the company to the beginning of their dessert.

The port was placed on the table in its native black bottles for the gentlemen, and the two old-fashioned decanters for the sherry ladies; while the brandy was exhibited in a curious square liqueur, as Mrs. —— called it, but which Gill slyly told Larkins came out of the family medicine-chest.

"You have indeed had much to bear with," said Mrs. Haggle, with a sigh, as Mrs. —— halted to take breath.

"I wonder she was able to endure it," added Mrs. A.

"Why, she was used to it, you see, ma'am," replied Mrs. H.

"Ah, I was used to it, and able to bear it too," returned Mrs. ——, looking all resignation; "and a great blessing it is that I have such spirits left after it. What will you take, Mr. Gravel?" she added, with a light-hearted smile.

"A little brandy, first, and a nutmeg-grater — I carry my own ginger," replied Mr. G., in his gruff way.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the harmless Mr. D., "but may I ask why you take ginger?"

"Yes," growled Gravel.

"Well, sir," said D., staring at him.

"Well, you have asked, haven't you?"

"Yes, certainly I have asked," replied the gentle chemist, rather confused; "but will you tell me, sir, the reason for taking it?"

"Why," growled Gravel, "I didn't wish to be rough before ladies; but if persons will ask questions, persons must answer them — I'm troubled with the wind, sir — I'm like the late fighting-man, I'm a Belcher;" and then down went the mixture.

"I am very sorry ——"

"I am sorry, too."

"I mean, sir, I am sorry that what I said has brought up this subject."

"Aw — you needn't — aw — be sorry," said Hawley, running his fingers through his hair, "I should often be glad to raise the wind as easily — aw — 'pon my sewl."

"Would you like some nuts, Hawley?" asked Larkins. "Mr. Gravel will help you to a few."

"Aw — no — not just now — aw."

"He can have some presently," said Gravel, drily.

"Aw — Miss Daisy — aw — may I peel an apple for you — aw?" asked H., bestowing a gracious smile upon that lady.

"Thank you, you are too kind," replied the blushing little annuity.

"Aw — I — aw — do you think so? Well, Miss Daisy, I'll tell you an anecdote — aw. About two years ago — aw — as I was — "

"Pass the bottle, Hawley, and begin again," said Mr. Larkins.

"Aw—now, my dear fellow — aw — that's confounded ill-nachard, you've put the story — aw — quite out of my head by your infernal interruption — aw."

"Mrs. ——," said Mr. Gill, "I appeal to you whether Mr. H. is quite in order?"

"Aw — in order! — aw — " cried Hawley, putting his thumb on his moustache, and running to the looking-glass.

"We mean," said Larkins, "whether 'infernal' is the word to use before ladies."

"Or behind them either," growled Gravel.

"Oh — aw — aw — it — it is devilish bad; but, my dear Larkins, you shouldn't — aw — interrupt a fellow just as he's beginning a story — aw."

"Why not?" growled Gravel.

"Aw—because I never can go on with it afterwards, 'pon my sewl—aw."

"Why?" said Larkins.

"Aw—don't know—but it always escapes out of my head directly."

"How's that?" continued Larkins.

"Because he's got a crack in it," growled Gravel. Miss Daisy couldn't conceal a laugh; and Hawley sat down in a bad temper, determined to be revenged on the port.

"You are a sad mischievous man, Mr. Larkins," said Mrs. ——; "and I wish these ladies would pay you for some of your tricks."

"I should be glad to receive even a check from them," replied Larkins.

"I fear, Mr. Larkins," said the sentimental Mrs. A. to *that* gentleman, but looking down her nose with her head turned to Mr. D——, "I fear you are one of those who care little for ladies or love."

"You are mistaken, ma'am," returned L., putting his left hand on his breast instead of the right, and so covering his liver instead of his heart; "few men care so much for either of them as I do."

"Then," said Mrs. Haggle, looking over her spectacles, "I wonder no lady has got you to put a ring on her finger."

"He's afraid she'd keep it, and he'd then lose his five-and-six-pence," said Gill.

"Of course she'd keep it," returned Mrs. Haggle; "and he'd keep her in return—and that would be a just settlement."

"Would it?—ask him," growled Gravel.

"Your friends seem very hard upon you, Mr. Larkins," said Mrs. ——; "but I cannot think they are right."

"No, ma'am," replied L., bowing, "they're quite wrong. They have none of them a tithe of the regard I have for the dear sex."

"Well," said the pertinacious Mrs. Haggle, "it's strange you don't marry one of them, then."

"Ah," said Mrs. ——, Mr. D., and Mrs. A. together, "that *is* rather odd, if he so much esteems the sex."

"Not at all," returned the undismayed Larkins; "some men give up their own private enjoyment and advantages for the good of their country*men*, and are called patriots; and on the same principle I give up the enjoyment I should find in the possession of one dear creature I might call my own, that I may entirely devote myself to the happiness of the whole of my country*women*. I am, in short, an *amoriot*, instead of a patriot, and as you know, ladies, always at the command of every one of you."

"Take away Mr. Larkins's empty bottle," said Mr. Gill.

"U-u-u-gh," growled Gravel, mixing a third tumbler of brandy and water warm — (for, as he says, he "can't a-bear fiddling away his time sipping wine out of a thimble") — "u-ugh, Mrs. ——, I think you and I are very silent."

"Why, sir," replied the lady, with a significant smile, "you don't see, perhaps, that Mr. Hawley and Miss Daisy have slipped up beside me: we were just talking over a few trifling matters of private interest — it's very rude, I know; but you used Mr. Hawley so badly that I am doing this to restore his good-humour." Then turning to the young Adonis, she added, "However, you don't mind them, Mr. Hawley?"

"Aw — no — but I haven't been well to-day — aw — 'pon my sewl," replied H., who began to show rather strange symptoms. His eyes were blinking like a dying rushlight, and every time he attempted to look at Miss Daisy he only had the right one open, keeping the left shut, I suppose, to strengthen the other and concentrate what was left of his vision. His shifting his place was not unobserved; and before his vacated elbow-chair stood his empty bottle, on the top of which Larkins had dexterously fitted a small apple — then shaking the table and supplying the voice, the tipsy bottle began to perform various staggering civilities to the chair, and made the kindest inquiries about the absence and health of its late companion in arms, and the probability of his returning rather intoxicated with — love.

All this might be amusing enough to the others, but Hawley doubted whether he ought to join in the laugh. Concluding that he ought *not*, he drew himself up, and looking as fierce as he could, said,

"Aw — Mr. Larkins — aw — when a gentleman's ill — aw —"

"What's the matter with you, sir?" said the kind Mr. D——, taking hold of his wrist.

"Aw — aw — Mr. D——, I've got the toothache — aw."

"WHAT's the matter with the young gentleman?" growled Mr. Gravel, with his eyes wide open.

"He has caught a cold," said Miss Daisy, with a deep sigh.

"Ah!" growled Gravel, "slept in a field last night, and left the gate open, I suppose, eh?"

"For shame, Mr. Gravel," said Mrs. ——, laughing; "he has the toothache — can you tell him what will cure it?"

"Yes ——"

"Can you?" exclaimed Mrs. A., Mr. D., and Miss Daisy, — the last person leaning over the table with intense anxiety.

"Yes — let him fill his mouth with good milk ——"

"Milk!"

"Yes — milk — and knock his head against a post till it turns to butter." This was said with a noise between a growl and a chuckle, and altogether greatly offended Hawley.

"Aw — that — aw — that's an insult — aw," said H.

"An insect! which?" exclaimed Larkins, looking all over the table.

"Aw —" continued Hawley, getting on his legs, but with a very suspicious sort of unsteadiness; "aw — I won't stand it any longer — don't comprehend — aw — your small wit, sor — consider I have been insulted — treated like an asse — aw — like an asse, sor — Mr. D. knows I have the toothache — aw — he's the only gentleman among you. Mr. D., I'll drink your health — aw."

"Drink his tooth — it might be more use to you," said Gill, patting him on the shoulder, and then shifting his seat to the end of the table.

"Aw—sor—aw—you—gracious, ladies!—aw—you're not going to retoior?"

But before he could say another word, the ladies had disappeared, and joined the other stuffed birds and old china in the next parlour.

"Now, Hawley, my boy," said Larkins, "we'll have a comfortable bottle to ourselves; and you shall drink *all* our healths!"

"Aw—if I do—aw—I'm dumb!" bawled H., knocking a piece out of a fruit-plate, and cutting his knuckles.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Gill, standing on his toes, and leaning the tips of his fingers on the table,—"gentlemen, I rise to perform what I deem an act of justice, and what I am sure will afford us all very great pleasure——"

"Aw—pleasure?—aw—if you are going to insult me again—aw," interrupted Hawley.

"Sit down, H.," said Larkins, pulling him by his coat-tail down on his chair, with a bump that must have shook some of the wine into his calves.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Gill, "I'm glad of the interruption——"

"Aw—" [bump again].

——"for it further convinces me that what I am doing will afford us a great deal of delight. Our worthy, excellent, entertaining, jolly, funny, mirth-making young friend, Mr. Fitzhoward Hawley, is equally well known and respected by us all——"

"Aw—Gill, I'll drink your health—aw," said Hawley, jumping up with Gravel's warm-water jug in his hand, the only drink within reach, at which he took a deep pull, and was going to commence a speech; when Larkins again jerked him down, and with difficulty persuaded him to wait and hear the rest of Gill's oration; "for," said L., "he has got a lot more good things to say of you yet."

"Above a barrowful," growled Gravel.

"Aw—aw—" (bump he went down in his chair again, his hips and his "aws" suffering together).

"Mr. Hawley," continued Gill, "is a fine fellow—a real gentleman is Mr. Hawley——"

"Unless he is brawley," growled Gravel.

"Aw—aw—" (another jerk).

——"a gentleman we are always glad to meet; we who, like himself, can appreciate mirth, know the value of such a friend in company. I am sure, gentlemen, you will not think I exaggerate when I say, Mr. Fitzhoward Hawley affords more amusement than half-a-dozen common men; he is, in short, a host of fun in himself, [hear, hear!] gentlemen——"

"Aw—aw——"

——"Gentlemen, a bumper to Mr. Hawley!"

Down he went again with a "hurr!" Larkins jerking him harder than ever.

——"Gentlemen, have you all got bumpers?——"

"Aw—aw—I have—aw—aw——hurr!" This time I thought Larkins had shook the breath out of him; but he was up again in an instant.

"Aw—aw——"

——"Gentlemen, here's a bumper to the health of Mr. Fitzhoward Hawley!"

"Aw—aw—hurr!" Larkins gave him this jerk in hopes of settling him while he drank the toast; but in a moment he had snatched up Larkins's wine, and gulped it down. L. helped himself to another glass; and Gill, then, not wishing to be noisy, but to do full honours, continued in a whisper, in which the others joined.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Aw—hip—hip—aw—hurrah!" shouted Hawley, at the top of his voice, which, standing out alone, sounded very unmusical and strange to the ears of Miss Daisy. Larkins now gave up his jurisdiction over the coat-tail of Hawley, and the latter commenced his speech.

"Aw—gentlemen and ladies—aw—no ladies—gentlemen, the kind and flattering manner in which we have drank my health—aw—my health—my—in which we have drank my health—aw—don't interrupt me—aw—I say, gentlemen, the way we drank it does us honour — aw — [here he either fell forwards, or Larkins pushed him] — aw — I know Mr. Gill — aw — would you fill my glass, 'pon my sewl, Larkins — aw — well, gentlemen — [he swallowed the wine, and Larkins filled again] — aw — I'm sorry I've made such a long speech; but every compliment I've — aw — paid you in it — aw — I'm sure you'll say you deserve — aw — it would make me tipsy to drink a full glass to each of your healths; so, 'pon my sewl — aw — here's a bumper to the lot of you — aw — hurr!" and down Larkins jerked him in his chair again.

"Well," said the good-natured Mr. D., "I'm glad harmony is restored. Pray, Mr. Gravel, have you been to the play lately?"

"I never go to the play, sir; I meet with plenty of fools and odd characters without paying three-and-sixpence to see 'em," returned Gravel, looking at Hawley!

"Aw, Gravel, my old boy," said H., who seemed quite refreshed by the warm water and the toast — "aw, I wonder you never go to the theator. Don't you like to see a charming ballet — delishios densing? — aw — it's deloightful!"

"Is it?" growled Gravel; "I shouldn't have thought it, if you hadn't said so. I think it just as impudent for a woman to shake her foot in my face, as for a man to shake his fist before my nose."

"Hawley," said Gill, "thinks there's no impudence in either; he would take as much notice of the one as the other."

"Ah," rejoined Larkins, "Hawley has long promised to tell me all about his intimacy with Emma Deepun, the dancer; let's have it now, Hawley."

"Oh — aw — it's nothing to tell — mere casual circumstence."

"Well, let's have it," said several.

"Aw — you know, Larkins, it's not worth while making a fool of oneself before so many — aw."

"Oh, the number of witnesses will be an advantage to you," returned Gill; "it will put a stop to any doubt of your character in future."

"Aw — Gill, my boy — I don't understand you."

"It isn't necessary," growled Gravel; "that's supposed in what he says."

"Aw — aw ——"

"Tell us this story," said Larkins.

"Aw — well, I will. But I must have some soda-water." Larkins gave him the soda-water, and he managed to let the cork fly into the quiet Mr. D.'s left eye.

"Aw — beg pardon," said Hawley; "but — aw — Mr. D., you're a chemist — aw — you sell eye-water, and you can now try — aw — if it is as monstrously efficacious — aw — as your advertisements state — aw."

"I hope," said the mild Mr. D., "your story has not many of these accidents in it."

"Aw — aw — mere casual circumstence; but — aw ——"

"Go on with the story, Hawley," cried Larkins.

"Go on with your story, Hawley," bawled Gill.

"Aw — well, then, you know from my — aw — regular attendance at the theator — aw — I have many friends among the actors and actresses; — and — aw — I often get behind the scenes ——"

"Along with the other lumber," said Gravel.

—— "and now I also have the privilege of the wings — aw ——"

"Most geese have," muttered Gravel.

—— "but I only avail myself of it sometimes — aw ——"

"Another characteristic of the genus," growled Gravel.

—— "Well — aw — I have known a good many fine girls amongst them; but Emma Deepun is the most deloightful creature you ever saw: isn't she, Gill?"

"Except one," said G.

"Aw — who's that?"

"You," growled Gravel.

"Ah, ha! you flatter, 'pon my loif — aw — well, I had an immense deal of trouble to establish an intimacy with Emma; but I succeeded at last, and we were such friends, that — aw — that people used to take us for brother and sister — aw ——"

"What induced her to accept your friendship, Hawley?" asked Larkins.

"Aw—can't say. I made her a great many presents, and I believe teased her into it—aw—I recollect the last hearing I had before—aw—getting a verdict was on the stage, in the midst of the whole corps. I had given her a ring, talked till I was tired—aw—and was just giving it up in despair, when she suddenly went behind me, and put her hands on my shoulders—aw—and then measured her shoulder against mine, and asked me if I could waltz—aw—then she laughed, then all the girls of the corps laughed, and—aw—so then I laughed. Well, I teased her for another hour, and gave her another emerald ring; and at last she said I might call next morning—aw—deloightful!"

"She was out when you called," said Gill.

"No—I saw her, 'pon my honour; and after that I used to spend the most deloightful hours in her company every day—aw——"

"What was the employment of these 'deloightful' hours?" asked Gravel.

"Aw, Gravel, my old boy, the employment would have made your head spin."

"And my money too," growled Gravel.

"Aw—yes——"

"Well," said Larkins, filling H.'s glass; "as you have got so far, you'd better tell us what you did."

"Aw—why the first half-hour waltzed round the room with her—aw—and most deloightful it was; only there was a confounded wide mantel-shelf—aw—and somehow I was always nearest when we got to it—aw—and as we passed it, the infernal corner always dug into my shoulder; and I very soon had the skin off a place as big as a tea-saucer. Emma used to laugh when we were coming to it (aw—what a beautiful musical laugh she had!) and I used to think she took a wide step sometimes to save me; but, unfortunately, I always came the harder against the confounded shelf—aw."

"Why didn't you have it knocked down?" said Gill.

"Aw—Emma was only in lodgings—aw."

"But didn't you complain to her of your bruises?" asked Larkins.

"He thought 'twould make him look soft," growled Gravel.

"Aw—I did complain; and she laughed, and said we'd avoid it next day—aw."

"And you did," said Gill.

"Aw—no; and when I told her so, she only laughed, and said the apartment was lowest on that side, which made us get nearer the wall; and then she'd laugh again—aw—and spin me round the room to prove it."

"And you found it the case," said Gill.

"Aw—yes, we always came whack against the corner, and I was sure to be next to it—aw."

"You see, Mr. H.," observed Mr. D., with his pocket-handkerchief to his eye, "you were certain to spin round with greater force than her, having a heavier body."

"And heavier heels, too," growled Gravel.

"Well, Hawley," said Larkins, "take another glass to Emma's health, and tell us what you did after waltzing."

"Aw—that depended on circumstences," replied H., swallowing down the wine; "aw—when a new ballet was coming out—aw—aw—I forgot Emma's health—aw" (Larkins filled him another glass)—"aw—I had an immense deal to do with Emma when a new ballet was in rehearsal; and, then, Wednesdays and Saturdays she used to get me to join the quadrilles—aw—with her juvenile pupils—aw——"

"Bringing you down to your level," growled Gravel.

——"aw—I didn't much like this: but Emma was such a charming creature, that, 'pon my loif, there was no refusing: she used to laugh—aw—I shall never forget her beautiful laugh!—aw—she used to laugh, and take my hand, and put it into one of the little girls', and say something to her about "he's tall of his age"; and then the little girl used to laugh—aw—and then I used to laugh—aw—really, it was quite deloightful—aw."

"To the girls," added Gill.

"We'll take another glass," said Larkins. "Now tell us what you did when the new ballet was coming out."

Hawley drank off his glass again, and continued.

"Aw—you ask so many questions, that, 'pon my sewl, if I hadn't kept quite sober—aw—I shouldn't be able to answer them."

"We are glad you are temperate," said Gill.

"Or we should have lost some amusement," growled Gravel.

"Aw—well, I'll tell you one of the things I had to do with Emma. She used to get me to stand upright while she practised behind me, by putting her hands on my shoulders—aw—and in this way she used to go through her cutting and jumping for hours—aw."

"That's why she took your measure," said Gill.

"Aw—perhaps so, though I didn't think of it before. But then she was so considerate—aw—because I once hinted that it was rather tormenting to know I was so near her, and—aw—and yet not see her for an hour at a time, the deloightful Emma always after made me stand before the looking-glass, and there I could see myself, and the charming creature jumping up above my head every instant—aw—it used to give me the backache; and I now and then got an accidental kick from her—aw; but what did I care for that? Every time she jumped up and saw me in the glass—aw—she laughed that beautiful laugh—aw—I was sure she was in love with me."

"That beautiful laugh," growled Gravel, "seems to have been wonderfully pleasant to you."

"Aw—my old boy, if you'd been there you would have enjoyed it: with all your gravity—aw—you wouldn't have disliked to hear it."

"No, I should have joined in it," growled Gravel.

"Take another glass, Hawley," said Larkins, "and tell us what else you did."

"Aw—Larkins, you're a good fellow, and I don't mind putting you up to some of the deloightful favours bestowed on such young fellows as myself by the women—aw."

"If there are many Emmas amongst them, they have more wit than I thought they had," said Gravel.

"Go on," said Larkins.

"Aw — well, you've seen the two densers in a *pas seul* make a group, in various ways, at the end of their *pas.* Well, I used to practise this with Emma — aw."

"Gravel doesn't go to the theatre, Hawley. Perhaps you'll explain yourself," said Gill.

"Aw — Gravel, very happy to do so, old boy, but don't know that I can; don't know their technical terms, 'pon my loif — aw — but — aw — you know, the gentleman has to put himself into some attitude, so that the lady can instantly throw herself upon him, and complete a beautiful group — aw."

"Don't understand," growled Gravel.

"Aw — well, now, this is one: the gentleman goes down almost on one knee — aw — it shouldn't touch — and forms a stool with the other leg, extending both arms in a graceful manner — aw."

"That's about the shape of an arm-chair," growled Gravel.

"Aw — then the lady springs her right toe upon his leg-stool, and gracefully extends her left leg and arm, taking hold of his back hair with her right hand, to balance herself — aw."

"Wrong," said Gill; "she takes hold of his collar, not his hair."

"Aw — Mr. Gill — beg pardon. I tell you, Emma, who is one of our most delightful densers, and must know what's right, always took hold of my hair, and used to say mine was the best crop for it she had met with; for, being so long, she always got such a safe hold — aw — in an instant she twisted her fingers into it, and — aw — an eel itself couldn't get free from her till she chose to let go again — aw." Here Hawley squeezed his eyes up at the recollection.

"How long did she keep in this position?" asked Gill.

"Aw — an immense while — aw — till I broke down sometimes; and — aw — she used to laugh all the time, and didn't seem to think it a minute — aw."

"Well, but she was very light," said Larkins.

"Aw — aw — I don't know about that. She didn't seem above two ounces and a half to look at when dancing; but whenever I broke down — aw — she used to drop on my toes or fingers like half a ton — aw."

Here we must explain a little. In the course of these "confessions," Larkins had been playing various pranks with Hawley, and it required all Gill's generalship to make him go on thus far; for, though there was less affectation in his speech now than when sober — his "aws" falling off as he got mellow, — yet he made up for it by the most extraordinary gesticulation and actions of arms, legs, and head (which were certainly not diminished by Mr. L.'s attention); and everything except his own wine-glass, which he always wonderfully preserved, was therefore cleared out of Hawley's reach. Gill was just bringing him to the "casual circumstance," which they had all along wished to get out of Hawley — namely, the treatment he had lately experienced from a rival in Emma's affections, — when a prank of Mr. Larkins put a sudden end to the conversation. Gravel and Gill had both taken up Hawley's last speech about Emma's weight, and, by doubting and contradicting, put him in such a pet, that his legs kept working as if at the treadmill. Larkins had observed this motion before, and could now no longer resist the itching he felt to bring an embryo trick to bear; so, while the others kept up the agitation of H.'s legs by their talk, Larkins manœuvred with his feet under the table, till he worked the little tub of spring water which had officiated as wine-cooler close up to Hawley's heels; and when that young gentleman's legs were at their hardest, pumping out his vociferations against Gill and Gravel, in an instant Larkins pushed the tub under his victim's uplifted foot. Splash went the cold water far and wide, making even the fishmonger shiver; and up jumped Hawley, at one spring, upon the top of the table, with a shudder that made the very glasses jingle.

"Aw — wh-a-a-a-t the dev-v-vil — aw — wh-a-a-a-t *is* that — a-a-aw!" roared H., shaking off his shoe, and placing his soaking hoof in Mr. Gravel's dessert plate.

"Fine sweetmeat!" growled Gravel, making a chop at it. But the plate striking colder than water to his foot, Hawley instinctively drew up his leg with an "iwfth," and, standing on the other, continued stammering out, amidst the laughter of his friends, for an explanation. At length Larkins told him that "he was not perhaps aware he had become so excited about Emma, as to turn round in his chair, and pop his foot into the wine-cooler."

"Aw — impossible — a-a-aw — Larkins, you're a scoundrel!" bawled H., at the top of his voice, hopping round on one foot to face him; and then adding, with a shudder, either caused by the spring water, or the thoughts of what he was going to say, — "A-a-aw — sor — a-a-aw — I'll have satisfaction!"

At this word, the ladies, who had heard the noise and listened at the door in vain to discover what was the matter, rushed into the room in the greatest consternation; and what was the horror of Miss Daisy and Mrs. A., — the former at finding Mr. H. on the top of the table, standing on one leg, like an old hen in a shower, and looking about as intellectual, — and the latter at seeing the water dripping off the toe of his stocking into Mr. D.'s glass, who had tied his eye up in his handkerchief, and, having his blind side to his wine, had not observed the distillation going on. No feeling man can be surprised to learn that Miss Daisy immediately fainted; and that some of the remains of Mr. H.'s foot-bath, administered by Mr. Larkins, was found wonderfully efficacious in restoring her — doubtless, owing to some sympathetic influence it retained from his dip.

THE ANNUALS.[1]

A foreigner, if he is anxious to know what is the state of art in England, will naturally enough turn to the print-books which appear annually at this season, and certain hundreds of specimens of the works of our artists, and, of course, of the taste of the public. The foreigner will have a pretty account to give of us to his countrymen when he has duly examined the Annuals, read all the poems and stories which they contain, and studied all the delicately engraved prints which ornament them. We have the best artists, the best engravers, and can furnish the cheapest engravings. We can (thanks to the wondrous perfection of steel engraving) issue out thousands of beautiful pictures where only tens could be printed before; it is as easy to multiply Reynoldses or Wilkies as to take off a thousand impressions from the worst drawings of the worst daubers, and the consequence is, that with all these facilities the public has acquired such a taste for art as is far worse than regular barbarism, and with twice the opportunities shows twice the ignorance of any other people of Europe. There seems to be a general conspiracy between printers, publishers, and the people to banish nature altogether from pictures, and to substitute and to admire a favourite monster of their own. It is called Beauty, and came in along with steel engravings some six years ago. It first made its appearance in Byron Beauties, then came the Shakespeare Beauties, then the Scott Beauties, then Books of Beauty, Wreaths of Beauty, Gems of Beauty, Flowers of Beauty, Beauty of all colours, black and white, dressed and undressed. At first some of our best painters condescended to contribute to these albums, and painted flesh and blood beauties; these, however, very speedily ceased to be admired by the public. Their beauties nowadays are not women at all. They have not bodies and limbs like women, their eyes are too large, their waists are far too small, the beauty of the Annuals is the modern English *improvement* upon a woman. Nature does not know how to make them, that is clear. Artists won't copy from nature's women, or the public won't buy the copies, which is the same thing; for bread is more sacred even than art, and the poor artist here is led, and does not lead, astray.

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[1] *The Times*, November 2nd, 1838.

We cannot pretend to give an account of all the annuals; but perhaps in illustration of the above remarks may speak of some half-dozen we have seen. The *Book of Royalty* must, of course, take precedence; it is a folio, bound in gorgeous red morocco, with a blue garter in the midst of the cover, whereon the title is inscribed. It is certainly the gayest of the annuals outside and in. The prints are upon a new plan, and not, we think, an unhappy one. The *Book of Royalty* has discarded the old line engravings, and substituted the new fashion of tinted lithography, which has been of late carried to such perfection by Mr. Hullmandel. By printing the plates upon what we believe painters call a middle-tint, and leaving the lights white, the labour of the colourist is almost spared, and a very slight wash of colour gives to the picture a finished look. The works of Messrs. Perring and Brown (who have between them this year done a full half of the illustrations in the annuals) appear in the *Book of Royalty* to peculiar advantage. The drawings of these gentlemen seem for the most part too slight to be submitted to the careful copying of a steel engraver, and one is disposed to pardon many inaccuracies in a sketch that would offend the eye in a finished picture. A plate, for instance, entitled "James I. and his Daughter" (who is dressed, by the way, in the exact costume of the time of Henry VI.), looks almost as well as an original sketch by a painter, is prettily composed, and bright and pleasing in colour. If King James's legs are a little out of drawing, and His Majesty's right arm not such an arm as a man, much less a king, usually possesses, the fault is more easily pardoned in a sketch, for in such dashing and hasty performances the very best of painters will occasionally draw ill. A dozen or more of these brightly coloured designs adorn the volume, and pretty little stories and ballads by Mrs. Hall illustrate the illustrations. The frontispiece represents Queen Elizabeth coming from her coronation at Westminster Abbey; and the next plate is a sad libel upon her present Majesty Queen Victoria, who is represented walking down stairs, surrounded by her maids of honour. *Apropos* of this picture, Mrs. Hall sings—

God save the Queen! all Britain through
One burst of joy repeats the prayer;
And all are loyal, firm, and true:
Subjects are lovers everywhere!

Our tributes are the hearts we bring.
The debt of loyal love we pay.
God save the Queen! we gaily sing.
God bless the Queen! in fervour pray.

We think of days our sires have seen,
The brightest page of Britain's story
Records the power, the wealth, and glory
When Britain's sovereign was a Queen!
God save the Queen!

However heartily we may come to the same conclusion with Mrs. Hall, we must doubt some of her premises; for in this happy country, where according to our enthusiastic songstress, "*all* are loyal, firm, and true," and "subjects lovers everywhere," it must be confessed that *some* have a very singular way of showing their loyalty and their love. After Mrs. Hall and the *Book of Royalty* comes, as in duty bound, Miss Sheridan with the *Diadem*. This we have already noticed in terms of commendation. Next in rank is Miss Mitford, who introduces to the public *Finden's Tableaux*. The work has no inconsiderable literary pretensions, and we would, had we space, copy a very clever ballad by Miss Barrett, which opens the collection. As in the *Book of Royalty* so in the *Tableaux*, Messrs. Perring and Brown have performed the illustrations between them; nor do they differ much in character from the hundreds which for some years past have shone in all print-shops. Beautiful young ladies, in every possible costume and attitude, appear in every one of the pictures. In the "Romaunt of the Page" a young woman, disguised like one of those male domestics, stands behind a tree, watching knights fighting mistily in the background. The "Bucanier" represents another young lady, whose portrait is signed by Mr. Brown. We suspect the figure has been taken from one of the designs of the French artist, Tony Johannot; as is the head of the young lady, called the "Baron's daughter," from the work of another French artist, M. Deveriæ; as is a third figure (the "Girl of Ariccia," in the collection called "Beauty's Costume"), and signed "Dyce," from a well-known picture which appeared in the last French exhibition by a clever painter, Winterhalter. The "Minstrel of Provence" is very curiously like a head by an English painter, Mr. F. Stone, and one might, by carrying the inquiry further, detect still further plagiarisms, were they worth the pains of detection.

In truth, a painter may be well excused for sparing himself the trouble of making fresh compositions, or accurate and elaborate designs, when his labour will not serve him in such good stead as his carelessness — when the public *will* have works of only a certain standard, and discourages all attempts at a higher style of art. The artist must live before all things, and we dare wager that had the gentlemen who, as we have said, have executed the greatest number of the plates of this year's annuals produced, as they could do, works of twice the merit and labour, they would have found no market for their wares.

It is pretty clear, too, that the painters may indulge in copying foreign artists without fear of detection or censure; for the prints of ancient annuals, numbered with the dead (so complete is the forgetfulness of the public, and so fleeting the reputation of these works of art), appear years afterwards, resuscitated, in works with a different binding and title, and have, with many, all the air of novelty: for instance, in a book published two years since, called *Heath's Drawing-room Portfolio*, there appeared a certain number of plates, with poems by Lady Blessington, composed in their honour. These plates have passed out of the hands of Mr. Heath and her ladyship into those of Mr. Fisher and Miss Landon, who have transferred them from the old *Drawing-room Portfolio* to the new *Drawing-room Scrap Book.* The titles are, in many cases, altered, the plates touched up a little, and it is curious to read the different interpretations which each lady gives to the plates before her. Thus about a picture of Selim and Zuleika Lady Blessington writes —

Ye bright creations of a master-mind,
Such as to mortals rarely hath been given,
By fancy led and wit and taste refined,
A spirit wandered down to earth from Heaven.
Zuleika! Selim! children of a clime
Bright as the intellect which gave ye birth,
Dowered with a love, deep, earnest, and sublime,
Too warm perchance for Heaven — too high for earth.
Ah! who dare touch what Byron hath portrayed
With the rare hues of genius' magic spell?
Repeat the tale of that fond gentle maid,
And her brave lover, sung by him so well.
The theme is sacred from a feebler lay
Which he hath sung — alas! too early called away.

So far Lady Blessington, and one would have thought that her ladyship in the above sonnet had quite settled the point that Zuleika and Selim, children of a clime bright as the intellect which gave them birth (by which it is clear that they were not only children of the clime but of the intellect too), — one would have thought, that as Byron had already written sufficiently of the above pair, their theme would have been sacred from a humbler lay. Miss Landon, on the contrary, has shown that a couple of pages of very smooth incomprehensible verses may be indited concerning them. Selim addresses Zuleika in the following strain: —

I dare not look upon that face,
My bark is in the bay;
Too much already its soft grace
Has won from me delay.
A few short hours and I must gaze
On those sad eyes no more,
A dream will seem the pleasant days
Passed on that lonely shore.

I love thee not, my heart has cast
Its inmost love away;
The many memories of the past
Leave little for delay.
Thou art to me a thing apart
From passion, hope, or fear;
Yet 'tis a pleasure to my heart
To know thou art so dear.

* * * *

Thy pensive influence only brought
The dreams of early years;
What childhood felt — what childhood thought —
Its tenderness, its tears!
Farewell! the wind sets from the shore,
The white foam lights the sea;
If Heaven one blessing have in store,
That blessing light on thee!

We leave the reader to settle the respective merits of the above two quotations, not caring for our own part to submit them to an invidious criticism. We must not look at the points or paces of Pegasus when the poor nag is bestridden by some ponderous publisher, and ridden almost to death's door. One thing is clear, that if it be desired to make the worst painters, the worst poets, and to create the worst taste in the public, no better plan can be found than the present system. The poor painters cannot be good, even if they would. To be obliged to draw such trash as for the most part appears in the annuals, the endless Zuleikas and Isidoras of the Book of Beauty, is enough to spoil a young painter beyond redemption, to pervert his taste, to cramp his hand, which is employed in the petty and useless finish of these sketches elaborately unnatural, and to withdraw his eye from the contemplation of nature (of which art is but the

One of Mr. Herbert's paintings, intended to illustrate Lord Byron, but here called the "Unearthly Visitant," is beautiful in grace and feeling, very superior to the general productions of the English school. A little girl by Mr. Dyce is likewise charming, and the plates having been considerably increased in size give greater scope at once to the engraver and artist, who especially was cramped for room before. Let us not forget to applaud the India-rubber binding, by aid of which the book opens, and each leaf is displayed in the most satisfactory manner; if any inducement can tempt the reader to peruse the contents of the *Keepsake*, the writers will surely have to thank Mr. Handcock's patent. As the *Keepsake* is remarkable for its pictorial contributions, the *Amaranth*, we think, may very fairly claim the first rank as a literary work. It is as much above par in this point as the other annuals are below, and we heartily trust will meet the public approbation. It contains a more than ordinary quantity of pleasant prose — Mr. Poole's paper on Margate is perhaps the pleasantest of all the collection, and admirable for its point and fine humour; but we can more conveniently transfer verse to our columns, and are sure the reader will be pleased with the following poem by James Montgomery: it is a pretty *pendant* to Southey's famous "Holly Tree": —

THE MYRTLE

Dark green, and gemmed with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread,
Nor proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle raised its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf
Seemed in my contemplative mood
Like silent joy, a patient grief,
The symbol of pure quietude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree:
Then plucked a sprig; and while I mused,
With idle hands unconsciously,
The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, by my rude touch set free,
  Escaped from out their secret cells;
"Quick life is thine," I cried, "fair tree
  In thee a soul of fragrance dwells.

"What outrage, wrongs, nor death destroy,
  These wake its sweetness from repose;
Ah! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ —
  Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose!

"In health, with unpretending grace,
  In wealth, with meekness and with fear,
Through every season wear one face,
  And be in truth what I appear.

"Then should affliction's chastening rod
  Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart;
Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,
  Outbreathed in incense would depart.

"The Captain of Salvation thus,
  When as a lamb to slaughter led,
Was, by the Father's will, for us
  Himself through suffering perfected!"

The next, by an anonymous writer, although careless in some parts, and in other passages most difficult of comprehension, contains some very fine lines. It is founded on the story of *Herodotus,* that in an attack of the Athenians upon Æginetæ the former were cut off with the exception of one man, who went home to tell the tale. He was met in the street of the city by a group of Athenian women, each of whom inquiring where he had left her husband, wounded him with the clasp of her robe until he died.

THE RECREANT

With the hills of their fathers around them,
The heaven of their country above,
They went in the strength of their manhood,
They went in the light of our love.
In the pride of their power they departed
Down by the path of the sea;

Dark eyes of the desolate-hearted
Were watching for them and for thee!

Who comes from the banquet of blood,
Where the guests are as still as a stone?
Who dares to return by the road
Where the steps of his joy are alone?
They were bound by the oath of the free,
They were true as the steel that they bare,
They were true to themselves and to thee!
Behold, thou hast left them — and where?

Oh, well has their triumph been told
In the tune of its terrible crowning.
Poor recreant! kingly, though cold,
Was the sleep that thou durst not lie down in!
The swords of the restless are rusted
In the rest that thou shrunkest to share.
False Helot! to whom hast thou trusted
The pride of the peaceful — and where?

For thee, who wast not of the number
That sunk in the red battle shade,
Thy name shall be cursed in the slumber
Of the life that thy baseness betrayed.
The strength of the tremorless tread
Of our bravest our love can resign,
But tears as of blood shall be shed
For the dastard returning of thine.

But what! when thy soul hath not hearken'd
To the charge of our love or our fear,
Shall the soft eyes of Hellas be darken'd
By the thought of thy birth or thy bier?
The strength of thy shame shall requite thee;
The souls of the lost shall not see
Mother nor maid of the mighty
Shed tear for a dastard like thee!

There are some noble lines in a poem entitled "The Sabbath at Sea."

Three pale thin clouds did stand upon
The meeting line of sun and sky,
With aspect high and mystic.
I think they did foresee the sun,
And rested on their prophecy
In quietude majestic.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
I oft had seen the daytime break
From wave to hill returning.
But here no earth profaned the light;
Heaven, ocean, *did alone partake*
The sacrament of morning.

* * * * * *

The thought of love did make me low,
And when I thought how 'neath the beech
The wayside pond doth mirror;
Small children on that day would go
In pretty pairs, with whisper'd speech,
As the church-bells rang nearer.

And though *my* Sabbath silent came
Without the stoled minister
Or chanting congregation,
The *teaching spirit was the same*
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation!

The plates are for the most part very poor; Mr. Brown has a clever portrait, which shows how much better it is to follow the doctrine we have been endeavouring to lay down, and draw from nature and not from the imagination.

TYLER'S LIFE OF HENRY V.[1]

HAVING followed Mr. Tyler through his account of Richard II. and Henry IV., we come at last to his darling, Henry V., of whose life, often as it has been told, perhaps the reader will not object to have a short narrative. For some part of our account of it we have drawn upon Mr. Tyler; the rest has been put together almost in the words of the old English Chroniclers, whose works have been rescued from forgetfulness by the zeal and taste of Sir Henry Ellis and Sir Harris Nicolas, and from the French contemporary writers, Monstrelet, Juvenal des Ursius, and the nameless monk of St. Denis, who have left no such delightful narratives of the times in which they lived. No romance can be more amusing than the histories of these latter, or the quaint old chronicle of Henry's chaplain (a part of which has been translated by Sir Harris Nicolas), and which describes so beautifully and so accurately the actions and triumphs of the King.

On the 21st day of March in the year 1412 Henry V. began his reign over the realm of England, and on the 9th April following, being Palm Sunday, he was crowned at Westminster, in the midst of extraordinary storm of rain and hail.

This man (writes Fabyan), who had before his father's death applied himself to all manner of vice and insolency, and drew unto him rioters and ill-disposed persons, after he was admitted to the rule of the land became suddenly a new man, and dismissing, not, however, without means of subsistence, his old comrades, led henceforth a godly and a sober life. In the hour that he was crowned and anointed this happy reformation began.[1] His first act after his coronation, and when the solemnity of the feast of Easter was passed, was to send to Langley for the body of his poor murdered kinsman and late King Richard. He had him brought with reverence to Westminster, and there, in the south side of St. Edward's Shrine, by the side of Queen Anne, his first wife, honourably buried. He bade a solemn dirge to be sung once in a week over King Richard's grave, and that four tapers should burn before it day and night so long as the world endureth; and he ordered that 11s. 8d. should be given each week to the poor, hoping thus by his good deeds and prayers to atone for the crimes of his father, and gain repose for the soul of unhappy King Richard. Then, turning his attention to the proper government of his country, King Henry caused Sir John Oldcastle to be put in the Tower, a dangerous heretic, whom numbers of people followed: Sir John, however, broke prison, multitudes of his people appeared in arms beyond St. Giles's, in Holborn, between Westminster and the highway towards Tyburn.[2] The King went out and met this army, whom he dispersed after slaying and imprisoning many. Of those who had been carried to the Tower (on the 8th January, 1414), the King ordered 12 the next day to be taken thence to Newgate, and there, along with 25 others (37 heretics in all), they were hanged, drawn, and burned. And while thus King Henry, for holy Church's sake, was hanging and burning of English unbelievers, a great council was holden at Constance (where the British lords and bishops attended and received much honour), and where those two wicked and notorious heretics, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were burned likewise.

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[1] *Henry of Monmouth: or, Memoirs of the Life and Character of Henry the Fifth as Prince of Wales and King of England.* By J. Endell Tyler, B.D. In Two Volumes. London: Bentley. 1838.
[*The Times*, November 12, 1838.]

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[1] Hardyng, who, although a follower of the Percies, was afterwards an attendant upon Henry, in whom he declares his "help and making should have been," uses almost these words in the preface to his Chronicle of Henry V.'s Reign. The other words are closely followed from Fabyan: there is no proof, perhaps, of Henry's vice and insolency before he ascended the throne, but it is pretty clear that he "drew unto him rioters and ill-disposed persons."

[2] *London Chronicle.*—Another curious illustration of the times occurs in the same chapter:—"John Nyauncer, a squire, and his men sclowen Master John Tybbay, clerk, as he passed through Lad-lane. Nyauncer and his men took sanctuary in St. John's, Aldgate, and on condition of forswearing 'the Kyng's lond,' were allowed to pass through the city of London to Calais, which they did in their schertes and breeches, eche man a crosse in his hand."

The English were most turbulent and warlike in those days, and the law of right was not very strong. It is said, that old King Henry on his death-bed recommended the young King to carry his nobles and people to fight on foreign ground, for it was better that they should be killing and plundering Frenchmen than fighting against the King and one another. Did not old King Henry's life show his words to be true? In the first place, he himself had been ever in the midst of wars and conspiracies against King Richard, whom he dethroned, and in whose stead he reigned; and then the plots and conspiracies were directed against him.

A weary life he led indeed in the midst of his royalty; and one who lived in those times, Hardyng (a Piercy's man who afterwards followed Sir John Umfraville), sings thus concerning the usurping King:—

O very God! what torment had this king
To remember in brief and short intent!
Some in his shirt put ofttimes venoming,
And some in meat and drink great poysonment.
Some in his hose by great imaginement,
Some in bed-straw, irons sharp-ground and whet,
Envenomed him to slay, had he but on them set.[1]

Some practised witchcraft against him, and some fought him in open field. Well might he counsel his son to give those turbulent people an opportunity to let blood elsewhere, otherwise they would infallibly attack him. The King acted upon his father's maxim, and as his great-grandfather, King Edward III. (who, to be sure, had a nearer heir living, to wit the Earl of March), had made a claim to the kingdom of France, and well nigh conquered it too in the brave battles of Crecy and Poictiers, King Henry now asked this kingdom for himself, and wrote letters to the King and Dauphin of France, saying, "Friend, give me that you own me"[1]— restore me my just birthright of France; but the French sent back with scorn the English herald, and bade him say, that an answer to King Henry's letter should be sent at a convenient season. Henry had offered likewise to marry the King's daughter of France, and an embassy from the French came to London to endeavour to make arrangements.[2] But the parties could not agree about the money which the Princess was to have for her dowry; so that at last the King grew angry, and called together his Parliament (Thomas Chaucer, the son of him who wrote the rare poem about the Canterbury Pilgrims, was the chairman of the Commons), and having procured some money from them, received some from his loyal towns and subjects, and pawned his own plate and jewels to get more.[1] King Henry assembled 1500 ships for his men, and, taking leave of his lieges in London, marched royally for Southampton, thence to take shipping for France. The French ambassadors were with him until he left London, but they could come to no terms; and the French Dauphin, despising his youth, sent him, it is said, a ton of tennis balls, and bade him go play, and not to talk of fighting with the famous King and chivalry of France. This only angered the King more; he swore his guns should play tennis about the towns of the Frenchmen—and indeed he kept his word. But even now, with a fair prospect of fighting enough, the English nobles would not be quiet; and a conspiracy was hatched between Lord Scrope, Sir Thomas Gray, and Richard of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, brother to the Duke of York, who were for setting up King Richard again (some said he was yet alive in Scotland), or, in case he were dead, the Earl of March; and they proposed to kill King Henry; but this conspiracy was discovered. Gray was beheaded forthwith, Cambridge and Scrope were tried by their peers, and met with the same fate. The King, however, pardoned the Earl of March, who was, or declared himself, ignorant of the plot; who afterwards fought, a brave soldier, by the King's side at Agincourt. At last, all things being ready, on the 11th of August, in the year 1415, on the day after St. Lawrence's day, King Henry with his army embarked for France.

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[1] Hardyng, chap. ccx.

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[1] See the letter in "Monstrelet." Fabyan says the French King had "no leyser to entende such idelnes."

[2] The details of this embassy, as described by Juvenal des Ursius (ed. 1653, p. 289), are very curious. The priests were the diplomatists of those days, and their despatches were half sermons. Henry's claims to the French throne, the most absurd and unjust that can possibly be, are supported by numberless texts of and allusions to Scripture. Sir Harris Nicolas speaks of Henry's hypocrisy and impiety. Mr. Tyler is wroth at such charges against his darling hero: the charge of impiety we think falls to the ground. Henry trusted to his ecclesiastical advisers, who got up his case for him, and is no more guilty than a man would be in the present day whose advocate supported his cause by unjust legal subtleties. Ellis quotes a passage of Hardyng omitted in the chronicle, in which the poet describes the education of young noblemen: —

"And as lords' sons be set at four years age
At school to learn the doctrine of lettrure;
After, at six, to have them in language,
And sit at meat seemly in all nurture;
At ten and twelve to revel is their cure,
To dance and sing and speak of gentleness;
At fourteen they shall to field, I'm sure,
To meet the deer and gain of hardiness."

At sixteen they are —

"To learn to worry and to wage,
To joust, and ride, and castles to assail,
And every day his armure to assay,
And set his watch for peril nocturnayle."

Their literary education being thus completed at the mature age of six, it is evident that they could not have learned to use, or even to understand, the priggish allusions to Roman lore, the continual allusions to the early Bible history, and the endless logical quibbles and complications which were the weapons of the ecclesiastics. The three letters quoted by Nicolas, and some of those of Mr. Tyler's first volume, as from Henry to his father, are evidently priests' work.

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[1] Sir Harry Nicolas, in his battle of Agincourt, gives a curious and complete list of the articles pledged, p. xlix. In the "Acts of the Privy Council," published by the Record Commission (vol. ii. p. 166), are the accounts of certain merchants of Milan, Lucca, and Venice, who are told that it is their duty in foreign countries, for the grace accorded to them of trading therein, to lend money to the sovereign when in need. As a further "persuader" the foreign merchants were sent to the Tower, and it will not surprise the reader to learn that the money was at last forthcoming.

They say that swans were seen swimming among the ships as the fleet passed; and with this good omen they arrived at Clef de Caus, in Normandy, on the 14th of August, about three miles from Harfleur; and the next morning, on Wednesday, being the vigil of the assumption of the Virgin, the sun shining and the morning beautiful, at 6 in the morning, the King landed nearest Harfleur. As soon as he set foot on shore the King fell on his knees and devoutly prayed unto God: afterwards he knighted divers gentlemen, and then arranged the order of his army, posting himself on the hill. About Saturday all his preparations were complete. The next day the Lord de Gaucourt, a Frenchman, reinforced the town garrison with 300 lances; but this advantage was small to the townspeople, compared to the loss which befel them that same night, when Thomas of Clarence, the King's brother, seized a number of waggons despatched by the French King to the town, and containing a store of guns, powder and muniments of war.

The town was summoned to surrender, but refused; and now the King began to press it so hardly and batter it with his tennis balls, that at last the townspeople promised, if by a certain day no succour came to them, they would yield themselves to the English. We here interrupt the narrative, to quote Mr. Tyler's account of some incidents which occurred during the siege:—

> In addition, however, to the wonted privations and hardships of a protracted siege, the English host was visited by a violent disease, which spread rapidly through every grade of the army, unsparingly thinning its ranks, and carrying off its officers, and threatening annihilation to the whole body.
>
> Whilst this calamity was raging at its height, and making dreadful havoc amongst the soldiery, an incident is recorded to have taken place, to which the mind gladly turns from the din and turmoil of the the siege, and the devastations of that fatal scourge; and though the scene is itself the chamber of death, we cannot but feel a melancholy satisfaction in contemplating it for a while. An ecclesiastic who was present in the camp, and in attendance on his royal master, records the

anecdote in the most casual manner, without a word of admiration or remark to call our attention to it, as though he were relating a circumstance of no unusual occurrence, and such merely as those who knew his master might hear of without surprise; whilst few pages of history bear to any monarch more beautiful and affecting evidence of habitual kindness of heart, pure sympathy with a suffering fellow-creature, and devoted fulfilment of the dearest offices of friendship. Whilst Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, one of the victims of the dysentery, was lingering in the agonies of death, we find Henry in the midst of his besieging army, at the height of a very severe struggle, war and disease raging on every side — not in a council of his officers, planning the operations of to-morrow, nor on his couch, giving his body and mind repose from the fatigues and excitement of his opening campaign — but we see him on his knees at the death-bed of a dying minister of religion, joining in the offices of the Church so long as the waning spirit could partake of its consolations; and then, not commissioning others, however faithful representatives they may have been, to act in his stead, but by his own hands soothing the sufferings of the dying prelate, and striving to make the struggle of his latter moments less bitter. Had Henry visited the tent of the good bishop when he first knew of his malady, and charged any of his numerous retinue to pay especial attention to his wants and comforts, it would have been regarded, at such an hour of pressing emergence, as an act worthy of a Christian King. But Henry, who in no department of his public duties ever willingly deputed to others what he could personally attend to himself, carried the same principle into the exercise of the charities of private life; and has here left a pattern of Christian sympathy and lowliness of mind, of genuine philanthropy, and the sincere affection of true friendship, worthy of prince and peasant alike to imitate. Bishop Courtenay is said to have been among Henry's chosen friends, recommended to him by the singular qualities of his head and his heart. He was a person (we are told) endowed with intellectual and moral excellences of a very high character; and Henry knew how to appreciate the value, and cultivate the friendship of such a man. Having enjoyed the satisfaction and benefit of his society in life, now he was on the point of quitting this world for ever, Henry never withdrew from his bed; but, watching him with tender anxiety till the ministers of religion had solemnized the last rite according to the prevailing practice of the Church in those days, even then, "in his own person," he continued to supply the wants of sinking mortality, "with his own hands wiping the chilled feet" of his dying friend. The manuscript proceeds to say, that when life was extinct, with pious regard for his memory, Henry caused his body to be conveyed to England, and to be honourably buried among the Royal corpses in Westminster.

A very curious turn (writes Mr. Tyler) has been given inadvertently to this circumstance by the translation of the ecclesiastic's sentence, and the comment upon it now found in the appendix to the *Battle of Agincourt.*

Rege præsente, pedes ejus tergente post extremam unctionem propriis manibus, — words which can only be translated so as to represent the King "after extreme unction, wiping the feet" of the Bishop. The editor of that work, by a careless blunder of an amanuensis, or some unaccountable accident, is made to render by the strange sentence, "covering his feet with extreme unction"; and he is then led, as a comment upon that text, to observe, that "the Bishop received from Henry's own hand the last office of religion." Extreme unction, the last of the seven sacraments of the See of Rome, was administered doubtless by an attendant priest.

Our worthy divine is bitter both against Sir H. Nicolas and the old chronicler; he condemns the former for the monstrous mistake of reading the word *tegente* for *tergente* (*tergente* it certainly is in the MSS.), and for construing the sentence "covering the feet with extreme unction." Mr. Tyler may be fully convinced of the merits of Henry; but they should not make him blind to those of other people. Sir H. Nicolas does not say "with" extreme unction. His words are, and the simple sentence of the old author is, in our opinion, far more touching than all the remarks of Mr. Tyler —

The gracious and merciful God, willing to try the patience of our King, touched him in the death of one of his most loving and dear subjects — namely, the Lord Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, who, of noble family, of tall stature, of excellent wit, and not less distinguished for the great eloquence and learning than for other of the more noble endowments of nature, was considered to be a constant favourite in the Royal councils above all. He fell sick on Tuesday, the 10th of September, and on the following Sunday, in the presence of the King, who covered his feet AFTER extreme unction, and closed his eyes with his own hands, and midst the bitterness and tears of many released his "spirit from its prison."

Three days after this prelate's death, on Wednesday, September 18th, an agreement to surrender on the following Sunday was entered into, the inhabitants of the town pledging themselves by a most solemn oath to abide by the terms of the agreement. The ceremony on this occasion must have had a very imposing effect. The King's chaplain, Benedict, Bishop of Bangor, in his pontifical dress, carried the consecrated host to the walls of the town, preceded by 32 chaplains, each in full canonicals, and attended by as many esquires, one of whom bore a lighted taper before each priest. As soon as the parties were sworn on the elements, the townsmen were assured that they need fear no acts of wrong or violence, for the King wished rather to preserve than to destroy his own territory.

On Sunday, September 22nd, the town was surrendered with much solemn state into Henry's hands. At the appointed hour Henry, being dressed in the robes of royalty, ascended a throne erected under a silk pavilion on the top of the hill opposite to the town. All his peers and great men were assembled around him. "Our King" (says a writer who was probably an eye-witness) "sat in his estate as royal as did ever any King; and, as it is said, there never was a Christian King so royal, neither so lordly, sat in his seat as did he." From this seat to the town a passage was formed by the English soldiers, through which the late governor, Sir Lionel Braguemont, the Lord de Gaucourt, and others, with the host borne before them, attended by those who had sworn to observe the treaty, and by 34 of the chief inhabitants, passed to Henry's presence, "who forgave them their injustice in keeping his own town from him; and having hospitably entertained them, dismissed them courteously." Thus fell into Henry's hand one of the most important towns of Normandy, after a siege of about 36 days, during which the zeal and valour of the assailants and the besieged were equally displayed.

Thus, then, our brave King was victorious at Harfleur; and it was a great shame to the French nobles and nation that they, who had a large power of men assembled, made no steps to succour the valiant de Gaucourt and his comrades. "Songs and Satires," says one who wrote in those days,[1] "were made upon the loss of a town and port so famous, and on the capture of so many brave men, who had been thus villainously abandoned."

Yet, though the King had triumphed over the Frenchmen, the fever and dysentery were making more dreadful ravages among his own people than ever the sword did; and being willing to spare life, and to confide the justice of his cause to God, he sent Guyenne, his herald, to the Dauphin (for King Charles, his adversary, of France, "lay ill with his accustomed malady of madness"), and proposed that they two should decide by single combat which had the right; and the King said he would wait eight days in his town of Harfleur to abide the Dauphin's coming.

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[1] The Monk of St. Denis, see *Laboureur* (vol. 2, 1004).

The eight days passed and no answer came, and the King, with his army wofully diminished by death and desertion (for of the 30,000 who went out[1] there remained not above 1000 lances and 5000 bowmen), still set out with a good heart for Calais. And while the armies of the French King were pillaging the towns and villages in their path, it was said even by the French[2] of Henry's little army, "that they treated better than the French themselves those who received them willingly into their houses, faithfully keeping the laws of war and obeying the orders of their prince."

At Eu and at Arques they had skirmishes with the French. Henry reached Abbeville on the 13th of October, and next day passed within a league of Amiens. On Thursday he passed near Corbie, and on Friday found a passage across the Somme, which the whole army crossed. Great was their joy, for now they hoped to reach Calais without a battle, which these poor men, diseased, shelterless, weary, and without food, were little able to risk against the host, 100,000 men, princes, nobles, and knights, the best in France, who were assembled to attack King Henry; but on the following day two heralds from the French came to the King of England and bade him prepare for battle. Our brave King did not change countenance at the news (news, as he thought, of certain death to him), but he said, "It is the will of God," and he gave the heralds 100 golden crowns of largesse, and told them that he should march straight for Calais, and that the French might come and stop him if they could. They kept their word. On the 24th of October, when King Henry and his army crossed the river Ternoise (called the River of Swords), and had arrived near the village of Maisoncelle, it was told the King that the French, in vast numbers, were before him.

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[1] Lingard.

[2] Monk of St. Denis (*Laboureur* 11, 1009). "To say truth," says the monk, "it became them better to trust in God than it did us, because their conduct was so much better."

The English felt assured that they would be immediately attacked; and, as soon as they were drawn up in order of battle, they prepared for death. The greatest want then felt in the camp was the lack of priests, every one being anxiously desirous of making confession and obtaining absolution. Henry's presence of mind, and noble soul, and pious trust, and intrepid spirit, showed themselves on this occasion in words which ought never to be forgotten. Sir Walter Hungerford, having expressed his sorrow that they had not 10,000 of those gallant archers who would be most desirous of aiding their King in his hour of need, the King rebuked him, saying, "He spoke idly, for, as his hope was in God, in whom he trusted for victory, he would not, if he could, increase his forces even by a single person; for, if it was the pleasure of the Almighty, few as were his followers, they were sufficient to chastise the confidence of the enemy, who relied on their numbers!"

About sunset the French took up their quarters in the orchards and villages of Agincourt and Puissanville. Henry anxiously seeking lodgings for his exhausted soldiers, at length found in the village of Maisoncelle a better supply for their wants than they had met with since they left Harfleur; and a small hut afforded the King himself protection from the weather. Before the English quitted their position to go to Maisoncelle, Henry permitted all his prisoners to depart, upon condition that, if he gained the approaching battle, they should return and surrender themselves; but, if he were defeated, they should be released from their engagements. This night, through nearly the whole of which the rain fell heavily, was passed by the two hostile armies, about one mile distant from each other, very differently, but not inconsistently with their relative circumstances. Both suffered severely from the weather as well as from fatigue; but whilst the French, anticipating an easy and sure victory, played at dice for their prisoners as their stake, the English, having prepared their weapons for the conflict, betook themselves to prayer, and the observance of the other ordinances of their religion.

At daybreak on Friday, October 25, the French drew up in order of battle, in three lines, on the plain of Agincourt, through which was the route to Calais. Of their numbers the accounts both of English and French writers vary exceedingly, and it is impossible to fix upon any amount with confidence; probably, however, at the very lowest calculation, they were more than 50,000 men.

Henry was up at break of day, and immediately attended mass. He then, mounted on a small gray horse, bearing on his coat the arms of France and England, and wearing a magnificent crown on his head, drew up his men in order of battle in an open field. His main body, consisting of men-at-arms, he commanded himself; the vanguard was committed, as a right wing, to the Duke of York, at his own request; and the rear-guard was posted, as a left wing, under the command of the Lord Camois. The archers were placed between the wings in the form of a wedge, with their poles fixed before them as a protection against the cavalry. Henry then rode along the lines, and addressed them in a speech full of spirit, well fitted to inspire in his men enthusiastic ardour and devotedness. "Sir," was the reply, "we pray God to give you a good life, and victory over your enemies." At this juncture (we are told by one historian) an attempt was made at negotiation, but it failed, Henry, in the midst of all his present perils, insisting virtually on the same terms which he had offered when in safety within the realm of England.

The King assigned to the gallant veteran Sir Thomas Erpingham, a friend of Henry, no less venerable for his age than distinguished for his bravery and military skill, the honourable duty of arraying his host. He first calmly marshalled the troops, placing the archers foremost, and the men-at-arms behind them; and then, riding in front of the line, exhorted his brother-warriors in the name of their prince to fight valiantly. A third time did this aged and fearless knight ride before the ranks which were stationed to receive the first shock of the enemy, and if possible turn back the apparently resistless and overwhelming tide of battle; and then, having deliberately executed his commission to the full, he threw up into the air the truncheon which he held in his hand, shouting, "Now strike!" and, immediately dismounting, joined the King and his attendants, who were all on foot. When the soldiers saw the staff in the air, and heard the cry of the veteran, they raised such a tremendous shout as startled the enemy, and filled them with amazement.

It was now approaching mid-day; when Henry, perceiving that the enemy would not commence the attack, but were waiting either for reinforcements, or in the hope of compelling him by want of provisions to surrender, issued the command, "Banners, advance!" His soldiers fell down instantly upon the ground prostrate, and implored the Almighty to succour them, each, as it is said, putting a morsel of earth into his mouth in remembrance of their mortality. They then rose, and advanced firmly towards the enemy, shouting, and with the sound of trumpets. The Constable of France commanded his advanced guard to meet them, who instantly obeyed, with the war-cry "Montjoye!" The battle commenced by a shower of arrows from the English, which did great execution. The French cavalry were immediately thrown into confusion, chiefly in consequence of the horses rushing on the pointed stakes which were fixed before the English archers, and, maddened with pain, turning upon their own ranks. The battle was then tremendously obstinate: at one time, the shock of the French body caused the English to give way; but it was only to rush again upon their enemies with a renewed and still more impetuous and desperate attack. Their charge, like a torrent of mighty waters, was resistless; and the archers, having exhausted their quivers, and betaking themselves to their swords and bills and hatchets, the slaughter among the ranks of the French was dreadful. The Duke of Alençon endeavoured in vain to rally his men, now giving way, and being worsted on every side; and, returning himself to the struggle, he fell in single combat with King Henry himself. Whilst the conflict was raging, Anthony, Duke of Brabant, came up with such of his forces as could keep pace with him in his rapid haste towards the field of battle, and instantly mingled in the thickest of the fight; he fell too; gallantly, but unsuccessfully, striving to stem the flood.

And now took place an event about which many chroniclers have written at length, and have spoken with a vast display of unnecessary compassion. A movement was made in the rear of the English, where the baggage and prisoners were (they were themselves twice as numerous as the conquerors), whereupon the King, fearing justly that the prisoners would rise, gave orders to slay them all. It was not cruelty on Henry's part, but necessity, and indeed a heavy loss to him, for many of the captives so slain would have paid large ransoms for their safety.

Ten thousand Frenchmen were slain on that famous day, and of those the greater part were noblemen: 1500 of the latter were taken prisoners; of these the highest in rank, the Duke of Orleans, lay for many years in the Tower of London, and those who are curious may even now see his portrait, and read the songs he wrote in his imprisonment.[1] With his prisoners and his army the King then marched to Calais, "and to England then, where never came from France more happy men." On Saturday, the 23rd of October, the King arrived in London, having tarried a week on the road at Dover, Canterbury, and Eltham. The citizens of London went out as far as Blackheath to greet him, the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, the rest in scarlet and parti-coloured hoods, 20,000 of them, all on horseback, and each craft with fine devices of its own. Among them rode the King, modestly with a small retinue, to London. When they came to the tower on London-bridge, there stood a huge giant, his axe in his right hand, the city keys in his left; by his side stood the giantess, his wife; around them banners were floating, and trumpets and horns blowing. This device was raised by "the city to the King's righteousness." And at the drawbridge were two towers, and by them a lion and an antelope standing. Above them was St. George, our lady's knight, having a scroll on which was written, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*, and above him were innumerable boys dressed in white, with wings and locks like angels, who sung Benedictus. The famous tower of Cornhill was decked with crimson cloth, in which were shields of St. George, and St. Edward, St. Edmund, and England, and round the tower stood a company of prophets of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, who let loose a number of little birds as the King passed. At the conduit in Cheap, which was adorned also with scutcheons and a device representing a castle, stood the twelve apostles, and with them the twelve kings, martyrs and confessors of England; they, like the prophets, received the King with a hymn, and as he passed the conduit ran wine. At Cheap-Cross was another castle, most beautiful to see, "and the lattices and windows on both sides were filled with the more noble ladies and women of the realm, and with honourable men so dressed in garments of gold, fine linen, and crimson, that a nobler spectacle was never before seen in the city of London. The King himself, amidst these public expressions of praise and bravery of the citizens, passed on clad in a purple robe, not with lofty looks, pompous horses, or a great multitude, but with a grave aspect, a reverend demeanour, and a few of his most faithful domestics attendant upon him; the dukes, earls, and marshal, his captives, following him with a guard of soldiers. Even from the taciturnity of the King, and his humble deportment, might it be gathered that he was rendering thanks to God alone, and not to men."[1]

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[1] Every antiquary knows the beautiful MSS. in the British Museum which contains the Prince's poems, with a number of curious illuminations, in one of which he, the Tower, old London Bridge, and old London are represented.

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[1] Abridged from Sir H. Nicolas's translation, and from Lydgate's ballad.

FRASER'S WINTER JOURNEY TO PERSIA.[1]

THIS work is dedicated to Lord Glenelg, "whose enlightened policy," writes Mr. Fraser, "suggested the objects and contributed to the performance of his journey." We shall not quarrel with his Lordship's enlightened policy in this instance; it has produced, at any rate, a very pleasant book of travels amongst people of whom, for a wonder, the English have very little knowledge, and whom, perhaps, in no very distant day, it may be important to know. The *political* knowledge, however, gained by Mr. Fraser, he has reserved with orthodox diplomatic sagacity for the wakeful consideration of Lord Glenelg in Downing Street; all that we are at liberty to learn is this—that on a rainy day in December, 1833, the author of these travels, after spending two hours sealing and directing papers, and packing them in white sheepskin bags (warming himself by a coal-fire for the last time), got into a post-chaise, at 1 o'clock at night, *at the very door of the Colonial Office.* "I threw my bags," says he, "into one corner of the chaise, and myself into the other. '*All right?*' briskly demanded the postilion; 'All right, go on,' responded the porter, in a tone of more importance; and in another minute we were tearing over Westminster Bridge at the rate of 12 miles an hour, through a perfect tempest." It is clear there was something of tremendous consequence "in the wind."

Not a word more, however, about the contents of the sheepskin, or the plans of Lord Glenelg, do we hear after this. Mr. Fraser rattled along the remarkable route from London to Dover; he "whipped into the foreign mail-packet," after breakfasting at Wright's *caravanserie* at Dover. After a passage of two hours and a half, rough, stormy, and sick, the undaunted voyager reached Calais, where M. Quillac procured him a britschka, "and the second hour of noon saw him rolling down the road to Brussels." What *was* the matter?

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[1] *A Winter's Journey (Tatar) from Constantinople to Teheran; with Travels through various parts of Persia,* etc. By James Baillie Fraser, Esq., Author of *A Tour in the Himalaya Mountains,* etc. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1838.

[*The Times,* November 16th, 1838.]

The first part of his journey is, however, excellently and briefly described in the following way: —

> Letter I. — Leave London — road to Dover — reflections — the passage — Calais — rickety carriage — air-pillows — Liege — Prussian civility — the Rhine — Frankfort — Wurtzburgh — gleam of sunshine — Ratisbon — aspect of Upper Bavaria, and of its peasantry, and roads, contrasted with those of Prussia — first peep of Austria — custom-house — the Danube — Moëlk — reach Vienna.
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> Letter II. — Hungarian villages — hogs — cattle — Raab — cholera — change of postilions — Hungarian roads and "turn-outs" — an accident — an overturn — game-laws, and *chasses* — arrival at Buda and Pest — breakdown second — Christmas morn — change of costume — villages and houses — the Steppes — overturn third — Hungarian auberge and Gipsies — Terezianople — Nysotts — Peterwardin — comparative sketch of European posting — Semlin.

Three breakdowns (or breaks-down) in two chapters! What could have been in Lord Glenelg's head, when he obliged a gentleman, in the depth of winter, to leave his comfortable arm-chair at the club, for such a cold, miserable, break-neck journey? May we die if we know; but from Semlin Mr. Fraser hurried on to Constantinople, galloping like mad; and dressed up like a Tatar, or a Turk, with a *jooba*, or vest with long skirts, pistols, and yataghan in his girdle, a "despatch-box embroidered with gold, a rich jacket, called a *kiurk*," a fez on his head, a Damascus cimetar by his side, and on his legs, instead of his national inexpressibles (perhaps if our author be a Highlander we should withdraw the word "national"), "a pair of enormous Tatar *shulwars*." If a certain gentleman in Downing Street had been awakened out of his sleep by the abrupt entrance of such a courier as this, there is no saying what changes might have taken place in the Cabinet. As soon, however, as we have become a little used to Mr. Fraser in his outlandish costume, we find in him a most pleasant *compagnon de voyage ;* active, gay, determined, skilful both with the pen and the pencil, visiting ground which he knew before, and an adept in the Persian language, he is as good a traveller as could be found, and has given us a most amusing and lively record of his tour. Who is not acquainted with the famous Hajji Baba; and that chivalrous and scarcely less famous hero of Mr. Fraser's own creating, the stout Kuzzilbash, Ismael ? Mr. Morier and himself have given us, in their travels and romances, so curious and picturesque an account of the Persians, that we are glad to hear more of this merry nation of boasters and swindlers, whose qualities, like Falstaff's, are always amusing, though they may not perhaps be very high. On our author's journey from Constantinople to Erzeroum we have not here space to comment; it was a very hard and dismal ride through snows and solitudes and most unheard-of difficulties, which tried his *Tatarship* to the full. The next pause of his journey was at Tabreez, through Armenia and the Koord country, and from Tabreez he rode to Tehran. We had occasion to comment some weeks back in this journal upon the complaints of a traveller, who made a part of Mr. Fraser's journey (the first part only), and who wrote in such pathetic terms of the bad manners, bad dinners, and bad beds, which had so much obstructed his enjoyment during the tour. Let the traveller "in the three great empires" read the following summary of Mr. Fraser's journey to Tehran, and he will fancy his voyage in the dirty Danube steam-boats and his dismal wanderings in Moldavia and Bessarabia, paths of pleasantness compared to those which Mr. Fraser had to tread in his journey from Constantinople to Tehran. From that place he writes: —

> Thus, thanks be to Almighty God, has terminated prosperously the first part of my proposed journey, and with it a Tatar trip of 2600 miles, which for fatigue and anxiety, and sufferings from cold and exposure, I will venture to match against anything of the sort that has been done. Of the first 750 miles from Semlin to Constantinople I

have spoken already. The next 700 miles, from Constantinople to Amasia, were performed within six days, in bitter weather, and in spite of mud, and rain, and snow; but for the last seven weeks, that is, embracing our march from Boli to Câsveen, it may be said we never saw the colour of the earth. During the whole of this period, we have been wading night and day through interminable wastes of deep snow, exposed to all the violence of storms and drift, and wind, with the thermometer frequently from 15° to 20° below zero. Our clothes, and face, and beards, were clotted into stiff masses of ice; our boots, hard as iron, frozen to the stirrup, and our limbs tortured with pain, or chilled into insensibility by intense cold. We were mounted on wretched carrion, which it was our daily and hourly task to whip and beat to the end of their stage, to dig out of snow-wreaths into which they had sunk, or drag with their loads from the bottom of ravines down which they had rolled. Far from having the means of shifting when comfort or cleanliness required it, we continued riding for weeks without a change, though wet through once a day at least with the melting ice that hung upon our clothes, or the snow that fell on them; and rest, when we halted from necessity, was banished, not oftener by the swarms of vermin and foul air which infested our squalid quarters, than by the cold, which, in spite of our furs, would strike from our thawing clothes or the frozen floor to our very marrow.

But worse even than corporeal sufferings was the anxiety of mind inseparable from the responsibility that rested on me, and the moral effort required not only to judge what should be done under circumstances of great embarrassment, but to force myself, day after day, and night after night, and oblige others to face the physical sufferings and consequences which that decision might involve. To know that the lives of many men and animals, as well as your own, rest upon your judgment and discretion, is a consideration that may well make a man pause before he acts; and the impulses of mere humanity and self-preservation must be greatly heightened in these operations by the recollection that with you must perish all you may have done, and must terminate your efforts to do more — for to little end have been all your exertions if, by one false step on your part, the fruits of them are to lie buried with yourself under a wreath of snow.

In essaying to describe all this to you, I know that I am attempting an impossibility, and may have only succeeded in fatiguing without amusing or instructing you; for how can you form a notion of situations which have never suggested themselves to your imagination, as the Persians say "even in a dream"? and perhaps, after all, you may best come to estimate our sufferings from the declaration which I make in all good faith and sincerity, so far as I can answer for myself, that I know no consideration upon earth, short of absolute and imperative duty, which would induce me to undertake such another journey at such a season — season I repeat emphatically, because to season alone we owe all our hardships. The same trip might be made in autumn and early winter, or even in summer, in spite of the heat, without serious inconvenience, and, if time were taken for moderate rest, with comfort and pleasure.

You may suppose that all this has not been gone through without some loss of corporeal substance, but you would scarcely believe the amount of reduction it has perpetrated upon my tabernacle of clay: little indeed remains of the moderately "stout gentleman" whom I represented when we parted. I should serve now better for the study of a human skeleton to a student of anatomy. But in health, thank Heaven ! I never was better ; I am strong in mind and body, and up to any exploit; and so, dear ——, with humble and hearty thanks to the Almighty for preservation in so many dangers, I close this long epistle : my next will probably give you some account of our doings at Tehran.

From these "doings at Tehran" we should have been glad to extract some graver pieces of information than those which Mr. Fraser gives us; but his political conclusions are all kept for the private ear of the noble Lord who despatched him on his mission, and we are forced to content ourselves with the mere *tableaux* of society and details of the Court gossip at Tehran.

One of Mr. Fraser's first visits was to the ex-English Ambassador, Meerza Abul Hussun Khan, whom Mr. Morier has introduced to us all so pleasantly in *Hajji Baba.* The old gentleman was mightily pleased at the liberties taken with him. "It was," he said, "very bad, sir, very bad; no true, sir; no honest, 'pon my honour, sir;" and he interlarded his strange English, writes Mr. Fraser, with some more correct, though not more complimentary remarks in Persian. "It was the time of the Persian new year, and when all the world pays complimentary visits."

We called on old Meerza Abul Hussun Khan, to wish him "a happy Eede," but we found him laid up, suffering sadly from mischievous boils in the fattest parts of his fat carcass; he was full of pain and scandal, which last, of a political nature, he loves as well as ever an old maiden at home does a bit of secret, family, or personal history: you know we can have none here in which the ladies are concerned, and there would be but poor amusement for your home scandalmongers; but it does not languish for want of the beverage which is said to be so great a promoter of it in England, for we chat here over a capital dish of tea, too sweet for home palates, perfect sirup, and generally without milk, but excellent in flavour.

The old gentleman is truly a sad abusive person; he has no measure in talking of those he dislikes, and many a bitter sarcasm he vented to-day, and many an absurd anecdote did he tell in his strange mixture of Persian and English. Among other things, however, he mentioned a rather spirited *on dit* of the old King. The Prince Governor of Fars, Hassan Allee Meerza, who, like many of his Royal brothers, is very remiss in revenual matters, has suffered so long a time to elapse without even the smallest apology for a remittance, that the Schah has at length lost all patience, and threatens to go himself to Sheerauz and collect the money. A day or two ago, it is said, he broke out with perfect fury, and ordered the following message to be forthwith sent to the Prince:—"Either you are *yaghee* (in a state of rebellion), or you are not; if the latter, send all arrears without delay—if the former, say so honestly, and come and meet the Schah with your army. The Schah will be on the road to Fars after the *mohurrum.*—*Bismillah!* Come to Khooskizurd, and fight it out there!"

Another great personage at court is thus introduced, and the reader will admire his feats of war and wine:—

March 23.—A cold frosty wind—water frozen out of doors. While the Envoy was receiving a visit from the Malek-ul-Shäer, or poet-laureate, son and successor of old Futeh Allee Khan, from whom I had formerly received great kindness, we were informed that a certain nobleman, a cousin of the King's, Hassan Allee Khan Kajar, a brother of Aga Mahomed Khan, is a very fine dashing fellow. It was he who, by a spirited charge on the heights Aberân during the last war with Russia, was chiefly instrumental of causing a battalion of Russian regulars to lay down their arms; but he has one great fault; he is not only a *khoosh goozerân*, or *bon vivant*, but a downright drunkard. Hours and days does he pass in drinking; and, as the garden of the residency is one of the pleasantest spots within the walls of Tehran, this jolly Khan frequently honours it with his presence, and spends the live-long day under the shade of the cypresses, glass in hand. On this occasion, after paying his respects to the Envoy, he retired to his favourite retreat, with a store of good liquor which he had provided; and, piercing cold though it was, commenced his orgies. Even so late as near 8 o'clock at night, when we were all sitting after dinner over our sober glass of wine, we heard he was still there. We had just then taken a sip of delicious rum-shrub as a liqueur, and somebody observed, "How Hassan Allee Khan would smack his lips at this!" "Let us send it to him," said the Envoy. "By all means: say we have just been tasting it, and having approved of it, we send it to the Khan, in hopes he may take a glass." In a very short while the Khan returned for answer, "that the Elchees' wine was excellent, and that in lieu thereof he sent a bottle of his own, with his respects, and hoping that it would prove to the taste of the gentlemen." It turned out to be very tolerable Tehran wine, of a bright light Madeira colour, and a flavour which, if improved by a few years' keeping, would have been excellent.

Next day, March 24th, we went to visit this determined toper, who received us in one of the prettiest rooms I have seen in Persia. It is what is called a *zere-zemeen*, or vaulted cellar, underground, somewhat in the form of a cross, the walls of which are fitted up beautifully with mosaic work, in lackered tiles, for about three feet from the floor, and the rest with plaster, cut into *tâkchehs*, or sundry little niches and recesses, all neatly ornamented. In each *tâkcheh* there was a *bouquet* of waxen flowers, imitating lilies, jonquils, guelder and tube-roses, &c., and a quantity of oranges and lemons, ornamented with gilding, were ranged round the surbase of the apartment. There was but one window at the top of the cross, and under this there were pots and frames of flowers and green things, and fruits were placed all round it. The fireplace was opposite, at the bottom, and on either side of it we sat! The roof was a pure white shining plaster, ornamented with a carved pattern, and the corners were cut curiously into a multitude of little arches, propping each other, after a form common in the country, but difficult to describe. The whole thing had a most pleasing effect, and I am told that it is the coolest room in Tehran in summer, and the warmest in winter. The Khan does not let the beauties or comforts of this pleasant apartment be lost for lack of use, for I am informed that he occasionally has the most capital *recherché* dinners here, followed by symposia, at which there is no lack of his favourite amber-coloured liquor; and I have heard of his giving a feast of this sort to his English friends, with the whole floor of the room spread three or four inches deep with rose leaves! There is a poetical flight of a Persian Khan for you! They say, poor man, that a soft substratum to recline upon is quite necessary, as before the feast is over he is generally fast asleep upon the floor unable to move a limb.

A number of strange and lively pictures of manners and men follow each other in amusing succession. One day Mr. Fraser was modelling in wax an article which he wished to have made in silver. His old Persian master stood watching him with the profoundest attention, without, however, saying a word. At last, on being told for what the model was intended, "See now," said he with a most triumphant smile, "what a good thing is patience: ten times I was on the point of asking, but I restrained myself, saying inwardly time will show, and behold now you have told me yourself." This puts me in mind of a story of Huzrut-e-Daood (David) and Locman (the Persian Æsop). Locman was a particular friend of Daood's, and came in one day while he was employed in making a suit of armour. David, you know, was one of the best armourers that ever existed. Well, Locman saw him twisting and turning the metal, and fashioning rings and links, and joining them together, and much he longed to know what all this was for. At length Huzrut-e-Daood finished his work, and having put on the coat of mail, said to Locman, "Do you see this armour? Is it not an excellent thing? How well it defends a man in the day of battle." "Ay," said Locman; "but do you see how excellent a thing is patience? Here have I been for days watching what you were about, and never asked what it might be for; and lo! now you have told me yourself."

The legend is certainly curious, though the moral is puzzling: we cannot understand why the learned Locman should have exercised such unnecessary patience. We are introduced by Mr. Fraser to the late Schah, and all the dignitaries, amusements, and manners of his court. Those who are curious about the cookery of this polite people should read Mr. Fraser's description of a grand entertainment given by the Queen to the English diplomatic corps:—

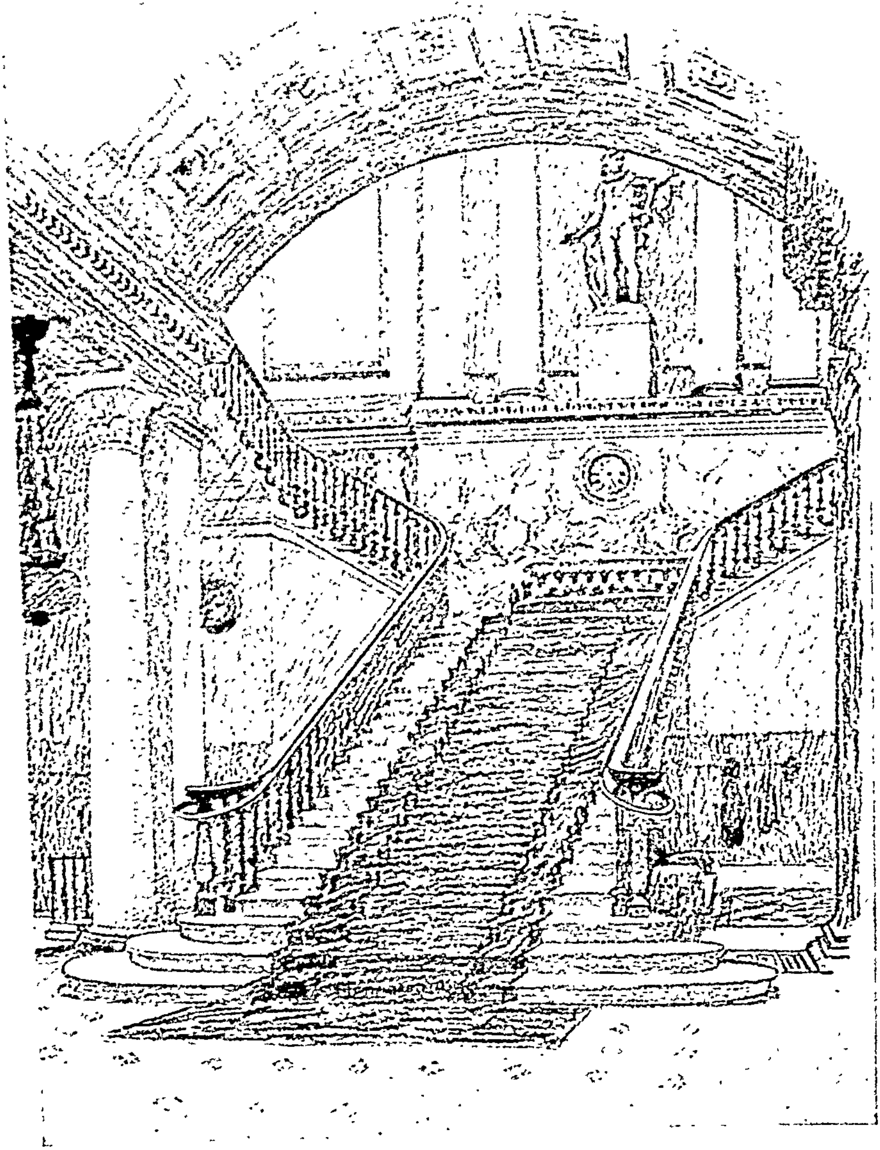
> The dinner was a much better concern; it was a most plentiful and excellent display of the best native dishes, capitally cooked, and followed by a dessert of sweetmeats also *à la mode de Perse;* to wash down which we had excellent Madeira, very good wine of Ispahan, and a sort of champagne, which I believe was Donsky wine, a very pleasant beverage, in which we toasted the health of the *Schah-in-schah*, to the great amusement—I hope, too, to the satisfaction—of the Khans, who dined by themselves at their ease at the other table, not making use, as we did, of the vulgar appliances of knives and forks.

I need scarcely attempt to describe to you the various excellent dishes we discussed—of the *naringe* pillaw, and the *kajaree* pillaw, and the *aushe* pillaw, and the *subzee* pillaw, or the *mootanjân*, or the *fizenjân*, or the various *moosommahs* or stews; the fowls and partridges stewed to rags in sweet and sour sauces; the multitude of *cookoos* or omelettes, and the sweetmeats and pickles to relish them; for, though your mouth might water, I should despair of conveying to you an idea of their conjoint or individual excellencies; but I daresay you will comprehend the luxury of the great bowls of sherbet, orange, lemon, cinnamon, or rose-water, with lumps of ice floating in them, and of the very nice shapes of cream and ice-water which terminated our refection, in a hot night of May, rendered more stifling by the heat and glare of a thousand lamps. The evening's amusements terminated with a most brilliant and varied display of fireworks, representing, as they said, cypress trees and chinars, and many other shapes, in most profuse and dazzling abundance; but, as no description can convey an idea of these things, I can spare you the tediousness of one, and will only say that when we returned, all, as I believe, were very well satisfied with our evening's amusement, which certainly was most kindly meant and liberally provided for.

Curiosity and love of physic (writes Mr. Fraser) are two ever-ruling passions in the Persian breast, male and female.

Accordingly, whenever a new medical man arrives he is sure to be pestered out of his life by people coming to stare at him, and get medicine out of him, if they can make out a pretext; and, however stout they may seem, few there are who cannot invent some imaginary ache or ail of their own, or some of their family, to entitle them to a dose; you would swear that there were no such thing as health here, or that the possessors of it detested it. The gentleman who has arrived in medical charge of the British detachment has had his share of this annoying practice, and being at length extremely incommoded by the number of persons who flocked on those pretences to his dwelling, he resolved to give a check to such impertinence on the first fitting opportunity. One day, on returning home, he found, more to his surprise than his satisfaction, two men, strangers, quietly praying on the carpet of his apartment. They proved to be two Persians, one of them himself a doctor, who had come to look at the new "*Hakeem Ferengee*," but who, finding him from home, had resolved to await his arrival. In the meantime, being overtaken by the hour of prayer, they had coolly taken out their *mohurs*, or praying-pats of clay, and, popping them down on the doctor's carpet, had commenced this most mechanical duty of lip-deep devotion.

The doctor, pretty considerably exasperated at this freedom, demanded somewhat sternly what they wanted. The men, taken unawares, and frightened at the doctor's obvious displeasure, stammered



THE STAIRCASE OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

(At the foot of this staircase Thackeray and Dickens were reconciled, a few days before Thackeray's death.)

out that they were sick persons desiring his assistance. "Very well! what are your complaints?" The one, who at some former time had had some ailment, delivered a narrative of symptoms, to which the doctor listened with grim gravity.—"And you," said he, turning to the other somewhat fiercely, "what have you to say?"

This one, who was the *medico*, frightened out of his wits, began a statement of the case of a patient of his own, on which, as he said, he wished to consult with his *Ferengee* brother; but all this he enunciated in so stammering and confused a manner, that the doctor, who did not understand a word, was confirmed in his suspicions of their being impostors. He therefore sent for his hospital assistant, a smart little Armenian. "These fellows," said he, "are humbugging, I am sure of it; but at all events a good dose of the black draught will do them no harm: give them one apiece; and mind—see that they take it—do you hear?" "*Be chushm!*—by my eyes!" said the little man, and off he went, followed by the two unwilling patients, pale, trembling, and longing to make a bolt; but they were too well watched for that; into the fatal apartment they were forced to enter.

A few minutes passed in awful preparation, during which the small apothecary was busily employed with his drugs. "*Bismillah!*" said he at last, presenting the unlovely potion. "Excuse me, not the least occasion," stammered the patient. "No excuse—drink you must," says the pestle-man firmly, and the liquor was bolted. "And now for you, friend," says he to the doctor, meting out to him a handsome allowance. "I beg to represent that I am not the patient," timidly, but earnestly, utters the man of skill. "Pshah!—no patient! then why came you here?—that's all nonsense. No representations; my orders are precise—take it you must, and shall!" And the unlucky sage, frightened from further remonstrance, made a rueful grimace, and swallowed his potion. "Now," says the apothecary, who was resolved to complete the affair in a business-like manner, "now you must pay me for my physic—come—five sahebherâns apiece—down with the dust." Here the remonstrances became more earnest and strong, and history saith not which party prevailed in this appendix to the previous contest; but that the dose was effectual there is no room to doubt, for the poor physician, who was an acquaintance of one of the members of the mission, came to call on him almost immediately afterwards, and soon got upon the subject that was uppermost in his mind, if not in his stomach. "He is a strange person, that new hakeem of yours," said he, with an expression of terror still lingering in his features; "very skilful, no doubt, but a little hasty or so, don't you think? I have a capital story to tell you about him, but," clapping his hands suddenly upon his abdomen, as if caught by a twinge of pain, "I haven't time to tell it now, I must be off—may God protect you!" and off he scoured as if he feared he might already be too late.

With which delectable anecdote and catastrophe we must close our extracts from this amusing book. We are sorry that Mr. Fraser's powers as an artist have not been put in requisition to illustrate the anecdotes which he tells so pleasantly. His hardships in his Tatar ride, his observations in his sojourn in the Persian cities, and among the great men, and the particulars of his travels among the Turcoman tribes are all most interesting, and we cordially recommend his work to the reader.

COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN POLAND.[1]

THE reader will be as much surprised by the excellent style in which the book is written, as he will be instructed by the quantity of novel information which it contains. Count Krasinski's English would not disgrace any native historian, and his learning is such as could hardly be possessed by a writer of our own country. He is conversant with languages which do not often enter into the range of acquirements of the English student, and with points of history that, to the common reader at least, are quite unfamiliar. We are very glad, for our own part, to bear testimony to his merits, and to welcome and thank a foreigner who has really rendered a service to the literature of our own country. The title of Count Krasinski's work will suffice to show that it is little suited for general discussion in the columns of a daily paper: it may find perhaps the notice which it deserves in other periodicals that are more exclusively devoted to religious and historical criticism: we ourselves must be content with pointing it out to the reader, as a work of which the style, the subject, and the manner of treating it, are praiseworthy. We do not allude to the sympathy which is likely to be created for the work on account of the nation and the misfortunes of the author; he has happily in the present case a still better claim to public attention, in the service which the public has received from him. Count Krasinski's account of Protestantism in Poland is prefaced by a brief sketch of the establishment of Christianity in that country, and of the manner in which the Papal authority was received there. It was in the year

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[1] *Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland.* By Count Valerian Krasinski. Volume I. London; Murray, 1838.

[*The Times*, November 27th, 1838.]

965, according to common belief, that the first Duke of Poland, Mieczyslaw, received the sacrament of baptism, abolished idolatry, and established Christianity throughout his dominions; yet such a change, argues Count Krasinski, must have taken much more than the mere edict of a monarch to effect, and the Christian religion had been long known and followed in Poland ere Mieczyslaw made it the religion of the state. According to an old tradition, St. Andrew, the Apostle and companion of our Lord, first preached the gospel to the Slavonian people, and penetrated as far as the spot where the town of Kiof is now built; but on this point the testimony is at least unsatisfactory, and we must look to a much later period for any certain information regarding the establishment of the religion of Christ among the Slavonic people. About the middle of the 9th century Greek missionaries converted the Bulgarians, whose dwellings were on the banks of the Danube, and who had a constant intercourse with Constantinople; and about this period, likewise, at the request of the Moravian Princes to the Emperor Michael (they stated that they were perplexed by a variety of doctrines, that they understood neither the Greek nor the Latin tongue, and begged for teachers to explain the Scriptures in their own language), the two great founders of the Slavonian church, Cyrillus and Methodius, appeared and preached in Moravia and Bohemia. They are said to have composed the Slavonian alphabet, and to have translated the Gospels and the Acts into that language. It is supposed that they visited Poland; and our author relates a curious legend regarding King Piast, who founded a dynasty which reigned in Poland till the middle of the 14th, and continued to rule in Silesia as late as the 17th century.

It is said that this Piast, a common farmer and wheelwright, lived near Krusvitza, the ancient capital of Poland, and was renowned for his virtues and particularly for his great hospitality. One day, when he was sitting with his wife before the door of his cottage, two angels in the disguise of travellers presented themselves to request his hospitality. Piast received with the utmost kindness the strangers, who in departing made themselves known to their host, and predicted his speedy elevation to the throne of his country. Soon after the reigning family was extinct and Piast elected monarch. It is not improbable, writes our author, that the two angels were no other than the two good missionaries, Cyrillus and Methodius, who were at this time prosecuting their labours in the Slavonic countries. In the quarrel of the Eastern and Western Churches the Slavonians adhered to the Popes, although they adhered in common with Greeks to the communion in both kinds, and the worship in the national language. When the Papal power was established, the Popes made many attempts to destroy this heresy (as they styled it), and the Synod of Salona, held in 1060, declared Methodius a heretic, and the Slavonian alphabet an invention of the Devil. In spite, however, of the Papal threats, the national religion continued long to maintain itself in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Poland: until the 14th century it was very common, and so late as the year 1506, a Polish writer, Miechowski, declares that this manner of worship existed. In the year 1000 the Emperor Otho III. came into Poland on a pilgrimage; a host of Romish priests followed in his train, who remained with the newly-created King Boleslav, and taught him how to persecute his subjects in his attempt to extirpate the national liturgy. The exactions and the private vices of the foreign clergy created a reaction in favour of paganism; Casimir I., during his minority, was deposed, idolatry re-established by the revolters, and Maslav, their leader, declared ruler of the country. This, however, was the last struggle of idolatry against Christianity: Maslav was finally vanquished and slain, and Casimir restored to govern a people who henceforth were to be Christian.

In 1078 occurred an event of very great importance in Polish ecclesiastical history — the murder of the Bishop of Cracow by Bouleslav the Dauntless. This crime of the King was followed, however, by his disgrace; the clergy, the nobles, and his own brother revolted, and he was compelled to flee his country. Count Krasinski describes the was to agitate the lower classes by means of the confessional and the pulpit, and to insure by their intrigues with the higher ranks of society an impunity to the excesses which an infuriated mob committed at their instigation against the anti-Romanists. Thus, many Protestant churches and schools were destroyed by riots excited by the Jesuits, and directed by the pupils of their colleges; whilst the proceedings instituted by the legal authorities, in order to punish these excesses, were rendered nugatory by the influence of their order, whose members publicly eulogized those acts of violence committed in an open breach of the laws of the country.

The long reign (1587–1631) of the weak-minded and bigoted King Sigismund III. was particularly favourable to the promotion of their schemes; and that infatuated monarch, who was entirely governed by their advice, had no other object in view than the destruction of all the opponents of Rome, and the establishment of an undivided Papal domination in his states. He attained in a great measure the object of his wishes; but at the sacrifice of the most vital interests of the country. The Jesuits gained during that reign a paramount influence over the affairs of Poland, and although the pernicious effects of that influence were counterbalanced for some time by the efforts of the Zamoyskis, Chodkiewiczs, the Zolkiewskis, and other eminent characters, who appeared in Poland during that period, it finally produced the most fatal consequences to that country.

Such were the rebellions of the numerous parties which followed the Eastern Church, internal feuds, foreign invasion, and the loss of many important provinces. Yet these calamities, great as they were, may be considered as less disastrous than the moral effects produced by the withering sway which the disciples of Loyola exercised for more than a century over the national mind. They clearly saw that the surest means of extirpating scriptural doctrines was to fetter the national intellect by means of a preposterous system of education; and they consequently introduced such a system into the public schools of Poland, which were for a long time almost exclusively conducted by them. This measure produced its natural consequences; science and literature were almost annihilated; and Poland, which had made rapid strides in every kind of improvement during the sixteenth century, instead of advancing, retrograded with equal rapidity. It was at such a price that Romanism was saved in Poland, and no country in the world affords, perhaps, a more striking illustration of the blessings which a political community derives from the introduction of a scriptural religion, and of the calamities which are entailed on a nation by its extinction; because the above-mentioned country rose in its welfare and glory with the progress of the Reformation, and declined in the same ratio as the scriptural doctrines gave way to the Roman Catholic reaction.

OUR ANNUAL EXECUTION.[1]

THE best part of education in England used formerly to be the ROD. It made good scholars, brave soldiers, and honest gentlemen: it acted upon our English youth in a manner the most gentle, the most wholesome, the most effectual. It was applied indiscriminately, it is true; but were any the worse for it? Is there any man, of Eton or Westminster, who reads this, and can say that any part of him was injured by the rod application? Not one? Is there any, to go a step further, who can say that he was not benefited? We pause for a reply. None? Then none has it offended. Blessings be on the memory of the rod! It is dead now: all the twigs are withered, all the buds have dropped off. It is a moss-grown and forgotten ruin, sacred only to a few, who worship timidly at the shrine where their fathers bowed openly, who still exercise the rod-worship, and cherish the recollections of the dear old times.

The critical rod, too, is, for the most part, thrown aside. This, however, was subject to more abuses than the scholastic rod (which was applied moderately only, and to parts where the defences against injury are naturally strong); critics were too fierce with their weapon, and did not mind where their blows hit. A poor harmless fellow has been whipped unto death's door almost, when the critic thought that he was only wholesomely correcting him; another has been maimed for life, whom fierce-handed flagellifer had thought only to tickle. Such abuses came sometimes from sheer exuberance of spirits on the part of the critic (take the Great Professor, who, in fun, merely seizes on an unlucky devil, and flogs every morsel of skin off his back, so that he shall not be able to sit, lie, or walk for months to come); sometimes from professional enthusiasm (like that which some great surgeons have, who cannot keep their fingers from the knife); sometimes, alas! from personal malice, when the critic is no more than a literary cut-throat and brutal assassin, for whose infamy no punishment is too strong. The proper method, finally—for why affect modesty, and beat about the bush?—is that particular method which WE adopt. If the subject to be operated upon be a poor weak creature, switch him gently, and then take him down. If he be a pert pretender, as well as an ignoramus, cut smartly, and make him cry out; his antics will not only be amusing to the lookers-on, but instructive likewise: a warning to other impostors, who will hold their vain tongues, and not be quite so ready for the future to thrust themselves in the way of the public. But, as a general rule, never flog a man unless there are hopes of him; if he be a real malefactor, sinning not against taste merely, but truth, give him a grave trial and punishment: don't flog him, but brand him solemnly, and then cast him loose. The best cure for humbug is satire—here above typified as the rod; for crime, you must use the *hot iron:* but this, thank Heaven! is seldom needful, not more than once or twice in the seven-and-thirty years that we ourselves have sate on the bench.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1839.]

Some such gentle switching as we have spoken of (mingled, however, with much sweet praise and honour for the meritorious) we are about to administer to the writers and draughtsmen for the Annuals of the present year. We had intended to pass them over altogether, having belaboured one or two of them twelve months since, had not the rest of the London critics, as we see by the advertisements, chosen to indulge in such unseemly praises and indecent raptures as may mislead the painters, authors, and the public, and prove the critics themselves to be quite unworthy of the posts they fill. Bad as the system of too much abusing is, the system of too much praising is a thousand times worse; and praise, monstrous, indiscriminate, wholesale, is the fashion of the day. The critics, for the most part, are down on their knees to authors and artists: every twaddling rhymester who fills a page in an Annual, and every poor dabbler in art who illustrates it, turn out to be a Raphael, a Byron the Second; and the public — with respect be it spoken, in matters of art the most ignorant, the most credulous public in Europe — falls down on its knees in imitation of the critic, and to every one of his prayers roars out its stupid amen.[1]

Thus we have been compelled to revert to the Annuals, for there are dangerous symptoms of a return to the old superstition, and unless we cry out, it is not improbable that the public will begin to fancy once more that the verses which they contain are real poetry, and the pictures real painting: and thus painters, poets, and public will be spoiled alike. An eminent artist, who read those remarkable pages on the Annuals which appeared in this magazine last year, was pleased to give us his advice, in case we ever should be tempted to return to the same subject at a future season. He had adopted the new faith about criticism, and was of opinion that it is the writer's duty only to speak of pictures particularly, when one could speak in terms of praise; not, of course, to praise unjustly, but to be discreetly silent when there was no opportunity. This was the dictum of old Goethe (as may be seen in Mrs. Austen's "characteristics" of that gentleman), who employed it, as our own Scott did likewise, as much, we do believe, to save himself trouble, and others annoyance, as from any conviction of the good resulting from the plan. It is a fine maxim, and should be universally adopted — across a table. Why should not Mediocrity be content, and fancy itself Genius?

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[1] In matters of art, the public is entirely led by critics, or by names: for instance, in theatrical matters, what was the Kean mania of last season? The power of a name merely. Why is the Olympic Theatre not so well attended during the absence of the fair lady who rents it? The performances are if possible better and smarter than ever; but the public has been accustomed to think Madame Vestris charming, and will have no other. Why was the opera of *Barbara* at Covent Garden — the prettiest, the liveliest, the best acted piece we have seen for many a day — unsuccessful, hissed even regularly? Because the public has a notion that Covent Garden is for tragedy only, and will not allow that it can produce a good musical piece.

Why should not Vanity go home, and be a little more vain? If you tell the truth, ten to one but Dulness only grows angry, and is not a whit less dull than before,—such being its nature. But when *I* becomes *we*—sitting in judgment, and delivering solemn opinions—*we* must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for then there is a third party concerned—the public—between whom and the writer, or painter, the critic has to arbitrate, and he is bound to show no favour. What is kindness to the one, is injustice to the other, who looks for an honest judgment, and is by far the most important party of the three; the two others being, the one the public's servant, the other the public's appraiser, sworn to value, to the best of his power, the article that is for sale. The critic does not value rightly, it is true, once in a thousand times; but if he do not deal *honestly*, wo be to him! The hulks are too pleasant for him, transportation too light. For ourselves, our honesty is known; every man of the band of critics (that awful, unknown *Vehmgericht*, that sits in judgment in the halls of REGINA) is gentle, though inexorable, loving, though stern, *just* above all. As fathers, we have for our dutiful children the most tender yearning and love; but we are, every one of us, Brutuses, and at the sad intelligence of our children's treason we weep—the father will; *but we chop their heads off*. Enough of apology and exposition of our critical creed; let us proceed to business.

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The *Book of Royalty*[1] has the finest coat of all the Annuals, and contains, by way of illustration, a number of lithographic drawings, by Messrs. Perring and Brown, gaily coloured with plenty of carmine, emerald-green, and cobalt-blue. The pictures are agreeable, though not very elaborate; for the sketches of the above-named artists are far better than their pictures in a great book which is called

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[1] The *Book of Royalty: Characteristics of British Palaces*. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. The drawings by W. Perring and J. Brown. London: Ackermann. 1839.

Finden's *Tableaux of the Affections*,[1] and in which Messrs. Perring and Brown have had everything in their own way. Nothing can be more false, poor, or meretricious than the taste characteristic of these productions, which consist of female pages, in light pantaloons, dissolved in grief; Moorish ladies; Greek wives; Swiss shepherdesses; and such like. They are bad figures, badly painted and drawn, standing in the midst of bad landscapes; the whole engraved in that mean, weak, conventional manner which engravers have nowadays—in which there is no force, breadth, texture, nor feeling of drawing; but only that paltry smoothness and effect which are the result of pure mechanical skill, and which a hundred workhouse-boys or tailors' apprentices would learn equally well—better than a man of genius would do. But, what matters? The beauty of certain English engravings is, that they are so entirely without character, that one may look at them year after year, and forget them always; especially if a new set of verses appear every Christmas, being fresh illustrations of the old plates.

The dumpy little *Forget-Me-Not*[2] opens with a very poor engraving, from a very poor picture by Parris, which is as flimsy as an engraving in the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, but not so authentic; and contains a dozen other pieces, of which "Pocahontas," by Middleton, and Nash's "Sir Henry Lee at Prayers," are perhaps the best specimens. This and the *Friendship's Offering*[3] are the last of the original Annuals: and a great comfort it is that the publishers and public have found out the mistake of size, and that the younger Annuals are in dimensions far more capacious than their fathers and mothers—young Jupiters, who have deposed the old paternal dynasty. Unable to say much for the pictorial part of the *Forget-Me-Not*, we are glad to find the literary contents much superior to many of the very biggest Annuals; and quote a piece of an admirable marine story, at which the reader cannot but be frightened: —

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[1] Finden's *Tableaux of the Affections: a Series of Picturesque Illustrations of the Womanly Virtues.* From paintings by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of *Our Village.* London: Tilt. 1839.

[2] *Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for* 1839. London: Ackermann.

[3] *Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath for* 1839. London: Smith and Elder.

> The lad performed his task, and gave the result to the mate, who was seated before his log-book. "Latitude, 3° 6′ N.; longitude, 63° 20′ 5″ E., sir," said he, as the captain slowly opened the door of his cabin. It was instantly closed with the greatest violence, and the startled apprentice hurried away.
>
> The dinner-hour arrived, and the steward summoned his chief. No reply was given, till the mate repeated that the table was served. "I do not choose any dinner, Mr. Osborne," was the reply; "these warm latitudes take away my appetite. Let me have some soda-water."
>
> The order was obeyed, and the solitary mate hurried over his meal in silence. The day passed on with its accustomed duties; and, to the astonishment of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a more cheerful countenance than he had ever been seen to assume: he looked around and inhaled the cool breeze of the evening with apparent pleasure. He spoke kindly to the mate, and attempted to smile at the fine lad who had reported the progress of the ship. A gentle ripple curled against the sides of the vessel; and there was almost an air of gladness throughout her inhabitants as she skimmed the surface of the deep blue waters.
>
> The next day the mate, the apprentice, and the captain himself prepared to make their observations. The sun reached its meridian, and the latitude was worked; the lad looked at the mate with astonishment — the latitude was the same as the day before. The quadrant dropped from the hands of the captain; but, as Mr. Osborne picked it up, he said, "Perhaps we have had too much easting, sir; we will work the longitude."
>
> "Ah, true," said the captain.
>
> "I am sure," said the helmsman, "we have been steering N.E. by N. ever since yesterday."
>
> "Hold your tongue," said the mate. He and the lad retired to the cuddy, and made their calculations; and the longitude proved to be the same as the day before.
>
> "There must have been some mistake," said the mate; "but we must enter it as such." "She seems to be going along nicely now, however. But so she did yesterday," thought he. "What can be hanging over us?"
>
> No rest was taken by either master or mate the whole of that night: the latter paced the deck, and the former the cuddy, throughout the dreamy hours; and they met at breakfast without exchanging a word. Noon approached; and, as they took their stand, "Now, my lad,"

said the mate to the apprentice, "we have been steering due north all night, and I think we shall find some difference."

Again did the sun, with its dazzling brightness, reach the southernmost point, and again did the mate and the apprentice look aghast at each other: the figures were the same; and yet the quadrants were in excellent order. The mate first recovered himself: "For your life," said he, in a low voice, "tell this to no man, but see what your longitude is, and come quietly into the cuddy with it, written on the edge of your quadrant. Again I charge you not to utter a sound."

The lad sat down in a corner close to the door, and having performed his task, tremblingly presented it to the mate within, who was leaning his head upon his hand, as if buried in thought, but evidently knowing the result: he copied the figures into the log-book, left it open on the table, and quitted the cuddy with the apprentice. No sooner had they departed than the captain softly opened the door of his cabin, and with stealthy pace crept to the log: the same figures, three times repeated, saluted his eyes. A look of frenzied despair passed over his features; then, clenching his fist and striking his forehead, he rushed back into his cabin.

A death-like stillness reigned upon deck: the crew stared at each other with wondering and anxious looks; the mate seemed to gasp for breath as he sadly leaned over the gangway; the sky was bright and clear, and of that deep colour which is so beautiful between the tropics; not another living thing was seen in the equally clear and blue ocean; and that doomed vessel, with her twenty-six souls, seemed to be the only speck in the vast wilderness around. Five minutes more, and the captain rushed on deck in a frantic state: "Crowd on all sail, Osborne — let her stagger under it! By all the powers in Heaven, we will leave this accursed spot!"

His orders were obeyed, and he himself lent a hand to facilitate their execution; his hat fell off; his long black locks blew from his ample forehead; his flashing eyes, his finely cut features, his muscular frame, seeming to possess superhuman strength; his sonorous, yet melodious voice, resounding from stem to stern, seemed to fill the vault above. But, crowd as they would, they were now sensible that the vessel did not move. The sea became smooth as glass; the canvas flapped listlessly against the masts: but still the ship did not roll as in a calm; she seemed to be out of the power of ordinary events.

As the last rope was pulled, and the men could do no more, a loud ringing laugh was heard by every one; each thought it was his neighbour. A breeze passed over every wondering face; and still the sails flapped. But presently a small black cloud appeared in the horizon. "A white squall!" said one of the men.

"Take in all sail, stand by to cut the halliards," cried the mate, "or we are lost!"

"A white squall do you call it?" said one of the men, sulkily. "I call it a black one."

They looked round for the captain for orders, but he was gone; and they heard his door close with frightful violence.

The black cloud came, and spread over a large surface immediately above the ship; it then opened, and two figures of frightful form descended from it, bearing between them a coffin, which they placed on the deck. One of them stationed himself by its side, with a huge hammer and several nails in his hand, and the other took the lid from the coffin. "Charles Osborne!" exclaimed he. The mate advanced, and was laid in the coffin: it was much too narrow for him, and he was rudely pushed upon the deck. Another and another was summoned by name, till all the twenty-five had tried the dimensions: for some it was too short, for others too long; it was then too wide, or too slender in its proportions; but, as each took his station in it, the figure with the hammer and nails stood with uplifted hands, ready to strike and to close the victim with it.

Those who had clear consciences advanced with pale but calm countenances; others trembled violently. Those who had much to repent of were convulsed, and big drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads. These were so near fitting, that the figures grinned with delight; they were even pressed down into the coffin, as if to stuff them in: but the demons, shaking their heads, violently tossed them out again, with an impatient gesture.

At length the whole of the twenty-five had taken their turn; and, while they blessed their own escape, they anxiously fixed their eyes on the cuddy-door.

"There is yet another," said one of the demons, in a hollow tone: "Come forth, Ferdinand Conder!"

With erect mien and ghastly smile, the captain for the last time issued from his place of refuge, looking like a man who knew that his hour was come, but determined to meet his fate with firmness. He gave one look of affection at the mate, and quietly laid himself in the coffin. In an instant the lid was closed over him; nine nails were driven in, with one blow to each: and, taking the coffin in their arms, the figures ascended into the black cloud, which closed over them. The vessel seemed to rise out of the waters; and as she returned to their surface with a mighty plunge, a tremendous rush and the word "murder" were heard above. The cloud disappeared, and all was still!

The first and most important fact of the *Keepsake*[1] is the binding. Hancock's India-rubber binding answers to a wonder, and displays the plates and the letterpress of the *Keepsake* as they never were displayed before: as for the latter, perhaps the binding is a little too liberal towards it, for it compels one to read the text willy-nilly, and, of course, to grow angry over the silly twaddle one reads. How much better, in this respect, is the arrangement of the *Forget-Me-Not;* of which the copies before us will neither open nor shut, so cleverly has the binder arranged it. But, "*revenons à nos Kipsicks.*" In the frontispiece figures Madame Guiccioli, a clever engraving by Thompson, after Chalon the monopolizer. Next follows:—

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[1] The *Keepsake for* 1839. Edited by Frederick Mansell Reynolds. London: Longman.

2. "The Unearthly Visitant." A beautiful picture, by Herbert; engraved by Stocks. This picture is in the very best style of English art, carefully drawn, well composed, graceful, earnest, and poetical; and we, the most ruthless critics in the world, are pleased to say, "Well done, Herbert!"

3. "The Shipwreck." A scene from *Don Juan*, by Bentley.

4. "Maida." By Miss Corbaux. Portraits, most probably. The child is pretty and graceful, like one of Sir Joshua's.

5. "Mary Danvers." Dyce. A charming, smiling little girl. One of the very best figures that appear among the prints of the season.

6. "The Tableau," *alias* Beppo. Mr. Herbert never makes *bad* pictures, but this is not a very good one.

7. "The Battle-Field." Harding. Alp's midnight interview with Miss Minotti, from the popular poem of the *Siege of Corinth.* Guns, ruins, horse-tails, moonlight, ghosts, and Turks. Not quite the best of Mr. Harding's works.

8. "Constantine and Euphrasia." A picture by E. Corbould, in the fiddle-faddle style. This picture represents Conrad carrying off Gulnare in the most milk-and-water manner imaginable. The corsair has his right foot forwards, like Monsieur Albert; and Gulnare, in his arms, smiles like Mademoiselle Duvernay.

9. "The Reefer." Chalon. One of Mr. Chalon's pretty affectations. A young midshipman leans across the foretop-

gallant yard, and turns towards heaven the largest pair of eyes ever seen. The dear little fellow's collar is sadly rumpled, and his hair entirely out of curl. Sweet fellow! Pray Heaven he don't catch cold!

10. "Mary of Mantua." Miss Corbaux. A beautiful head, but a droll pair of hands.

11. "Speranza appearing to Vane," *alias* Manfred Meadows. Oh, Mr. Meadows!

And this is the *catalogue raisonné* of the *Keepsake* gallery for the present year: an improvement, decidedly, on the last, containing, for the most part, better pictures, and of a better class. A great improvement, too, is in the size of the plates, which, since the first unlucky discovery of Annuals, have been expanding and expanding, until, at last, painter and engraver may hope for justice, and their hands need no longer be so miserably cramped as they have been.

So much for the plates of the *Keepsake;* and now for the poetry and the prose. We have bestowed praise enough on Mr. Herbert's "Unearthly Visitors"; a noble lady has composed the following verses to it:—

The grave hath opened now, and hath restored
The lost, the loved, the lovely, and the adored.
Death! thou'rt the awful, thou'rt the mighty Death!
And who but trembles at thy power beneath!
But thou art *not* the almighty Death; thou'rt *not*—
Despite thy mastery o'er our troubled lot—
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
The unconquerable, the unconquered of the earth.
[*A good liberal measure for a decasyllabic line.*]
No! Praised be Heaven that called us this birth!
Love is the mightier! He thy bounds can break,
And bid the slumberers from the tombs awake.
What is this form, from thy dark realms set free,
That looks a sovereign thing o'er Fate and Thee?
That thus hath burst thy dull and dismal bound,
With beauty beatific clad and crowned?
Ay! *beatifically beauteous* there
She stands, than life more lovely far, and fair.
Spirit to spirit the long parted meet,
And solemnly, mysteriously, they greet.

> The world recedes; gray Time draws back in fear—
> Gray Time, a monarch and a master here,
> With all his shadowy years, that *fleetly fly*
> Before the presence of the Eternity:
> Before the Eternity that looks in light,
> From those calm eyes the spiritually bright.
> Earth's son shakes off earth's pain-surrounding things;
> His soul soars proudly on unfettered wings.
> Spirit to spirit, the long parted meet,
> And solemnly, mysteriously they meet!

What can we say of these lines? They are "beatifically beauteous," and no mistake. One is puzzled to know if they are the more clear in thought, or lucid in expression; one is puzzled, above all, to know why ladies will write such things, or editors of Annuals print them. Here are some more aristocratic

STANZAS,

BY LORD J. MANNERS.

> Most beautiful! I love thee,
>   By thy eye of melting blue:
> In life and death I'll prove me
>   Faithful, kind, and true.
>
> Most beautiful! I love thee,
>   By the heart that now I give:
> O let my fond prayers move thee
>   To bid me hope and live!

When it is recollected that the above lines were made by his lordship at six years of age, the reader will make every allowance for him; had he been six years older we might have been inclined to be severe. One more specimen let us give, from a sweet tale by the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P., who says that, since he published an article in the *Keepsake*, in the year 1835—

> I have mingled much in the world, and with a heart *cold and storm-worn* as the brow of Jura, sought out its associations, and affected to feel and be swayed by impulses and attachments, of which I only remembered the force; but which remembrance enabled me to act the part, or feign a reality, sufficiently to make my fellow-creatures believe

I was as gaily, as gregariously inclined as they were. Had the undisguised truth been known, I stood amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity, as the blighted and lightning-struck oak rears its dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness; stretching forth my arms, and pointing alone to that blessed sky, to which, as it is the home of all blessed souls, I deemed my own, my sweet, my fascinating spirit of the Wye had, in all her loveliness, departed!

O day and night! But he is a rare genius! Fancy the hero of the tale of the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley standing "a blighted oak, amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity!" "with a heart cold and storm-worn as the brow of Jura!" "rearing his dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness!" "stretching forth his arms, and pointing alone to that blessed sky!" . . . where dwells the kindred spirit of Bayes! This man — we speak it as a Niagara cataract of impetuous emotion gushes softly from each eye, and an abysmal earthquake of storm-uprooted feelings, and smouldering chaotic lava, heaves the tempestuous bosom — this is THE man of the Annuals! Amid the desert of contributors he stands, a huge and lonely pyramid, in solitary greatness. Let the red simoom rage at his base, what cares he? Awe-stricken, the red simoom scuds screaming away, and the lustrous stars look calm upon his stalactitic apex! In a word (for if we were to keep the steam of our style *crescendo,* we might blow the Magazine and all Regent Street into atoms), as the *Athenæum* says, Mr. Berkeley "may now take his place," etc., etc., among the brightest spirits, etc., etc., of our time.

There are three landscape Annuals, as before. The *Oriental,*[1] with engravings after sketches by Mr. Bacon; the *Landscape,*[2] which Mr. Holland has illustrated with Portuguese views; and the *Picturesque*,[1] which contains an elaborate description of Versailles, with numerous engravings after Callow, Mackenzie, and Collignon. All the letterpress of these books merits applause. Mr. Bacon tells pleasant Indian stories; Mr. Harrison has a store of Portuguese sketches and legends; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, finally, writes or translates a history of Versailles, which alone will give the reader a very tolerable smattering of French history. Mr. Bacon is not, we presume, artist enough to do more than sketch; so Roberts, Stanfield, and others, have been employed to complete the drawings. Mr. Callow's are capital designs for the *Picturesque ;* and Mr. Holland is a welcome addition to the landscape painters. His drawings are not quite so glib and smooth as those from more practical hands; but they are perhaps more like nature, and certainly less mannered than the excellent, though exaggerated, performances of some of the seniors in the art.

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[1] The *Oriental Annual: containing a Series of Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances.* By Thomas Bacon, Esq., F.S.A. With engravings by W. and E. Finden, from sketches by the author. London: Tilt. 1839.

[2] Jennings's *Landscape Annual; or Tourist in Portugal.* By W. H. Harrison. Illustrated by paintings by James Holland. London: Jennings. 1839.

Mr. Fisher has employed, as usual, the aid of L. E. L. to set off his old plates, many of which we recognize as having been shifted from a work published by Mr. Tilt into the *Drawing-room Scrap-book*,[2] and *Juvenile*[3] ditto; not, however, that there is any harm in so doing; for, luckily, such is the character of English art, such a beautiful vapidity pervades the chief portion of the pictures submitted to the public, that to remember them is a sheer impossibility; we may look at them over and over again, year after year, *Scrap-book* after *Scrap-book*, and never recognize our former insipid acquaintances; so that the very best plan is this of the Messrs. Fisher, to change, not the plates, but just the names underneath, and make Medora into Haidee or Desdemona, or what you will. As for the poets, they are always ready, and will turn you off a set of stanzas regarding either or every one of the characters with ingenuity never failing.

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[1] Heath's *Picturesque Annual for* 1839. With poetical illustrations by L. E. L. London: Fisher.

[2] Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-book for* 1839. With poetical illustrations by L. E. L. London: Fisher.

[3] Fisher's *Juvenile Scrap-book for* 1839. By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London: Fisher.

Here, *a propos,* comes a letter which has been slipped into our box, written on pink paper, in a hand almost illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass, smelling of musk, and signed "Rosalba de Montmorency."

To the EDITOR of *FRASER'S MAGAZINE.*

Sir,

In making you *mes complimens empressés*, allow me to state how *flattered and proud* I should feel if the accompanying *chansonnettes* could appear in the pages of your *Recueil.*

I have presented them, I confess, to the editors of one or two of the Keepsakes, in humble hope, that, amid the poetesses of our clime, the humble Rosalba de Montmorency might be permitted to rank — a *wild flower* amidst the *gorgeous blossoms* which form the *dewy coronal* that binds the lofty brow of the female Poesy of England! Say, sir, have I or have I not drunk of the Castalian cup?

In almost the same words did I address myself to the editors of the Annuals above *hinted at.* They replied not — responded not — answered not. In vain I have cast o'er their *gilded and illuminated* page an eye of fever; *my* strains were not permitted to be heard in their *exclusive temples*, or swell the chorus of England's *aristocratic* minstrelsy.

Will you, sir, succour a damsel in distress? Yes, your true heart, I know, responds to the echo! Will you tell me, are not my stanzas as *impassioned*, ay, as *fashionable*, as those of my *gemmed* or *coronetted* sisterhood, whose passion-songs twine round so many a page?

The *idea* of the little stanzas I enclose is not altogether new. A strain oft sung by vulgar mariners has, I know not how, come to my ears; and as I thought I discovered in the coarse garment which envelops them some *lurking gems of poesy*, these I have extracted, and set them in more appropriate guise. Should you accept them, 'twill be the proudest moment in the existence of

Rosalba de Montmorency.

P.S. — My real name is Miss Eliza Slabber, Margaret Cottages, Buffalo Row, Kick's Street West, Upper Cuttle Place, Camden Town, where, if you write, *please address.* — E. S.

My first is in the *romantic* style, and has been sung with much applause at —— Rouse, esquire's, the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and other fashionable assemblies, by a celebrated *female vocalist* who shall be nameless. It is called

THE BATTLE-AXE POLACCA.

Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
As I gave you the Battle-Axe marked with your Crest!
Eleleu! in the desolate hour!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with Thee at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your Banner and broider your crest.
Eleleu! in the festival hour!

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-*melée*.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that Battle-Axe, ah! and that crest!
Eleleu! in the dire battle-hour!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a Festival Hour for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his Banner and broider his Crest.
Tralala! for the festival hour!

The little turn *eleleu* in the first three stanzas to *tralala* in the last has been admired very much, and is considered *by judges* as a beautiful *alternation* from *grief* to *joy*. It is *quite in the regular* way of modern poets, I assure you. Now follows a *sprightly ditty*. A *French friend* has kindly inserted several phrases, and the whole is pronounced quite fashionable. It is called

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase at Devonshire House!

I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent, *en province*, all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, *oh, mon Dieu!* to revive her,
My beautiful vinegarette!

Return, love! away with coquetting;
This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from these Circes,
Reviens for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!

There: is it not *the thing* now? Perhaps you will like to see the vulgar ballad on which I have formed my strains? It is so paltry and low, that were it not for curiosity's sake I really would not send it.

Still your —— I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

Improper stuff! I am really almost ashamed to write it.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I vowed I would ever continue the same,
And gave you the 'Bacco-Box marked with your name.

When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed,—
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal;
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despised.
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

* * * * * * *

Although we do not agree with Miss de Montmorency as to the merits of the piece last quoted—one of the simplest and most exquisite ditties in our language,—we are quite ready to acknowledge that her parodies are to the full as original and spirited as the chief part of the verses in the Annuals. Here, for instance, are some verses by a clever lady—a beautiful lady—a lady of rank, which we quote, because they have been quoted and admired by some of our contemporaries.

THE LETRILLA.

When the knight to battle went,
  Leaving her he loved so well,
How the maid grew pale and pined
  None might witness, none could tell.
      Weep! the while I sing!

Through the gardens like a ghost
  All the evenings she would creep.
Tears, not dreams, her pillow strew'd—
  Ah, that youth should fail to sleep!
      Weep! the while I sing!

Still she hoped—the tower would climb,
  Whence she saw him ride away—
There to watch for casque and plume
  Glancing in the evening ray.
      Weep! the while I sing!

There she watched; but tidings came—
Wo is me!—by Moorish guile
Fell the knight! A broken flower
Marks her tomb in minster-aisle!
Weep! my song is done!"

Weep! my song is done, indeed! On the contrary, one is by no means sorry to arrive at the conclusion, and only weeps that the song should ever be begun. Miss Montmorency Slabber has quite as much pathos as the Spanish "Letrilla"; and her pathetic *refrain* of "Eleleu" to the full as touching as the burden of the latter ditty. We have chosen the words because they really are good and smooth, not from a desire to seize upon the worst portion of the silly bits of *clinquant* strung together, and called gems of beauty. It is a harmless, worthless little book, as ever was seen. All the pictures are poor. Except Dyce's *Signal* and Cattermole's *Duenna*, not one is worth a penny.

In Fisher's *Scrap-book*, Miss Landon has some pretty verses; and we give a set from the same publication, which shew that, among the annual contributors, at least *somebody* can write good, honest, manly lines. Such verses are perfectly intoxicating, after so much fashionable milk and water.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

When the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack:
Five times the assault was made,
Four times were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell
In the desperate *melée* there;
Sped their spirits ill or well,
Know I not, nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
O'er the dying and the dead;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed
Sinking in a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way
  Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay! slay! slay!"
  Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew —
  Slew them with unpitying sword:
Negligently could we do
  The commanding of the Lord?

Fled the coward — fought the brave,
  Wailed the mother — wept the child;
But there did not 'scape the glave
  Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
  When the morning sun arose;
Lived not twice three hundred when
  Sunk that sun at evening close.

There we spread the wasting flame,
  Fanned to fury by the wind:
Of the city, but the name —
  Nothing more — is left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
  Lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour
  Which consigned the town to fire.

All that man had wrought — all — all —
  To its pristine dust had gone;
For, inside the shattered wall,
  Left we never stone on stone.

For it burnt not till it gave
  All it had to yield of spoil:
Should not brave soldadoes have
  Some rewarding for their toil?

What the villain sons of trade
  Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
  By one moment won, was there.

There, within the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
Did we the joyous banquet spread.

Laughing loud, and quaffing long,
With our glorious labours o'er:
To the sky our jocund song
Told the city WAS NO MORE.

The reader knows the name that is signed to these verses—that of the Standard-bearing Doctor: not Gifford, the learned Doctor; not Southey, the polyglot Doctor; not Bowring, the encyclopædian Doctor; not Dennis—THE DOCTOR, in short, and long life to him!—the man who reads, writes, and knows everything, and adorns everything of which he writes—even Homer. Modesty forbids us to mention his name; but it hangs to the end of certain translations of the *Odyssey*, to which we refer the public, and which may be found in this very magazine.[1]

And now, after the Doctor's fierce lyrics, let us give some of Mr. Milnes's stanzas; which ought to have appeared among the other extracts from the *Keepsake*, but that they are fit for much better company.

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ., M.P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;

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[1] [Dr. Maginn.]

For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not!
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, nearer —
We did not speak a word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Kissing, actually! Oh, Mr. Milnes, you naughty, naughty man!

* * * * * * *

The diversion made by Miss Slabber has occupied us so long, that we are obliged to bring our remarks abruptly to a close, with the briefest possible notice of the remaining keepsakes. The *Amaranth*[1] is remarkable for the very bad engravings it contains, and the excellence of its literary department. The *Children of the Nobility*[2] contains Landseer's beautiful picture of Miss Blanche Egerton, and no more.

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[1] The *Amaranth: a Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse.* Contributed by distinguished writers, and edited by T. K. Hervey. London: Baily. 1839.

[2] Portraits of the *Children of the Nobility: a Series of highly-finished Engravings.* Executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R. A.; Edwin Landseer, Esq., R. A., and other eminent artists; with illustrations in verse by distinguished contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. Second series. London: Longman. 1839.

In the *Book of Beauty*,[1] most especially to be admired is the most beautiful, smiling, sparkling Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Mahon, who looks beautiful, gentle, and kind; and Lady Powerscourt, whose face and figure seem to be modelled from Diana and Hebe. Oh, Medora, Yuleika, Juana, Juanina, Juanetta, and Company!—oh ye of the taper fingers and six-inch eyes! shut those great fringes of eyelashes, close those silly coral slits of mouths. Avaunt, ye spider-waisted monsters! who have flesh, but no bones, silly bodies, but no souls. And ye, O young artists! who were made for better things than to paint such senseless gimcracks, and make fribble furniture for tawdry drawing-room tables, look at Nature and blush! See how much nobler she is than your pettifogging art!—how much more beautiful Truth is than your miserable tricked-up lies. More lovely is she than a publisher's bill at three months—a better pay-mistress in the end than Messrs. Heath, Finden, and all the crew. The world loves bad pictures, truly; but yours it is to teach the world, for you know better. Copy nature. Don't content yourselves with idle recollections of her—be not satisfied with knowing pretty tricks of drawing and colour—stand not still because donkeys proclaim that you have arrived at perfection. Above all, read sedulously REGINA, who watches you with an untiring eye, "and, whether stern or smiling, loves you still." Remember that she always tells you the truth—she never puffeth, neither doth she blame unnecessarily. Recollect, too, that the year beginneth. Can there be a more favourable opportunity to pour in with your subscriptions?

One word more. Thank Heaven, the *nudities* have gone out of fashion!—the public has to thank *us* for that.

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[1] Heath's *Book of Beauty for* 1839. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London: Longman.

FIELDING'S WORKS.[1]

HERE, in a single handsome volume, and a clear distinct type, we have all the works of one of the greatest humorists in our language, and though there is, to be sure, a great deal of matter in the book that is not exactly so delicate as the last novel by the last female author of fashions, and though boys and virgins must read it with caution, we are very glad to see this great writer's works put forward in a popular form, and at a price exceedingly low. A man may be very much injured by perusing maudlin sentimental tales, but cannot be hurt, though he may be shocked every now and then, by reading works of sterling humour, like the greater part of these, full of benevolence, practical wisdom, and generous sympathy with mankind.

The work is prefaced by an able biography of Fielding by Mr. Roscoe, in which he does justice to the great satirist's memory, and rescues it from the attacks which rivals, poetasters, and fine gentlemen have made upon it. Great were his errors, doubtless, and low his tastes. We fear very much that he did even worse in the course of his hard life than what Walpole has described of him, — viz., banqueting with three Irishmen and a blind man on some cold mutton and a bone of ham in one plate; but this, as we take it, is the cause of quarrel with him, — that he ate mutton with three low Irishmen and a blind beggar; if he had eaten it off a clean cloth, with persons of quality, we should not have heard so much of his vices. It is that vulgar dirty cloth that shocks the world so much, and that horrid low company — not the mutton. The public of our day need scarcely be warned that if they are to pass an hour with Fielding they will find him continually in such low company; those, therefore, who are excessively squeamish and genteel will scornfully keep away from him; those who have a mind to forgive a little coarseness, for the sake of one of the honestest, manliest, kindest companions in the world, cannot, as we fancy, find a better than Fielding, or get so much true wit and shrewdness from any other writer of our language.

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[1] *The Works of Henry Fielding*, complete in one volume, with Memoir of the Author, by Thomas Roscoe. Portrait and Autograph. London: Washbourne, and others. 1840.

[*The Times*, September 2, 1840.]

With regard to personal appearance, says his biographer, Fielding was strongly-built, robust, and in height rather exceeding six feet. He was possessed of rare conversational powers and wit; a nobleman who had known Pope, Swift, and the wits of that famous *clique*, declared that Harry Fielding surpassed them all. He loved all manly sports, kept horses and hounds in the brief days of his prosperity, and signalized himself by the driving of that coach to which he has attributed, in *Amelia*, so many of the misfortunes of poor Booth. At nineteen, with his annuity, "that any one might pay who would," he came upon the town, and lived jovially upon his wits. Now with lords and gentlemen of fashion over their wine — now with the Lady Bettys and Sir Harrys of Garrick's company, often with other inhabitants of Covent Garden, not even so reputable as the latter — we see in what a school the poor fellow was bred, and can account for many of the errors of his works and their author.

He and Hogarth between them have given us a strange notion of the Society of those days. Walpole's letters for all their cold elegance are not a whit more moral than those rude, coarse pictures of the former artists. Lord Chesterfield's model of a man is more polite, but not so honest as Tom Jones, or as poor Will Booth, with his "chairman's shoulders, and calves like a porter." Little Walpole, with his thin shanks and weak stomach, who is always at his tea and panada, and flustered by a couple of glasses of burgundy, does not debauch like a stalwart sinner of six feet and as many bottles, who can drink anything from Clos Vougeot to Old Tom, and drink it in any company too; but

Let us, then, not accuse Fielding of immorality, but simply admit that his age was more free-spoken than ours, and accuse it of the fault (such as it is) rather than him. But there is a great deal of good, on the other hand, which is to be found in the writings of this great man, of virtue so wise and practical, that the man of the world cannot read it and imitate it too much. He gives a strong, real picture of human life, and the virtues which he exhibits shine out by their contrasts with the vices which he paints so faithfully, as they never could have done, if the latter had not been depicted as well as the former. He tries to give you, as far as he knows it, the whole truth about human nature; the good and the evil of his characters are both practical. Tom Jones sins, and his faults are described with a curious accuracy, but then follows the repentance which comes out of his very sins, and surely that is moral and touching. Booth goes astray (we do verily believe that many persons even in these days are not altogether pure), but how good his remorse is! Are persons who profess to take the likeness of human nature to make an accurate portrait? This is such a hard question, that, think as we will, we will not venture to say what we think. Perhaps it is better to do as Hannibal's painter did, and draw only that side of the face which has not the blind eye. Fielding attacked it in full. Let the reader, according to his taste, select the artist who shall give a likeness of him, or only half a likeness.

We have looked through many of the pieces of Mr. Roscoe's handsome volume. The dramatic works could not have been spared, possibly, but the reader will have no great pleasure, as we fancy, in looking at them more than once. They are not remarkable for wit, even, though they have a great deal of *spirits:* a great deal too much perhaps. Farquhar, at Fielding's age, put into his comedies wit and spirits too. The latter writes in a slovenly, dashing, swaggering way, and the pieces are, it must be confessed, irretrievably immoral. The heroes are Mohocks; and the ladies —we can't say what the ladies are at this present period of the world; Hogarth has drawn the progress of one of them who was by trade, that is to say, what these are by nature. Young Harry Fielding, six feet high and twenty years of age, ready for a row, or a bottle, or what else you please, was a young fellow upon town with very loose morals indeed, and never seems to have thought of anything beyond the pleasure of living and being jolly. A number of his errors must be attributed to his excessive and boisterous bodily health. But he was an honest-hearted fellow, with affections as tender and simple as ever dwelt in the bosom of any man; and if in the heyday of his spirits and the prodigal outpouring of his jovial good-humour, he could give a hand to many "a lad and lass," whom the squeamish world would turn its back on (indeed, there was a virtue in his benevolence, but we dare not express our sympathies now for poor Doll Tearsheet and honest Mistress Quickly) — if he led a sad, riotous life, and mixed with many a bad woman in his time, his heart was pure, and he knew a good one when he found her. He married and (though Sir Walter Scott speaks rather slightingly of the novel in which Fielding has painted his first wife) the picture of Amelia, in the story of that name, is (in the writer's humble opinion) the most beautiful and delicious description of a character that is to be found in any writer, not excepting Shakespeare. It is a wonder how old Richardson — girded at as he had been by the reckless satirist — how Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, could have been so blinded by anger and pique as not to have seen the merits of his rival's exquisite performance.

Amelia was in her grave when poor Fielding drew this delightful portrait of her; but, with all his faults, and extravagancies, and vagaries, it is not hard to see how such a gentle, generous, loving creature, as Fielding was, must have been loved and prized by her. She had a little fortune of her own, and he, at this time, inherited a small one from his mother. He carried her to the country, and like a wise, prudent Henry Fielding as he was, who having lived upon nothing very jovially for some years, thought £5000 or £6000 an endless wealth, he kept horses and hounds, flung his doors open, and lived with the best of his county. When he had spent his little fortune, and saw that there was nothing for it but to work, he came to London, applied himself fiercely to the law, seized upon his pen again, never lost heart for a moment, and to be sure loved his poor Amelia as tenderly as ever he had done. It is a pity that he did not live on his income, that is certain; it is a pity that he had not been born a lord, or a thrifty stock-broker, at the very least; but we should not have had *Joseph Andrews* if this had been the case, and indeed it is probable that Amelia liked him quite as well after his ruin as she would have done had he been as rich as Rothschild.

The biographers agree that he would have been very successful at the bar, but for certain circumstances. These ugly circumstances always fall in the way of men of Fielding's genius; for, although he amassed a considerable quantity of law, was reputed to be a good speaker, and had a great wit and a knowledge of human nature, which might serve him in excellent stead, it is to be remarked that those, without a certain degree of patience and conduct, will not insure a man's triumph at the bar, and so Fielding never rose to be a Lord Chancellor or even a judge. They say he used to come home from a supper party, and after tying a wet cloth round his head would begin to read as stoutly as the soberest man in either of the Temples. This is very probable, but there are still better ways of keeping the head cool, which the author of *Tom Jones* seems to have neglected. In short, he had ruined his constitution, and acquired habits that his resolution could not break through, and was paying with gout and a number of other ills the price of his debaucheries as a young adventurer on the town, and his dissipations as a country gentleman.

His days of trouble had now begun in earnest, and, indeed, he met them like a man. He wrote incessantly for the periodical works of the day, issued pamphlets, made translations, published journals and criticisms, turned his hand, in a word, to any work that offered, and lived as best he might. This indiscriminate literary labour, which obliges a man to scatter his intellects upon so many trifles, and to provide weekly varieties as sets-off against the inevitable butcher's bills, has been the ruin of many a man of talent since Fielding's time, and it was lucky for the world and for him that at a time of life when his powers were at the highest, he procured a place which kept him beyond the reach of weekly want, and enabled him to gather his great intellects together and produce the greatest satire, and two of the most complete romances, in our language.

Let us remark, as a strong proof of the natural honesty of the man, the exquisite art of these performances, the care with which the situations are elaborated, and the noble, manly language, corrected. When Harry Fielding was writing for the week's bread, we find style and sentiment both careless, and plots hastily worked off. How could he do otherwise? Mr. Snap, the bailiff, was waiting with a writ without,—his wife and little ones asking wistfully for bread within. Away, with all its imperfections on its head, the play or the pamphlet must go. Indeed, he would have been no honest man had he kept them longer on his hands, with such urgent demands upon him as he had. But as soon as he is put out of the reach of this base kind of want, his whole style changes, and, instead of the reckless and slovenly hack-writer, we have one of the most minute and careful artists that ever lived.

Dr. Beattie gave his testimony to the merits of *Tom Jones.* Moral or immoral, let any man examine this romance as a work of art merely, and it must strike him as the most astonishing production of human ingenuity. There is not an incident ever so trifling, but advances the story, grows out of former incidents, and is connected with the whole. Such a literary *providence,* if we may use such a word, is not to be seen in any other work of fiction. You might cut out half of *Don Quixote,* or add, transpose, or alter any given romance of Walter Scott, and neither would suffer. Roderick Random and heroes of that sort run through a series of adventures, at the end of which the fiddles are brought, and there is a marriage. But *The History of Tom*

Jones connects the very first page with the very last, and it is marvellous to think how the author could have built and carried all the structure in his brain, as he must have done, before he began to put it to paper.

And now a word or two about our darling *Amelia*, of which we have read through every single word in Mr. Roscoe's handsome edition. "As for Captain Booth, Madam," writes old Richardson to one of his toadies, "Captain Booth has done his business. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been written forty years ago"; indeed, human nature is not altered since Richardson's time; and if there are rakes, male and female, as there were a hundred years since, there are, in like manner, envious critics now, as then. How eager they are to predict a man's fall, how unwilling to acknowledge his rise! If a man write a popular work, he is sure to be snarled at; if a literary man rise to eminence out of his profession, all his old comrades are against him. They can't pardon his success: would it not be wiser for gentlemen of the pen to do as they do in France, have an *esprit de corps*, declare that their body and calling is as honourable as any other, feel their own power, and, instead of crying down any member of their profession who happens to light on a prize, support him with all their strength! The condition of literary men might be very soon changed by a manly literary union of this kind; but this dissertation, we must acknowledge, is quite far from the purpose, nor have we any need to repeat the truism, that men of letters are envious, merely because Richardson bore a hearty ill-will to Fielding.

Well, in spite of Richardson's prophecies, the piece which was dead at its birth is alive a hundred years after, and will live, as we fancy, as long as the English language shall endure. Fielding, in his own noble words, has given a key to the philosophy of the work. "The nature of man," cries honest Dr. Harrison, "is far from being in itself evil; it abounds with benevolence and charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs debauch our nature, and drive it headlong into vice." And the author's tale is an exemplification of this text. Poor Booth's habits and customs are bad indeed, but who can deny the benevolence, and charity, and pity of this simple and kindly being? His vices, even, if we may say so, are those of a man; there is nothing morbid or mawkish in any of Fielding's heroes; no passionate pleas in extenuation, such as one finds in the pseudo-moral romances of the sentimental character; no flashy excuses like those which Sheridan puts forward (unconsciously, most likely) for those brilliant blackguards who are the chief characters of his comedies. Vice is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment. See the consequences of honesty! Many a squeamish lady of our time would fling down one of these romances with horror, but would go through every page of Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* with perfect comfort to herself. Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be; he must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote. *Jack Sheppard* is immoral actually because it is decorous. The Spartans, who used to show drunken slaves to their children, took care, no doubt, that the slaves should be really and truly drunk. Sham drunkenness, which never passed the limits of propriety, but only went so far as to be amusing, would be rather an object to excite youth to intoxication than to deter him from it, and some late novels have always struck us in the same light.

Besides the matchless character of Amelia, whose beauty and charming innocent consciousness of it (so delicately described by the novelist), whose tenderness and purity are such that they endear her to a reader as much as if she were actually alive, his own wife or mother, and make him consider her as some dear relative and companion of his own, about whose charms and virtues it is scarcely modest to talk in public: besides Amelia, there are other characters not so beautiful, but not less admirably true to nature. The Matthews is a wonderful portrait, and the vanity which inspires every one of the actions of that passionate, unscrupulous lady, the colour as it were which runs through the whole picture, is touched with a master's hand. Mrs. James, the indifferent woman, is not less skilful. "Can this be my Jenny?" cries poor Amelia, who runs forward to meet her old friend, and finds a pompous, frigid-looking personage, in an enormous hoop, in the very pink of the fashion; to which Mrs. James answers, "Madam, I believe I have done what was genteel," and wonders how any mortal can live up three pair of stairs. "Is there," says the enthusiast for the first time in her life, "so delightful a sight in the world as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be the three natural aces at brag?" Can comedy be finer than this? Has not every person some Matthews and James in their acquaintance — one all passion, the other all indifference and vapid self-complacency; James the good-natured fellow, with passions, and without principles; Bath with his magnificent notions of throat-cutting and the Christian religion, — what admirable knowledge of the world do all these characters display; what good moral may be drawn from them by those who will take the trouble to think! This, however, is not a task that the generality of novel-readers are disposed to take upon them, and prefer that their favourite works should contain as little reflection as possible; indeed, it is very probable that Mrs. James or Mrs. Matthews might read their own characters as here described, and pronounce such writing vastly low and unnatural.

But what is especially worthy of remark is the masterly manner in which the author paints the good part of those equivocal characters that he brings upon his stage; James has his generosity, and his silly wife her good-nature; Matthews her starts of kindness; and old Bath, in his sister's dressing-gown, cooking possets for her, is really an amiable object, whom we like while we laugh at him. A great deal of tenderness and love goes along with this laughter, and it was this mixed feeling that our author liked so to indulge himself, and knew so well how to excite in others. Whenever he has to relate an action of benevolence, honest Fielding kindles as he writes it. Some writers of fiction have been accused of falling in a passion with their bad characters; these our author treats with a philosophic calmness—it is when he comes to the good that he grows enthusiastic; you fancy that you see the tears in his manly eyes, nor does he care to disguise any of the affectionate sympathies of his great simple heart. This is a defect in art, perhaps, but a very charming one.

For further particulars of Fielding's life we recommend the reader to consult Mr. Roscoe's biography. Indeed, as much as any of his romances, his own history illustrates the maxim we have just quoted from *Amelia*. For his vices and imprudence no man paid more dearly: ruined fortune, and all the shifts and meannesses consequent upon extravagance, ruined health and the miseries attendant on it, were the punishment that he paid for his errors: they dogged his whole life, and hunted him, in the prime of years, to his grave. Want, sorrow, and pain subdued his body at last, but his great and noble humour rode buoyant over them all, and his frank and manly philosophy overcame them. His generous attachment to his family comforted him to the last, and though all the labours of the poor fellow were only sufficient to keep him and them in a bare competence, yet it must be remembered, to his credit, that he left behind him a friend who valued him so much as to provide for the family he had left destitute and to place them beyond the reach of want. It is some credit to a man to have been the friend of Ralph Allen; and Fielding before his death raised a monument to his friend, a great deal more lasting than bronze or marble, placing his figure in the romance of *Tom Jones* under the name of Alworthy. "There is a day, Sir," says Fielding in one of his dedications to Mr. Allen, "which no man in the kingdom can think of without fear but yourself—the day of your death." Can there be a finer compliment? nor was Fielding the man to pay it to one who he thought was undeserving of it.

Never do Fielding's courage, cheerfulness, and affection forsake him; up to the last days of his life he is labouring still for his children. He dies, and is beholden to the admiration of a foreigner, Monsieur de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, for a decent grave and tombstone. There he lies sleeping after life's fitful fever. No more care, no more duns, no more racking pains, no more wild midnight orgies and jovial laughter. Of the women who are weeping for him a pious friend takes care. Here, indeed, it seems as if his sorrows ended; and one hopes and fancies that the poor but noble fellow's spirit is at last pure and serene.

DICKENS IN FRANCE.[1]

Seeing placarded on the walls a huge announcement that "Nicholas Nickleby, ou, Les Voleurs de Londres" was to be performed at the Ambigu-Comique Théâtre on the Boulevard, and having read in the *Journal des Débats* a most stern and ferocious criticism upon the piece in question, and upon poor Monsieur Dickens, its supposed author, it seemed to me by no means unprofitable to lay out fifty sous in the purchase of a stall at the theatre, and to judge with my own eyes of the merits and demerits of the play.

Who does not remember (except those who never saw the drama, and therefore of course cannot be expected to have any notion of it)—who does not, I say, remember the pathetic acting of Mrs. Keeley in the part of Smike, as performed at the Adelphi: the obstinate good-humour of Mr. Wilkinson, whom having to represent the brutal Squeers, was, according to his nature, so chuckling, oily, and kind-hearted, that little boys must have thought it a good joke to be flogged by him: finally, the acting of the admirable Yates in the kindred part of Mantalini? Can France, I thought, produce a fop equal to Yates? Is there any vulgarity and assurance on the Boulevard that can be compared to that of which, in the character of Mantalini, he gives a copy so wonderfully close to nature? Never then were fifty sous more cheerfully—nay, eagerly paid, than by your obedient servant.

After China, this is the most ignorant country, thought I, in the whole civilized world (the company was dropping into the theatre, and the musicians were one by one taking their seats); these people are so immensely conceited, that they to the French nation and may be considered more as political than general) that by way of a fat specimen, never was one more unsatisfactory than this. Such a poor shrivelled creature I never saw; it is like a French fat pig, as lanky as a greyhound! Both animals give one a thorough contempt for the nation.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1842.]

John Browdie gives his lesson to Prospectus, who informs him of some of the circumstances narrated above, and having concluded the lesson, honest John produces a piece of *pudding* for his pupil. Ah, how Prospectùs devours it! for though the only well-fed boy in the school, he is, we regret to say, a gormandizer by disposition.

While Prospectus eats, another of Mr. Squeers's scholars is looking unnoticed on; another boy, a thousand times more miserable. See yon poor shivering child, trembling over his book in a miserable hutch at the corner of the court! He is in rags, he is not allowed to live with the other boys; at play they constantly buffet him, at lesson-time their blunders are visited upon his poor shoulders.

Who is this unhappy boy? Ten years since a man by the name of Becher brought him to the *Paradis des Enfans,* and paying in advance five years of his pension, left him under the charge of Monsieur Squeers. No family ever visited the child; and when at the five years' end the *instituteur* applied at the address given him by Becher for the further payment of his pupil's expenses, Monsieur Squeers found that Becher had grossly deceived him, that no such persons existed, and that no money was consequently forthcoming, hence the misfortunes which afterwards befell the hapless orphan. None cared for him — none knew him; 'tis possible that even the name he went by was fictitious. That name was Smike, pronounced Smeek.

Poor Smeek! he had, however, found one friend — the kind-hearted *sous-maître* Neeklbee — who gave him half of his own daily pittance of bread and pudding, encouraged him to apply to his books, and defended him as much as possible from the assaults of the schoolboys and Monsieur Squeers.

John Browdie had just done giving his lesson of clarionet to Prospectus, when Neeklbee arrived at the school. There was a difference between John and Nicholas; for the former, seeing the young usher's frequent visits at Clarendon Castle, foolishly thought he was enamoured of Meess Jenny, the *fermier's* daughter, on whom John too had fixed an eye of affection. Silly John! Nicholas's heart was fixed (hopelessly as the young man thought) upon higher objects. However, the very instant that Nickleby entered the court-yard of the school, John took up his stick and set off for London, whither he was bound, with a drove of oxen.

Nickleby had not arrived a whit too soon to protect his poor friend, Smeek; all the boys were called into the court-yard by Monsieur Squarrs and made to say their lessons; when it came to poor Smeek's turn, the timid lad trembled, hesitated, and could not do his spelling.

Inflamed with fury, old Squarrs rushed forward, and would have assomméd his pupil, but human nature could bear this tyranny no longer. Nickleby, stepping forward, defended the poor prostrate child; and when Squeers raised his stick to strike—*pouf! pif! un, deux, trois, et là!*—Monsieur Nicholas *flanquéd* him several *coups de poing* and sent him *bientôt* grovelling *à terre.*

You may be sure that there was now a pretty hallooing among the boys; all jumped, kicked, thumped, bumped, and scratched their unhappy master (and serve him right, too!), and when they had finished their fun, vlan! flung open the gates of the Infants' Paradise and run away home.

Neeklbee seeing what he had done, had nothing left but to run away too: he penned a hasty line to his lovely pupil Miss Annabel, to explain that though his departure was sudden his honour was safe, and seizing his stick quitted the school.

There was but one pupil left in it, and he, poor soul, knew not whither to go. But when he saw Nicholas, his sole friend, departing, he mustered courage and then made a step forward—and then wondered if he dared—and then, when Nicholas was at a little distance from him, ran, ran as if his life (as indeed it did) depended upon it.

This is the picture of Neeklbee and poor Smeek.[1] They are both dressed in the English fashion, and you must fancy the curtain falling amidst thunders of applause.

End of Act I.

"Ah, ah, ah! ouf, pouf," — *"Dieu, qu'il fait chaud!"* — *"Orgeat, limonade, bière!"* — *"L'Entracte, journal de tous les spectacles!"* — *"LA MARSEILLAI-AI-AISE!"* — with such cries from pit and boxes the public wiles away the weary ten minutes between the acts. The three *bonnes* in the front boxes, who had been escorted by a gentleman in a red cap, and jacket, and earrings, begin sucking oranges with great comfort, while their friend amuses himself with a piece of barley-sugar. The *petite-maîtresse* in the private box smooths her *bandeaux* of hair and her little trim, white cuffs, and looks at her *chiffons.* The friend of the tight black velvet spencer, meanwhile, pulls his yellow kid gloves tighter on his hands, and looks superciliously round the house with his double-glass. Fourteen people, all smelling of smoke, all bearded, and all four feet high, pass over your body to their separate stalls. The prompter gives his thumps, whack — whack — whack! the music begins again, the curtain draws, and, lo! we have

ACT II.

The tavern of *Les Armes du Roi* appears to be one of the most frequented in the city of London. It must be in the Yorkshire road, that is clear; for the first person whom we see there is John Browdie; to him presently comes Prospectus, than Neeklbee, then poor Smeek, each running away individually from the *Paradis des Enfans.*

It is likewise at this tavern that the great banker Ralph does his business, and lets you into a number of his secrets. Hither, too, comes Milor Clarendon — a handsome peer, forsooth, but a sad reprobate, I fear. Sorrow has driven him to these wretched courses: ten years since he lost a son, a lovely child of six years of age; and, hardened by the loss, he has taken to gambling, to the use of the *vins de France* which take the reason prisoner, and to other excitements still more criminal. He has cast his eyes upon the lovely Kate Nickleby (he, the father of Miss Annabel !), and asks the banker to sup with him, to lend him ten thousand pounds, and to bring his niece with him. With every one of these requests the capitalist promises to comply; the money he produces forthwith; the lady he goes to fetch. Ah, milor! beware — beware, your health is bad, your property is ruined, — death and insolvency stare you in the face — but what cares Lor Clarendon? He is desperate: he orders a splendid repast in a private apartment, and while they are getting it ready, he and the young lords of his acquaintance sit down and crack a bottle in the coffee-room. A gallant set of gentlemen truly, all in short coats with capes to them, in tights and Hessian boots, such as our nobility are in the custom of wearing.

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[1] [Referring to the cut which accompanied the first appearance of this essay.]

"I bet you *cinq cents guinées*, Lor Beef," says Milor Clarendon (whom the wine has begun to excite), "that I will have the lovely Kate Neeklbee at supper with us to-night."

"Done!" says Lor Beef. But why starts yon stranger who has just come into the hotel? Why, forsooth, because he is Nicholas Nickleby, Kate's brother; and a pretty noise he makes when he hears of his lordship's project!

"You have Meess Neeklbee at your table, sir? You are a liar!" All the lords start up.

"Who is this very strange person?" says Milor Clarendon, as cool as a cucumber.

"Dog! give me your name!" shouts Nicholas.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says my lord, scornfully.

"John," says Nickleby, seizing hold of a waiter, "tell me that man's name."

John the waiter looks frightened, and hums and haws, when, at the moment, who should walk in but Mr. Ralph the banker, and his niece.

Ralph. Nicholas! — confusion!

Kate. My brother!

Nicholas. Avaunt, woman! Tell me, sirrah, by what right you bring my sister into such company, and who is the villain to whom you have presented her?

Ralph. Lord Clarendon.

Nicholas. The father of Meess Annabel? Gracious heaven!

What followed now need not be explained. The young lords and the banker retire abashed to their supper, while Meess Kate, and Smike, who has just arrived, fall into the arms of Nicholas.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the second act, rather feeble in interest, and not altogether probable in action. That five people running away from Yorkshire should all come to the same inn in London, arriving within five minutes of each other — that Mr. Ralph, the great banker, should make the hotel his place of business, and openly confess in the coffee-room to his ex-agent Becher that he had caused Becher to make away with or murder the son of Lord Clarendon — finally, that Lord Clarendon himself, with an elegant town mansion, should receive his distinguished guests in a tavern, of not the first respectability, — all these points may, perhaps, strike the critic from their extreme improbability. But, bless your soul! if *these* are improbbilities, what will you say to the revelations of the

THIRD ACT.

That scoundrel Squarrs before he kept the school was, as we have seen, a tumbler and *saltimbanque*, and, as such, member of the great fraternity of cadgers, beggars, *gueux*, thieves, that have their club in London. It is held in immense Gothic vaults underground: here the beggars consort their plans, divide their spoil, and hold their orgies.

In returning to London Monsieur Squarrs instantly resumes his acquaintance with his old comrades, who appoint him, by the all-powerful interest of a *peculiar person*, head of the community of cadgers.

That person is no other than the banker Ralph, who, in secret, directs this godless crew, visits their haunts and receives from them a boundless obedience. A villain himself, he has need of the aid of villainy. He pants for vengeance against his nephew, he has determined that his niece shall fall a prey to Milor Clarendon, — nay, more, he has a dark suspicion that Smike, — the orphan boy — the homeless fugitive from Yorkshire — is no other than the child who ten years ago — but, hush!

Where is his rebellious nephew and those whom he protects? The quick vigilance of Ralph soon discovered them; Nicholas, having taken the name of Edward Browne, was acting at a theatre in the neighbourhood of the Thames. Haste, Squarrs, take a couple of trusty beggars with you, and hie thee to Wapping, seize young Smike and carry him to Cadger's Cavern — haste, then! The mind shudders to consider what is to happen.

In Nicholas's room at the theatre we find his little family assembled, and with them honest John Browdie, who has forgotten his part on learning that Nicholas was attached, not to the fermière, but to the mistress; to them comes — gracious heavens!—Meess Annabel. "Fly," says she, "fly! I have overheard a plot concocted between my father and your uncle; the sheriff is to seize you for the abduction of Smeek and the assault upon Squarrs," etc., etc., etc.

In short, it is quite impossible to describe this act, so much is there done in it. Lord Clarendon learns that he has pledged his life interest in his estates to Ralph.

His lordship *dies*, and Ralph seizes a paper, which proves beyond a doubt that young Smike is no other than Clarendon's long-lost son.

L'infame Squarrs with his satellites carry off the boy; Browdie pitches Squarrs into the river; the sheriff carries Nickleby to prison, and VICE TRIUMPHS in the person of the odious Ralph. But vice does not always triumph; wait awhile and you will see. For in the

FOURTH ACT

John Browdie, determined to rescue his two young friends, follows Ralph like his shadow; he dogs him to a rendezvous of the beggars, and overhears all his conversation with Squarrs. The boy is in the Cadger's Cavern, hidden a thousand feet below the Thames; there is to be a grand jollification among the rogues that night—a dance and a feast. "*I*," says John Browdie, "*will be there.*" And, wonderful to say, who should pass but his old friend Prospectus, to whom he gave lessons on the clarionet.

Prospectus is a cadger now, and is to play his clarionet that night at Cadger's Hall. Browdie will join him,—he is dressed up like a blind beggar, and strange sights, heaven knows, meet his eyes in Cadger's Hall.

Here they come, trooping in by scores,—the halt and the lame, black sweepers, one-legged fiddlers, the climber mots, the fly-fakers, the kedgoree coves—in a word, the rogues of London, to their Gothic hall, a thousand miles below the level of the sea. Squarrs is their nominal head; but their real leader is the tall man yonder in the black mask, he whom nobody knows but Browdie, who has found him out at once,—'tis Ralph!

"Bring out the prisoner," says the black mask, "he has tried to escape—he has broken his oaths to the cadgers, let him meet his punishment."

And without a word more, what do these cadgers do? They take poor Smike and *bury him alive;* down he goes into the vault, a stone is rolled over him, the cadgers go away,—so much for Smike.

But in the meantime Master Browdie has not been idle. He has picked the pocket of one of the cadgers of a portfolio containing papers that prove Smike to be Lord Clarendon beyond a doubt; he lags behind until all the cadgers are gone, and with the help of Nicholas (who, by the by, has found his way somehow into the place), he pushes away the stone, and brings the fainting boy to the world.

These things are improbable, you certainly may say, but are they impossible? If they are possible, then they may come to pass; if they may come to pass then, they may be supposed to come to pass; and why should they not come to pass? That is my argument: let us pass on to the

Fifth Act.

Aha! Master Ralph, you think you will have it all your own way, do you? The lands of Clarendon are yours, provided there is no male heir, and you have done for *him*. The peerage, to be sure (by the laws of England), is to pass to the husband of Meess Annabella. Will she marry Ralph, or not? Yes: then well and good; he is an earl for the future and the father of a new race of Clarendon. No: then, in order to spell her still more, he has provided amongst the beggars a lad who is to personate the young mislaid Lord Clarendon, who is to come armed with certain papers that make his right unquestionable, and who will be a creature of Ralph's, to be used or cast away at will.

Ralph pops the question; the lady repels him with scorn. "Quit the house, Meess," said he; "it is not yours, but mine. Give up that vain title which you have adopted since your papa's death; you are no countess—your brother lives. Ho! John, Thomas, Samuel! introduce his lordship, the Comte de Clarendon."

And who slips in? Why, in a handsome new dress, in the English fashion, Smike, to be sure—the boy whom Ralph has murdered—the boy who has risen from the tomb—the boy who had miraculously discovered the papers in Cadger's Hall and (by some underhand work that went on behind the scenes, which I don't pretend to understand) had substituted himself for the substitute which that wicked banker had proposed to bring forward! A rush of early recollections floods the panting heart of the young boy. Can it be? Yes—no; sure these halls are familiar to him? That conservatory, has he not played with the flowers there—played with his blessed mother at his side? That portrait! Stop! a-a-a-a-ah! it is—it is my sister Anna-Annabella!

Fancy the scene as the two young creatures rush with a scream into each other's arms. Fancy John Browdie's hilarity: he jumps for joy, and throws off his beggar's cloak and beard. Nicholas clasps his hands, and casts his fine eyes heavenward. But, above all, fancy the despair of that cursed banker Ralph as he sees his victim risen from the grave, and all his hopes dashed down into it. Oh! Heaven, Thy hand is here! How must the banker then have repented of his bargain with the late Lord Clarendon, and that he had not had his lordship's life insured! Perdition! to have been outtricked by a boy and a country boor! Is there no hope? . . .

Hope? Psha! man, thy reign of vice is over, — it is the fifth act. Already the people are beginning to leave the house, and never more again can'st thou expect to lift thy head.

"Monsieur Ralph," Browdie whispers, "after your pretty doings in Cadger's Hall, had you not best be thinking of leaving the country? As Nicholas Nickleby's uncle, I would fain not see you, crick! You understand? (pointing to his jugular)."

"I do," says Ralph gloomily, "and will be off in two hours." And Lord Smike takes honest Browdie by one hand, gently pressing Kate's little fingers with the other, and the sheriff, and the footmen, and attendants form a tableau, and the curtain begins to fall, and the blushing Annabel whispers to happy Nicholas, — "Ah! my friend, I can give up with joy to my brother *ma couronne de comtesse.* What care I for rank or name with you? the name that I love above all others is that of LADY ANNABEL NICKLEBY."

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The musicians have hurried off long before this. In one instant the stage lamps go out, and you see fellows starting forward to cover the boxes with canvas. Up goes the chandelier amongst the gods and goddesses painted on the ceiling. Those in the galleries, meanwhile, bellow out, "SAINT-ERNEST!" he it is who acted John Browdie. Then there is a yell of "SMEEK! SMEEK!" Blushing and bowing, Madame

Prosper comes forward; by Heavens! a pretty woman, with tender eyes and a fresh, clear voice. Next the gods call for "CHILLY!" who acted the villain: but by this time you are bustling and struggling among the crowd in the lobbies, where there is the usual odour of garlic and tobacco. Men in sabots come tumbling down from the galleries: cries of "*Auguste, solo! Eugénie! prends ton parapluie.*" "*Monsieur, vous me marchez sur les pieds,*" are heard in the crowd, over which the brazen helmets of the Pompier's tower are shining. A cabman in the Boulevard, who opens his vehicle eagerly as you pass by, growls dreadful oaths when, seated inside, you politely request him to drive to the *Barrière de L'Etoile.* "*Ah, ces Anglais,*" says he, "*ça demeure dans les déserts — dans les déserts, grand Dieu! avec les loups; ils prennent leur* beautyfine *thé avec leurs tartines le soir, et puis ils se couchent dans les déserts, ma parole d'honneur; comme des Arabes.*"

If the above explanation of the plot of the new piece of Nicholas Nickleby has appeared intolerably long to those few persons who have perused it, I can only say for their comfort that I have not told one-half of the real plot of the piece in question; nay, very likely have passed over all the most interesting part of it. There, for instance, was the assassination of the virtuous villain Becher, the dying scene with my lord, the manner in which Nicholas got into the Cadger's Cave, and got out again. Have I breathed a syllable upon any of these points? No; and never will to my dying day. The imperfect account of *Nicholas Nickleby* given above is all that the most impatient reader (let him have fair warning) can expect to hear from his humble servant. Let it be sufficient to know that the piece in itself contains a vast number of beauties entirely passed over by the unworthy critic, and only to be appreciated by any gentleman who will take the trouble to step across the Channel, and thence from his hotel to the ambiguously-comic theatre. And let him make haste, too; for who knows what may happen? Human life is proverbially short. Theatrical pieces bloom and fade like the flowers of the field, and very likely long before this notice shall appear in print (as let us heartily, from mercenary considerations, pray that it will), the drama of Nicholas Nickleby may have disappeared altogether from the world's ken, like Carthage, Troy, Swallow Street, the Marylebone bank, Babylon and other fond magnificences elevated by men and now forgotten and prostrate.

As for the worthy Boz, it will be seen that *his* share in the piece is perfectly insignificant, and that he has no more connexion with the noble geniuses who invented the drama than a peg has with a gold-laced hat that a nobleman may have hung on it, or a starting-post on the race-course with some magnificent thousand-guinea fiery horses who may choose to run from it. How poor do his writings appear after those of the Frenchman! How feeble, mean and destitute of imagination! He never would have thought of introducing six lords, an ex-kidnapper, a great banker, an idiot, a schoolmaster, his usher, a cattle-driver, coming for the most part a couple of hundred miles, in order to lay open all their secrets in the coffee-room of the King's Arms hotel! He never could have invented the great subterraneous cavern, *cimetière et salle de bal*, as Jules Janin calls it! The credit of all this falls upon the French adaptors of Monsieur Dickens's romance; and so it will be advisable to let the public know.

But as the French play-writers are better than Dickens, being incomparably more imaginative and poetic, so, in progression, is the French critic, Jules Janin, above named, a million times superior to the French playwrights, and, after Janin, Dickens disappears altogether. He is cut up, disposed of, done for. J. J. has hacked him into small pieces, and while that wretched romancer is amusing himself across the Atlantic, and fancying, perhaps, that he is a popular character, his business has been done for ever and ever in Europe. What matters that he is read by millions in England and billions in America? that everybody who understands English had a corner in his heart for him? The great point is, *what does Jules Janin think?* and that we shall hear presently; for though I profess the

are of a much higher order than our own, which remark will apply to persons and books and all the relations of private and public life.

Let us now see how our fat Jules attacks Dickens. His remarks on him begin in the following jocular way:—

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU-COMIQUE.

Nicolas Nickleby. Mélodrame, en Six Actes.

> A genoux devant celui-là qui s'appelle Charles Dickens! à genoux! Il a accompli à lui seul ce que n'ont pu faire à eux deux lord Byron et Walter Scott! Joignez-y, si vous voulez, Pope et Milton et tout ce que la littérature Anglaise a produit de plus solennel et de plus charmant. Charles Dickens! mais il n'est question que de lui en Angleterre. Il en est la gloire, et la joie, et l'orgueil! Savez-vous combien d'acheteurs possède ce Dickens; j'ai dit *d'acheteurs*, de gens qui tirent leur argent de leur bourse pour que cette argent passe de leur main dans la main du libraire?—Dix mille acheteurs. Dix mille? que disons-nous, dix mille! vingt mille!—Vingt mille? Quoi! vingt mille acheteurs?—Fi donc, vingt mille! quarante mille acheteurs!—Eh, quoi! il a trouvé quarante mille acheteurs, vous vous moquez de nous sans doute?—Oui, mon brave homme, on se moque de vous, car ce n'est pas vingt mille et quarante mille et soixante mille acheteurs qu'a rencontrés ce Charles Dickens, c'est cent mille acheteurs. Cent mille, pas un de moins. Cent mille esclaves, cent mille tributaires, cent mille! Et mes grands écrivains modernes s'estiment bien heureux et bien fiers quand leur livre le plus vanté parvient, au bout de six mois de célébrité, à son huitième cent!

There is raillery for you! there is a knowledge of English literature—of "Pope et Milton, *si solennel et si charmant!*" Milton, above all, his little *comédie Samson l'Agoniste* is one of the gayest and most graceful trifles that ever was acted on the stage. And to think that Dickens has sold more copies of his work than the above two eminent *hommes-de-lettres*, and Scott and Byron into the bargain! It is a fact, and J. J. vouches for it. To be sure, J. J. knows no more of English literature than I do of hieroglyphics—to be sure, he has not one word of English. *N'importe:* he has had the advantage of examining the books of Mr. Dickens's publishers, and has discovered that they sell of Boz's works "*cent mille, pas un de moins.*" Janin will not allow of one less. Can you answer numbers? And there are our *grands écrivains modernes*, who are happy if they sell eight hundred in six months. Byron and Scott, doubtless, "*'le solennel* Pope, *et le charmant* Milton," as well as other geniuses not belonging to the three kingdoms. If a man is an arithmetician as well as a critic, and we join together figures of speech and Arabic numerals, there is no knowing what he may not prove.

"Or," continues J. J.:—

> Or, parmi les chefs-d'œuvre de sa façon que dévore l'Angleterre, ce Charles Dickens a produit un gros mélodrame en deux gros volumes, intitulé *Nicolas Nickleby.* Ce livre a été traduit chez nous par un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, qui n'est pas fait pour ce triste métier-là. Si vous saviez ce que peut-être un pareil chef-d'œuvre, certes vous prendriez en pitié les susdits cent mille souscripteurs de Charles Dickens. Figurez-vous donc un amas d'inventions puériles, où l'horrible et le niais se donnent la main, dans une ronde infernale; ici passent en riant de bonnes gens si bons qu'ils en sont tout-à-fait bêtes; plus loin bondissent et blasphèment toutes sortes de bandits, de fripons, de voleurs et de misérables si affreux qu'on ne sait pas comment pourrait vivre, seulement vingt-quatre heures, une société ainsi composée. C'est le plus nauséabond mélange qu'on puisse imaginer de lait chaud et de bière tournée, d'œufs frais et de bœuf salé, de haillons et d'habits brodés, d'écus d'or et de gros sous, de roses et de pissenlits. On se bat, on s'embrasse, on s'injurie, on s'enivre, on meurt de faim. Les filles de la rue et les lords de la Chambre haute, les porte-faix et les poëtes, les écoliers et les voleurs, se promènent, bras dessus bras dessous, au milieu de ce tohu-bohu insupportable. Aimez-vous la fumée de tabac, l'odeur de l'ail, le goût du porc frais, l'harmonie que fait un plat d'étain frappé contre une casserole de cuivre non étamé? Lisez-moi consciencieusement ce livre de Charles Dickens. Quelles plaies! quelles pustules! et que de saintes vertus! Ce Dickens a réuni en bloc toutes les descriptions de Guzman d'Alfarache et tous les rêves de Grandisson. Oh! qu'êtes-vous devenus, vous les lectrices tant soit peu prudes des romans de Walter Scott? Oh! qu'a-t-on fait de vous, les lectrices animées de *Don Juan* et de *Lara?* O vous, les chastes enthousiastes de la *Clarisse Harlowe*, voilez-vous la face de honte! A cent mille exemplaires le Charles Dickens!

To what a pitch of *dévergondage* must the English ladies have arrived, when a fellow who can chronicle his own marriage, and write *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*,—when even a man like that, whom nobody can accuse of being squeamish, is obliged to turn away with disgust at their monstrous immodesty!

J. J. is not difficult; a little harmless gallantry and trifling with the seventh commandment does not offend him—far from it. Because there are no love-intrigues in Walter Scott, Jules says that Scott's readers are *tant soit peu prudes!* There *ought* to be, in fact, in life and in novels, a little pleasant, gentlemanlike, anti-seventh-commandment excitement. Read *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*, and you will see how the thing may be agreeably and genteelly done. See what he says of *Clarissa*,—it is *chaste;* of *Don Juan*—it is not indecent, it is not immoral, it is only *ANIMÉE! Animée! O ciel!* what a word! Could any but a Frenchman have had the grace to hit on it? "Animation" our Jules can pardon; prudery he can excuse, in his good-humoured, contemptuous way; but Dickens—this Dickens,—O fie! And perhaps there never was a more succinct, complete, elegant, just, and satisfactory account given of a book than that by our friend Jules of *Nicholas Nickleby*. "It is the most disgusting mixture imaginable of warm milk and sour beer, of fresh eggs and salt beef, of rags and laced clothes, of gold crowns and coppers, of rose and dandelions."

There is a receipt for you! or take another, which is quite as pleasant:—

"The fumes of tobacco, the odour of garlic, the taste of fresh pork, the harmony made by striking a pewter plate against an untinned copper saucepan. Read me conscientiously this book of Charles Dickens; what sores! what pustules! etc."

Try either mixture (and both are curious),—for fresh pork is an ingredient in one, salt beef in another; tobacco and garlic in receipt No. 2 agreeably take the place of warm milk and sour beer in formula No. 1; and whereas, in the second prescription, a pewter plate and *untinned* copper saucepan (what a devilish satire in that epithet *untinned!*), a gold crown and a few halfpence, answer in the first. Take either mixture, and the result is a Dickens. Hang thyself, thou unhappy writer of *Pickwick;* or, blushing at this exposition of thy faults, turn red man altogether, and build a wigwam in a wilderness, and live with 'possums up gum-trees. Fresh pork and warm milk; sour beer and salt b— Faugh! how could you serve us so atrociously?

And this is one of the "*chefs-d'œuvre de sa façon que dévore l'Angleterre.*" The beastly country! How Jules lashes the islanders with the sting of that epigram, *chefs-d'œuvre de leur façon!*

* * * * * * *

Look you, J. J., it is time that such impertinence should cease. Will somebody—out of three thousand literary men in France, there are about three who have a smattering of the English—will some one of the three explain to J. J. the enormous folly and falsehood of all that the fellow has been saying about Dickens and English literature generally? We have in England literary *chefs-d'œuvre de nôtre façon,* and are by no means ashamed to devour the same. "*Le charmant* Milton," was not, perhaps, very skilled for making epigrams and *chansons-à-boire,* but, after all, was a person of merit, and of his works have been sold considerably more than eight hundred copies. "*Le solennel* Pope" was a writer not undeserving of praise. There must have been something worthy in Shakespeare—for his name has penetrated even to France, where he is not unfrequently called "*le Sublime* Williams." Walter Scott though a prude, as you say, and not having the agreeable *laisser-aller* of the author of *The Dead Donkey,* etc., could still turn off a romance pretty creditably. He and "*le Sublime* Williams," between them, have turned your French literature topsy-turvy; and many a live donkey of your crew is trying to imitate their paces and their roars, and to lord it like those dead lions. These men made *chefs-d'œuvre de nôtre façon,* and we are by no means ashamed to acknowledge them.

But what right have you, O blundering ignorances! to pretend to judge them and their works,—you, who might as well attempt to give a series of lectures upon the literature of the Hottentots, and are as ignorant of English as the author of the *Random Recollections?* Learn modesty, Jules; listen to good advice, and when you say to other persons, *lisez-moi ce livre consciencieusement*, at least do the same thing, O critic! before you attempt to judge and arbitrate.

And I am ready to take an affidavit in the matter of this criticism of *Nicholas Nickleby* that the translator of Sterne, who does not know English, has not read Boz in the original,—has not even read him in the translation, and slanders him out of pure invention. Take these concluding opinions of J. J. as a proof of the fact:—

> De ce roman de *Nicolas Nickleby* a été tiré le mélodrame qui va suivre. Commencez d'abord par entasser les souterrains sur les ténèbres, le vice sur le sang, le mensonge sur l'injure, l'adultère sur l'inceste, battez-moi tout ce mélange, et vous verrez ce que vous allez voir.
>
> Dans un comté Anglais, dans une école, ou plutôt dans une horrible prison habitée par le froid et la faim, un nommé Squeers entraîne, sous prétexte de les élever dans la belle discipline, tous les enfans qu'on lui confie. Ce misérable Squeers spécule tout simplement sur la faim, sur la soif, sur les habits de ces pauvres petits. On n'entend que le bruit des verges, les soupirs des battus, les cris des battans, les blasphèmes du maître. C'est affreux à lire et à voir. Surtout ce qui fait peur (je parle du livre en question), c'est la misère d'un pauvre petit nommé Smike, dont cet affreux Squeers est le bourreau. Quand parut le livre de Charles Dickens, on raconte que plus d'un maître de pension de l'Angleterre se récria contre la calomnie. Mais, juste ciel! si la cent millième partie d'une pareille honte était possible; s'il était vrai qu'un seul marchand de chair humaine ainsi bâti pût exister de l'autre côté du détroit, ce serait le déshonneur d'une nation tout entière. Et si en effet la chose est impossible, que venez-vous donc nous conter, que le roman, tout comme la comédie, est la peinture des mœurs?
>
> Or ce petit malheureux couvert de haillons et de plaies, le jouet de M. Squeers, c'est tout simplement le fils unique de Lord Clarendon, un des plus grands seigneurs de l'Angleterre. Voilà justement ce que je disais tout à l'heure. Dans ces romans qui sont le rebut d'une imagination en délire, il n'y a pas de milieu. Ou bien vous êtes le dernier des mendians chargés d'une besace vide, ou bien, salut à vous! vous êtes duc et pair du royaume et chevalier de la Jarretière! Ou le manteau royal ou le haillon. Quelquefois, pour varier la thèse, on vous met par-

dessus vos haillons le manteau de pourpre. — Votre tête est pleine de vermine, à la bonne heure! mais laissez faire le romancier, il posera tout à l'heure sur vos immondes cheveux la couronne ducale. Ainsi procèdent M. Dickens et le Capitaine Marryat et tous les autres.

Here we have a third receipt for the confection of *Nicholas Nickleby*, — darkness and caverns, vice and blood, incest and adultery, "*battez-moi tout ça*," and the thing is done. Considering that Mr. Dickens has not said a word about darkness, about caverns, about blood (farther than a little harmless claret drawn from Squeers's nose), about the two other crimes mentioned by J. J. — is it not *de luxe* to put them into the Nickleby-receipt? Having read the romances of his own country and no others, J. J. thought he was safe, no doubt, in introducing the last-named ingredients; but in England, the people is still *tant soit peu prudes*, and will have none such fare. In what a luxury of filth, too, does this delicate critic indulge: *votre tête est pleine de vermine* (a flattering supposition for the French reader, by the way, and remarkable for its polite propriety). Your head is in this condition; but never mind; let the romancer do his work, and he will presently place upon *your filthy hair* (kind again) the ducal coronet. This is the way with Monsieur Dickens, Captain Marryat, and *the others*.

With whom, in Heaven's name? What has poor Dickens ever had to do with ducal crowns, or with the other ornaments of the kind which Monsieur Jules distributes to his friends? Tell lies about men, friend Jules, if you will, but not *such* lies. See for the future, that they have a greater likelihood about them; and try if, at least when you are talking of propriety and decency of behaviour, to have your words somewhat more cleanly, and your own manners as little offensive as possible.

And with regard to the character of Squeers, the impossibility of it, and the consequent folly of placing such a portrait in a work that pretends to be a painting of manners, that, too, is a falsehood like the rest. Such a disgrace to human nature not only existed, but existed in J. J.'s country of France. Who does not remember the history of the

Boulogne schoolmaster, a year since, whom the newspapers called the "French Squeers," and about the same time, in the neighbourhood of Paris, there was a case still more atrocious, of a man and his wife who farmed some score of children, subjecting them to ill-treatment so horrible, that only J. J. himself, in his nastiest fit of indignation, could describe it; and ended by murdering one or two, and starving all. The whole story was in the *Débats*, J. J.'s own newspaper, where the accomplished critic may read it.

MR. MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.[1]

We have but a word or two to say this week as a welcome to the reappearance of these noble essays. No critic has a right to judge them hurriedly, and we hope that they may afford to the readers of this paper many hours of entertainment yet. For power and variety of memory, for vividness of painting, and for delightful grace of scholarship, there is no English author of our days who has equalled Mr. Macaulay; and the charm of his style is, that it is as warm and kindly as it is bright, and engages the reader's heart by its affectionate sympathy, as it delights his taste by its brilliancy, poetry, and wit.

Of course, in volumes embracing such a vast range of reading, and treating of little less than literature and history from their beginning until now, every reader who, in the course of his own humble pursuits, may encounter this active, untiring, bright-eyed inquirer, may have many a point to argue with him, and may not subscribe to many of the opinions which with such astounding prodigality are poured from him. But, whether one agree or not, one is always forced to admire; and the most uninformed reader of Mr. Macaulay's works will do this as well as the gravest student. It requires no more science than may be had from a circulating library or a Scott's novel to be delighted with narratives not less exciting than the best fictions of the novelist; while the reader who seeks for profit and study more than amusement, will better see the extraordinary powers of this brilliant intellect and the amazing variety and extent of learning which must have gone to the preparation of essays which all may so easily read.

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[1] *Critical and Historical Essays,* contributed to *The Edinburgh Review.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. In three volumes. London: Longman. 1843.

[*The Pictorial Times,* April 1, 1843.]

And no small thanks are due to this accomplished scholar from the unlettered public, that, — unlike many a pedant, whose reputation is founded upon a tithe of Mr. Macaulay's learning, who fences round his stock of scholarship with hard words and dull phrases and old scholastic impediments, and from his old-world lore has a huge college gate to keep the public out, and a watchful porter with a cane to drive the vulgar from the prim old walks and grass-plats of his college-garden, — no small thanks do we owe Mr. Macaulay for laying open his learning to all, and bidding the humble and the great alike welcome to it.

This generous and kindly system characterizes his political as well as his literary career.

A man of letters and of the world, too, there is no man whose public life has better shown how the one and the other pursuit may be followed to the advantage of both; and his very success is as useful to both the causes which he has at heart as his talents and character have been. He had no other friend at the commencement of his career but his own genius; he never became the follower of any patron, or truckled to great man or mob; he never swerved from any principle with which he set out; he made no party sacrifice to win his honours; and the very publication of these volumes shows how he bears them. Allied with a party, he always bore himself above it; and has made his reputation and calling as a man of letters his title to honour, as others do their birth, their influence, or their money.

He is the first literary man in this country who has made himself honourably and worthily the equal of the noblest and wealthiest in it; this may be no cause for respect with the reader, perhaps, but with every *writer* it should be, who is glad to see in another his own profession advanced, and success and honour bestowed at last upon one of a body of men who were but a few score years since begging guineas from my lord for a dedication; the bye-word for poverty, the theme for sneering wits.

But the review, the newspaper addressed to no party merely, a clique of *literati* or politicians, have made the nation and the man of letters directly acquainted; and it begins to reward him as it does all the rest of its servants. As it receives instruction from him, it will take care that at least he shall be respected, and will treat him as it does any other man of any other liberal profession who labours in its advantage. And it is as a proof that the literary man's claim is a good one, and at last an acknowledged one, too, that we the more gladly welcome Mr. Macaulay's success. What was done once may be done again, and what his genius attained for itself his precedent and example will make easier for others. The mere party man has some reason to be grateful to Mr. Macaulay. He has made more converts to Liberalism than any mere politician ever could. He has brought thousands and thousands to interest themselves with literature, to sympathize, that is, with truth, wherever it comes from, or from what rank of men; and to acknowledge (as who shall not that ever read in a history book?) the constant progress of the world, and how at the close of every century, it is in something, at least, more free, wise, or happy than at the beginning. The bitterest attack on its opponents will not bring so many recruits to the Liberal party, nor will the best places be given away.

And this is the part of the work of progress that is to be done *by the man of letters*; the rest is but the humble duty of officials and tape-men.

JEROME PATUROT.

WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL—IN A LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH.[1]

PARIS, *July* 20.

IF I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult—ay, perhaps have gone a little farther, and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the *Salle des Pas perdus*, and have an exhibition of caricature-cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But wise as the French king proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher, are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, "*Mama, où est notre père ?*"

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to any one yet; or if laughing does harm, and king's majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. Mon Dieu! it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day; but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaiété Française* is no more than a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

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[1] *Jérôme Paturot à la recherche d'une position sociale. Par * * ** (*i.e.* M. R. L. Reybaud. Bruxelles. 1843.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1843.]

So about the *gaiété Française.* We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Elysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularity has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous, that even the English must give him up — the English, whose island is said after dinner to be "the home of the world," and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty welcome. In his own country this prophet has never been much honoured. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detest a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his h's, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Besides Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us — Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one of his stories.[1] Mrs. Gore followed him by "editing" Bernard's novel of *Gerfeuil*, which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; it has a gallant sense of the absurd, and is written — rare quality for a French romance — in a gentlemanlike style.

Few celebrated modern French romance writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sac has tried almost always, and, in *Mathilde*, very nearly succeeded in attaining a tone of *bonne compagnie*. But his respect for lackeys, furniture, carpets, titles, bouquets, and such aristocratic appendages, is too great. He slips quietly over the carpet and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Laflour handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes — happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon*. In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier, and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier*.

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now) a hundred years hence, what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment? They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

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[1] [M. de Bernard's *Les Ailes d'Icare* was reviewed by Thackeray in an article entitled *On some French Fashionable Novels*, which was first printed in *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840). See Vol. XVI. of this edition. The story adapted, *Les Pieds d'Argile*, is known to English readers as *The Bedford-Row Conspiracy*. See Vol. XX. of this edition.]

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who, you know, must at the end of the third volume die a miserable death. What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of those fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love, of course; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope) — whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures, and saw from the complexion of the story that the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at threepence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume, one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion; and hence one has all the pangs of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le feu ne valait pas la chandelle.* It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees, or flowers, and confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel; and when I read, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford churchyard, and a humble stone on which is inscribed the name of 'Anna Maria,'" or "*Le jour après on voyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps virginal et ruisselant de Bathilde*"; or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna Maria's consumption or Bathilde's suicide; I have not the honour of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The Book of Fate of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of Vol. III. One has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. For my part, I heartily pardon the man who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternhold and Hopkins?). I would have the stomach-pump brought for Romeo at the fifth act; for Mrs. Macbeth I am not in the least sorry; but, as for the general, I would have him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks as if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop), or, if not cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly; and then I would have Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may massacre without pity; and I have always admired the German Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand times more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, when the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, and out step the old lady and the young one quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious novels and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part of the *Old Curiosity Shop* more than once; whereas I have Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart. And in like manner, with regard to *Oliver Twist*, it did very well to frighten one in numbers; but I am not going to look on at Sikes' murder and to writhe and twist under the Jew's nightmare again. No! no! give me Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most — *The Pirate* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward?* The former may be preferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But, if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go. Let us return to the Frenchmen, and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general, that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt, say you; the less of their immoralities any man reads the better); hence (perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clear, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy, and of such a sort is the *Life of Jerome Paturot.* It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long summer evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters — those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school, and useless at college; if they have a profession they will be sure to neglect it; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the three per cents? That is the question; and any bank-clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons save money; tradesmen and warriors save money; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach-door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money; there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves the world with as little coin about him as he had when he entered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishing certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are sure he will come to the parish at the end of the third volume; that he will fail in all he undertakes; that he will not be more honest than his neighbours, but more idle and weak; that he will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-may-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world; whom bankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first in eating, drinking and making merry; secondly, in publishing four volumes of poems, four copies of which were sold; and he wonders to this day who bought them: and so, having got to the end of his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of making a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old hosier, who has sold flannel and cotton nightcaps with credit for this half-century past. "Come and be my heir, and sell flannels, Jerome," says this excellent uncle (alas! it is only in novels that these uncles are found — living literary characters have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome's soul is above nightcaps. How can you expect a man of genius to be anything but an idiot?

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take place just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of his *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connection with one of those interesting young females with whom the romances of Paul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted—a connection sanctified by everything except the magistrate and the clergyman,—a marriage to all intents and purposes, the ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the *grisette*, as warm an admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, comes to Jerome's aid, after he has spent his money and pawned his plate, and while (with the energy peculiar to the character of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he sits with his hands in his pocket bemoaning his fate, Malvina has bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, "My Jerome, let us turn St. Simonians."

So St. Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, St. Simonianism was long a flourishing trade in this strange country; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité.*

> "As a poet of the romantic school," says Jerome, "you know what a figure I made. My name had taken its place on the list of the long-haired bards, and I flatter myself that in our set I had enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. When it became necessary to assign me a grade among the St. Simonians, I brought with me these my former titles to reputation, a face and figure which I believe to be tolerably agreeable, and further personal advantages which my modesty prevents me from mentioning. I flattered myself that the St. Simonian dons—the fathers, or *pères*, as they were called—would receive in a distinguished manner a person as literary as I was. They examined me, and would you believe it? they placed me in the fourth class of disciples—the last class. As a literary man, they offered me the sub-editorship of the addresses of the journal which they published at that time. I leave you to fancy my indignation and disgust!
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> "While I, sir, was thus degraded, the *débuts* of Malvina were, on the contrary, most brilliant. Fancy, sir, a young woman, whose literary capabilities did not go beyond Paul de Kock, growing all of a sudden a shining light and vessel in the new church! She hath a

certain energy and gift of tongue which the fathers prized highly, and the value of which was pretty soon shown in their service.

"It was, you know, the custom of the religion at that time to have conferences illuminated by wax-candles, and held in a large room in the Rue Taitbout. To these meetings all sorts of personages used to flock, *grisettes* and workmen, artists, idlers, and men of the world. The company was rather mixed, and exceedingly original. The St. Simonian chiefs used here to deliver orations, and, being endowed with great facilities of speech, spoke on all sorts of subjects, and vied with each other in oratory. Here it was that conversions used to take place, and new believers came forward and uttered their profession of faith. Then would follow tremendous applause, shouts, tears, and embraces, all, of course, under the protection of the police, who attended to keep order in the meeting. If a stranger had a mind to speak he was allowed to do so; and thus would commence an oratorical passage of arms between the unbeliever and the fathers of the doctrine. Hisses would come from one side of the house, and loud clapping of hands from the other; hard words would be bandied about, and at last the police would interpose, clear the room, and assert the dignity of the law. I have passed in that room six nights of which I shall never again see the like.

"On the first occasion in which Malvina and I appeared at one of those meetings a discussion arose with regard to the rights and emancipation of woman. A stranger in the company rose and made a speech to establish the superiority of our own sex, which he proposed to prove by historical documents, differences of organization, and the laws of nature. Malvina had shewn symptoms of intense impatience during the discourse, until, able to refrain no longer, she jumped up and said, 'Father, I feel called upon to answer this impertinence, and beg your permission to speak.'

"'Sister, you may speak,' said the president.

"'Here goes,' said she. 'What song is it that this here bird's a-piping here? Our sex inferior to his? They're all in the same tune, these men. They superior to us! To this my reply is, *gammon!*'

"A great laugh arose on all sides. The *grisettes* were in a majority in the room, and applauded their sister with vehemence. Malvina was delighted, and continued:—

"'You pretend to be superior to us, do you? You give yourselves high and mighty airs in public; but who's missis at home, I'd like to know? You shall soon see that. Don't be alarmed, gents, the show costs nothing. Jerome, here!'

"'Jerome, here!' was applied to me; she pointed at me, sir, with her finger, and there was no mistake as to the person meant. I wished myself a hundred feet under ground. They were going to make an exhibition of me! For a moment, I thought of refusing; but Malvina's air was so imperious, — she seemed to be so sure of my submission, that I thought it best not to exert my authority. Besides, the St. Simonian fathers seemed to be delighted with the scene; it was a living demonstration of their doctrine, and everybody round about us encouraged me to devote myself. Accordingly, I obeyed Malvina's call, and came to her. When she had me within reach, she put her hand on my shoulder, and, turning round to the company, said,

"'There! didn't I tell you so? Here's a man of *my* bringing up! He wanted to be a poet, but I wouldn't have it and made a Simonian of him, and will make anything else of him I choose. So much for that. And now which of us two, pray, is it that wears the breeches? That's enough, Jerome, now go and sit down.'

"Tremendous cheers followed this little speech of Malvina's. All the washerwomen, all the embroideresses, gloveresses, cap-makeresses, shoe-binderesses in the room rose in a body, and talked of carrying off Malvina in triumph. No father of the doctrine had ever had such a success, and at that very sitting fifty-three workwomen confessed the faith. The conversion continued, and entirely through Malvina's agency. She was, therefore, instantly appointed priestess of the first class."

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high-priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not at all approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the St. Simonians, and established herself once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for a while blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution, and at last, by the solicitations of his Malvina, was induced to recant, and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labours. He becomes editor of that famous journal, *The Aspick*, which, in order to gather customers round it, proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a great-coat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a government paper; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug, commercial, legal, literary, political; and, if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire in our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily *Feuilleton* has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which would, perhaps, do well to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation:—

> "You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and in consequence, the *Feuilleton*, is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first, from their hands it passes to the children; from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter, and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal. mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage; in order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning or as their soup for dinner."
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> "Well, granting that the *Feuilleton* is a necessity nowadays, what sort of a *Feuilleton* must one write in order to please all these various people?"
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> "My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, and unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father, you give the lady a perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valour, and manly beauty. What is more simple? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers as you please.
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> "And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number

there must be a mysterious word, or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually the hero before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir, they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so the more they like him, and you may keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man, whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

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"Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass, revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night-silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered, and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden's terror when, from the wall at her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm, the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!!—what was that head!!!!!!!!"

(to be continued in our next).

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late, and if, in the recess of parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O'Connell's Irish romances out of countenance.

The following is a specimen of graver satire. It gives us a curious idea of the state of French law and lawyers. Jerome had left his friend Valmont working hard at the bar; he finds him second clerk to a notary:—

"My dear Jerome," said Valmont, "we have among us a very foolish idea, on which families expend a vast deal of money, that the title of barrister is a profession for a man. My family thought so, and spent large sums of money to procure me the rank.

"I was four years at the bar and never got a single brief. I am not more idle or more proud than my neighbours. I have been round and solicited the attorneys, who are the dispensers of business, and keep advocates in their pay, and so take the profits of both branches of the profession. I have been round to the presidents of the courts, in the hopes of getting a few government prosecutions, but they have all their *protégés*, or only take such as are recommended by high authority, or are connected by birth with the magistracy. Then I tried the police courts, in hopes of finding some poor devil too poor to fee counsel, and so of getting myself heard and known. But here my luck was no better, the criminal barristers will let no stranger come near their clients. They know beforehand what cases are in the register, and go and seek for business in the prisons. Everything was shut out to me at the bar; well, I am turned notary, and why? because (I speak without affectation of modesty) I am a good-looking fellow."

"But how can good looks help you in such a calling?"

"You shall hear. I am second clerk. The three last heads of this establishment were second clerks before me. The senior clerk counts for nothing; he is old, plain, vulgar, and fond of drink. Well, the notary sells his office usually, so as to return him five per cent. Say this office brings in 25,000 francs a year; the patron will dispose of it for 500,000. Now you may suppose that a man possessed of 500,000 francs of his own would not be so foolish as to give them and his time for a life annuity at five per cent; the office, therefore, is sold to a young clerk, who has nothing but the handsome person of which I spoke just now."

"I begin to understand."

"The notary knows very well that he sells his office to his clerk for more than its value, as the clerk knows very well that he pays it. Each man makes his own calculation. To be a notary at Paris is to hold a high position in the world. A notary's wife goes everywhere, even to court. Add to this that the man has an agreeable person, a good name, and a gentlemanlike manner, he may marry whom he likes. He knows all the fortunes of all the clients of the office, and may take the largest. Never mind the woman, of course; *she* is sure to be handsome enough if the fortune is. The notary then attacks the father, the clerk attacks the young lady. The business is done in a month, and the contract is signed; out of the wife's dowry the new notary pays his former master, and on his side prepares a clerk of his own, with whom the same arrangement will be repeated over again. I can show you a notary's office which has changed hands ten times in the course of twenty years."

Here Valmont stopped, for, the door of his cabinet opening, there came in an old gentleman, of a distinguished air, with a beautiful young lady on his arm. I saw that I was *de trop*, and took my hat, and made my bow.

"She has 50,000 francs a year," whispered he.

The book abounds in such sketches, which are drawn in perfect good faith and good humour. The latter is no bad quality in a satirist, and I think one may mistrust the genius whose *indignatio facit versum*, and as a general rule, set him down as no better than his neighbours. Swift was no better than the demoniacal libeller, nor Byron that one knows of; and, be pretty sure on't, that foul-mouthed Juvenal could not have described what he did, had he been the delicate moralist he pretends to be. If the reader has a curiosity regarding Parisian life let him get the book and read the lively sketches it contains. All the journalist scenes are very brilliant; the director of the Morocco Bitumen Company and his prospectus are admirable; then we have a quack doctor, and some quack secretaries of a quack government office. Don't you know what I am about to say? one who is eating and drinking and laughing and reading the newspaper all day. *Je conserve des Monumens.* It is a little manual of French quackery, against which the persons satirized themselves can hardly have the heart to be angry.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, honest Jerome, driven to despair, has nothing for it, at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal-pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is), the uncle of the cotton night-caps, steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who, cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May, one cannot help repeating, may all literary characters at the end of the first volume of their lives find such an uncle! but alas! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resource for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and lo! where is he? You read in the papers that yesterday, at his lodgings in Grub Street, "died Thomas Smith, Esq., the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want." Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author; on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand: and "Smith's last work," and the "last work of Smith," serve the bibliopolists' turn for a week, are found entirely stupid by the public; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works pass away out of this world for ever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith's death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot's existence.

One might fancy that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that Fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier; but in "the empire of the middle classes" matters are very differently arranged, and the *bonnetier de France peut esperer à tout.* The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations the National Guard. He is a warm man, as the saying is; he is looked up to in his quarter; he is a member of a company; why should he not be its captain too? A certain Oscar, painter-in-ordinary to his majesty, who paints spinach-coloured landscapes, and has an orange-coloured beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulettes: —

"Jerome, my friend," said the painter one day, examining me with a profoundly ecstatic look, "do you know you have a prodigious air of Napoleon?"

"Nonsense, Oscar; no joking, if you please."

"Earnest, upon my honour. You have the very build and look of *l'autre*. I would wager that you have the bump of military genius too; let me feel." And he passed his hands over my skull, and there, sure enough, discovered the warlike protuberance in question. During this examination, several voltigeurs of the company were standing round us, some laughing and some serious. Sergeant-major Oscar made them one by one feel the bump; he then analyzed the conformation of my countenance, and proved beyond a doubt that I had a great deal of Napoleon in the eyes, in the nose, and the look. Having finished his demonstration, he turned round solemnly to the warriors assembled, and said: —

"Comrades, our actual captain is — what? An oystermonger. Is this company to be commanded by an oystermonger! I say no. We will suffer that molluscous degradation no more. Look at Paturot. He has the eyes of Napoleon, he alone should be our man. He who died at St. Helena will approve our choice; from the height of the column he will look down upon us and bless us. Long live Captain Paturot!"

"Long live Captain Paturot," cried the ten tradesmen who furnished my house. And it was thus that Oscar improvised me as a candidate for the captaincy.

Oscar's position in the company was very firmly established. He had duties to do as a sergeant-major, and services to render which had made him generally popular. He did not press poor fellows too hard about mounting guard, and brought them up before the council of discipline with reluctant moderation. He had, moreover, some social talents, which acquired for him the general esteem; he cultivated ventriloquism with success, and blackened the walls with the most laughable charcoal caricatures possible. In order utterly to destroy the oysterman, he made a series of pitiless caricatures in all our guardrooms, and endowed him with a nose so monstrous that it lost the oysterman forty votes. Meanwhile he persisted in my likeness to Napoleon, he drew me with my arms folded, in a cocked hat, in a grey coat, in a thousand Napoleonic ways and attitudes; and thus by degrees the star of the actual captain of our company began to grow pale before that of its future commander.

This labour continued for at least a year, and at last the critical day arrived when the new elections took place. For ten months past, Malvina had been at work preparing our allies for the great occasion. Our tradesmen had never before had such customers as we were; if Paris had been menaced with a siege, our house could not have been more crammed with provisions, and it may be supposed that the worthy merchants who supplied them redoubled their attentions to these most profitable of customers. The wine-merchant carried me ten voltigeurs, the porkman enlisted four, the tailor came over with three; but more than all these did Oscar. Every time he was on guard came a fresh prodigy. He imitated donkeys, cocks, dogs, and cats with a fidelity that won the hearts of the company. He performed dialogues, polylogues, operas, comedies, and farces all by himself. A refractory upholsterer came over after seeing him dance the previous night, another voltigeur yielded to the portrait of his two darlings in oil, and a third deserted from the oystermonger in gratitude for a shop-sign which Oscar painted for him, and on which that illustratious artist lavished all the spinach of his palette. This propaganda assumed such a character that I was menaced with an unanimous election. The oysterman was ruined; he had only to retire and deplore his defeat upon a heap of shells.

But he still desperately clung on to his captaincy. He refused to be swallowed up by me, he opposed his to the different influences I had brought to bear. His audacity was monstrous; for three days the whole company was deluged with oysters, ostracized, smothered with shells. But my rival carried his liberality too far; the company grew sick of oysters, and, as they fell off from the feast of shells, came over to me. Oscar, too, did not allow my adversary's proceedings to pass without remark. He pursued what he called the Oysterites with sarcasms so pitiless that no voltigeur dared openly acknowledge himself to be of the party. Henceforth my antagonist's supporters were a shamed and feeble band, defeated before they had fought.

On the day of election my painter was prodigious; he went from group to group exciting this by his praise, frightening that by his sneer, giving one a shake of the hand that made him mine for ever, and that a withering frown that sent him back into his shell. My adversary sat demurely in a corner of the room, whither the sarcasms of Oscar had driven him.

"Look at him, there on his bench, the oyster-captain! Waiter, some pepper and vinegar, and sprinkle on this gentleman! Bah! I could swallow a dozen such captains, bread and butter included! How do you like your officers served up, gentlemen? scolloped or in their shells? Silence in the ranks. Oysters to the left, and down they go!"

It was with jokes of this nature that Oscar assailed the Oysterman—jokes which were received on our side with immense cheers and laughter. The oyster-captain sat confounded in his corner, scarce knowing which way to look. His partisans did not dare to support him openly, and abandoned him in his solitude. At length we came to voting. Of the eighty voters I received forty-six suffrages; the rest were for my adversary. I was captain, and the painter plunged into my arms, shouting, "Long live Captain Paturot."

This cry passed through the ranks of the soldiery, which was infected by the enthusiasm of Oscar, and, the operations of the election being terminated, we had a collation of punch and cakes, whereof Oscar did the honours and of which I paid the bill.

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom "he is content" by the ear, he swears every now and then with much energy; he invents a costume (it was in the early days when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will); and in a grand review before Marshal Soban the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform, yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets—the most brilliant company ever seen. But though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the empire ordered them to perform—the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. "Ho, porter!" shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate, "shut the gates, porter! these canaries will fly off if you don't."

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now laboured incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them not only to march and to counter-march, but to fire with great precision, until, on an unlucky day, the lieutenant, being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized on the captain's wife, who too was determined to play her part in the world; and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian princess of undoubted grandeur had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperone, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part of the Borysthenes in the neighbourhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoi's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public came forward as sympathizers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell the other day. A great *fête* was resolved on, and Madame de Paturot became one of the lady patronesses.

And at this *fête* we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognize a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day, by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

> The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind-instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands, and all the fiddles possible.
>
> "Princess," said the artist, agitating his locks, "for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge."
>
> The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre;* he took his place at a desk five metres above the level of the waves of the orchestra, and around

him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are recorded of the extraordinary power which he possesses for so doing; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes—

"Tum-tiddle-di- tum-tiddle-de," etc.

The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.

I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone at his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half-drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the maestro with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back-door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please.

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else; where poets are prophets, where romances have revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. "Battles in Spain are mighty well," says the genius; "but what does Europe care for them? A single word spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain." So stupendous a genius is that of the country!

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in the world; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome's high fortunes are yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honour to be invited to the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner:—

> The day of the ball arrived, and numberless misfortunes with it. At ten o'clock my wife's hairdresser had not made his appearance, and my pumps were still absent. Servant after servant was despatched after these indispensable and dilatory articles, and it was eleven o'clock before we were *en route*. Even then our troubles were not over; in order to arrive at the Carrousel it was necessary to follow the file of carriages from the Rue Rivoli. The heavens poured down cataracts on the pavement, the carriages entered slowly one by one, and I had all but given orders to return home and to wait for a more favourable opportunity to exhibit my court suit; but Oscar, who in his quality of painter-in-ordinary to his majesty, found means to get a ticket to every court gala in the season, had no idea of dressing himself to no purpose, and he succeeded in calming my ill-humour. The carriages began to move a little more quickly, and presently we saw the palace staircase and balcony, which was to be our port in the storm.
>
> The stair was as much crowded as the street had been previously, we could only ascend the steps with infinite pains and precaution. We had been practising at home the court manner of ascending the stair, and lo! all our studies had been in vain. Gentlemen's swords crossed together, ladies' trains grew rebellious and persisted in wandering under gentlemen's legs, and by the time we arrived at the entry of the reception rooms we were all crumpled, rumpled, trampled, and in disorder. At last, thanks to the *huissiers* and the servants in waiting, and thanks to a good deal of pushing and struggling forward, we arrived at the grand saloon where the king and queen were. I had studied at home a low bow of the most elegant kind, having perfected myself in it with infinite care, and when I arrived near his majesty executed it, I flatter myself, not unsuccessfully.
>
> "Sire," I added, with a loyal inflection of voice which I thought could not fail to produce some sensation in the bosom of his majesty; but fancy my surprise when I lifted up my head after the salute to perceive before me only the back of his majesty, who had turned round to speak to I don't know what ambassador of a northern court. Madame Paturot had likewise missed her *entrée*, which even cast upon

her countenance a certain expression of ill-humour. At last, and as well as we could, we struggled into a corner of the room, where though tired we were not able to sit down, as etiquette prevented us from being seated in their majesties' presence. To this regulation I was resigned, but I could not console myself for not having been able to captivate for a moment the regards of my sovereign. That royal back oppressed me. It poisoned my *fête*.

However, as I looked on, I began soon to perceive that his majesty might be *blasé* even in respect of bows as elegant as mine. The gracious monarch performed less than three thousand bows in the course of the evening, his illustrious head bobbing up and down like the piston in a fire-pump. There must be certain state consolations for royalty, otherwise how could kings get through their duty? Far from envying kings, I pity them heartily. Few subjects would bear the duties which their station obliges sovereigns to go through. From the place where I stood, I could admire that gift of smiling, that elastic play of muscles with which Heaven has endowed monarchs, and which is at once a proof of the superiority of their rank as individuality of their royal vocation. As I saw the old dowagers step up in their fallallas, the respectable old peers in their powder, all those fat, meagre, wrinkled, toothless, sickly, vulgar faces which followed in an almost interminable file, I wondered how a human head could maintain its calm in the midst of such a whirlwind of such a suffocating heat, of such doubtful odours as filled the scented air, of all these flowers and ribands, bare necks and epaulettes, diamonds, bald heads, wigs, and powder. The uniforms especially fatigued the eye with their colours and embroideries, with their foreign stars and crosses, their grand cordons, and German eagles, their garters, iron crowns, golden fleeces, Cincinnatuses, and a chain of stars and what not, sparkling and twinkling in a thousand coats, civil and military, passing and crossing perpetually before my eyes. Heavens! what a scene of luxury it was, and what an overpowering suffocating enthusiasm I felt! There I stood, with my elbow in the side of a marshal of France, my heel on the corn of a foreign plenipotentiary, in the midst of all the great names of Europe, and the finest diamonds in the world. It was an honour of which a man may acknowledge himself to be proud, an honour which no Paturot before me had ever enjoyed. And, when the factious rebels of the opposition pretend that the Revolution of July has miscarried, I answer no! it has carried hosiers to the Tuileries, and I have no doubt that it was the end of the institution.

After the reception was over their majesties retired, according to custom, and dancing began. It was for this moment that Madame Paturot had been in waiting. She had indulged herself in a frock so remarkably *décolletée* that she hoped at least to catch the eye of one of the princes; and, seated on a stool, she flung round her, for this important end, all the fascinations of her glance, and all the seductions of her fan. I saw clearly that my presence could in no wise aid my wife's manœuvres, and therefore disappeared in the direction of the *buffet*. Ah! you rascally pamphleteers, who are always sneering at the entertainments of the most generous of sovereigns, I wish I had you in that refreshment-room placed by the side of one of those tables always covered with dishes of the most delicious meats, though these were always disappearing down the throats of the gormandizers around. With every respect for the high society which frequents the Tuileries, their appetite, I must say, is prodigious. As I examined the dishes as they came and disappeared, it certainly seemed to me that their excellencies the ambassadors were in a state of famine, that the plenipotentiaries must have been starving, that the great cordons covered stomachs still greater than themselves. I must also admit that several peeresses and deputies' ladies were doing their duty round the tables, and that the three powers of our state were there represented by some of the stoutest jaws and most capacious abdomens in our country.

To this spectacle, which filled my soul with admiration for the magnificence of my king, I devoted the greater part of my evening. As far as turkeys, patties, jellies, wines, and plate went, it was, indeed, a noble sight, and perhaps I should never to this minute have been able to snatch myself away from these Capuan delights had not Malvina come up rather abruptly to join me.

"Let us go," said she, with an air of extreme ill-humour.

"But," said I.

"No buts," said she, "let us be off!"

And so we went to our carriage. During the drive home Madame Paturot maintained a profound silence, a precursor of a storm. I could not imagine what was the cause which rendered her so taciturn and so sombre.

"What a splendid *fête!*" said I, by way of breaking the ice.

"A pretty *fête*, indeed! it was good enough, though, for greedy creatures like you!"

"Ah, Malvina," I replied, in a tender tone.

"Not a single quadrille — not one!" said she, going off at once. "Pretty princes they are — pretty calves they have, wadded an inch all round! Pretty dances, pretty calves! as much fat on them as on the back of my hand! Pooh! it makes me yawn only to think — only to think of them."

This sortie explained everything to me. In spite of those incendiary glances of hers, Malvina had never been asked to dance.

· If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honour of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely in a couple of pages a description of the affair so accurate, that, after translating it, I for my part feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old clothesmen; here and there a deputy-lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court suits, and make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, *Oh, ce marquis!* Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly—it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse in Rotten Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may Fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up their incomes to the national debt, and saying to the country, "Give me a mutton chop and a thousand a year!"

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honour, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him; how, being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town; she is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser?

I have just heard that *Jerome Paturot* is a political novel; one of the Reviews despatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it is a political novel, perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton night-cap; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing nowadays to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humoured wit. The author of *Jerome Paturot* is M. Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, the police-magistrate, upon the precaution of thieving in the metropolis, and some political pamphlets of merit by the same author; but it hath been generally allowed that *The History of Mr. Thomas Jones* by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of M. Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading unscientific world.

M. A. Titmarsh.

GRANT IN PARIS.[1]

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, *Nov.* 24, 1843.

IT is needless to state to any gent in the upper circles of society that the eyes of Europe have long been directed towards Grant. All the diplomatic gents at this haunt of the aristocracy have been on the look-out for his book. The question which Don Manuel Godoy addresses to Field-Marshal Blucher (before they sit down to whist) is, in the Spanish language of course, when will it appear? "*Prxckpfsky Grantowitz bubbxwky*," exclaims his Excellency Count Pozzo di Borgo, before taking his daily glass of caviare and water, "that terrible fellow Grant is going to publish a work about Paris, I see." "*Quand sera t'il dehors!*" screams Prince Talleyrand, "when will it be out?" and on the day of publication I know for a fact that a courier was in waiting at the French embassy to carry off the volumes to His M-t-y L-is Ph-l-ppe and Monsieur Gu-z-t. They have 'em by this time—they have read every word of these remarkable tomes, and I have no doubt that they are trembling in their *souliers* at some of the discoveries therein made.

Grant has always been notorious for possessing a masculine and vigorous understanding, a fine appreciation of the delicacies of good society, and a brilliant—almost too brilliant wit. The only things wanting to perfect him as a writer, were, perhaps, English grammar and foreign travel. This latter difficulty he has now brilliantly overcome. He *has* travelled. Dangers and expense have not delayed him.

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[1] *Paris and its People.* By the author of *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons, The Great Metropolis*, etc., etc. [*i.e.* James Grant, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*]. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. [*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1843.]

He has visited foreign courts and acquired the high-bred elegance and badinage which the young English gent can only attain by Continental excursions; and though in the matter of grammar before alluded to he is not perfectly blameless, yet who is? "*Nil desperandum,*" as Molière observes, grammar may be learned even better at home in the solitude of the closet, than abroad amidst the dazzling enticements of the French (who, besides, don't speak the English grammar), and I have no doubt that after he has published a few more works, Grant will be pronounced faultless.

It was a kind thought which induced Grant to have his portrait engraved, and to prefix it to this his last and most original work. This practice has of late been very common amongst our great men, who know that the affectionate public longs to be in possession of the form and features as well as of the thoughts of the poets and sages who delight and instruct it. We enter into society with them, as it were; we have personal converse with them. Who, for instance, when he sees that fascinating portrait of Moore in Longman's late edition does not feel doubly interested in the bard? Who that has seen Chalon's picture of Sir Edward Bulwer turned up in the uneasy chair, or that in which the honourable baronet is represented with his arms folded, or that in which we have him without any arms, nay, almost without any clothes — I mean in the engraving after the bust — who, I say, does not feel more intimate with the accomplished author? And if with these, why not with Grant? I venture to say that though, perhaps, he does not know it himself, as a writer of fiction he surpasses any one of them; and that he can say of his works what they cannot say of theirs, that in every single page there is something amusing.

We accordingly have him on steel, and from the likeness here given I should take Grant to be a man of forty or two-and-forty. He is represented as sitting on a very handsome chair, probably of mahogany, and with a leather back, though what the colour of the leather is, it is impossible, as the engraving is not coloured, to say. He is dressed in a suit of black, probably his best suit of clothes. The elbow of his left hand reposes upon a work entitled *Random Recollections*, while the fingers are occupied in twiddling his shirt-collar, probably a clean one (or if not a shirt-collar at least a false collar, or by possibility a dicky) put on that very day. In his right hand he holds a pen, with which very likely he wrote those very *Random Recollections* under his left elbow. A chain hangs out of the pocket of his velvet waist-coat, by which we may conclude that he has a watch, though we have known many gents whose watches were at their *uncle's* (as the fashionable term for the pawnbroker goes) — I have known, I say, many gents who had no watch wear a bullet or a copper-piece in their fob, and when asked "What o'clock is it?" say, "Oh, my dear William!" or "my dear John" (varying the name, of course, as the case may be), "I forgot to wind my watch up last evening or this morning," and so they *did forget to wind it up.* But a truce to pleasantry.

Grant's hair seems to be rather thin on the forehead, and I should say, if closely pressed, that he was — baldish. Over his ears it grows, however, pretty luxuriously, and if not put into papers over night, or touched up with the tongs, as many gents' hair is, especially when they are going to have their portraits taken, has a natural curl. Whether his nose grows as it is represented in the picture, and his eyes have that peculiar look, I cannot, of course, say, so much depending upon the artist in these cases, for it is manifest that if we have never seen a gent, we cannot say whether that gent's picture is like or no. The above description will suffice to give the reader an idea of Grant.

Under the print is written "Yours very truly, James Grant." And in looking at that piece of writing, as at many other similar autographs at the bottom of portraits, I have not been able to refrain from asking myself, *Whose* very truly? Does a gent sit down and write "yours very truly" to himself, which is absurd? Or does he send off a letter to a friend begging him to send back a former letter, in some terms like the following? —

My dear friend (or sir, or madam, as the case may be), the public is very anxious to have my picture and autograph; as I cannot write "yours very truly," to myself, will you have the goodness to send me any one of my former letters and oblige yours very truly,

JAMES OF EDWARD LYTTON SO-AND-SO.

However this may have been managed, there the autograph is—the handwriting is very like the Duke of Wellington's, by the way—there is the writing, and there is the writer, and very truly he *has* been ours, and in no instance more truly than now. James Grant, I say to myself, when looking at that *writing*, I am very glad to take you by the *hand*.[1] And so to business.

"In appearing once more before the public," begins James in his preface, "it is unnecessary for the author to say that he has gone over entirely new ground—ground which for the most part has been untrodden by any previous English writer." And I quote the sentence for the purpose of vindicating at the outset a remark which some people may have thought unnecessarily harsh, viz., that Grant sometimes neglects his grammar. I don't mean merely his grammar of language, but his moral grammar, so to speak, his grammar of the mind. Thus when our dear friend says, "It is unnecessary to say that I have gone over entirely new ground," I ask, first, if it is unnecessary to say so, dear friend, why *do* you say so? Second, I inquire, how can that ground, of which some part has been trodden, according to Grant's own admission—how can that very ground be *entirely* new? Such contradictions, coming in the very same sentence, do not, permit me to state, look well. There should be a few pages between them; they should not jostle each other, and eat each other up, as it were, in the narrow space of a couple of lines; but one or other assertion should be allowed to stand over to another chapter, and thus it would wear the air, not of a contradiction, but of a fresh and brilliant thought. Many of our well-known writers use this method with the greatest success. Thirdly, I would take the liberty to ask: *Is* Paris entirely new ground? It can't be, for James himself says, at the end of the second volume, that when he went thither he expected to find 15,000 English there. However, I need not have occupied so much of your valuable time and the club paper in discussing the above sentence, for on turning to sentence 2, what do I perceive? Why, this; that as the last part of sentence 1 contradicts the first part, so sentence 2 contradicts the second part of sentence 1, by admitting that a great deal has been already written about Paris—which, indeed, I believe to be the fact.

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[1] Our opinion is that Master Fitz is attempting an imitation of the style of Grant.

In six masterly pages James narrates the early history of Paris; and though it must be owned that these pages are robbed, for the chief part, from an exceedingly rare and curious book, called *Galignani's Paris Guide*, yet it must not be imagined that James has not placed his own peculiar mark upon the article which he has appropriated.

For instance, Galignani begins his account thus: "The origin of Paris, and the character of its inhabitants, are necessarily involved in deep obscurity." Whereas James writes as follows: "The origin and early history of Paris, *unlike the early history of the metropolis of England*, are so completely enveloped in obscurity that *we rarely meet with any* writer of note who *even hazards a* conjecture on the subject." How fine this is! Some people may presume that James has committed a theft, but surely it is an excusable theft. If I steal the child of a beggar, and make him a duke, with a hundred thousand a year, will not that child—will not the public (provided his grace has no collateral heirs) pardon me? So with James. He takes a handkerchief, let us say, he appropriates, or—to speak professionally—*prigs* that handkerchief; but the instant it is in his possession, he puts a border of gold lace round it, so that the handkerchief will hardly know itself. And how happily chosen are all the ornaments which he adds to the appropriated article! *Unlike* the history of London, the origin of Paris is, and no writer even hazards a conjecture on the subject; by which words we see that James is perfectly aware of the origin of London (and in that knowledge, I fearlessly say, excels any man in England), and, likewise, that he has consulted every author of note who has written about Paris, for how else could he say that they never hazarded conjectures concerning its origin?

"The first mention," says he, "of *the French capital*" (the turn is again delightfully happy), "occurs in Cæsar's *Commentaries*, written about fifty years before the Christian era. *That distinguished writer* refers to it under the name of Lutetia. . . . The references which Cæsar makes to the Paris of his day are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. All that can be gleaned from them is, that it was an inconsiderable town built on *La Citié*, one of the *then* five islands in the Seine. This island was at that period *much smaller than it now is*." Indeed! If an island cannot grow in 1890 years, the deuce is in it! And so he continues, now narrating what "the Emperor Julian informs us," now stating that it was sacked under "the auspices of Clovis," again touching upon "Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty," always happy in his phrases, and profound, if not in research (for, indeed, I believe the guide-book contains most of the truths which Grant has arranged for publication), yet in that profound spirit of observation and manly justice of reasoning, which is so much better than mere musty book-learning, and which the mere scholar can sometimes *never* acquire. For instance, take the following passage:—

> Great diversity of opinion exists among the earlier historians of England as to the period at which Christianity was first introduced into our country. There seems to be *no such diversity* among the accredited historians of France, respecting the time when the Christian faith was first promulgated in *that part of Europe*. They *all* concur in the statement that St. Denis introduced Christianity among the Parisians about the year 250. Whether the majority of them renounced Paganism, and embraced the religion of Jesus, on the introduction of the latter, is a point on which the French historians are silent; but the presumption is, that at least a goodly number must have adopted the new faith, as a bishoprick was established in Paris a few years after St. Denis promulgated the truths of Christianity among its people.

How fine it is to see Grant sitting, as it were, in the judgment seat, and calling up to the tribunal of his thought the mighty witnesses of the past. Nothing escapes him. The doubts and struggles of the new faith, the surly, yet unavailing resistance of the old, are painted by him in a few masterly touches. Whether the majority embraced the new creed is what he at once asks. And how does he answer that momentous question? Why, by a manly and straightforward statement that he doesn't know. "The French historians are silent. But there *must* have been a goodly number," says the keen and noble James. And why? Because a *bishopric* was established. It is (if he will pardon me the expression) his *eureka.* It is stout Cortes discovering the Pacific. The mists of time are rolled away before the keen eyes of James. He sees the bard and Druid retreating into his woods to emerge from them no more. He sees the pale-faced missionary of the new faith pleading its cause before the savage and wondering Gaul. Down go Thor and Woden; down go the fairer idols of Roman worship; cross-topped church-spires rise over the pines; clinking chapel-bells are heard in the valleys; and lo! preceded by banner and crosier, by beadle and verger, comes BISHOP DENIS, in his wig and lawn-sleeves. It is a fact, I believe, not generally known, that Bishop Denis walked for several miles with his head cut off; which circumstance, supposing his lordship was twenty years occupier of the see of Paris, must therefore have taken place about the year 270 — no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-four years ago.

Let us quit, however, the regions of antiquity, and plunge at once into the Paris of to-day.

And now our first antiquarian having put us in possession of the ancient history of the place, he passes the barrier, and rushes *in medias res* I may say, if the Latin word *res rei,* "a thing," may in the present instance be allowed by a little poetic license to mean "a street" (as, in fact, a street *is* a thing, therefore *res* is Latin for a street). He rushes, I say, *in medias res* into the middle of the streets, where the gutter is, and begins to look about him. And his very first remark on entering the city shews how fine is his insight into human nature, and how, though he has travelled but little hitherto, he has profited by the little he has seen.

"The first impression of Paris," says James, "which a stranger receives *depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance.*" Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them? No; and the best characteristic of truth I say is, when everybody says "How true!" Having been at Paris myself I can state for a fact, that nothing *is* more true than the above observation; and that not only there, but in other cities which I have visited, *your impressions depend upon what you see.* He must be a miserably prejudiced creature who judges otherwise, and one who is not worthy of credit.

Now, as the entrance from the St. Denis road is not picturesque, what does our author do but benevolently carry us round to the Arc de l'Etoile, and introduce us to the city that way.

> "Englishmen are accustomed," says he, "to admire the grand entrance into Hyde Park; but it is nothing" (no more it is) "to the majestic barrier. As the stranger passes it, a singularly beautiful prospect presents itself to his view. He sees a considerable portion of Paris in the distance, with all the magnificence of the Tuileries in the foreground; while on either side, extending for more than a mile and a half, are many rows of trees of stately size and ample foliage, all planted with perfect regularity, and producing an effect in the mind of the spectator *far too pleasing to admit of description.*"

The only difficulty to this charming description is with regard to the foreground of the Tuileries, which is a mile and a half off, for, "as you proceed farther on this beautiful road, you near the garden of the Tuileries, which never yet *has* been beheld by an intelligent person without confounding him with *their* surpassing beauty!" And Grant is an intelligent person, and confounded, therefore, must he have been at the sight, of which he finely says again, "it were impossible for the most graphic description to convey an idea."

"In the months of August and September," he adds, "I stood in *the centre* of the Tuileries, and felt myself literally bewildered with the glories around me;" and so, I need not say, would any man who were to stand there for that time. "Nature and man," continues James, "co-operate together in this charming locality; and it is no wonder that the Parisians should be so anxious that all illustrious visitors should enter their city by the Champs Elysées."

In the city "what most forcibly strikes the stranger is," Grant says at once, "the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets." This would strike anybody perhaps; but few know that the houses are painted in different fancy colours; that each individual has a right to paint the part of the house which he rents as he pleases; and hence that "there is something very pleasing as well as strange to the eye of the visitor in the aspect of many of the streets." In the summer season the streets have a horticultural aspect. Most of the windows in the upper stories are filled with flowers of various kinds, and along the fronts of many of the houses are balconies so abundantly laden with every diversity of flowers, as to have the appearance of so many gardens. "This fortunately struck me," says James, "*in the middle of the Rue St. Honoré*"; but he does not say in what months he stood there—in July probably, before he went to stand in the centre of the Tuileries, where we have seen him during August and September. This point, however, is of minor importance; the main matter is the description of the town. And who that has been at Paris does not recognize the capital of Europe in the above lively description? One more circumstance regarding the exterior aspect of the town could not be expected to escape one of the most daring investigators in the world; it is this—*the number of signs.* "Most of these signs consist of the name and business of the parties *painted*, as with us, *on a board* on the wall—in other cases on the walls themselves, and the gigantic proportions of the letters will be understood when I state that they are often *two feet in length and one foot in breadth.*" What say you to that, my masters? Is it good to go abroad, or is it not? Is observation a noble quality, or is it not? I say, that Grant going into a town—a foreign town, not knowing the language, as he himself says, and discovering at a glance the boards upon the shop walls—the size of their letters, and that those letters were formed into words meant to describe "the name and business of the parties"—I say that such a man is a man of genius. What does *he* want with knowing a language? He knows it without learning it, by the intuition of great spirits. How else could he have ascertained that fact, or have been aware that the letters written upon the walls, *as with us* (as with us, mark you; nothing escapes him at home or abroad, and he is ready with a thousand rich illustrations to decorate the subject in hand). How, I say, should he have known BUT by genius that those boards, those words, those letters, were not meant to describe the name and business of some *other* parties over the way? Pass we to the *inside* of the shops: 'tis without meaning a play upon words, a natural *transition:*—

> The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and size of their mirrors. Look in what direction you may, after you have entered, and you see your person reflected at full length. In some cases, indeed, you can hardly see anything but mirrors; and the entire fitting-up displays corresponding taste. Then, as regards the arrangement of grouping of the articles for sale, nothing can be more tasteful. Everything in the shop is seen, and everything is seen to the best advantage. But the Parisian shopkeeper remembers that every passer-by does not enter his shop, and therefore he very wisely bestows his special attention to his windows. The window of a Parisian shop—*I am assuming, of course, that it is in the fancy line*—is a sight worth going a day's journey to witness; it is quite a study—a perfect picture. It affords an exhibition of artistical skill of which the people of no other country can have any conception. I never looked at a French shopkeeper's window without the conviction forcing itself on my mind, that he who arranged its contents must be an artist, *though he may himself be unconscious of it;* and that had he turned his attention to any department of art requiring a combination of the imaginative faculty with an exquisite taste in the practical embodiment of his notions, he must have attained a celebrity of no common order.

Isn't it too bad to say, after this, that we do not do foreigners justice? that we pretend in all things to assert the superiority of our country? Here is Jim, who goes into a shop — of course assuming that it is in the fancy line — and pays it a compliment such as deserves to get him the cross of the Legion of Honour. I can see him looking in the glass — not over ill-satisfied with himself, the sly rogue! and with his person reflected all over the shop. "*Perhaps* I may here remark," says Jim, "that the pleasing effect of the Parisian shops is very considerably heightened by the number of beautiful and well-dressed women that are to be found in them." The *perhaps* indeed! The rogue, the sly rogue, the wicked, abominable rogue! But mum is the word, dear James. Let us not touch on this painful, this delicate theme.

James's, however, is no blind admiration — no Gallomania (if he will allow me the expression). If he praises some things, he blames others — viz. the gutters in the streets; — "those puddles or miniature rivers of mud which assail the eye, *and another organ which it is needless to name.*" (Blessings on him — my James — my Jim — my dear, dear friend! I don't know him; but as I write about him, and think about him, I love him more and more.) The remedy for these gutters his eagle eye at once sees.

"The remedy," says he, "is cheap, simple, efficacious. Let conduits be formed underground and the thing is done." Ought not the Ville de Paris to thank him for this; and, instead of spending their money in presenting swords to the Comte de Paris, and erecting tawdry gimcracks of camps and fountains, present James with something handsome? Since the gentleman who has a good memory has been writing in this Magazine, it is read with anxiety in the French court. This I know to be a fact. And, perhaps, these humble lines may fall under the eye of M——y, to whom I would say, "Sire, remember Jim Grant!"

There are other nuisances in Paris which the untiring observer points out — "small exposed constructions, which invite the passers-by," and which will, doubtless, be hurled down by the withering denunciations of the indignant moralist — for instance, the cabs. "The cabs," says he, "are, for the most part, the same in form as they are with us: *so are the coaches.* Connected with the drivers of the former, especially, there is one very unpleasant thing: I allude to the fact that, in a great many, though not in a majority of these vehicles, the driver actually sets himself down alongside his passenger. No matter how dirty his appearance may be, he will actually plant himself beside the finest and most elegantly dressed lady in the land."

"This," Jim says, in a tone of melancholy, almost tender reproof, "he should not have expected from the Parisians." And, indeed, it ought to be looked to. A duchess wants to go to court; a marchioness wishes to pay her respects to her friend the Countess of So-and-So. It rains; and, of course, she calls a cab. Can her ladyship do otherwise? And when in that cab, dressed out in silks and satins, with a swan's-down muff and tippet, and feathers in her head very possibly, is a filthy cabman to set himself alongside of her? Faugh! This must be amended. And many a noble dame of the Faubourg will thank Jim, a foreigner and a man of letters, for pointing out this intolerable nuisance. Now let us give a rapid glance with James at the city, which was never described so delightfully before: —

> In Paris there are no squares — not, I mean, in the sense in which the word is generally understood by us. There are, it is true, several open places, somewhat resembling our squares; but these are public buildings — the Louvre, for example — and not a series of houses inhabited by private families. The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell, and other squares of London, are wholly unknown in the French capital. It can, however, boast of several "places" — some of them of a very imposing kind. Nothing, for instance, could be finer than the Place Vendôme; it is the admiration of all who have seen it.
>
> But of all localities in Paris, there is none that gratifies the visitor so much as the Boulevards. The Boulevards may be said to constitute one great road or street, about three miles in length, and fully as broad as the broadest of our streets. The Boulevards are divided into two

departments — the northern and the southern. The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, and are much more magnificent than the southern, which are seven in number. The houses on either side of the northern Boulevards, especially on the right hand as you proceed towards their termination in the neighbourhood of the Madeline Church, are remarkably beautiful. Some of them are private residences, but most of them are cafés, restaurants, hotels, shops, etc. The aspect of the Boulevards, especially on a summer's evening, is singularly striking and pleasing. In front of all the cafés, you see crowds of elegantly dressed men and women partaking of the grateful refreshment which these places supply, and looking, not with rude gaze, but with an expression of much gratification, at the streams of people who are slowly and softly gliding along the beautiful promenade before them. The interior of the countless shops displays the very perfection of taste as regards the manner in which they are fitted up, and in which the various articles are arranged. Like all the better class of shops in the centre of Paris, they are not only brilliantly and most effectively lighted up inside, but in many cases, the windows and the articles are set off to peculiar advantage, by the lights outside, which by means of glasses and other reflectors are made to throw a blaze of light on the whole place. The shops in the Boulevards, as in all the other principal streets of Paris, however small some of them may be, can boast of the presence of one or more elegantly dressed young women. The promenade on either side of this celebrated place is unusually broad. It cannot be less than from thirty-five to forty feet. It is, indeed, as broad as some of the leading streets in the centre of the city. Two rows of elm-trees, fifteen or twenty feet apart, extend their whole length on either side of the Boulevards, and contribute much to their surpassing beauty; so that the person passing hastily along the Boulevards, finds himself in a sort of avenue formed by trees in the middle of Paris. The trees vary in height, size, and appearance, which adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. The aspect of the place is at once rural and architectural, or rather presents an instance in which both the rural and architectural are happily blended. The pavement is formed of asphalte materials; but the effect is somewhat impaired when the eye fixes on the ground, owing to a large circular patch of earth being left uncovered by the pavement around each tree, in order that its growth may not be retarded. Some persons have expressed regret that the Boulevards, instead of having several turnings, should not run in a straight line. I altogether differ from those who entertain this opinion. The windings of this magnificent road contribute, in my judgment, very materially to its surpassing beauty. I consider, indeed, that the curvatures in the Boulevards impart to them their greatest charm. Only imagine how cheerless and monotonous, comparatively speaking, the Boulevards would appear, did they extend for three miles in a straight line.

Between the Rue St. Honoré and the northern Boulevards, lies the Palais Royale. There is no part of Paris which is so constantly in the thoughts, or so frequently on the lips of the Parisian, as this locality. He thinks of it by day, and dreams of it by night. He regards it with all the fervour of affection with which a lover adores his mistress. It is in a sense mixed up with his very existence. Paris, with all its attractions, would be scarcely tolerable to him were he denied access to the Palais Royale. Wherever the genuine Parisian is, whether in any other part of the city or in the provinces; whether at home or abroad, his thoughts and affections tend as surely to the Palais Royale, as the needle points to the Pole. Death may tear an attached friend from his embraces, and he is overwhelmed for a season with sorrow at his loss; but it is only for a season. Time heals the wound which the bereavement has inflicted, and he is himself again. It is otherwise if he be placed in circumstances which debar him from the Palais Royale. It is the heaviest calamity, the severest affliction, which can befall him. The exclusion preys on his spirits and wears away his body. To those who have not been in Paris this may appear exaggeration; but it is not so. We all know the ascendency which the love of country often acquires in the breast of a Scotchman or a Swiss, when circumstances have obliged him to reside in a foreign clime. The feeling at times so powerfully preys upon his mind as to impair his health. I know one instance, and there are many such most amply attested, in which a Scotch Highlandman in South America died from the excess of his love of country. The same ardent affection for the Palais Royale exists in the heart of a Parisian. I cannot say I know any particular case in which a Parisian, doomed to settle in the provinces or abroad, has died of a broken heart, because exiled from his beloved Palais Royale; but I saw and heard enough, when in the French capital, of the Parisian's passionate fondness for that charming locality, to look on such an event as possible.

Those only who have been in Paris and know something of the French character, can at all comprehend how a Parisian's liking for the Palais Royale should assume this consuming passion. It is not the mere outward beauty of the place, though that, as I shall presently endeavour to show, surpasses anything to be met with either in Paris or London, or, I had almost said, in any other city in the world. It is the associations connected with the locality, more than anything else, which contribute to the production of this feeling of partiality for the Palais Royale.

Here he has been for a series of years in the habit of meeting kindred spirits — persons so very familiar in their views, habits, practices, that he and they seemed as much animated by one spirit, as if they had only had one soul among them. There he and they dined, drank coffee, sipped their glasses of brandy, smoked their cigars, and played at billiards and the draughts together, until they actually appeared part and parcel of each other's being. No wonder then that the Parisian, who is forced to forego the exquisite enjoyment which he derived from these associations and exercises, should feel as if violence were done to his nature.

To describe the Palais Royale were impossible. The imagination cannot conceive anything in the centre of a great city at all like it. In most other cases the writer who attempts to sketch a scene, to which he feels himself unable to do justice, has the satisfaction of thinking that where he fails, the imagination of the reader will supply the deficiency. It is otherwise in this case; the most fertile fancy would fail to picture to itself what the Palais Royale is on a fine summer's evening. Its length from outside to outside is little, if at all, short of a quarter of a mile, and the breadth cannot be much less than a furlong, or the eighth of a mile. In the centre are a great number of tastefully laid-out trees of various kinds and various sizes. Portions of the ground have the rich appearance of an arbour; in the centre of all is a large fountain, which on particular nights sends up, from six or seven places, its waters twenty or twenty-five feet high. In the grounds to the east and west of the fountain are two parterres of matchless beauty. Immense crowds of persons, dressed in the extreme of fashion, are always to be seen on a summer's evening, walking about the grounds, or along the splendid piazzas which surround them, while many hundreds more are to be seen sitting luxuriously on chairs, the men sipping their coffee or brandy, and the women eating their ices, or drinking their lemonade. You fancy you are sitting in a second Eden, only that you see no growing fruit—though, in the season, the windows of the surrounding cafés are always full of the choicest sorts.

It will surprise the English reader to be informed that, among the immense concourse of persons thus occupied, or rather thus indulging in luxurious indolence, are to be seen many handsome and elegantly dressed women. The reader may probably infer that these women belong to the class of the unfortunates. The fact is otherwise; they are, or at least as far as is known, women of undoubted respectability.

The whole annals of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) contain, I fearlessly assert, no description like this. "The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell squares (how finely does he keep up the genteel gradation), are wholly unknown in France." Aye! and so I may say are the Bloomsbury, the Red Lion, too; and the more is the pity. If I had children, and wished to form their tender minds, I would have a sort of catechism made of the above description, which they should be made to get by heart. As thus:—

Q. What is the Boulevard?

A. A sort of avenue formed by trees.

Q. What is its aspect?

A. Its aspect is at once rural and architectural, or rather (this distinction is uncommonly fine) presents an instance in which the rural and the architectural are happily blended.

Q. How is the pavement formed?

A. Of asphalte materials.

Q. How is its effect impaired?

A. By circular patches of earth.

Q. What imparts to the Boulevards their greatest charms?

A. Their curvatures.

Q. What locality is most frequently in the thoughts and on the lips of a Frenchman?

A. The Palais Royale.

Q. Why do you spell Royale with an *e*?

A. Because I choose.

Q. Does a Parisian dream of the Palais Royale every night?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it a more severe affliction to the Frenchman to lose the Palais Royale than to lose his dear friend, wife, mother or child?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Is this an exaggeration?

A. Not in the least to those who know Paris, etc., etc.

And then the question comes, How did Jim, not speaking a word of French, find out these things? He says he took a *laquais-de-place* at three francs the half-day, who probably told him these stories. But I have too high an opinion of Jim's economy to suppose he would hire one of these fellows for many days together; and indeed, he very soon appears to have got a smattering of the language, and to push on for himself. Thus, he used to go to a barber's, and he calls him "Monsieur Tonsor." This he never could have done had he not known French—Monsieur being French for *Mister*, and

Tonsor meaning Barber in the Latin language. Again, we find him speaking French with respect to hats, in the noble passage where he says:—

> Of all parts of a Parisian's dress, that which he is most particular about is his hat. I am confident that any man might with safety bet that, out of every hundred hats you see on the heads of the pedestrians in Paris, *not more than one in ten will be found to be bad.* A Frenchman seems to consider his "chapeau" as part of himself. He would just as soon be seen with an unwashed face as with a shabby hat. *It is to him what a bonnet is to a lady.* It is true the Parisian gentlemen do not talk of their new hats as ladies do about their new bonnets; but they are not on that account the less delighted when they see a beautiful "chapeau." A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow which would injure his head than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself, but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat.

This is a curious fact; and the story, coming from a man of honour and observation, will be useful to our young countrymen abroad, who can easily prove the correctness of the narrative by kicking the first Frenchman they meet, and sitting on the hat of the second. They will see, then, if *Monsieur's* conduct will bear out Jim's assertion. A military man (of whom there are plenty) would be a good subject to select for the first experiment. But the point which I wish to mark here is the progress he has evidently made in the language; on two occasions, and in the same sentence, he playfully uses the foreign word "chapeau," a hat—aye, and spells it right too, which could hardly be expected of him in so short a time.

A laughable *quid pro quo*, if he will pardon me the term, occurred to him in a conversation with one of the men of distinction to whom he had letters of introduction—one of the most rising barristers in France. I shrewdly suspect Monsieur Charles Ledru to be the man of distinction in question.

He and Jim fell to talking naturally about lords and judges. "What's the opinion of Lord ——?" said the French barrister. On which Grant expressed his idea that his lordship was insane.

"You don't mean that!" said the other, falling back in his seat and looking unutterably amazed. "Thrown himself into the Seine?"

"O no! I only said that some people thought him insane."

"Ah! *in-sane,* not *in* the *Seine.* I mistook what you said. Ah! I see now."

Of course, nobody knew who was the noble and learned lord who gave rise to this play upon words.

To do him justice, Jim very seldom indulges in them. But when he does, the dry rogue! he takes care to fix upon a good one. I have laughed at the above heartily for the last twenty years, and can fancy how Ledru and Grant must have enjoyed it as they sat together in the parlour discussing the character of Lord Br——. But mum! The word was very nearly out.

Jim had an interview with Jules Janin, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory; for though Janin writes English books, he does not understand a word of the language. Nor was our James much more skilled in the *parley Fransy,* as they say. Janin did not ask him to dinner, nor probably did Ledru; for about the hospitality of the French he speaks in a very sad and desponding tone. "Dinner-parties are comparatively rare amongst the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends they ask them to a *soirée;* when the refreshments consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake." Wine is much cheaper in France, adds Jim, who does not conceal his disappointment, and has probably been asked to some *soirée* where, after going to the expense of a cab, a fresh shirt-collar, and a pair of white Berlin gloves, he has been fobbed off with a glass of sour wine-and-water and a biscuit. And yet, in spite of this disappointment, I think there is nothing I would more like to have seen than James at one of these French parties of the "aristocracy" pulling a queer face over a glass of orgeat (pronounced orjaw) while the *monsieurs* were thinking him a great literary man.

What he calls the *table-d'hôtes* (for his expressions are invariably happy) seem to have pleased him a good deal. None but the aristocracy, he says, ever dream of "putting up" in "Meurice's," from which choice place the honest fellow accordingly kept away. "No man must think of dining there," he says sadly, "*under from* fifteen *to* twenty francs"; and he does not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night. But it is not so, dear Jim; and out of respect to a worthy landlord whom you have injured, you should alter this passage in your second edition. You might have gone with perfect safety and asked the question of the waiter. Snobs are admitted at Meurice's as well as gentlemen. Why, then, should James Grant be denied admittance to the "most famous of the Parisian establishments"?

About the two-franc dinners of which the French aristocracy partake, our dear friend is much better informed. "I met with no instance," says he, "in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or *half a bottle*, of *vin ordinaire.* There are, indeed, some respectable houses where the charge is as low as a franc and a half. The most common price, however, is two francs; and for this sum (twenty pence of our money) with an additional three-halfpence or twopence in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which never fails to suit the most dainty palate." He then describes the bill-of-fare, and says, "Would the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more?" Jim says a great amount of business is done in these houses, and used to take his dinner in a "very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs in the Palais Royale." Bless him once more, I say; bless him. He is a dainty dog, fond of good victuals and fine things. The aristocracy in Paris seem to be shabby fellows; he never saw a carpet in any house except an English one, and thought with pride of Kidderminster, the luxurious rogue!

He does not appear to have seen "Chautebriand," but says he is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a republican in principles, and that he goes weekly to weep over the tomb of Armand Carrel. A "priest" by the name of Ginode is also mentioned as a priest of republican principles, which are, moreover, those of Jim. The first thing he remarks about the Chamber of Deputies (for the fellow goes everywhere) is that THE SEATS are incomparably superior to those in our House of Commons. These seats bear ample proof that the penknives of honourable members are not idle, for they are covered with all sorts of hieroglyphics, the works of the French legislators.

As Jim contemplated these, "school-boy recollections," he affectingly says, rushed into his mind, and his thoughts reverted, with a rapidity surpassing that which light travels, to a period full thirty years ago, when he, Jim, used to see so many of his companions soundly thrashed by their "teacher for doing precisely similar work."

How different the scene is now! Then Jim was a boy, getting probably, with other boys at Eton, where he was brought up, some cuts from the usher across his own—organ, which it is needless to name. Now he is a man, honoured, wise, and wealthy. He has improved his mind by study in Long Acre, and afterwards abroad by foreign travel. He has taken his place with the learned of the land. People look up to him as their instructor and friend. Only this minute comes up to me a venerable gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat, who says, "Reading Mr. Grant's new work, Fitz-Boodle? An able man, sir, though I think he has somewhat fallen off."

Fallen off! Oh jimini (as the poet observes)! fallen off? No, Jim is better than ever. He grows more rich the more he publishes. *His* ideas are not like those of some feeble writers who give birth to an idea and die. No, Jim is always ready, always abundant, no subject will ever find him at a loss, no plummet will ever sound the depth of his tremendous dulness. Why is he mere private man still? Why is he not in the House of Commons, and making senates shout with his eloquence? I am sure that he would speak to perfection. I am sure that worthy people in the country would rally round him. I have a very strong notion indeed that he is the "coming man" for whom we are on the look-out. Other people may doubt and be perplexed, but, depend upon it, *he* never feels a difficulty. Jim has achieved fortune and fame as perhaps no man ever achieved it. He has published five-and-twenty volumes of such a quality as perhaps the whole world cannot elsewhere produce; and his success is to the world and himself a credit. It shows that a good writer need not despair nowadays. Burns died a beggar, for instance, and Jim Grant will probably have a good round sum at his lamented demise. And so he should, with such a public as ours. So alive to genius, so wise a critic of good writing, so able an appreciator of fine wit, Jim is worthy of the public and the public of him. May they long both flourish, each honouring the other!

Sometimes popular writers find themselves outstripped of a sudden by younger rivals, and deserted in their old age. I do not think in Jim's case this is likely, or even possible. I do not think the world *can* produce a greater than Jim. Honour to him and his patron! He has already written five-and-twenty volumes: let us hope and pray for scores more. I have requested Mr. Titmarsh, the eminent artist, to copy his picture and hang it up in the heroic picture-gallery, by the side of . . . and —[1]

One word more. The revelations in this book concerning Louis Philippe will be found of the highest interest. I think Jim's description of the king beats that of the gentleman with the good memory completely. "Louis," says Grant, "is tall and portly in his person. *His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather* PLUFFY."

Farewell, and Heaven bless him! I have ordered all his books at the club — not to read them at once, that would be impossible, but to meditate over favourite bits and con over old familiar pages. Familiar! Why do I say familiar? Fresh beauties bubble up in them at every moment, new expressions, and vast and wonderful thoughts. G. S. F. B.

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[1] Here our friend Fitz grew so abominably scurrilous that we were obliged to expunge the sentence. — O. Y.

A BOX OF NOVELS.

THE ARGUMENT.—Mr. Yorke having despatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He treats of the severity of critics; of his resolution to reform in that matter, and of the nature of poets; of Irishmen; of Harry Lorrequer,[1] and that Harry is a sentimental writer; of Harry's critics; of *Tom Burke;* of *Rory O'More;* of the young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs; concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box, viz. *The Miser's Son* and *The Burgomaster of Berlin.* He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

Some few—very few years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was king, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabour with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults, historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critic's) own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned in all the world beside. I say *our,* because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

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1 [*Fraser's Magazine,* February 1844.]

[A pseudonym under which the earlier novels of Charles Lever were published.]

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so), fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread and butter for them; and, as you poured out their milk and water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion; but whereof as manhood advances, we are daily more apt to recognize the healthful qualities. For of all diets good humour is the most easy of digestion; if it does not create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire; above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and frightful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic, while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild — we are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be blockheads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith sets to work to destroy them, is it clear that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age, I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executiveness; and that it looks upon the press-Mohawks (this is not the least personal) — as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used a few years since to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green — with amusement, perhaps, but with anything but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognizing the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, where they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquesses of the court of Regina of

Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh green crops of good-humoured thought. *My* little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying, that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabharata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject most intensely interesting to England, viz. the Sanscrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal that the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so; and this is a truth which critics are sometimes apt to forget in their judgment of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at twopence per week, may fling stones at the blackbirds and drive them off and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, he will make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly; so the critic employed to assault the poet. . . . But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters — the harmless, kind, singing creatures who line the hedge-sides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet) — have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watchboys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from *Castle Rackrent* downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woeful, tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of Irish life—are preeminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, *The Collegians,* has the same painful character; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of Harry Lorrequer, that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language is *The Night before Larry was Stretched;* but along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. *The Groves of Blarney* is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the most lamentable wailing music; it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman, and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance-writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting him as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power give to English playgoers about Ireland! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gaiety was natural and constant; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whiskey; for ever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes; a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation: it is only after an Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's every-day state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humours we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character, in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays; and I think the most profoundly dismal of all the poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others laugh, but he does not laugh himself; as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humorists of the British sort.

So when he reads in the "Opinions of the Press" how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books; how the *Doncaster Argus* declares, "We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of *Our Mess*"; or the *Manx Mercury* vows it has "absolutely burst with cachinnation over the *facetiæ* of friend Harry Lorrequer".; or the *Bungay Beacon* has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing *Charles O'Malley's* funny stories; let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by fits and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about Lorrequer after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and say that the author's characteristic is *not* humour, but sentiment—neither more or less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the horse-racing and punch-making, and charging, and steeple-chasing—the quality of the Lorrequer stories seems to me to be extreme delicacy, sweetness, and kindliness of heart. The *spirits* are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of Lorrequer in England, no man has been more fiercely buffeted in his own country. Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring *Martin Chuzzlewit* before the House of Commons; or the American President rapping *Sam Slick* over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the privy council!

The great Corn-Exchange critic says that Lorrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish Character, which he (the Corn-Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal, the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labours of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from the *Nation* that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary; that he has written a libel against Ireland, such as merits cord and fire! O patriotic critic! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit! what a noble professional in-dependence he has! how free from envy he is! how pleased with his neighbour's success! and yet how ready (on public grounds—of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance! Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen should, therefore, back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honours, help no friend, have all on a level; and so the Irish press is at present martyrizing the most successful member of its body. His books appeared; they were very pleasant, Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humoured and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man; if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequer romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, "chambers" let off (as in the old Shakespeare stage-directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage, until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a week? Why does the *Nation* newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Fontenoy, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every single ballad of the *Nation;* there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish Brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country.

The persons who take exceptions to numerous hunting and steeple-chasing descriptions which abound in these volumes, have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who never leaped across anything wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Fozard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and many find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a "fast man" at college what he thinks of them. Go, dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of *Tom Burke*, and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories where her majesty's flag floats; they are the pleasure of country folk, high and low; they are not scientific treatises, certainly, but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college of Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though this is a favourite method with many critics—viz. to find fault with a book for what it does not give, as thus—"Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information." "Dr. Swishtail's *Elucidations of the Digamma* show much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humour." And "Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. Oh! our country; our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong, withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!" etc., etc., etc.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-racious parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in *Tait's Magazine*), let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories show no art of construction; it is the good old plan of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being woefully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were, for the most part, canny, gallant, prudent, modest young North Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost womanlike delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish, as any person will acknowledge who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the Lorrequerian cyclus of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history they record in his great admiration for the military profession, in the which, after some adventurous half-dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the backs of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-coloured calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look. The illustrations, from the hand of the famous Phiz, show to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humour, it is stark naught; ay, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures, without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to laughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from two inches to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces and unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet and Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldier of the consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry errors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

Tom Burke of "Ours"[1] is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital, the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and life-like. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying alone in his dismal old tumble-down house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of

AN OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

I mounted the long flight of stone steps that led to what once had been a terrace, but the balustrades were broken many a year ago, and even the heavy granite stone had been smashed in several places. The hall-door lay wide open, and the hall itself had no other light save such as the flickering of a wood fire afforded, as its uncertain flashes fell upon the dark wainscot and the floor.

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[1] *Our Mess.* Edited by Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer), vol. ii.; *Tom Burke of "Ours,"* vol. i. Dublin, 1844: Curry, Jun. and Co.; London: Orr; Edinburgh: Fraser and Co.

I had just recognized the grim, old-fashioned portraits that covered the walls, when my eye was attracted by a figure near the fire. I approached, and beheld an old man doubled with age, his bleared eyes were bent upon the wood embers, which he was trying to rake together with a stick. His clothes bespoke the most miserable poverty, and afforded no protection against the cold and cutting blast. He was crooning some old song to himself as I drew near, and paid no attention to me. I moved round so as to let the light fall on his face, and then perceived it was old Lanty, as he was called. Poor fellow! age and neglect had changed him sadly since I had seen him last. He had been the huntsman of the family for two generations, but having somehow displeased my father one day at the cover, he rode at him and struck him on the head with his loaded whip. The man fell senseless from his horse and was carried home. A few days, however, enabled him to rally and be about again; but his senses had left him for ever. All recollection of the unlucky circumstance had faded from his mind, and his rambling thoughts dwelt on his old pursuits; so that he passed his days about the stables, looking after the horses, and giving directions about them. Latterly he had become too infirm for this, and never left his own cabin; but now, from some strange cause, he had come up to "the house," and was sitting by the fire as I found him.

They who know Ireland will acknowledge the strange impulse which at the approach of death seems to excite the people to congregate about the house of mourning. The passion for deep and powerful excitement, the most remarkable feature in their complex nature, seems to revel in the details of sorrow and suffering. Not content even with the tragedy before them, they call in the aid of superstition to heighten the awfulness of the scene; and every story of ghost and banshee is conned over in tones that need not the occasion to make them thrill upon the heart. At such a time the deepest workings of their wild spirits are revealed. Their grief is low and sorrow-struck, or it is loud and passionate; now breaking into some plaintive wail over the virtues of the departed; now bursting into a frenzied appeal to the Father of Mercies, as to the justice of recalling those from earth who were its blessing; while, stranger than all, a dash of reckless merriment will break in upon the gloom, but it is like the red lightning through the storm that, as it rends the cloud, only displays the havoc and desolation around, and at its parting leaves even a blacker darkness behind it.

From my infancy I had been familiar with scenes of this kind; and my habit of stealing away unobserved from home to witness a country wake had endeared me much to the country people, who felt this no small kindness from "the master's son." Somehow the ready welcome and attention I always met with had worked on my young heart, and I learned to feel all the interest of these scenes fully as much as those about me. It was then with a sense of desolation that I looked upon the one solitary mourner, who now sat at the hearth — that poor old idiot man who gazed on vacancy, or muttered with parched lip some few words to himself; that he alone should be found to join his sorrows to ours, seemed to me like utter destitution, and as I leaned against the chimney I burst into tears.

"Don't cry, alannah, don't cry," said the old man; "it's the worst way at all. Get up again, and ride him at it bould. Oh, vo, look at where the thief is taking now — along the stone wall there." Here he broke into a low wailing ditty —

"And the fox set him down and looked about,
And many were feared to follow.
'Maybe I'm wrong,' says he, 'but I doubt
That you'll be as gay to-morrow.
For loud as you cry, and high as you ride,
And little you feel my sorrow,
I'll be free on the mountain-side,
While you'll lie low to-morrow.'
Oh, Moddideroo, aroo, aroo.

Ay, just so — they'll run to earth in the could churchyard — Whisht — hark — there — soho, soho — that's Badger I hear."

I turned away with a bursting heart, and felt my way up the broad oak stair, which was left in complete darkness.

I don't know whether the *Nation* and the Irish journals call the above description libellous; but the truth is, the traveller in Ireland sees many such a tenement in a day's journey, and many such a wretched figure as that of poor old Lanty the huntsman peering at the coach as it stops and asking for wayfarers' charity.

Darby the Blast, with his fine words and sham humility, his savage fidelity and his admirably affected loyalty, is an excellent, though not a flattering Irish portrait. His eulogium on tobacco will be pronounced a masterpiece. It is illustrated by a delightful design of Phiz, most delicately and charmingly etched, and full of grace and fancy.

THE PIPER ON PIPES.

"Do you ever take a shaugh of the pipe, Master Tom?"

"No," said I, laughing, "I never learned to smoke yet."

"Well," replied he, a little piqued by the tone of my answer, "'tis worse you might be doin' than that same. Tobacco's a fine thing for the heart! Many's the time when I'm alone, if I hadn't the pipe, I'd be low and sorrowful — thinking over the hard times, and the like; but when I've filled my dudeen, and do be watching the smoke curling up, I begin dhraming about sitting around the fire with pleasant companions, chatting away, and discoorsing, and telling stories; and then I invint the stories to myself, about quare devils of pipers travelling over the country, making love here and there, and playing dhroll tunes out of their own heads; and then I make the tunes to them; and after that, maybe, I make words, and sometimes lay down the pipe and begin singing to myself; and often I take up the bagpipes and play away with all my might, till I think I see the darlingest little fairies ever you seen dancing before me, setting to one another, and turning round, and capering away — down the middle and up again: small chaps with three-cornered hats, and wigs, and little red coats, all slashed with goold; and beautiful craytures houlding their petticoats this way to shew a nate leg and foot; and I do be calling out to them, 'Hands round' — 'that's your dowl' — 'look at the green fellow — 'tis himself can do it' — 'rise to the jig, hoo!' and faix 'tis sorry enough I'm when they go, and lave me all alone to myself."

"And how does all that come into your head, Darby?"

"Troth, 'tis hard to tell," said Darby, with a sigh; "but my notion is, that the poor man that has neither fine houses, nor fine clothes, nor horses, nor sarvants to amuse him, that Providence is kind to him in another way, and fills his mind with all manner of dhroll thoughts and quare stories, and bits of songs, and the like; and lets him into many a sacret about fairies, and the good people, that the rich has no time for; and sure you must have often remarked it, that the quality has never a bit of fun in them at all, but does be always coming to us for something to make them laugh. Did you never lave the parlour, when the company was sitting with lashings of wine and fruit, and every convaniency, and go downstairs to the kitchen, where maybe there was nothing but a salt herrin' and a jug of punch, and if you did, where was the most fun, I wondher? Arrah, when they bid me play a tune for them, and I look at their sorrowful, pale faces, and their dim eyes, and the stiff way they sit upon their chairs, I never put heart in it; but when I rise 'Dirty James,' or 'The Little Bould Fox,' or 'Kiss my Lady,' for the boys and girls, sure 'tis my whole sowl does be in the bag, and I squeeze the notes out of it with all my might."

Darby echoes the latter sentiment in poetry as follows: —

"DARBY THE BLAST."

Oh! my name it is Darby the Blast,
  My country is Ireland all over;
My religion is never to fast,
  But live, as I wander, in clover;
To make fun for myself every day,
  The ladies to plaze when I'm able,
The boys to amuse, as I play,
  And make the jugs dance on the table.
Oh! success to the chanter, my dear.

Your eyes on each side you may cast,
  But there isn't a house that is near you,
But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
  And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can cheer ye.
Oh! 'tis he that can put life in a feast;
  What music lies under his knuckle,
As he plays, "Will I send for a Priest?"
  Or a jig they call "Cover the Buckle."
Oh! good luck to the chanter, your sowl.

But give me an audience in rags,
  They're illigant people for list'ning;
'Tis they that can humour the bags,
  As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
There's many a weddin' I make
  Where they never get further nor sighing;
And when I perform at a wake,
  The corpse looks delighted at dying.
Oh! success to the chanter, your sowl!

In the company of this worthy, whose patriotic sentiments he unwarily adopts, the youthful Thomas makes his escape from the paternal attorney to whom he was to be bound apprentice, and takes to the country-side, where various adventures befall the couple. A cottage is burnt down over his ears (the scene, the farmer, with his bravery and cunning, the terrible rebel-hunter Major Barton, with his brutal, undaunted resolution, and the accidents of the fight and explosion, are most capitally described), and presently we find young Tom in Dublin, in front of that celebrated building which is the Bank of Ireland now, but which sounded of old to the voices of Flood and Grattan. The picture of Irish life and an Irish mob is excellently lively: —

> Nothing struck me so much in the scene as the real or apparent knowledge possessed by the mob of all the circumstances of each individual's personal and political career; and thus, the price for which they had been purchased — either in rank, place, or pounds sterling, was cried aloud amid shouts of derision and laughter, or the more vindictive yells of an infuriated populace.
>
> "Ha! Ben, what are you to get for Baltinglass? Boroughs is up in the market. Well, Dick, you won't take the place — nothing but hard cash. Don't be hiding, Jenny. Look at the Prince of Orange, boys. A groan for the Prince of Orange!" here is a fearful groan from the mob echoed through the streets. "There's Luke Fox — ha! stole away"; here followed another yell.
>
> With difficulty I elbowed my way through the densely packed crowd, and at last reached the corner of George's Street, where a strong police force was stationed, not permitting the passage of any one either up or down that great thoroughfare. Finding it impossible to penetrate by this way, I continued along Dame Street, where I found the crowd to thicken as I advanced. Not only were the pathways, but the entire streets filled with people — through whom the dragoons could with difficulty force a passage for the carriages, which continued at intervals to pass down. Around the statue of King William the mob was in its greatest force; not merely the railings around the statue, but the figure itself was surmounted by persons, who, taking advantage of their elevated and secure position, hurled their abuse upon the police and military with double bitterness; these sallies of invective were always accompanied by some humorous allusion, which created a laugh among the crowd beneath, to which, as the objects of the ridicule were by no means insensible, the usual reply was by charging on the people, and a demand to keep back, a difficult precept when pressed forward by some hundreds behind them. As I made my way slowly through the moving mass, I could see that a powerful body of horse patrolled between the mob and the front of the college; the space before which and the iron railings being crammed with students of the university, for so their caps and gowns bespoke them. Between this party and the others a constant exchange of abuse and insult was maintained, which even occasionally came to blows whenever any chance opportunity of coming in contact, unobserved by the soldiery, presented itself.
>
> In the interval between these rival parties, each member's carriage was obliged to pass, and here each candidate, for the honours of one and the execrations of the other, met his bane and antidote.

"Ha! broken beak, there you go! bad luck to you. Ha! old vulture, Flood."

"Three cheers for Flood, lads," shouted a voice from the college, and in the loud cry the yells of their opponents were silenced, but only to break forth the next moment into further license.

"Here he comes, here he comes," said the mob; "make way there or he'll take you flying. It's himself can do it. God bless your honour, and may you never want a good baste under ye!"

This civil speech was directed to a smart, handsome-looking man of about five-and-forty, who came dashing along on a roan thoroughbred, perfectly careless of the crowd, through which he rode with a smiling face and a merry look. His leathers and tops were all in perfect jockey style, and even to his long-lashed whip he was in everything a sportsmanlike figure.

"That's George Ponsonby," said a man beside me, in answer to my question; "and I suppose you know who that is?"

A perfect yell from the crowd drowned my reply, and amid mingled curses and execrations of the mass, a dark-coloured carriage moved slowly on; the coachman evidently fearful at every step lest his horses should strike against some of the crowd, and thus license the outbreak that seemed only waiting an opportunity to burst forth.

"Ha! Bladderchops, Bloody Jack, are you there?" shouted the savage ringleaders, as they pressed up to the very glasses of the carriage and stared at the occupant.

"Who is it?" said I, again.

"John Toler, the attorney-general."

Amid deafening cries of vengeance against him, the carriage moved on, and then rose the wild cheers of the college-men to welcome their partisan. A hurrah from the distant end of Dame Street now broke on the ear, which, taken up by those nearer, swelled into a regular thunder, and at the same moment the dragoons cried out to keep back, a lane was formed in a second, and down it came six smoking thoroughbreds; the postilions in white and silver, cutting and spurring with all their might. Never did I hear such a cheer as now burst forth; a yellow chariot, its panels covered with emblazonry, came flying past; a hand waved in return from the window to the salutation of the crowd, and the name of Tom Conolly of Castletown rent the very air; two outriders in their rich liveries followed, unable to keep their place through the thick mass that wedged in after the retiring equipage.

Scarcely had the last echo of the voices subsided when a cheer burst from the opposite side, and a waving of caps and handkerchiefs proclaimed that some redoubted champion of Protestant ascendency was approaching. The crowd rocked to and fro as question after question poured in.

"Who is it? who is coming?" but none could tell, for as yet the carriage, whose horses were heard at a smart trot, had not turned the corner of Grafton Street; in a few moments the doubt seemed resolved, for scarcely did the horses appear in sight when a perfect yell rose from the crowd and drowned the cheers of their opponents. I cannot convey anything like the outbreak of vindictive passion that seemed to convulse the mob, as a splendidly-appointed carriage drove rapidly past and made towards the colonnade of the parliament house. A rush of the people was made at the moment, in which, as in a wave, I was borne along in spite of me. The dragoons, with drawn sabres, pressed down upon the crowd, and a scene of frightful confusion followed; many were sorely wounded by the soldiers, some were trampled under foot, and one poor wretch, in an effort to recover himself from stumbling, was supposed to be stooping for a stone, and cut through the skull without mercy. He lay there insensible for some time, but, at last, a party of the crowd, braving everything, rushed forward and carried him away to an hospital. During this I had established myself on the top of a lamp-post, which gave me a full view, not only of all the proceedings of the mob, but of the different arrivals as they drew up at the door of the house. The carriage whose approach had been signalized by all these disasters had now reached the colonnade. The steps were lowered, and a young man, of the very handsomest and most elegant appearance, descended slowly from the chariot; his dress was in the height of the reigning fashion, but withal had a certain negligence that bespoke one who paid less attention to toilette than that his costume was a thing of course, which could not but be, like all about him, in the most perfect taste. In his hand he held a white handkerchief, which, as he carelessly shook, the perfume floated over the savage-looking, half-naked crowd around; he turned to give some directions to his coachman, and at the same moment a dead cat was hurled by some one in the crowd and struck him on the breast, a cry of exultation rending the very air in welcome of this ruffian act; as for him, he slowly moved his face round towards the mob, and as he brushed the dirt from his coat with his kerchief, he bestowed on them one look, so full of immeasurable heartfelt contempt, that they actually quailed beneath it; the cry grew fainter and fainter, and it was only as he turned to enter the house that they recovered self-possession enough to renew their insulting shout. I did not need to ask the name, for the yell of bloody Castlereagh shook the very air.

How Tom Burke further fared — how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope — how he became the *protégé* of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character, certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model) — how Captain de Meudon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France), leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the École Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations) — how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal-machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love — are not all these things written in the blood-coloured volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid, and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, sparkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands of readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window at Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Damchun; and that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, taken in at Hong-Kong, where poor, dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, delighted, at the picture of "Peeping Tom"; or that it is to be had at the library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors and the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it — the critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographical point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and blushing modesty, timidly apologizes to the reader for discoursing to him about a book which the universal public peruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing him all health and prosperity.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regarding the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain truculent captain (who is very properly done for) and who goes by the name of *Amédée Pichot*. Why this name above all others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexandre Dumas, or Eugene Sue? Amédée Pichot is a friend to England in a country where friends to England are rare, and worth having. Amédée Pichot is the author of the excellent *Life of Charles Edward*, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the *Revue Britannique*, in which he inserts more translations from *Fraser's Magazine* than from any other periodical produced in this empire. His translations of the works of a certain gentleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted by scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles (which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name) has given the French people a most exalted idea of English lighter literature: he is such a friend to English literature that he will not review a late work called *Paris and the Parisians*,[1] lest France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists; it is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have slaughtered Amédée Pichot in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now having said our little say regarding *Tom Burke*, we come to the work of an equally famous Irish novelist, the ingenious, the various author of *L.S.D.*[2] latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, *Treasure Trove*.[3] It is true that something concerning a treasure is to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but L.S.D., or D.C.L., or what you will, is quite as good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it — at least I take it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, everybody quarrels with the title of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family plate which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandizers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard dumpling, and it is not to be taken in by titles in the main. L.S.D. is a good name; may all persons concerned have plenty of it.

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[1] [Written by Mrs. Trollope and published in 1835. A review of the book, entitled *Paris and the Parisians in 1835*, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (February, 1836), is believed by some to be from Thackeray's pen. But it is probable that it was not to this work, but to James Grant's *Paris and its People*, which had recently appeared, that Thackeray meant to refer.]

[2] *L.S.D.; or Accounts of Irish Heirs.* Furnished to the public monthly by Samuel Lover. London: Lover and Groombridge. 1843.

[3] If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work he would have perceived that L.S.D. is the general name of a series of works, of which *Treasure Trove* is only the first. Those who know Ireland must be aware that the title L.S.D. is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of species there being immense — only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered. — O.Y.

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form,—a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale, but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for—that circumstances look prosperously enough for the hero—that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father; all this is very well. But the hero's name is *Corkery*. *Bon Dieu!* can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe, the affianced of a Kirwan (name equally illustrious, as Hardeman's *Galway* relates), can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of Corkery? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII., or young Ned Corkery must be found to be somebody else's son than his father's the old grocer of Galway. But this matter has been settled long ere this; and if Ellen and Edward are married and happy (though, indeed, some people are married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for the matter of that), if they have taken the matrimonial line, Ellen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.[1]

The novel carries us back to the year 1745, when the respected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the service of His late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when men, instead of bandying compliments and *congées* in Belgrave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid gloves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned out on the hill-side sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's thundering dragoons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's grenadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad one, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan and claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled beards, and huge, gold-topped canes, grinning over a *fricandeau* at Very's! We have seen them, these warriors of the latter days—we have seen Belgrave Square—we have seen the chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the royal door, and battling about eightpenny fares at the sacred threshold—we have seen the cads shouting, "This way, my lord! this way, mounseer!"—we have seen Gunter's cart driving up with *orgeat* and *limonade* for the faithful warriors of HENRI! He was there—there, in the one-pair front, smiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau sucrée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du Guesclin were athirst. O *Vanitas!* O woeful change of times! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now? If Henri was to say to one of those martyrs in white *paletots* and lackered boots, "*Seigneur comte, coupez moi cette barbe, que vous paraissez tant chérir,*" would the count do it? Ah! do not ask! do not let us cut too deep into this dubious fidelity! let us have our opinions, but not speak them too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to choose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the sole moral of the above sentence.

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[1] Private to the editor. Please to add here in a short note the catastrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest. The incidents are almost too many. The scene varies too often. We go from Galway to Hamburgh—from Hamburgh to Bruges,—from Bruges *viâ* London to Paris, from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies, without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation, that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure, and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity:—

> "Dillon!" said Marshal Saxe, "let the whole Irish brigade charge! to you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish brigade show an example!"

"It shall be done, marshal!" said Dillon, touching his hat, and turning his horse.

"To victory!" cried Saxe, emphatically.

"Or death!" cried Dillon, solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse's side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.

Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient of the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable; he shouted, as he rode along, "*Remember Limerick!*" and then, wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge—the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall; he received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and, as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know, also, he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge; plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won; the column could no longer resist; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion; *they lost the field* with honour; and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain.

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When once it appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can stand against it. Why does not some military Liberal write the history of this redoubtable legion?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shown that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to *Fag an Bealach* as Mr. Lover writes it, to "clear the way"; on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, "at least all Ireland will heartily digest."

FAG AN BEALACH.

Fill the cup, my brothers,
  To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
  We prize the most;
As yet 'tis but a notion
  We dare not name;
But soon o'er land or ocean
  'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
  One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus
  Fāg an Bealach!

We our hearts can fling, boys,
  O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
  Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
  The thought we know—
So, like the ocean-bird, boys,
  We touch and go:
For dangers deep surrounding
  Our hopes might swallow;
So through the tempest bounding,
  Fāg an Bealach!

This thought with glory rife, boys,
  Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
  To break the shell:
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
  An unfledged thing;

But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys,
Fāg an Bealach!

Lawyers may indict us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow,
So is lawyer's prattle—
Fāg an Bealach!

Better early graves, boys,
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it;
Better *bite* the dust, boys,
Than to *kiss* it!
For dust to dust at last, boys,
Death *will* swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fāg an Bealach!

Hurra! clear the course! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen; his blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in a mortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—anything for his country! "Your sowl!" how I see the

Saxon flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before St. Patrick!

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by *you*, O Samuel Lover? Are *you*, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon? You, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed anything but peace and goodwill as yet: you, whose name did seem to indicate your nature; the happy discoverer of the four-leaved shamrock, and of that blessed island "where not a tear or aching heart should be found!" Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. *You* need not. The lies which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach — leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country—the *only* feasible thing, the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? "A song," say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, "is the spawn of a poet, and, when healthy, of a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world." And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact, that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in London, and string together rhymes for Faug a Bolla, and reasons for treason! "All Ireland," forsooth, is "heartily to digest" the song? A pretty moral, truly, for all Ireland — a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue-vitriol, Prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red-hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honour and conscience and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony-cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? *Now*, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never "be food for the world," be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women were never made to live upon such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests, too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world — a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should only be kindness and peace? . . . I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast, in perfect good-humour and benevolence, let us say that the novel of *Treasure Trove* is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable Faug a Bolla, it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of delicate and graceful etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real, natural, *Lover*-like feeling about it:—

THE SOLDIER.

'Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
  Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
  A soldier fell on the field he won.
He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
  And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
  He was only one of the rank and file.
    But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,
    And drank to his pretty *colleen:*
      "Oh! darling!" says he, "when I die
      You won't be a widow — for why?
    Ah! you never would have me, *vourneen*."

A raven tress from his bosom taking,
  That now was stained with his life-stream shed;
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
  He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
  Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
  Were never shining more green and bright;
    And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
    He pledged the dear island of green;
      "Though far from thy valleys I die,
      Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
    As though absent I never had been."

A tear now fell — for as life was sinking,
  The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
  Brought heaven and home, and his true love nigh;
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
  He scorn'd surrender without a blow!
He made with death capitulation,
  And with warlike honours he still would go;
    For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
    He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
      To the emerald land of his birth —
      And lifeless he sank to the earth,
    Brave a soldier as ever was seen!

Here is the commencement of another lyric:—

O remember this life is but dark and brief;
There are sorrows, and tears, and despair for all,
And hope and joy are as leaves that fall.
Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant leaf
Before the autumn of pain and grief!

There are hopes and smiles with their starry rays—
O press them tenderly to thy heart!
They will not return when they once depart!
Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days
Though the light, though the glee but a moment stays!

But these pretty, wild fantastical lines are not from *Treasure Trove.* They come from another volume bound in yellow; another monthly tale, from another bard who "lisps in numbers," and has produced a story called the *Miser's Son.*[1]

The *Miser's Son* (no relation to the *Miser's Daughter*) is evidently the work of a very young hand. It, too, is a stirring story of love and war; and the Pretender is once more in the field of fiction. The writer aims, too, at sentiment and thoughtfulness, and writes sometimes wisely, sometimes poetically, and often (must it be said?) bombastically and absurdly. But it is good to find a writer nowadays (whether it be profitable for himself is another question) who takes the trouble to think at all. Reflection is not the ordinary quality of novels, whereof it seems to be the writer's maxim to give the reader and himself no trouble of thinking at all, but rather to lull the mind into a genial doze and forgetfulness. For this wholesome and complete vacuity I would recommend . . .[2]

And now we come to the *Burgomaster of Berlin*[3] from the German of Willebald Alexis, which has been admirably translated by W. A. G. It is a somewhat hard matter to peruse these three great volumes; above all, the commencement is difficult. The type is close; the German names very outlandish and hard to pronounce; the action of the novel rather confused and dilatory. But as soon as the reader grows accustomed to the names and the style, he will find much to interest him in the volumes, and a most curious and careful picture of German life in the fifteenth century exhibited to him. German burghers, with their quarrels and carouses; German princes, for whom the author has a very German respect; German junkers and knights gallantly robbing on the highway. The whole of that strange, wild, forgotten German life of the middle ages is here resuscitated for him with true German industry, and no small share of humour. There are proverbs enough in the book to stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos with wisdom; and you feel, after reading through the volumes, glad to have perused them, and not a little glad that the work is done. It is like a heavy book of travels; but it carries the reader into quite a new country and familiarizes him with new images, personages, ideas.

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[1] The *Miser's Son: a Tale.* London: Thompson, James Street, Gray's Inn Lane.

[2] Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

[3] The *Burgomaster of Berlin.* From the German of Willebald Alexis. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

Here is a striking specimen of the style:—

THE FEAST IN THE FOREST.

On the spot where Hans Makeprang's cart stood there was afterwards a great feast. No human eye saw it; it was a sight that would not have suited the human eye. The sky was grey enough before; but now it became black. The red pine-branches shook their boughs, and from every one the crows sprang up, and circled in the air, croaking. Then they descended like night upon the stones; and as flies blacken a spot where there is a drop of something sweet, so they covered the dead body of the horse with their black wings.

But then came another rushing through the air, and on the highest branches sat other birds, with crooked bills, rocking themselves. They were hawks and kites, and they flew down upon the lumps of stone; and the crows were restless, and fluttered backwards and forwards.

But whilst they were contending, and the crows which had flown away kept coming again, scarce giving the hawks time for their dainty meal, there might be seen two dark spots in the highest clouds; nearer they drew with immense circles, and as they came nearer each circle became less. The crows fluttered anxiously, and the hawks looked up and screamed, still unwilling to quit their food; but down came, with outspread wings wide enough to wrap round a lamb, with glistening eyes and powerful hooked beaks, two mighty eagles. It was as if a hot stone had fallen from the clouds hissing and glowing, raising dust, and smoke, and vapour where it fell. Just in such a manner they pounced upon the carrion, beating their wings so that the grass moved, and the loose snow was blown about; and they dug their claws into the body, so that it seemed as if the dead animal was moving again and making efforts to get up.

The crows flew croaking away, and the other birds screamed and flew here and there, ever coming again, but not venturing to approach. There was a sound and a warring in the air, and all for the carrion. But as night approached, and the birds began to seek their nests in the hollow trunks, and the eagles, sated, flew away, bearing pieces with them to their distant nests, then out crept the foxes, and plundered what the eagles had left. But not for long; for out of the depths of the woods came a distant howling. All that had life was silent; nothing was heard save the sound of long leaps in the cracking brushwood. The foxes stole away; for the wolves were there, and they tore, with frightful howlings, what the kites, and eagles, and foxes had left. When the morning came, all that was left of Makeprang's horse was a few picked and broken bones: it was gone here and gone there.

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now — something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages; many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes; and to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big-wigs prescribe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in future; but the receipt for that sort of writing has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakespeare did not write for futurity; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire, viz. to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakespeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public; and though the great Doctor Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him "a dull dog, sir — a low fellow," yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this minute as real a character, as much loved by us as the old doctor himself. What a noble, divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is as strong as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own. All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV. we got to know in the same way — out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Izaak Walton, and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity; if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great-grandchild will think of this or that author — of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question — the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller, if their gentle humours, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures, touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy as they have the nineteenth? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for the *Christmas Carol*,[1] or any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticise, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Buonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French republic. I do not mean that the *Christmas Carol* is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noonday; but it is so spread over England by this time, that no sceptic, no *Fraser's Magazine*, — no, not even the god-like and ancient *Quarterly* itself (venerable, Saturnian, big-wigged dynasty!) could review it down. "Unhappy people! deluded race!" one hears the cauliflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, "What strange new folly is this? What new deity do ye worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logics, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humours, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *as in presenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum." But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, "Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the *Christmas Carol.*"

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[1] *A Christmas Carol in Prose: being a Ghost Story of Christmas.* By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by John Leech. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas conversion. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas Day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine — this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fulness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His royal highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard-of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "GOD BLESS HIM!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

M. A. T.

A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.[1]

There is an easy candour about Mr. Horne which ought to encourage all persons to deal with him with similar sincerity. He appears to us to be generous, honest, in the main good-humoured (for in the only instance in which his spleen is shown in the two volumes of the *New Spirit of the Age*, it is pardonable, on account of a sort of clumsy sincerity), and he admires rightly, and not mean persons nor qualities. But having awarded the *New Spirit of the Age* praise so far, the critic finds himself at a loss for further subjects of commendation, nay, may feel himself called upon to elevate his voice in tones akin to reproof. For it is not only necessary that a man should be a perfectly honest and well-meaning individual, but that he should have something novel, or striking, or witty, or profound to make his works agreeable or useful to the world. Thus, to say that "Shakespeare is a great poet," that "hot roast beef is an excellent food for man, and may be advantageously eaten cold the next day," that "two multiplied by three equals six," that "her Majesty Queen Anne has ceased to exist," is to advance what is perfectly just and reasonable; but other thinkers have attained the same knowledge of facts and history, and coinciding perfectly with every one of these propositions. may not care to have them discussed in print. A number of such undeniable verities are gravely discussed in the two portly volumes entitled the *New Spirit of the Age*. Why the "New Spirit"? Is the work offered as a successor to Hazlitt's book, which bore (without the epithet) the same title? The author of the *Spirit of the Age* was one of the keenest and brightest critics that ever lived. With partialities and prejudices innumerable, he had a wit so keen, a sensibility so exquisite, an appreciation of humour, or pathos, or even of the greatest art, so lively, quick, and cultivated, that it was always good to know what were the impressions made by books, or men, or pictures on such a mind; and that, as there were probably not a dozen men in England with powers so varied, all the rest of the world might be rejoiced to listen to the opinions of this accomplished critic. He was of so different a caste to the people who gave authority in his day—the pompous big-wigs and schoolmen, who never could pardon him his familiarity of manner, so unlike their own—his popular, too popular, habits and sympathies, so much beneath their dignity—his loose disorderly education, gathered here and there at bookstalls or picture galleries, where he laboured a penniless student, in lonely journeys over Europe, tramped on foot (and not made according to the fashion of the regular critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise), in every school of knowledge, from St. Peter's at Rome, to St. Giles's in London. In all his modes of life and thought he was so different from the established authorities, with their degrees and white neck-cloths, that they hooted the man down with all the power of their lungs, and disdained to hear truth that came from such a ragged philosopher.

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[1] *A New Spirit of the Age.* Edited by R. H. Horne, Author of *Orion*, *Gregory VII.*, etc. etc. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1884.

[*The Morning Chronicle*, April 2, 1844.]

We do not believe that Mr. Horne has inherited any portion of the stained, travel-worn old mantle which Hazlitt left behind him. He is enveloped in a good stout suit of the undeniable Bow-bell cut; rather more splendid in the way of decoration than is usual out of the district; but it is the wear of an honest, portly, good-humoured man. Under the fine waistcoat there beats a kindly heart, and in the pocket there is a hand that has a warm grasp for a friend, and a welcome twopence for the poor.

To drop this tailor's metaphor (which will not be quarrelled with by those who remember that Mr. Carlyle has written a volume upon it), we will briefly say, that beyond the qualifications of justice and good-humour, we cannot see that Mr. Horne has any right to assume the critical office. In the old *Spirit of the Age* you cannot read a page that does not contain something startling, brilliant — some strange paradox, or some bright dazzling truth. Be the opinion right or wrong, the reader's mind is always set a-thinking—amazed, if not by the novelty or justness of the thoughts, by their novelty and daring. There are no such rays started from the lantern of Horne. There are words — such a cornucopia of them as the world has few examples of; but the thoughts are scarce in the midst of this plentifulness, the opinions for the most part perfectly irreproachable, and the *ennui* caused by their utterance profound.

The *Spirit of the Age* gives us pictures of a considerable number of the foremost literary characters of the day. It is to be followed, should the design of the projectors be fully carried out, "by the political spirit of the age, the scientific spirit of the age, and the historical, biographical, and critical spirit of the age," nay, an infantine spirit of the age is also hinted at as a dreadful possibility. The matter is serious, as it will be seen. Only give Mr. Horne encouragement to the task, and he will go and do it. He never doubts about anything. He would write the dancing spirit of the age, or the haberdashing spirit of the age, with as little hesitation; and give you a dissertation upon bombasines, or a disquisition on the true principles of the fandango. In the interest of the nation, people ought to speak, and beg him to be quiet. Now is the time to entreat him to hold his hand; otherwise, all ranks and classes in the empire, from Dr. Wiseman to Fanny Elssler, may find themselves caught, their bodies and souls turned inside out, so to speak, by this frightful observer, and consigned to posterity in red calico. For the sake of the public, we say, stop; we go down on our knees, like Lord Brougham, and say so.

Mr. Horne has received assistance in his task from "several eminent individuals," but their names are not given; and, as the editor says, with a becoming simplicity, that he deliberated with himself "a good half-hour" as to "whether he should try to please everybody," and determined, after the conclusion of that tremendous cogitation, to try and please only one, viz.—himself, he stands the sponsor of the eminent individuals who remain in the shade, and we trust heartily that his satisfaction is complete.

From the tone of the volumes it would seem so. There is not the least pride about the author, who only delivers his opinions for what they will fetch, saying to the public, "take your change out of that, I believe it to be pure gold"; nor will he be angry, he says, if any sceptic should doubt the authenticity of the bullion. This calm faith is a quality possessed by the very highest souls.

The calm genius glances over the entire field of English literature. From Dr. Pusey to *Punch* nothing escapes the searching inevitable inquiry. He weighs all claims in the great balance of his intelligence, and metes to each his due. Hazlitt used sometimes to be angry; Horne never is. Twice in the course of his lectures he lays "an iron hand," as he calls it (perhaps leaden would have been the better epithet; but Mr. Horne is, as we have said, a judge of his own metal), upon unlucky offenders; but it is in the discharge of his moral duties, and his pleasure, clearly, is to preach rather than to punish. Indeed, whatever may be thought with regard to the quality of the doctrine, all must agree that the preacher is a kindly soul, and would hurt no man alive.

We cannot invite the reader to discuss all the opinions contained in the *Spirit;* but we may glance at a couple of the most elaborate (though not the best) notices to be found in the volumes, the first of which thus opens with the author's opinions upon—what shall we say?—upon things in general:—

> If an extensive experience and knowledge of the world be certain in most cases to render a man suspicious, full of doubts and incredulities, equally certain is it that with other men such experience and such knowledge exercise this influence at rare intervals only, or in a far less degree; while in some respects the influence even acts in a directly opposite way, and the extraordinary things they have seen or

suffered, cause them to be very credulous and of open-armed faith to embrace strange novelties. They are not startled at the sound of fresh wonders in the moral or physical world — they laugh at no feasible theory, and can see truth through the refractions of paradox and contradictory extremes. They *know* that there are more things in heaven and on the earth than in "your philosophy." They observe the fables and the visions of one age become the facts and practices of a succeeding age — perhaps even of a few years after their first announcement, and before the world has done laughing: they are slow to declare any character or action to be unnatural, having so often witnessed some of the extreme lights and shadows which flit upon the outskirts of nature's capacious circle, and have perhaps themselves been made to feel the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly previously unaccountable, if not incredible. They have discovered that in matters of practical conduct a greater blunder cannot in general be made than to "judge of others by yourself," or what you think, feel, and fancy of yourself. But having found out that the world is not "all alike," though like enough for the charities of real life, they identify themselves with other individualities, then search within for every actual and imaginary resemblance to the great majority of their fellow-creatures, which may give them a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, and thus enlarge the bounds of unexclusive sympathy.

To men of this genial habit and maturity of mind, if also they have an observing eye for externals, there is usually a very tardy admission of the alleged madness of a picture of scenery, or the supposed grossness of a caricature of the human countenance. The traveller and the voyager, who has, moreover, an eye for art, has often seen enough to convince him that the genius of Turner and Martin has its foundation not only in elemental but in actual truth; nor could such an observer go into any large concourse of people (especially of the poorer classes, where the unsuppressed character has been suffered to rise completely to the surface) without seeing several faces, which, by the addition of the vices of social man, might cause many a dumb animal to feel indignant at the undoubtedly deteriorated resemblance. The curse of evil circumstances acting upon the "third and fourth generation," when added to the "sins of the fathers," can and does turn the best face of humanity into something worse than brutish. As with the face, so is it with the character of mankind; nothing can be too lofty, too noble, too lovely to be natural; nor can anything be too vicious, too brutalized, too mean, or too ridiculous. It is observable, however, that there are many degrees and fine shades in those frequent degradations of man to the mere animal. Occasionally they are no degradation, but rather an advantage, as a falcon eye, or a lion-brow, will strikingly attest. But more generally the effect is either gravely humorous, or grotesquely comic; and in these cases the dumb original is not complimented For you may see a man with a bull's forehead and neck, and a mean, grovelling countenance (while that of the bull is physically grand and high purposed), and the dog, the sheep, the bird, and the ape in all their varieties, are often seen with such admixtures as are really no advantage. Several times in an individual's life he may meet in the actual world with most of the best and worst kind of faces and characters of the world of fiction. It is true that there are not to be found a whole tribe of Quilps and Quasimodos (you would not *wish* it); but once in the life of the student of character he may have a glimpse of just such a creature; and that, methinks, were quite familiar proof enough both for nature and art. Those who have exclusively portrayed the pure ideal in grandeur or beauty, and those also who have exclusively or chiefly portrayed monstrosities and absurdities, have been recluse men, who drew with an inward eye, and copied from their imaginations: the men who have given us the largest amount of truth under the greatest variety of forms, have always been those who went abroad into the world in all its ways; and in the works of such men will always be found those touches of nature which can only be copied at first-hand, and the extremes of which originalities are never unnaturally exceeded. There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in those of Dickens. The most striking thing in both is their apparently inexhaustible variety and truth of character.

The above sentences may be put down thus:—Extensive knowledge of the world makes some men incredulous, some men less incredulous, some men exceedingly credulous. These latter, taking experience and history into account, end by being astonished at nothing. They have remarked "the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature's capacious circle," so as to make themselves aware of "the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly." They then find that they must not judge of others by themselves; they then identify themselves with other individualities, and they then plunge into a process entirely undescribable, in which they search within for an actual and imaginary resemblance to the majority of their fellow-creatures, a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, by which "they enlarge the bounds of their sympathy."

If these people have an eye for externals, they will scarce allow that any picture is mad, or the grossness of any caricature; and, as regards the latter, they will see in the poorer classes such faces, resembling animals, as might make the animals themselves ashamed of their human types. In faces, or souls, there is nothing too hideous on the one side, or too pure on the other. (Then follow further illustrations of the fact by which apes, sheep, birds, and high-purposed bulls are made to be ashamed of their likenesses among men.) All these points are to be observed by the man of genius—Hogarth and Dickens are men of genius—therefore there is no distortion in the works of Hogarth and Dickens.

What does all this mean, letting alone the big words?—letting alone "the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature's circle," the process of "searching within for imaginary resemblances with mankind," the distinction between "actual and elementary truth," the indignation of the dumb animals, the physical high purpose of the bull's head? It means, as we take it, that there are amazing varieties in nature; that what seems monstrous and absurd is often natural; that Dickens and Hogarth have observed many of these extremes, and that there are no caricatures in their portraits. After a wind and war of words, exploding incoherently over five pages, you get an assertion that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," an assertion that men are like animals in features, which is of similar novelty, and an assertion that Dickens and Hogarth do not caricature, which anybody may believe or disbelieve at pleasure.

Bating the confusion of metaphors, this is all very well meaning; but well meaning is not enough for the *Spirit of the Age*. Men cannot go on in this way, unwrapping little stale truths from the midst of such enormous envelopes as these. We have no time for such labour: we have the debates to read, Lord Brougham up every night, the League and Anti-league meetings, and private business to attend to. Ah, Mr. Horne, why did you take Hazlitt's name in vain?

Having brought Mr. Dickens and Hogarth together, *The Spirit of the Age* proceeds to say that both are moral comic artists, and that they are alike; then, to show that they are unlike, or, in other words, that Hogarth is Hogarth after all, and Dickens Dickens, he notices with just approval the kindly spirit which animates both — the peeps of love and sweetness which we have in their darkest scenes. He discovers Mr. Dickens's propensity to animate inanimate objects, and make nature bear witness to the ludicrous or the tragic moral in the author's mind. He shows also Mr. Dickens's manner of writing rhythmical prose, and takes the pains to set out some passages in blank verse, of different metres, for the reader's benefit. Has not every one with a fair share of brains made the same discoveries long ago; and was there a necessity to propound them now, any more than to declare that apple-pie is good, and Queen Elizabeth no more?

The second volume of the series opens with a fine portrait of Mr. Tennyson, and much hearty and just approbation on the writer's part of the merits of that great poet. These just remarks are prefaced by such stuff as this: —

> The poetic fire is one simple and intense element in human nature; it has its source in the divine mysteries of our existence; it develops with the first abstract delight of childhood, the first youthful aspirations towards something beyond our mortal reach; and eventually becomes the master passion of those who are possessed with it in the highest degree, and the most ennobling and refining influence that can be exercised upon the passions of others. At times, and in various degrees, all are open to the influence of the poetic element. Its objects are palpable to the external senses, in proportion as individual perception and sensibility have been habituated to contemplate them with interest and delight; and palpable to the imagination in proportion as an individual possesses this faculty, and has habituated it to ideal subjects and profoundly sympathetic reflections. If there be a third condition of its presence, it must be that of a certain consciousness of dreamy glories in the soul, with vague emotions, aimless impulses, and prophetic sensations, which may be said to tremble on the extreme verge of the fermenting source of that poetic fire, by which the life of humanity is purified and adorned. The first and second of these conditions must be clear to all; the last will not receive so general an admission, and perhaps may not be so intelligible to everybody as could be wished. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the poetic element, though simple and entire, has yet various forms and modifications of development, according to individual nature and circumstance, and, therefore, that its loftiest or subtlest manifestations are

not equally apparent to the average mass of human intelligence. He, then, who can give a form and expression to these lofty or these subtle manifestations, in a way that shall be the most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet.

It is the speech we, however, before quoted, spoken in different words; for our lecturer, before entering on his subject, seems to be partial to prefacing it by a general roar, to call the attention of the audience. But what have we here? "The poetic fire is one simple and intense element of our nature." What does this mean? — this simple and intense element? Suppose he had begun by saying that the poetic genius was a subtle and complex essence distilled from the innumerable conduits which lead from the alembic of the brain? We should have been just as wise, should have had just as much notion of the fluid as of the fire, and the deductions might have been continued. Some men have more poetic fire, some less; in some it is strong, in some vague — which we take to be the meaning of the big words. The assertion which follows we gladly admit, that Mr. Tennyson is a poet of the highest class, and one "whose writings may be considered as peculiarly lucid to all competent understandings that have cultivated a love for poetry." In this pompous way our author will talk. We do not here quarrel with the sentiment — which is that the best judges of poetry think Mr. Tennyson a great poet — but with the manner of expressing it, the persevering flatulence of words. Mr. Horne then turns away to speak of Keats. Like Tennyson, and yet unlike, and, with a true and honest admiration for the genius of both (for, as we have said before, Mr. Horne's admirations appear to us to be well placed, and his sympathies generous and noble), he begins to characterize the poet, and is impelled by his usual *afflatus*. He is tumbling about among the "essences" and "elements" forthwith. "He has painted the inner and essential life of the gods"; "his imagination identified itself with the essences of things"; "his influence has been spiritual in its ideality"; and, profiting by his example, "kindred spirits will recognize the voice from other spheres, and will have

CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION.[1]

If this book do not become popular, what other novel has a chance? *Coningsby* possesses all the happy elements of popularity. It is personal, it is witty, it is sentimental, it is outrageously fashionable, charmingly malicious, exquisitely novel, seemingly very deep, but in reality very easy of comprehension, and admirably absurd; for you do not only laugh at the personages whom the author holds up to ridicule, but you laugh at the author too, whose coxcombries are incessantly amusing.

They are quite unlike the vapid, cool coxcombries of an English dandy; they are picturesque, wild, and outrageous; and as the bodily D'Israeli used to be seen some years ago about town, arrayed in green inexpressibles with a gold stripe down the seams, an ivory cane, and for what we know, a peacock's feather in his hat — D'Israeli the writer in like manner assumes a magnificence never thought of by our rigid northern dandies, and astonishes by a luxury of conceit which is quite oriental. He paints his own portrait in this book in the most splendid fashion; it is the queerest in the whole queer gallery of likenesses; he appears as the greatest philosopher, the greatest poet, the greatest horseman, the greatest statesman, the greatest *roué* in the world; with all the qualities of Pitt, and Byron, and Burke, and the great Mr. Widdicomb of Batty's amphitheatre. Perhaps one is reminded of the last-named famous individual more than of any other.

The book has kept the town in talk for a whole week

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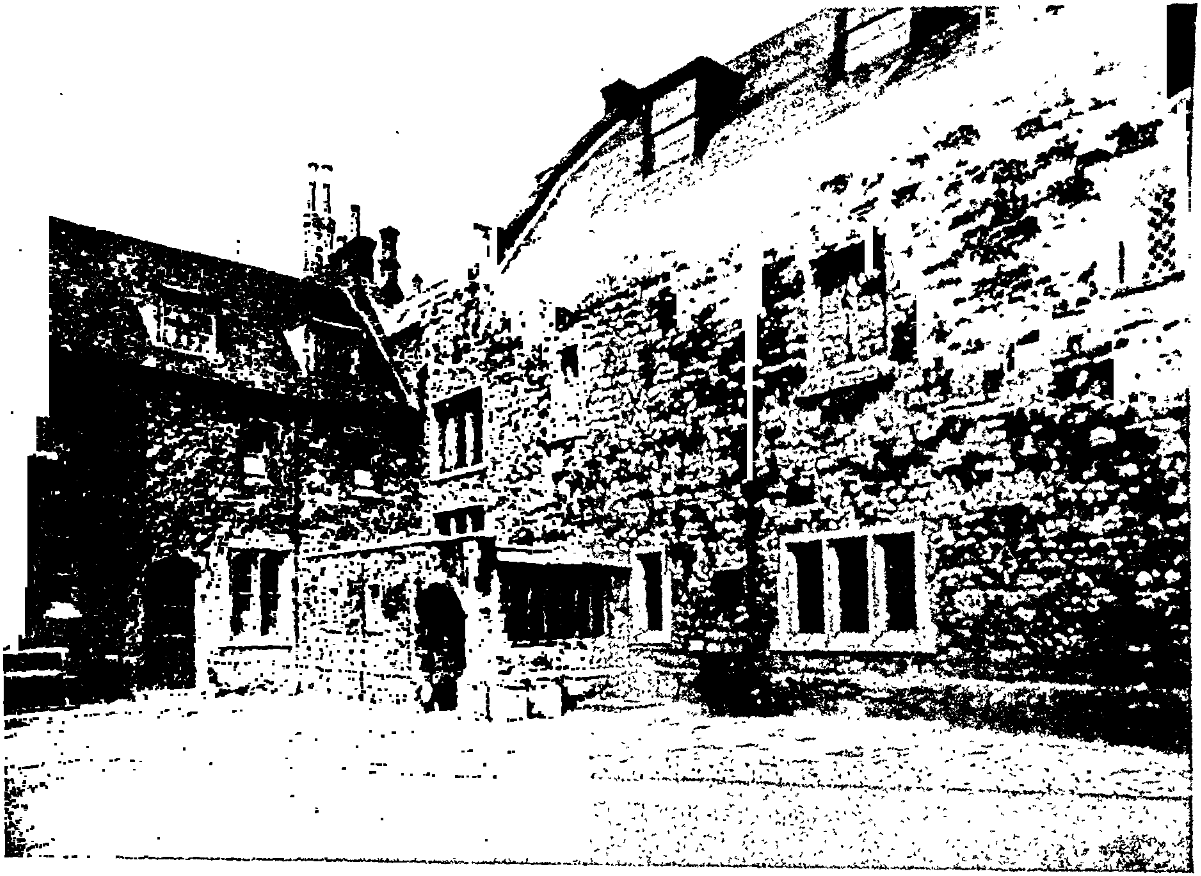
[1] *Coningsby; or, The New Generation.* By B. Disraeli, Esq., M.P., Author of *Contarini Fleming*. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1844.

[*The Pictorial Times*, May 25, 1844.]



OLD COURT OF CHARTERHOUSE.

past. The circulating libraries are dunned for copies; the volumes are snatched off the tables at the club reading-rooms, and everybody recognizes everybody's portrait. The chief character of the book, after the author's own, is that of the late Lord Hertford, here figuring under the title of the Marquis of Monmouth; his friend Lord Eskdale is no other than Lord Lonsdale; Lord John Manners appears as Lord Sydney; and the house of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir is recognized by everybody in the novel by its title of Beaumanoir; above all, there is the great character of RIGBY, in which the Right Honourable John Wilson Joker is shown up in such a way as must make him happy in his retirement to find that all the world is so much amused by him.

The way in which all the newspapers have extracted the passages relative to Mr. Wilson Joker is quite curious. The *Chronicle* began on Monday; on Wednesday the *Times* charitably followed; on Thursday the *Post* gave the self-same extracts; so that by this time every newspaper-reader in the British Empire has perused the history of Mr. Rigby, and knows how he writes slashing articles against women for preference, and how convenient a friend he is to a great man. A better portrait of a parasite has never been written since Juvenal's days, and we can fancy that even ages hence people will read this book as a singular picture of manners and society in our times. Brummel's life, lately published, will help the historian to an acquaintance with the period a couple of score of years previous, and the real story and the fictitious one will be found, we think, alike profitable.

What person is there, in town or country, from the squire down to the lady's-maid, who will not be anxious to peruse a work in which the secrets of high life are so exposed? In all the fashionable novels ever published there is nothing so piquant or so magnificently genteel. Every politician, too, will read with avidity—the details are so personal. Whigs and Conservatives are abused with such equal bitterness and truth, that, in consideration of the manner in which his neighbour is attacked, a man of either party will pardon the onslaught made on his own friends. Lord John and Sir Robert are both brought forward by this unblushing critic —praised or bullied according to his notions of right and wrong.

We shall not forestall the reader's interest by extracting a single line from the volumes, which, with all their philosophy and pertness, their wisdom and absurdity, are such as cannot fail to interest him, and to make him think and laugh, not only with the author, but at him. Surely nothing more ought to be requisite to make any novel popular.

DASHES AT LIFE WITH A FREE PENCIL.[1]

WHATEVER doubt or surprise the details and extracts with which we are about to amuse our readers, may seem to attach to the fact, we beg to assure those of them who do not already know it, that Mr. Willis has actually written some rather clever books, occasionally marked by traits of genius. But, with respect to the present publication, we confess we have been frequently at a loss to judge whether his narratives were intended to be taken as serious, or only jocular — as what he himself believed to be truths, or intended only as amusing fancies. True, he writes, as he tells us, with "a free pencil"; but it also is true that he writes as if he wished his readers to think that he is perfectly in earnest; that he speaks in his own proper person, and reveals his own adventures, or what he appears to wish to be taken as such: and we therefore feel it to be quite fair — indeed that we are bound — to take him at his word, and to deal with him accordingly.

The history of these *Dashes at Life,* which some of our contemporaries have much extolled, is thus modestly given in the preface: — "Like the sculptor who made toys of the fragments of his *unsaleable Jupiter,* the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material, that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our (Mr. Willis is an American) defective law of copyright." And he proceeds to show, with pathetic accuracy, that as an American publisher can get all English books for nothing, he will not throw away his money on American writers: hence the only chance of a livelihood for the latter, is to contribute to periodical literature, and to transport works of bulk and merit to the English market.

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[1] *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil.* By N. P. F. Willis, Author of *Pencillings by the Way,* etc., etc. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Longmans. 1845.

[*The Edinburgh Review,* October 1845.]

So, after all, if a few authors and publishers grumble at piracy, the public gains. But for the pirates of New York and Boston, we should never have had Mr. Willis's *Dashes.* And though the genius which might have perfected the Jupiter has been thus partly baulked — though Mr. Willis has been forced to fritter away his marble and intellect in a commerce of toys; still the fragmented Jupiter has, with the frieze of the Parthenon, found an appropriate locality in the capital of the world.

But, to proceed with the history, we may state that it was Mr. Willis's intention to work up some of these sketches into substantive novels, but for the unsatisfactory state of the market for that commodity; and there can be no sort of doubt, that the genius which conceived, might have enlarged the *Dashes* to any size. In the first half of these volumes, there are some twenty tales illustrative of English and Continental life — true copies, Mr. Willis states, of what he had seen there; and most of them of so strange and diverting a nature that a man of genius might have made many scores of volumes out of the adventures recorded in only a few hundreds of these duodecimo pages. The Americans, by their piratical system, have robbed themselves of *that* pleasure; and the Union might have had a novelist as prolific as M. Dumas or Mr. James, had it possessed the common generosity to pay him.

The European, as contradistinguished from the American views of society, we take to be by far the most notable of the *Dashes.* The judgment of foreigners has been called, by a happy blunder of logic, that of contemporary posterity. In Mr. Willis we have "a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, traversing the barrier of different ranks with a stranger's privilege, and curious to know how nature's nobility holds its own against nobility by inheritance, and how heart and judgment were modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement." That Mr. Willis, in this exalted sphere, should have got on in a manner satisfactory to himself, is no wonder. Don Christopher Sly conducted himself, we all remember, with perfect ease in the Ducal chair. Another personage of somewhat humble rank in life was, as we also know, quite at home at the court of Queen Titania, and inspired her Majesty with a remarkable passion. So also our republican stranger appears to have been equally at his ease when he appeared for the first time in European aristocratical society.

The great characteristic of high society in England, Mr. Willis assures us, is admiration of literary talent. "At the summit of refinement," a natural nobleman, or a popular writer for the Magazines, is, in all respects, the equal of a Duke. As some captain of Free Lances of former days elbowed his way through royal palaces, with the eyes of all womankind after him, — so in the present time, a man, by being a famous *Free Pencil*, may achieve a similar distinction. Of such a champion, the ladies don't say as in the times of the Free Lances, he fought at Hennebon or Pavia, but that he wrote that charming poem in *Colburn*, that famous article in *Blackwood*. Before that title to fame, all aristocratic heads bow down. The ladies do not care for rank, or marry for wealth — they only worship genius!

This truly surprising truth forms the text of almost every one of Mr. Willis's *Dashes* at English and Continental life. The heroes of the tales are all more or less alike — all "Free Pencils." Sometimes the tales are related in the first person, as befalling our American; sometimes a flimsy third person veils the author, but you can't but see that it is Cæsar who is writing his own British or Gallic victories, for the "Free Pencil" always conquers. Duchesses pine for his love; modest virgins go into consumptions and die for him; old grandmothers of sixty forget their families and propriety and fall on the neck of this "Free Pencil." If this be true, it is wonderful; if it is fiction, it is more wonderful still, that all a man's delusions should take this queer turn — that

Alnaschar should be *always* courting the Vizier's daughter — courting! what do we say? It is the woe-worn creature who is always at Alnaschar's feet, and he (in his vision) who is kicking her.

The first of the pictures of London life is called "Leaves from the Heart-book of Ernest Clay." This, but for the unfavourable circumstances before alluded to, was to have been a novel of three volumes; and indeed it would have been hard to crowd such a hero's amours into a few chapters. Ernest is a great "Free Pencil," with whom Jules Janin himself (that famous chieftain of the French "Free Pencils," who translated Sterne, confessing that he did not know a word of English, and "did" his own wedding-day in a *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats*) can scarcely compare. The "Heart-book" opens in Ernest's lodgings, "in a second floor front No. — South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square," where Ernest is writing, before a three-halfpenny inkstand, an article for the next *New Monthly Magazine*. It was two o'clock, and the author was at breakfast — and to show what a killing man of the world poor Ernest was, his biographer tells us that —

> On the top of a small leather portmanteau, *near by* (the three-halfpenny inkstand, the like of which you may buy "in most small shops in Soho"), stood two pair of varnished-leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except *the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels*. The boots and the inkstand were tolerable exponents of his (the fashionable author's) two opposite but closely woven existences.

A printer's Devil comes to him for his Tale, and as the man of genius has not written a word of it, he begins to indite a letter to the publisher, which we print with what took place subsequently; that the public may be made acquainted with the habits of "Free Pencils" in composition.

> He has seized his pen and commenced: —
> "Dear Sir — The tale of this month will be called ——." As it was not yet conceived he found a difficulty in baptizing it. His eyebrows descended like the bars of a knight's visor; his mouth, which had

expressed only lassitude and melancholy, shut close, and curved downward, and he sat for some minutes dipping his pen in the ink, and at each dip adding a new shoal to the banks of the inky Azores.

A long sigh of relief, and an expansion of every line of his face into a look of brightening thought, gave token presently that the incubation had been successful. The gilded notepaper was pushed aside, a broad and fair sheet of "foreign post" was hastily drawn from his blotting-book, and forgetful alike of the *unachieved cup of tea* (!) and the waiting "devil" of Marlborough Street, the felicitous author dashed the first magic word on mid-page, and without title or motto traced rapidly line after line, his face clearing of lassitude, and his eyes of their troubled languor, as the erasures became fewer, and his punctuations further between.

"Any answer to the note, sir?" said the maid-servant, who had entered unnoticed, and stood close at his elbow, wondering at the flying velocity of his pen.

He was at the bottom of the fourth page, and in the middle of a sentence. Handing the wet and blotted sheet to the servant, with an order for the messenger to call the following morning for the remainder, he threw down his pen and abandoned himself to the most delicious of an author's pleasures — *reverie in the mood of composition.* He forgot *work.* Work is to put such reveries into words. His imagination flew on like a horse without his rider — gloriously and exultingly, but to no goal. The very waste made his indolence sweeter — the very nearness of his task brightened his imaginative idleness. The ink dried upon his pen. Some capricious association soon drew back his thoughts to himself. His eye dulled. His lips resumed their mingled expression of pride and voluptuousness. He started to find himself idle, remembered that he had left off the sheet with a broken sentence, without retaining even the concluding word, and with a sigh more of relief than vexation, he drew on his boots. Presto! the world of which his penny-halfpenny inkstand was the immortal centre — the world of heaven-born imagination — melted from about him! He stood in patent leather, human, handsome, and liable to debt!

And thus fugitive and easy of decoy; thus compulsory, irresolute, and brief, is the unchastised toil of genius — the earning of "the fancy-bread" of poets!

It would be hard if a man who has "made himself a name" (beside being paternally christened), should want one in a story — so, if you please, I will name my hero in the next sentence. Ernest Clay was dressed to walk to Marlborough Street to apply for his "guinea a page" in advance, and find out the concluding word of his MS., when there was heard a footman's rap at the street door. The baker on the ground-floor ran to pick up his penny loaves, jarred from the shelves by the tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, and the maid ran herself out of her shoes to inform Mr. Clay that Lady Mildred —— wished to speak with him. Neither maid nor baker were displeased at being put to inconvenience, nor was the baker's hysterical mother disposed to murmur at the outrageous clatter, which shattered her nerves for a week. There is a spell to a Londoner in a coroneted carriage which changes the noise and the impudence of the unwhipped varlets who ride behind it into music and condescension.

"You were going out," said Lady Mildred, "can I take you anywhere?"

"You can *take* me," said Clay, spreading out his hands in an attitude of surrender, "when and where you please; but I was going to my publisher's."

The chariot steps rattled down, and his foot was on the crimson carpet, when a plain family-carriage suddenly turned out of Grosvenor Square, and pulled up as near his own door as the obstruction permitted.

Both the carriages, the coroneted chariot and the plain coach "out of Grosvenor Square," contain ladies who are wildly in love with the celebrated writer for the *Magazines*. He is smitten by the chariot; he has offered marriage to the family coach; which of the two vehicles shall carry him off? The rival owners appear in presence (at Mrs. Rothschild's ball!), and after a slight contest between vice and virtue, the well-principled young man of genius finishes the evening by running away with the coronet to a beautiful retreat in Devonshire, leaving his bride-elect to wear the willow. This may be considered as Volume I. of the "Heart-book." Who would not be interested in reading the secrets of such a heart — who would not pardon its poetic vagaries?

In Volume II. the "Free Pencil," seeing in the newspapers the marriage of an old flame, merely in joke writes the lady a letter so thrilling, tender and impassioned, that she awakens for the first time to a sense of her exquisite beauty, and becomes a coquette for ever after. The "Free Pencil" meets with her at Naples; is there kissed by her in public; crowned by her hand and proclaimed by her beautiful lips the prince of poets; and as the lady is married, he, as a matter of ordinary gallantry, of course wishes to push his advantages further. But here (and almost for the only time) he is altogether checked in his advances, and made to see that the sovereign power of beauty is even paramount to that of "free pencilling" in the genteel world. By way of episode, a story is introduced of a young woman who dies of love for the poet (having met him at several balls in London). He consoles her by marrying her on her deathbed. In Volume III., the "Free Pencil" recovers his first love, whom he left behind in the shawl-room at Mrs. Rothschild's ball, and who has been pining and waiting for him ever since. The constancy of the beautiful young creature is rewarded, and she becomes the wife of the highly-gifted young man.

Such, briefly, is the plot of a tale, purporting to be drawn from English life and manners; and wondering readers may judge how like the portrait is to the original; how faithfully the habits of our society are here depicted; how Magazine writers are the rulers of fashion in England; how maids, wives and widows, are never tired of running away with them. But who can appreciate the powers of description adorning this likely story; or the high-toned benevolence and morality with which the author invests his hero? These points can only be judged of by a perusal of the book itself. Then, indeed, will new beauties arise to the reader's perception. As in St. Peter's, you do not at first appreciate the beautiful details, so it is with Mr. Willis's masterpiece. But let us, for present recreation, make one or two brief extracts:—

> *A Lady arriving at a tea-party.*—Quietly, but with a step as elastic as the *nod of a water-lily*, Lady Mildred glided into the room, and the high tones and unharmonized voices of the different groups suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by a low and sustained murmur of admiration. A white dress of faultless freshness of fold, a snowy turban, from which hung on either temple a cluster of crimson camellias still wet with the night dew; long raven curls of undisturbed grace falling on shoulders *of that undescribable and dewy coolness which follows a morning bath* (!), giving the *skin* the texture and the opaque whiteness of the lily; lips and *skin* redolent of the repose and purity and the downcast but wakeful eye so expressive of recent solitude, and so peculiar to one who has not spoken since she slept—these were attractions which, in contrast with the paled glories around, elevated Lady Mildred at once into the predominant star of the night.

moment he may be. In a word, he is often conscious of being *two gentlemen at once;*—a miraculous *égarement* of the intellect described in the following manner:—

> Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighbourhood, I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was at the same time present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets and houses and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighbourhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularize and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural evasiveness.

This awakening to a sense of previous existence is thus further detailed. "*The death of a lady in a foreign land,*" says Mr. Willis, "leaves me at liberty to narrate the circumstances which follow." Death has unsealed his lips; and he may now tell that, in a previous state of existence, he was in love with the beautiful Margaret, Baroness R——, when he was not the present "free penciller," but Rodolph Isenberg, a young artist of Vienna. Travelling in Styria, Rodolph was taken to a *soirée* at Gratz, in the house of a "certain lady of consequence there," by "a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Gratz" with whom Mr. Willis had made acquaintance in the *coupé* of a diligence. No sooner was he at the *soirée* than he found himself on the balcony talking to a "very quiet young lady," with whom he "discoursed away for half-an-hour very unreservedly," before he discovered that a third person, "a tall lady of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty," was earnestly listening to their conversation, "*with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion.*" On this, the conversation "languished"; and the other lady, his companion, rose, and took his arm to walk through the rooms. But he had not escaped the notice of the elder lady.

"Later in the evening," says he, "my friend came in search of me to the supper room." "*Mon ami!*" he said, "a great honour has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau-reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria — Margaret, Baroness R——, whose *château* I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you — *why*, I cannot wholly divine — for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the Countess's boudoir. Allons-y!" As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: "At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen a widow, and, for the first time in love — the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her château — they were to have been married — she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine — for here we are!" The Baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *ormoulu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelids — something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat. "You will pardon me this freedom," said the Baroness, with forced composure, "when I tell you that — a friend — whom I have mourned twenty-five years — seems present to me when you speak." I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The Baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me. "You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker — slighter." "Of my age?" I enquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream. "O God! that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears. "Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, "Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams — not in reverie. Not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street — in Vienna — here — at home in noonday — for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart — I know not how — that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him — fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!" I might well pardon her: for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness, to rush to her embrace, well-nigh overpowered me. She turned to me again. "You are an artist?" she said, enquiringly. "No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature." "And you were born in the year ——?" "I was." With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees. "Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long grey tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensible upon her breast. Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

It was an hour after midnight when I re-entered my hotel. A chasseur stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the Baroness, and ran thus: —

"You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

"Shall I write to you as a stranger? — you whom I have strained so often to my bosom — you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of mortal passion — you who have once given me the soul, that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still — for did we not swear to love for ever?

"But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts — though by irresistible consciousness I *know* you to be *him* — my lost lover returned in another body to life — you may still think the evidence incomplete — you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge me one moment.

"The Rodolph Isenberg, whom I lost, possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal.

In that soul resided, and wherever it be, must *now* reside, the singular power."

* * * * * * *

(The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language — a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to — madness! As I saw it in writing — defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another — I felt as if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day — I abandoned doubt — I answered to the name by which she called me — I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But to resume the letter.)

"And now that we know each other again — now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply — a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph! — spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever! — Am I — the same Margaret, refound and recognized — grown repulsive? O God! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

"I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the courtyard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us is still freshly kept. The room where we sat — the bowers by the stream — the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future — they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I — O Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be — I will strive to look — God help me to look and be — as of yore!

"Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will pass this life and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eternal union may be kept — that death cannot divide those who *will* to love for ever! Farewell now!

MARGARET."

Such are the pictures of European society which this "Free Penciller" has sketched. Of the truth of his descriptions of his own country and countrymen, it is not for us to speak. We shall only mention that, in characterizing them, he remarks, that they are much more French than English in many of their qualities. "They are," says he, "in dressing, dancing, *congregating*, in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, *elasticity of recuperation from trouble*" (a most delicious expression!), "in complexion and figure, very French!" Had the *Dashes* been the work of a native genius, we might have hinted, perhaps, some slight occasional objections, pointed out a very few blunders, questioned, very diffidently, the great modesty of some statements, and the truth and accuracy of others. But, as the case stands, we feel that we are bound to excuse much to a young "republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time."

ABOUT A CHRISTMAS BOOK.[1]

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

THE DEANERY, *November* 25.

AT this season of approaching Christmas, when tender mothers are furbishing up the children's bed-rooms, and airing the mattresses which those little darlings (now counting the days at Dr. Swishtail's Academy, or the Misses Backboard's Finishing Establishment) are to occupy for six happy weeks, we have often, dear MR. YORKE, examined the beautiful store of gilt books with pretty pictures which begin to glitter on Mr. Nickisson's library-table, and selected therefrom a store of presents for our numerous young friends. It is a pleasant labour. I like the kindly produce which Paternoster Row sends forth at this season. I like Christmas books, Christmas pantomimes, mince-pies, snap-dragon, and all Christmas fruit; for though you and I can have no personal gratification in the two last-named deleterious enjoyments — to eat that abominable compound of currants, preserves, and puff-paste, which infallibly results in a blue pill, or to dip in a dish of inflamed brandy for the purpose of fishing out scalding raisins which we don't like — yet it gives us pleasure to see the young people so occupied — a melancholy and tender pleasure. We indulge in pleasant egotisms of youthful reminiscence. The days of our boyhood come back again. The holy holidays! How much better you remember those days than any other. How sacred their happiness is; how keen even at this minute their misery. I forget whether I have told elsewhere the story of my friend Sir John C——. He came down to breakfast with rather a disturbed and pallid countenance. His lady affectionately asked the cause of his disquiet. "I have had an unpleasant dream. I dreamed I was at Charter-House, and that Raine flogged me!" He is sixty-five years old. A thousand great events may have happened to him since that period of youthful fustigation. Empires have waxed and waned since then. He has come into £20,000 a year; Napoleon is dead since that period, and also the late Mr. Pitt. How many manly friends, hopes, cares, pleasures, have risen and died, and been forgotten! But not so the joys and pains of boyhood, the delights of the holidays are still as brilliant as ever to him, the buds of the school birch-rod still tickle bitterly the shrinking *os coccygis* of memory!

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[1] *Poems and Pictures: a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, Ancient and Modern, including both Originals and Selections.* With designs on wood by the principal artists. 1 vol. 4to. London: James Burns, Portman Street. 1845.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1845.]

Do you not remember, my dear fellow, our own joy when the 12th came and we plunged out of school, not to see the face of Muzzle for six weeks? A good and illustrious boy were you, dear OLIVER, and did your exercises, and mine too, with credit and satisfaction; but still it was a pleasure to turn your back upon Muzzle. Can you ever forget the glories of the beef-steak at the Bull and Mouth previous to going home; and the majestic way in which we ordered the port and pronounced it to be "ropy" or "fruity"; and criticised the steak, as if we had been Joseph Bregion, cook to Prince Ransmausky? At twenty-five minutes past four precisely; the greys were in the coach; and the guard comes in and says, "Now, gentlemen!" We lighted cigars magnanimously (since marriage—long, long before His Grace the Duke of Wellington's pathetic orders against smoking, we gave up the vile habit). We take up the insides at the office in the Quadrant; and go bowling down Piccadilly on the road to Hounslow, Snow the guard playing *Home, Sweet Home*, on the bugle. How clear it twangs on the ear even now! Can you ever forget the cold veal pies at Bagshot, and the stout waiter with black tights on the look-out for the coach as it came in to a minute? Jim Ward used to drive. I wonder where Jim is now. Is he gone? Yes, probably. Why, the whole road is a ghost since then. The coaches and horses have been whisked up, and are passed away into Hades. The gaunt inns are tenantless; the notes of the horn that we used to hear tootling over Salisbury Plain as the dawn rose and the wind was nipping cold, are reverberating in endless space. Where are the jolly turnpike-men who used to come out as the lamps lighted up the white bars of the gates, and the horses were in a halo of smoke? How they used to go over the six miles between Honiton and Escot Lodge! and there — there on Fair Mile Hill is the little carriage waiting, and HOME in it, looking out with sweet eyes — eyes, oh, how steadfast, and loving, and tender.

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This sentimentalism may surprise my revered friend and annoy the public, who are not called upon to be interested in their humble servant's juvenile biography; but it all comes very naturally out of the opening discussion about Christmas and Christmas books in general, and of this book in particular, just published by Mr. Burns, the very best of all Christmas books. Let us say this, dear YORKE, who, in other days, have pitilessly trampled on *Forget-me-nots,* and massacred whole galleries of *Books of Beauty.* By the way, what has happened to the beauties? Is May Fair used up? One does not wish to say anything rude, but I would wager that any tea-party in Red Lion Square will turn out a dozen ladies to the full as handsome as the charmers with whose portraits we are favoured this year. There are two in particular whom I really never — but let us not be too personal, and return to Mr. Burns' *Poems and Pictures.*

The charming *Lieder und Bilder* of the Düsseldorf painters has, no doubt, given the idea of the work. The German manner has found favour among some of our artists — the Puseyites of art, they may be called, in this country, such as Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Townsend, Horsley, etc., who go back to the masters before Raphael, or to his own best time (that of his youth) for their models of grace and beauty. Their designs have a religious and ascetic, not a heathen and voluptuous tendency. There is with them no revelling in boisterous contemplation of lovely forms as in Titian or Etty, but a meek, modest, and downcast demeanour. They appeal to tender sympathies, and deal with subjects of conjugal or maternal love, or charity, or devotion. In poetry, Goethe can't find favour in their eyes, but Uhland does. Milton is too vast for them, Shakespeare too earthly, but mystic Collins is a favourite: and gentle Cowper and Alford sing pious hymns for them to the mild strains of his little organ.

The united work of these poets and artists is very well suited to the kind and gentle Christmas season. All the verses are not good, and some of the pictures are but feeble; yet the whole impression of the volume is an exceedingly pleasant one. The solemn and beautiful forms of the figures; the sweet, soothing cadences and themes of the verse, affect one like music. Pictures and songs are surrounded by beautiful mystical arabesques, waving and twining round each page. Every now and then you light upon one which is so pretty, it looks as if you had put a flower between the leaves. You wander about and lose yourself amongst these pleasant labyrinths, and sit down to repose on the garden-bench of the fancy (this is a fine image), smelling the springing blossoms, and listening to the chirping birds that shoot about amidst the flickering sunshine and the bending twigs and leaves. All this a man with the least imagination can do in the heart of winter, seated in the arm-chair by the fire, with the *Poems and Pictures* in his hand. What were life good for, dear YORKE, without that blessed gift of fancy? Let us be thankful to those kind spirits who minister to it by painting, or poetry, or music! When Mrs. Y. has sang a song of Haydn's to you, I have seen the tears of happiness twinkle in your eyes; and at certain airs of Mozart, have known the intrepid, the resolute, the stern OLIVER to be as much affected as that soft-hearted Molly of a milkmaid mentioned by Mr. Wordsworth, who moved by the singing of a blackbird, beheld a vision of trees in Lothbury, and a beautiful, clear Cumberland stream dashing down in the neighbourhood of St. Mary Axe.

And this is the queer power of Art; that when you wish to describe its effect upon you, you always fall to describing something else. I cannot answer for it that a picture is not a beautiful melody; that a grand sonnet by Tennyson is not in reality a landscape by Titian; that the last *pas* by Taglioni is not a bunch of roses or an ode of Horace; but I am sure that the enjoyment of the one has straightway brought the other to my mind, and *vice versâ.* Who knows that the blind man, who said that the sound of a trumpet was his idea of scarlet, was not perfectly right? Very likely the sound of a trumpet *is* scarlet. In the matter of this book of *Poems and Pictures*, I have never read prettier pictures than many of these verses are, or seen handsomer poems hung up in any picture-gallery. Mrs. Cope's poem of *The Village Stile* is the first piece as you enter the gallery:—

Age sat upon't when tired of straying,
And children that had been a-maying
    There twined their garlands gay;
What tender partings, blissful meetings,
What faint denials, fond entreatings,
    It witness'd in its day!

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
Would ofttimes rest her brimful pail,
    And lingering there awhile,
Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
Doth something more than chance bespeak!) [The sly rogue]
    Brings Lubin to the stile.

But what he said or she replied,
Whether he asked her for his bride,
    And she so sought was won,
There is no chronicle to tell;
For silent is the oracle,
    The village stile is gone.

In the very midst of these verses, and from a hedge full of birds, and flowers, and creeping plants tangling round them, the village stile breaks out upon you. There is Age sitting upon it, returning home from market; on t'other side the children who have been maying are twining their garlands. The cottage-chimney is smoking comfortably; the birds in the arabesque are making a great chirping and twittering; the young folks go in, the old farmer hobbles over the stile and has gone to supper; the evening has come, it is page 3. The birds in the arabesque have gone to roost; the sun is going down; the milkmaid is sitting on the stile now — beautiful, sweet, down-eyed, tender milkmaid! — and has her hand in Lubin's, somehow. Lubin is a capital name for him; a very meek, soft, handsome young fellow; just such a sentimental-looking spooney as a perverse lass would choose; and at page 4, the village stile is gone. And what is it we have in its stead, alackaday? What means that broken lily? How comes that young lady in the flowing bedgown to be lying on the floor, her head upon the cushion of her praying-stool? Alas, the lily is the emblem of the young lady! *Jeune fille et jeune fleur*, they are both done for. Woe is me, that two so young and beautiful should be nipped off thus suddenly, the Lady Lys and Fleur de Marie! *Sic jacent*, and Mr. Alford comes like a robin and pipes a dirge over the pair: —

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun.

Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue,
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest.

The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the Morn of thy Nativity
Had just begun to break.

A sad Christmas this, indeed! but the friends of Lady Mary must be consoled by the delightful picture which Mr. Dyce has left of her. How tenderly she lies there with folded palms, the typical lily bending sadly over her! Pretty, prim, and beatified, it would almost be disrespectful to mourn over such an angel.

But when we get to a real character — a real woman — (though no great beauty, if Mr. Horsley's portrait of her be a true one) — where we have a poet speaking a genuine feeling — Cowper writing on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk — a man's heart is very differently moved: —

O that those lips had language! Life had pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd by the art that can immortalize —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long;
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

How tender and true the verses are! How naturally the thoughts rise as the poet looks at the calm portrait; and the sacred days of childhood come rising back again to his memory. The very trivialities in subsequent parts of the poem betoken its authenticity, and bear witness to the naturalness of the emotion: —

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,

Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap:
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd,
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may!
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Even that twaddling about biscuit and confectionery plum has a charm in it. You see the gentle lady busied in her offices of kindness for the timid, soft-hearted boy. "Wretch even then, life's journey just begun," conscience comes even there to disturb that delicate spirit, and embitter the best and earliest memorials of life. Mr. Horsley follows the painter down the text with delightful commentaries; he has illustrated the lines which a certain chair-maker has rendered abominably common, and shows us the gardener Robin leading the boy to school in scarlet mantle, and warm velvet cap. The kind mother is peering from the garden-gate before the parsonage, and the old church in the quiet village.

A great charm in the verses has always been to me, that he does not grieve too much for her. The kind, humble heart follows her up to heaven, and there meekly acknowledges her. "The son of parents passed into the skies," says the filial spirit, so humble that he doubted of himself only. The little churchyard sketch with which Mr. Horsley closes this sweet elegy is a delightful comment on it,—the poem in the shape of a picture as it seems to me. One may muse over both for hours, and get nothing but the sweetest and kindest thoughts from either.

Whether it is that where the verses fail, the artists are feeble, or that a poor poem makes a discord, as it were, and destroys the harmony which the concert of poet and painter ought to produce, I don't know: but if the verses are feeble, the pictures look somehow unsatisfactory by their side; and one *believes* in neither. Thus the next illustrated poem, *The Tale of the Coast Guard*, is too fine and pompous, and the accompanying picture by Redgrave equally unreal. *Sir Roland Graeme*, with illustrations by Selous, very clever and spirited, affects me no way. I do not care if I see those theatrical fellows plunging and fighting with harmless broad-swords again. Whereas, at the next page, you come to some verses about a snowdrop, and a picture overhead of that small bulbous beauty—to look at both, which causes the greatest pleasure? All the pages adorned with *natural* illustrations are pleasant; such as the holly which figures by the famous old song of *When this Old Cap was New;* some buttercups which illustrate a subject as innocent, etc. Where there is violent action requisite the artists seem to fail, except in one, or couple of instances. Mr. Tenniel has given a gallant illustration of the ballad of *War comes with Manhood, as Light comes with Day*, in which drawing there is great fire and energy; and Mr. Corbould's *Wild Huntsman* has no little vigour and merit. His illustrations to the legend of Gilbert A'Beckett are quite tame and conventional. Mr. Tenniel's *Prince and Outlaw* represents a prince and outlaw of Astley's—the valorous Widdicomb and the intrepid Gomersal. The truth is that the ballads to which the pictures are appended are of the theatrical sort, and quite devoid of genuineness and simplicity.

But set them to deal with a real sentiment, and the artists appreciate it excellently. Witness Cope's delightful drawings to *The Mourner*, his sweet figures to the sweet and plaintive old ballad of *Cumnor Hall;* Townsend's excellent compositions to *The Miner;* Dyce's charming illustration of the *Christ-Cross Rhyme* — in which page both poet and painter have perfectly reproduced the Catholic spirit: —

Christ His cross shall be my speed!
Teach me, Father John, to read,
That in church on holy-day
I may chant the psalm, and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands.

Teach me letters, one, two, three,
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesu's name.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay;
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ His cross will be my speed.

A pretty imitation indeed. Copes and censers, stained glass and choristers — all the middle-age paraphernalia, produced with an accuracy that is curiously perfect and picturesque. But, O my dearly beloved OLIVER! what are these meek canticles and gentle nasal concerts compared to the full sound which issues from the generous lungs when A POET begins to sing: —

And bring the lassie back to me
  That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
  Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
 Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa!

Heaven bless the music! It is a warm, manly, kindly heart that speaks there — a grateful, generous soul that looks at God's world with honest eyes, and trusts to them rather than to the blinking peepers of his neighbour. Such a man walking the fields and singing out of his full heart is pleasanter to hear, to my mind, than a whole organ-loft full of Puseyites, or an endless procession of quavering shavelings from Littlemore.

But every bird has its note, from the blackbird on the thorn to the demure pie that haunts cathedral yards, and, when caught, can be taught to imitate anything. Here you have a whole aviary of them. Cowper, that coos like a dove; Collins, that complains like a nightingale; with others who might be compared to the brisk bullfinch, the polite canary, or the benevolent cock-robin — each sings, chirps, twitters, cock-a-doodledoos in his fashion — a pleasant chorus! And I recommend you, dear YORKE, and the candid reader to purchase the cage.

A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN, LAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.[1]

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

LONDON, *February* 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,

Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the other great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession: they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy everything in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy anything at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkies, and keep our pity for the poor.

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[1] *Sketches from Life.* By Laman Blanchard. . . . With a Memoir of the Author by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In three volumes, 8vo. London · Colburn. 1846.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1846.]

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's *Memoir;* but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call at present to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, etc., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a cheque for £20,000, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance —

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers — the *Times* printing-office; of which the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with "disgust," he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, where they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the bigwig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the *Pickwick Papers* had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great — against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, "Why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman and Sam Weller quips and cranks must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away, abashed, from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower, it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoe-blacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren to the best of their judgment; polish their upper-leathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons, and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoe-black comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest, stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police report; that, an article containing some downright information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versâ;* writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Dr. Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation.

Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on — causes come on for hearing and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public and liberally paid for; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done; the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honours," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made £300,000. What has George IV. done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious Maraschino — all these good things he expressed and represented; and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D——.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around to our own day among the holders of the pen; begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear . . . , and * * * and dear † † † , you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor;* there's no use denying it; or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And, after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know anything more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which had been set up by some literary men, viz. admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère.* What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard, viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick, easy manner, his sparkling, hidden fun, constant tenderness and brilliant good-humour, were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works — to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He enjoyed thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good-humour that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful; there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter, and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face — a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen; and yet after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading his biography: —

> To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of a peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice — they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions, but gentle as the gentlest in the judgments he passed on others.
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> Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness — that inborn and exquisite urbanity — that childlike readiness to be pleased with all — that happy tendency to panegyrize every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility, so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound — which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents — the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly — the mild influence of that exuberant kindness which softened the acrimony of young disputants and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this, with a constitution singularly

finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination, is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters of our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits.

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had everything to satisfy his affection; abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is not thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) *Ulysses*, or *Comus*, may put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book:—to write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education, and practice of the pen, could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load, and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakespeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur-martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

> Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799, she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children; but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.
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> In 1805 Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of St. Olave's school, then under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Blenkorm. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees

general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative — first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence; and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these *Dramatic Sketches* was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of *Moral Philosophy*, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence, viz., a practical acquaintance with the stage itself; he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's *Leonidas*. He read admirably — his elocution was faultless — his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success — the obstacles to a position — the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate theatre; this gentleman proposed to enroll him in his own troupe, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. "A week," says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), "was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life;" and as there were no "Harlequins" steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that date, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling — the poet's veritable last shilling — in his pocket.

At that time a circumstance occurred which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance, also running; I again called his name. I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help; I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece. They were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, "Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?" So they walked home and were heroically wet through.

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting *Leonidas* before a manager, driven away starving from home, and penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry; he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read *Werther*, and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet,—

None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
The strong heart struggles with before it fall.

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty, and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, as sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him) and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer, he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his *Essays*, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

The following is Sir Edward Bulwer's just estimate of the writer:—

It remains now to speak (and I will endeavour to do so not too partially) of the talents which Laman Blanchard displayed, and of the writings he has left behind.

His habits, as we have seen, necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day was, for the same reason, various and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humours of men with a light and pleasant gaiety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigour which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humour or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his *Lyric Offerings* held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers; the fountain never rose to the level of its source. But in our day the professional man of letters is compelled to draw too frequently, and by too small disbursements, upon his capital, to allow large and profitable investments of the stock of mind and idea, with which he commences his career. The number and variety of our periodicals have tended to results which benefit the pecuniary interests of the author, to the prejudice of his substantial fame. A writer like Otway could not nowadays starve; a writer like Goldsmith might live in Mayfair and lounge in his carriage; but it may be doubted whether the one would nowadays have composed a *Venice Preserved*, or the other have given us a *Deserted Village* and a *Vicar of Wakefield.* There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of the week by the rapid striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception, of an elaborate work.

Born at an earlier day, Laman Blanchard would probably have known sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance; and instead of the sufficient, though precarious income, which his reputation as a periodical writer afforded him, he might have often slept in the garret, and been fortunate if he had dined often in the cellar. But then he would have been compelled to put forth all that was in him of mind and genius; to have written books, not papers; and books not intended for the week or the month, but for permanent effect upon the public.

In such circumstances, I firmly believe that his powers would have sufficed to enrich our poetry and our stage with no inconsiderable acquisitions. All that he wanted for the soil of his mind was time to wait the seasons, and to sow upon the more patient system. But too much activity and too little preparation were his natural doom. To borrow a homely illustration from the farm, he exhausted the land by a succession of white crops.

On the other hand, had he been born a German, and exhibited at Jena or Bonn the same abilities and zeal for knowledge which distinguished him in the school of Southwark, he would, doubtless, have early attained to some moderate competence, which would have allowed fair play and full leisure for a character of genius which, naturally rather elegant than strong, required every advantage of forethought and preparation.

But when all is said — when all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed — enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honourable place among the writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high amongst a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been rich — the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing pleasurable impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life; all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasms. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective.

Such an authority will serve to recommend these *Sketches from Life*, we hope, to many a library. Of the essays themselves it is hardly necessary to select specimens. There is not one that can't be read with pleasure; they are often wise, and always witty and kindly. Let us dip into the volume and select one at random. Here is one which relates to that class, which is ranked somehow as last in the literary profession, and is known under the famous name of —

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

The penny-a-liner, like Pope, is "known by his style." His fine Roman hand once seen, may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling Pope, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is: He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style, and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application. Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the "feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described." If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying, "that they may be imagined, but cannot be depicted." In reporting an incident illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the "vital spark is extinct," and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by "a monster in the human form." A thunder-storm is described as having "visited" the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the "electric fluid." A new actress "surpasses the most sanguine expectations" of the public, and exhibits talents "that have seldom been equalled, never excelled." A new book is not simply published, it "emanates from the press." On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand "open as day to melting charity," and that "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be "far as the poles asunder"; although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase "as it were," which is an especial favourite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of title, for palpable reasons; as when he reports, that "Yesterday the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, dined with," etc. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hailstones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reckoning up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties, for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the "devouring element," the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit, always a hit; a good thing remains good for ever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt, he introduces in his quotations. To these he often gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally, by accident, he improves upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a specimen:—

'Tis not in mortals to *deserve* success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *command* it.

The good-natured satirist seldom hits harder than this, and makes fun so generously that it is a pleasure to be laughed at by him. How amusingly the secret of the penny-a-liner's craft is unveiled here! Well, he, too, is a member of the great rising fraternity of the press, which, weak and despised yesterday, is powerful and in repute to-day, and grows daily in strength and good opinion.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it) there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakespeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakespeare; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky, easy, government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now; men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and, in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's *Times'* battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.[1]

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

THE character of Gruff-and-Tackleton, in Mr. Dickens's last Christmas story, has always appeared to me a great and painful blot upon that otherwise charming performance. Surely it is impossible that a man whose life is passed in the making of toys, hoops, whirligigs, theatres, dolls, jack-in-boxes, and ingenious knick-knacks for little children, should be a savage at heart, a child-hater by nature, and an ogre by disposition. How could such a fellow succeed in his trade? The practice of it would be enough to break that black heart of his outright. Invention to such a person would be impossible; and the continual exercise of his profession, the making of toys which he despised for little beings whom he hated, would, I should think, become so intolerable to a Gruff-and-Tackleton, that he would be sure to fly for resource to the first skipping-rope at hand, or to run himself through his *dura ilia* with a tin sabre. The ruffian! the child-hating Herod! a squadron of rocking-horses ought to trample and crush such a fellow into smaller particles of flint. I declare, for my part, I hate Gruff-and-Tackleton worse than any ogre in *Mother Bunch*. Ogres have been a good deal maligned. They eat children, it is true, but only occasionally, — children of a race which is hostile to their Titanic progeny; they are good enough to their own young. Witness the ogre in *Hopomy-*

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[1] *Felix Summerly's Home Treasury. Gammer Gurton's Story-Books.* Revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent. *Stories for the Seasons. The Good-natured Bear.* London: Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street. 1846.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, April 1846.]

thumb, who gave his daughters seven crowns, the which Hopomythumb stole for his brothers, and a thousand other instances in fairy history. The proposition is, that makers of children's toys may have their errors, it is true, but must be, in the main, honest and kindly-hearted persons.

I wish Mrs. Marcet, the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, or any other person possessing universal knowledge, would take a toy and child's emporium in hand, and explain to us all the geographical and historical wonders it contains. That Noah's Ark with its varied contents,—its leopards and lions, with glued pump-handled tails; its light-blue elephants and ⊥-footed ducks; that ark containing the cylindrical family of the patriarch was fashioned in Holland, most likely, by some kind pipe-smoking friends of youth by the side of a shiny canal. A peasant in a Danubian pine-wood carved that extraordinary nut-cracker, who was painted up at Nuremberg afterwards in the costume of a hideous hussar. That little fir lion, more like his roaring original than the lion at Barnet, or the lion of Northumberland House, was cut by a Swiss shepherd boy tending his goats on a mountain-side, where the chamois were jumping about in their untanned leather. I have seen a little Mahometan on the Etmeidan at Constantinople twiddling about just such a whirligig as you may behold any day in the hands of a small Parisian in the Tuileries Gardens. And as with the toys, so with the toy-books. They exist everywhere; there is no calculating the distance through which the stories come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to the little copper-coloured Sanscrit children, listening to their mother under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her nose. The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings as they lay in their shields on deck; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars on the Syrian plains when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents. With regard to the story of *Cinderella,* I have heard the late Thomas Hill say that he remembered to have heard, two years before Richard Cœur de Lion came back from Palestine, a Norman jongleur—but, in a word, there is no end to the antiquity of these tales, a dissertation on which would be quite needless and impossible here.

One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few scores of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Abominable attempts were made in those days to make useful books for children, and cram science down their throats as calomel used to be administered under the pretence of a spoonful of currant jelly. Such picture-books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous old wood-cuts which had lasted through a century, and some of which may be actually seen lingering about still as head-pieces to the Catnach ballads, in those rare corners of the town where the Catnach ballads continued to be visible. Some painted pictures there were in our time likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind; the hideous distortions of Rowlandson, who peopled the picture-books with bloated parsons in periwigs, tipsy aldermen and leering salacious nymphs, horrid to look at. *Tom and Jerry* followed, with choice scenes from the Cockpit, the Round House, and Drury Lane. Atkins's slang sporting subjects then ensued, of which the upsetting of Charley's watch-boxes, leaping five-barred gates, fighting duels with amazing long pistols, and kissing short-waisted damsels in pink spencers, formed the chief fun. The first real, kindly agreeable, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England which I know, were those of the patriarch George Cruikshank, devised for the famous German popular stories. These were translated by a certain magistrate of Bow Street, whom the *Examiner* is continually abusing, but whose name ought always to be treated tenderly on account of that great service which he did to the nation. Beauty, fun, and fancy were united in these admirable designs. They have been copied all over Europe. From the day of their appearance, the happiness of children may be said to have increased immeasurably. After Cruikshank, the German artists, a kindly, and good-natured race, with the organ of philoprogenitiveness strongly developed, began to exert their wits for children. Otto Speckter, Neureuther, the Düsseldorf school, the book-designers at Leipsig and Berlin, the mystical and tender-hearted Overbeck, and numberless others, have contributed to the pleasure and instruction of their little countrymen. In France the movement has not been so remarkable. The designers in the last twenty years have multiplied a hundred-fold: their talent is undeniable: but they have commonly such an unfortunate *penchant* for what is *wrong*, that the poor little children can hardly be admitted into their company. They cannot be benefited by voluptuous pictures illustrative of Balzac, Béranger, Manon-Lescaut, and the like. The admirable Charlet confined himself to war and battle, and *les gloires de la France* chiefly: the brilliant designs of Vernet and Raffet are likewise almost all military. Gavarné, the wittiest and cleverest designer that ever lived probably, depicts grisettes, Ste. Pélagie, bals-masqués, and other subjects of town-life and intrigue, quite unfit for children's edification. The caustic Granville, that Swift of the pencil, dealt in subjects scarcely more suited to children than the foul satires of the wicked old Cynic of St. Patrick's, whose jokes to my mind are like the fun of a demon; and whose best excuse is Swift's Hospital.

In England the race of designers is flourishing and increasing; and the art as applied to the nursery (and where, if you please, you who sneer, has our affectionate mother Art a better place?) has plenty of practitioners and patronage. Perhaps there may be one or two of our readers who have heard of an obscure publication called *Punch*, a hebdomadal miscellany, filled with drawings and jokes, good or bad. Of the artists engaged upon this unfortunate periodical, the chief are Messrs. Leech and Doyle, both persons, I would wager, remarkable for love of children, and daily giving proofs of this gentle disposition. Whenever Mr. Leech, "in the course of his professional career," has occasion to depict a child by the side of a bottle-nosed alderman, a bow-waistcoated John Bull, a policeman, a Brook-Green Volunteer, or the like, his rough, grotesque, rollicking pencil becomes gentle all of a sudden, he at once falls into the softest and tenderest of moods, and dandles and caresses the infant under his hands, as I have seen a huge whiskered grenadier do in St. James's Park, when, mayhap (but this observation goes for nothing), the nursemaid chances to be pretty. Look at the picture of the Eton-boy dining with his father, and saying, "Governor, one toast before we go —the ladies!" This picture is so pretty, and so like, that it is a positive fact, that every father of an Eton-boy declares it to be the portrait of his own particular offspring. In the great poem of *The Brook-Green Volunteer*, cantos of which are issuing weekly from the *Punch* press, all the infantine episodes without exception are charming; and the volunteer's wife such a delightful hint of black-eyed smiling innocence and prettiness, as shows that beauty is always lying in the heart of this humorist,—this *good* humorist, as he assuredly must be. As for Mr. Doyle, his praises have been sung in this Magazine already; and his pencil every day gives far better proofs of his genuine relish for the grotesque and beautiful than any that can be produced by the pen of the present writer.

The real heroes of this article, however, who are at length introduced after the foregoing preliminary flourish, are, Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 12 Old Bond Street, in the city of Westminster, publisher; Mr. Felix Summerly, of the *Home Treasury* office; Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; Ambrose Merton, Gent., the editor of *Gammer Gurton's Story-Books;* the writer (or writers) of the *Good-natured Bear, The Story-Book of Holyday Hours*, etc., and the band of artists who have illustrated for the benefit of youth these delightful works of fiction. Their names are Webster, Townshend, Absolon, Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, H. Corbould, Franklin, and Frederick Tayler, — names all famous in art; nor surely could artists ever be more amiably employed than in exercising their genius in behalf of young people. Fielding, I think, mentions with praise the name of Mr. Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, as the provider of story-books and pictures for children in his day. As there is no person of the late Mr. Fielding's powers writing in this Magazine, let me be permitted, humbly, to move a vote of thanks to the meritorious Mr. Joseph Cundall.

The mere sight of the little books published by Mr. Cundall — of which some thirty now lie upon my table — is as good as a nosegay. Their actual colours are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson. I envy the feelings of the young person for whom (after having undergone a previous critical examination) this collection of treasures is destined. Here are fairy tales at last, with real pictures to them. What a library! — what a picture-gallery! Which to take up first is the puzzle. I can fancy that perplexity and terror seizing upon the small individual to whom all these books will go in a parcel, when the string is cut, and the brown paper is unfolded, and all these delights appear. Let us take out one at hazard: it is the

"HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT THE CONQUEROR."

He is bound in blue and gold: in the picture Mr. Frederick Tayler has represented Tom and a friend slaughtering wild beasts with prodigious ferocity. Who was Tom Hickathrift the Conqueror? Did you ever hear of him? Fielding mentions him somewhere, too; but his history has passed away out of the nursery annals, and this is the first time his deeds have ever come under my cognizance. Did Fielding himself write the book? The style is very like that of the author of *Joseph Andrews.* Tom lived in the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, the story says, in the reign of William the Conqueror; his father, who was a labourer, being dead, "and his mother being tender of their son, maintained him by her own labour as well as she could; but all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much at once as would serve six ordinary men. At ten years old he was six feet high and three feet thick; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate; but his great strength was as yet unknown."

The idea of latent strength here is prodigious. How strong the words are, and vigorous the similes! *His hand was like a shoulder of mutton.* He was six feet high *and three feet thick:* all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much as six men. A man six feet high is nothing, but a fellow three feet *thick* is tremendous. All the images heap up and complete the idea of Thomas's strength. His gormandizing indicates, his indolence exaggerates, the Herculean form. Tom first showed his strength by innocently taking away from a farmer, who told him he might have as much straw as he could carry, a thousand-weight of straw. Another offering him, and telling him to choose a stick for his mother's fire, Thomas selected a large tree, and went off with it over his shoulder, while a cart and six horses were tugging at a smaller piece of timber behind. The great charm of his adventures is, that they are told with that gravity and simplicity which only belongs to real truth:—

> Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him; but he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go; for there was a monstrous giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill or make them his servants.
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> But to come to Tom and his master. Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed none to help him. Thus he went each day to Wisbeach, a journey of near twenty miles.

But going this way so often, and finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying anything to his master, or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life; to win the horse or lose the saddle; to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant.

Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer: but Tom cared not a fig for him; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

"Sirrah," said he, "who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know, that I make all stand in fear of me? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure! Are you so careless of your life, that you do not care what you do? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws hang upon yonder tree? Thine shall hang above them all!"

"None of your prating!" said Tom; "you shall not find me like them."

"No!" said the giant.

"Why you are but a fool, if you come to fight me, and bring no weapon to defend thyself!" cries Tom. "I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master."

"Say you so, sirrah?" said the giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axle-tree and wheel for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axle-tree in the other.

"Oh, oh!" said the giant, "you are like to do great things with those instruments; I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axle-tree, and wheel to the ground!"

Now that which the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill-post; and with this the giant made a blow at him with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again.

"What," said Tom, "have you got drunk with my small beer already?"

But the giant, recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel, so that he received but very little hurt.

In the meantime, Tom plied the giant so well with blows, that the

> sweat and blood ran together down his face, who, being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.
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> "No, no," said he, "my mother did not teach me such wit;" and, finding the giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.
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> The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform anything he should desire,—even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.
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> But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy.

This must surely be Fielding: the battle is quite like the Fielding-Homer. Tom "having increased his strength by good living, and *improved his courage by drinking strong ale*," is a phrase only to be written by a great man. It indicates a lazy strength, like that of Tom himself in the corner. "The giant roared hideously, but Tom had no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog." If anybody but Harry Fielding can write of a battle in this way, it is a pity we had not more of the works of the author. He says that, for this action, Tom, who took possession of the giant's cave and all his gold and silver, "was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift."

With the aid of a valorous opponent, who was a tinker, and who, being conquered by Tom in battle, became his fast friend ever after, Tom overcame 10,000 disaffected, who had gathered in the Isle of Ely (they must have been 10,000 of the refugee Saxons under Hereward the Saxon, who fled from the tyranny of the Conqueror, and are mentioned by Mr. Wright in his lately published, learned, and ingenious essays,—and, indeed, it was a shame that one of the German name of *Hickathrift* should attack those of his own flesh and blood); but for this anti-national feat Tom was knighted, and henceforth appeared only as Sir Thomas Hickathrift.

> News was brought to the king, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with

him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode; which said monster and other ravenous beasts had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

The king, hearing of this relation, was a little startled; yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, assuring them that he would not forget them, and so they departed.

The king, hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sat in council, to consider what was best to be done.

At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold, stout subject; for which reason it was judged necessary to make him governor of that island, which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen, at least.

Sir Thomas had not been there many days when, looking out of his own window, he espied this giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber's basin, and seemed like flaming fire; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

Lifting up his eyes, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him from one of the windows of the castle. The giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor,—who, indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill-favoured brute.

The giant finding that Tom did not make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dragon and chained him to an oak-tree; then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom perceiving it said —

"Is this the game you would be at? faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with." Then taking the two-handed sword which the King gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay not able to help himself.

"How now," said Tom, "do you come here to take up your lodging?" and with that, he ran his long sword between the giant's shoulders, which made the brute groan as loud as thunder.

Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also.

Once and again this must be Harry Fielding. The words of the narrative are of immense strength and simplicity. When Tom runs his long sword through the giant, it only "makes the brute groan as loud as thunder." An inferior hand would have spoiled all by trying a dying speech. One recognizes Fielding's cudgel-style by the force and simplicity of the blow; and the greatness of Hickathrift is only increased by the conclusion of his history. He is left singing a song at a very noble and splendid feast, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following promise:—

> My friends, while I have strength to stand,
>   Most manfully I will pursue
> All dangers till I clear the land
>   Of lions, bears, and tigers too.

And that is all. How fine the conclusion is! The enormous champion does not die, but lapses into silence. He may be alive yet somewhere in the fens, drinking mutely. A health to him! The day was a good day which brought the acquaintance of Tom Hickathrift.

Patient Grisell and *The Babes in the Wood* are dressed by Mr. Cundall in scarlet and gold—attired in glorious raiment after their death and sufferings as a reward for their martyrdom in life. As for Grisell, I have always had my opinion about her. She is so intolerably patient as to provoke any husband, and owed a great deal of her ill-treatment to the shameful meekness with which she bore it. But *The Babes in the Wood* must awaken the sympathy of any but an ogre, and every man, woman, or child who has a heart for poetry, must feel himself stirred by the lines which tell their sad story:—

> He took the children by the hand,
>   Tears standing in their eye,
> And bade them straightway follow him;
>   And look they did not cry.
> And two long miles he led them on,
>   While they for food complain.
> "Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
>   When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand
  Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
  Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
  Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
  They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents
  Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
  As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
  Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
  Did cover them with leaves.

Sweet little martyrs! Poetry contains nothing more touching than their legend. They have lain for hundreds of years embalmed in it. Time has not spoiled the smile of their sweet faces, nestling cheek by cheek under the yellow leaves. Robins have become sacred birds for the good deed they did. They will be allowed to sing in Paradise for that.

"Bevis of Hampton," that famous knight, is not a warrior much to the taste of the present times. He kills a great deal too much, and without any sense of humour and without inspiring any awe; but "Guy of Warwick" is a true knight. After the steward's son has done great deeds, and by his valour and virtue has won the hand of fair Felice, and with it her father's title of Earl of Warwick, the famous warrior is smitten with a sense of the vanity of all earthly things, even of married love and of fair Felice, who consents, like a pious soul as she is, that he should take the cross and go to Palestine.

> While Guy was in this repenting solitude, the legend says, fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord Guy. And, to show her humility, she sold all her jewels and costly robes, and gave the money to the poor.

Years and years after her lord was gone there used to come for alms to her castle-gate an old pilgrim, whom the fair Felice relieved with hundreds of other poor. At last this old hermit, feeling his death drawing nigh, took a ring from his hand and sent it to fair Felice, and she knew by that token it was her lord and husband, and hastened to him. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice, who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave. So ends the story of Guy, the bold baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice. A worthy legend. His bones are dust, and his sword is rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. Mr. Tayler supplies two noble illustrations to Sir Bevis and Sir Guy.

We must pass over the rest of the Gammer Gurton library with a brief commendation. The ballads and stories are good, the pictures are good, the type is good, the covers are fine, and the price is small. The same may be said of *The Home Treasury*, edited by the benevolent Felix Summerly. This *Home Treasury* contains a deal of pleasant reading and delightful pictures. The fairy tales are skilfully recast, and charmingly illustrated with coloured prints (perhaps all prints for children ought to have pretty colours, by the way) by some of the good-natured artists before mentioned. The delightful drawings for *Little Red Riding-hood* are supplied by Mr. Webster. Mr. Townshend nobly illustrates *Jack and the Bean-stalk;* while the pretty love-tale of *Beast and the Beauty* is delineated by Mr. Redgrave. In the book of *Fairy Tales and Ballads*, Cope, Redgrave, and Tayler vie with each other which shall most show skill and recreate youth. For the Story-books of the Seasons and the Mrs. Harriet-Myrtle Series Mr. Absolon has supplied a profusion of designs, which are all, without exception, charming. The organ of love of children as developed in that gentleman's cranium must be something prodigious, and the bump of benevolence quite a mountain. Blessed is he whose hat is enlarged by them!

Let a word be said, in conclusion, regarding the admirable story of *The Good-natured Bear*, one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day. Witness this extract, which contains the commencement of the bear's autobiography:—

"I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

"My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person* of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honour; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least the softer, sex were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it."

"Oh! *do*, Mr. Bear," cried Gretchen, and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children called out at the same time, "Oh! please do, sir." The bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued—

"My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came; and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of, I do not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. 'Now,' said my mother, 'you are what is called standing alone!' But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden tressel, with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze and the many scents of the woods, my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw

Those who wish to know more about him, and to see Mr. Tayler's admirable likenesses of him, must buy the book for themselves. For it must be kept away from its right owners no longer, and must be consigned to brown paper and bound up with twine along with its beautiful comrades, never to see the light again until the packet opens under the astonished eyes of A. H. T.

M. A. TITMARSH.

A GRUMBLE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.[1]

By Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

My dear Mr. Yorke,

When, in an unguarded moment, I complied with your request to look through the Christmas books of the season and report progress upon the new branch of English literature, we had both the idea that the occupation would be exceedingly easy, jovial, and pleasant; that we should be able to make an agreeable lecture upon an amusing subject; that critics, authors and readers would be brought together in the most enticing and amiable manner possible; and that we should finish off an article with kind hearts, friendly greetings, merry Christmas, and that sort of thing,—a perfect prize-paper, streaky with benevolence, and larded with the most unctuous human kindness, with an appropriate bit of holly placed in its hinder quarter.

Sir, we have both of us made a most dismal mistake. Had it been strong meat that you set before me for a Christmas feast, the above metaphor (which I took from Mr. Slater's shop at Kensington) might have applied. Beef might have invigorated the critic; but, ah, sir! what is that wretch to do who finds himself surfeited with mince-pies? I have read Christmas books until I have reached a state of mind the most deplorable.

"Curses on all fairies!" I gasp out; "I will never swallow another one as long as I live. Perdition seize all Benevolence! Be hanged to the Good and the True! Fling me every drop of the milk of human kindness out of the window!—horrible, curdling slops, away with them!

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, January 1847.]

Kick old Father Christmas out of doors, the abominable old impostor! Next year I'll go to the Turks, the Scotch, or other Heathens who don't keep Christmas. Is all the street to come for a Christmas box? Are the waits to be invading us by millions, and yelling all night? By my soul, if any body offers me plum-pudding again this season, I'll fling it in his face!"

The fair writer of one of these volumes, *A Christmas in the Seventeenth Century*[1] (I may have read something very like this tale in Vandevelde's novels, but it is a pretty story, and just as good for little dears as if it were quite new), mentions in the preface the rueful appearance of a Parisian friend of hers at Christmas, who was buying *bonbons* as if he was doing penance, and cursed the odious custom of the *jour de l'an* which compelled him to spend a great part of his quarter's allowance in sugar-plums, to be presented to his acquaintance. The French gentleman was right; the sugar-plum system in France has become a nuisance, and in Protestant England the Christmas-book system is bidding fair to be another. Sir, it was wisely regulated that Christmas should come only once a year, but that does not mean that it is to stay all the year round. Do you suppose that any man could read through all these books and retain his senses? I have swallowed eight or nine out of the twenty-five or thirty volumes. I am in a pitiable condition. I speak with difficulty out of my fulness.

"Miss Smith, my love, what is our first Christmas-pie? That in the green and gold dish, if you please."

Miss Smith:—"The dish is Mrs. Gore's, and the *plates* are Mr. Cruikshank's, and very pretty plates they are. He, he, he!"

M. A. T.—"No trifling, madam, if you please. Read on."

Miss Smith reads as follows:—

> "Can you read, my boy? and are you sharp enough to undertake an errand?" said a young officer of the Guards, on whose well-fitting

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[1] *A Christmas in the Seventeenth Century.* By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. London: Chapman and Hall.

uniform little George had fixed a wistful eye, one summer morning at the corner of James' Street, as he was lounging near Sam's shop, on pretence of looking at the engravings of a fashionable annual.

"I can read, sir," replied the boy, longing to add, "and if you will employ me for a message, I will do my best to give you satisfaction," for the handsome countenance of the young officer captivated his fancy. But the often-repeated injunction of his grandmother that, betide what might, he was never to derogate from the habits of life of a gentleman's son, forbade his endeavouring to earn a shilling, a coin that rarely found its way into the palm of his hand.

"You have an honest face of your own," added the officer, after casting a hasty glance around, to ascertain that no one was at hand to overhear or notice their colloquy. "Do you think you could make out Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square?"

"To be sure I could, sir."

"In that case, my lad, here's half-a-crown for you, to make the best of your way to No. 7, where you will leave this letter," continued he, placing one in his hand; "and remember, should any questions be asked by the servants, you are to say it was given to you by a lady you never saw before, and of whom you do not know the name."

"If I'm to say that, sir, I'm afraid I can't oblige you," replied the child, returning the money and the letter; "and at all events, I should not have accepted the half-crown. I'm not an errand-boy, sir: I am a gentleman's son!"

"You are a confounded little ass, I suspect!" returned the officer, nettled and surprised. "What on earth can it signify whether you receive the letter from a gentleman or lady?"

"Not the least, sir. It signifies only that I should not say the one, when the other is the case. But I will undertake to carry your letter safe and speedily, and give no explanation at all, however much questioned, if that would suit you."

"I fancy I can trust you, my lad," replied the officer, more and more surprised by the tone and bearing of the child. "But I should be glad to learn, on your return, how you have prospered in your errand."

"You are on guard, I think, sir!" said George, glancing at his gay accoutrements. "I shall be in Belgrave Street and back in less than twenty minutes. You can manage, perhaps, to remain hereabouts till then?"

And the appointment once made, George did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. Fresh from a first perusal of *Paul and Virginia*, he seemed to understand (on perceiving that the letter about which the young captain appeared so anxious was addressed to a "Miss Hallet") *why* he was so anxious concerning the delivery.

"I left it safe, sir, at No. 7; no questions were asked," said he, a little out of breath, as soon as he came within hail of the scarlet coat.

"So far, so good," observed the young man, turning towards a friend on whose arm he was leaning. "I think I may be sure *this* time, that it will reach her hand."

And as George had now fully discharged his commission, he was making off towards home, when the officer suddenly called him back.

"Hillo, my lad! we mustn't part in this way," said he. "You've done me better service than you think for; and though you don't choose to be paid for it, you must have something, to keep in remembrance of my gratitude."

The whole party were now opposite the shop of Palmer the cutler, into which the apparently overjoyed letter-sender ordered his prompt messenger to follow him; and in a moment a tray of many-bladed knives — knives after a boy's own heart — glittered before the eyes of George.

"Make your choice, youngster," said the officer, who, by the obsequiousness of the shopman, was apparently well known and highly considered. "You seem steady enough to be trusted with sharp implements."

"Recollect, my dear Wroxton," interrupted his companion, "that a knife is the most unlucky keepsake in the world!"

"Ay, between lovers!" retorted the young guardsman, pointing out to his protégé a handsome four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle, which he seemed to recommend; "but in this case all I want is to remind this trusty Pacolet of mine that I am in existence; and that he will often find me on the same spot, waiting to engage him for the same service he executed so well just now."

Scarcely knowing in what words to express his gratitude for the generous manner in which his trifling assistance was requited, poor George thankfully acquiesced in the shopman's suggestion that his initials should be engraved on the silver escutcheon ornamenting the handle of the knife. It could be finished in a few hours. On the morrow, George was to call for it at Palmer's.

"And mind you don't disappoint the little fellow!" said his new friend, preparing to leave the shop. "It is impossible for me to send my own servants to Sir Jasper's," he continued, addressing his companion, as they proceeded down the steps to resume their lounge in St. James' Street; "and this boy is precisely the sort of messenger not to excite suspicion."

What an agreeable vivacity there is about this description! Sparkling, easy, stylish, and so like nature. I think that incident of the knife — a four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle — from Palmer's, in St. James's Street, is *impayable*. You fancy the scene — the young bucks in scarlet—Palmer himself—the Conservative Club opposite, with the splendid dandies in the bow window, —the red-jackets who hold the horses—the cab-stand—St. James's gate and clock. *Que sçais-je?* How deftly in a few strokes a real artist can bring out a picture!

The picture is taken from *New Year's Day*, by Mrs. Gore.[1] This book has nothing earthly in it about New Year's Day. The plot and mystery are as follows:—

There was once a hectoring young captain of foot, who married a young woman of inferior rank, and, singular to state, ill-used her. By this lady, Captain Hallet had a little son: he bullied and ill-used this little son too in such a manner that the lad threatened to drown himself; and his coat and cap were all that were found of the young fellow by the side of the *poluphloisboio thalasses*, into the deep bosom of which he had committed himself.

The mother's heart broke in twain at the calamity; so did John Talbot's, the captain's man (as far as male heart can be said to break, but this sort mends again almost as good as new commonly): the captain became an altered man, too, and no wonder. A couple of murders on his conscience could not make a captain of foot very cheerful.

The Peninsular War was breaking out at this juncture. Captain Jasper Hallet joined the heroic Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, at present F.M. the Duke of Wellington, K.G., etc. Assaults, scaladoes, ambuscadoes, hurrah, cut-and-thrust, fire away, run-you-through-the-body, Give it 'em, boys! became the captain's chief delight; and forlorn hopes were his principal diversions. Wounded he was a great deal, as men will be in this sort of sport; and we picture him to ourselves as devilled and scarred like the leg of that turkey which has stood the assault of Christmas Day. But no friendly ball laid low the capting—as how should it?—otherwise Mrs. Gore's story never could have been written—on the contrary, he rose to be a major—a colonel—to clasps and ribands innumerable—to command a brigade in the unlucky campaigns of New Orleans, and a division at the attack of Bhurtpore. And I leave you to imagine that his portion of the swag (as the Hindostan phrase is for plunder) must have been considerable, when I state that it amounted to £400,000. Mrs. Gore is a noble creature, and makes the money fly about, that is the truth.

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[1] *New Year's Day: a Winter's Tale*. By Mrs. Gore. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Fisher & Co.

And don't you see, when a man has £400,000, how we get to like him, in spite of a murder or two? Our author yields with charming *naïveté* to the general impression. He is a good fellow, after all; but he has four hundred thousand; he has repented of his early brutalities; his claret is famous, etc., etc. Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Hallet, K.C.B., lived last year in Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, with his niece, the lovely Mira, to whom it was known he had given £20,000, and on whom many of the old fogies at the United Service Club were looking as eligible partners for their own sons. The United Service — *que dis-je?* — the Guards' Club had an eye on her, too; and no less a young fellow than my Lord Wroxton (the rogue!) was smitten by her.

One day, as Miss Hallet was driving in her uncle's elegant chariot with the greys, the Johns behind, and Robert the coachman in the silver wig on the dickey, — as Robert was cutting in and out among the carriages like — blazes, I was going to say, but why use an expression so familiar? — it chanced that he cut over a child — a poor boy — a fair-haired, delicate boy — a bright-eyed thing — cut him over, and very nearly sent the wheels over him. The little cherub was rescued from the chariot-wheel, but, before the lovely but naturally flustered Mira had found out his name, he was gone.

Now, my dear, do you begin to be on the scent? Who can that fair-haired, blue-eyed, bright-eyed thing be? Is it a baker's boy, is it a charity boy, a doctor's boy, or any other ditto? My heart tells me that that child is not *what he seems.* But of that anon. In a court off St. James's Street, — for if we can't be always genteel, we'll be always near it — in a dreary room, having spent her money, pawned her spoons, exhausted the little store which misfortune had left her, lives a grumbling old woman, by the name of Mrs. Lawrie.

She is an American, and as such the grandmother of the bright-eyed child whose acquaintance we have just had the honour to make.

Yes, but who was his *father?* His father was Colonel Jasper Foreman (mark the *Jasper*, S.V.P.!). Coming to this country, his own native place, with ingots of gold packed in chests, on board the *Antelope* packet, at only three days from shore, and just when the captain, after some conversations with him, had begun to treat Colonel Jasper Foreman with much more respect than a mere Yankee colonel could expect,—at three days off port, the ship went down, with the captain, with Colonel Foreman, all his money, all his papers—everything except the boy and his grandmother, and her dozen silver spoons and forks. It's a mercy the old lady was in the habit of carrying them about with her, or what would the pair have done on reaching Albion's shore?

They went to live in the court off St. James's Street, melting away the spoons one by one, and such other valuables as had escaped the shipwreck. The old lady's health was impaired, and her temper abominable. How like a little angel did young George tend that crabbed old grandmother! George had a little bird,—a poor little bird, and loved the little warbler as boyhood will love. The old hunx grumbled at the little bird, and said it ate them out of house and home. He took it into St. James's Park (the keepers let him pass, for George, though poor, mended his clothes most elegantly, and always managed to look genteel, bless him!), and he let loose the little bird in the Park; there's a picture of it, with the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the bird, and a lady and gent. walking in the distance. He parted from his darling bird, and went home to his grandmamma. He went home and made her gruel.

"*Bitterly did the old lady complain of the over-sugaring of the gruel.*" There is a picture of that, too. George is bringing her the gruel in a basin; there's a cow on the chimney-piece, a sauce-pan in the fender, a cup and a parcel (of Embden groats, probably) on the table. Tears — sweet, gushing tears — sobs of heart-breaking yet heart-soothing affection break from one over this ravishing scene. I am crying so, I can hardly write. The printers will never sure decipher this blotted page. So she complained of the over-sugaring of the gruel, did she? Dear child! The scene, I feel, is growing too tender.[1]

* * * * * * *

As I describe this harrowing tale of innocence and woe, I protest I get so bewildered with grief as to lose the power of coherently continuing the narrative. This little George — this little diddle-iddle-darling, walking in St. James's Street, was accosted by Lord Wroxton, who gave him a letter to carry — a letter to Belgrave Street, to no other than to Miss Mira Hallet. The name of the owner of the house, Sir Jasper Hallet, excited in the boy a thousand tumultuously mysterious emotions. Jasper! his papa's name was Jasper! Were the two Jaspers related anyhow? The scoffing menials thrust away the child who asked the question; but still he was hovering about the place — still watching Miss Hallet and following her carriage; and one day, in a chase after it, he received the upset which opens the story.

Well, well, a little boy knocked down in the very first page of a story of course gets up again — of course he finds his parents — of course his grandfather makes him a present of at least half the four hundred thousand? No such thing: the little boy sickens all through the volume. Grandpapa goes abroad. Comic business takes place — such dreary comic business! — about the lovers of Miss Mira. In the midst of the comic business at Emms, grandpapa receives a letter — his boy is found. It is Jasper's son, who instead of drowning himself *then* (the cheerful catastrophe arriving later), only went to sea. Old John Talbot, the faithful servant, has found him starving in a garret. Away, away! post haste, treble drink-gelt, *vite postillon!* Sir Jasper arrives, and Mira, *essoufflée*, to find the little boy — just dead. There's a picture of him. A white sheet covers him over, — old John Talbot is sobbing at the bedside — enter the general, as from his post-chaise. Horror, horror! Send for the undertaker! It is all up with poor little Georgy!

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[1] Our contributor's MS. is here almost washed out with tears; and two printers have been carried off in hysterics, who were merely setting up the types! — O. Y.

And I declare I have not the slightest compunction for his demise. The book ought to be bound in crape and printed on black-edged paper. *This* a Christmas book! Where's merry Christmas going? Of all, all deadly liveliness — of all maudlin ululations — of all such grandmothers, grandsons, and water-gruel, let us be delivered! My love, hand me, if you please, the sky-blue covered book, *January Eve*, by George Soane, B.A.[1]

I have my doubts whether anybody has a right to compose a story, certainly no one is authorized to write a Christmas story, whereof the end is not perfectly comfortable to all parties, — to the readers first, to the heroes and heroines subsequently, and all the minor characters according to their deserts, or beyond them. Why, poor rogues in her Majesty's very gaols are served with beef and pudding, and mercifulness and hospitality, at this season of the year; and wherefore are you and I, my dear Miss Smith — not ill-natured persons in the main; good-natured, at any rate, when we are pleased — to be made miserable at the conclusion of a history, by being called upon to sympathize with the sickness, the premature demise, or otherwise undeserved misfortune, of certain honest personages, with whose adventures we are made acquainted? That is why, madam, I was so wroth anon with Mrs. Gore. I won't show mercy unto her. Why should I to a lady who has been so unmerciful to poor little Whatdyecallem — the General Thingumgig's grandson, I mean — who died most miserably just as he was coming into his estate? Mrs. Gore had the fate of the little fellow perfectly in her hands; there is no earthly reason why he should not have got well of the carriage running over him. Why should not Mr. M'Cann of Parliament Street, for instance, have been passing by, as he always is in the newspapers, and set the little chap's shoulder in a twinkling? or why was not my friend Dr. Quintin, of Arlington Street, driving down St. James's Street at the period of the accident? He would have stepped out of his carriage, popped in the little lad, carried him to his grandmother, cured that abominable old woman of her lumbago and her ill-humour, without ever so much as thinking of a fee, and made all straight and pleasant by the time Sir Jasper Whatisit had arrived from Wiesbaden. It was just as easy for Mrs. Gore to save that child and make it perfectly well and hearty, as to throttle it, and go off to the undertaker's with a religious reflection. None of your Herodian stories for me. No, no! I'm not jolly at a funeral. I confess it does not amuse me. I have no taste for murders, or measles, or poison, or black jobs of any sort. We will have a word or two with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Bart., presently, by the way, who for his infamous and murderous propensities, as lately shown in his most appalling and arsenical novel of *Lucretia*, deserves to be brought up with a tight hand. But of this anon.

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[1] *January Eve: a Tale of the Times.* By G. Soane, Esq., B.A. London: Churton.

We spake but now of Mrs. Gore going to the undertaker's. When the excellent Mrs. Hubbard went to the undertaker's and got a coffin, what was the upshot of that funereal transaction? Why, as we all know, when she came back her favourite was laughing. As, of course, he should be.

That's your proper sort of pantomime-business — that's the right way in Christmas books. Haven't you seen Clown in the play; his head cut off by the butcher and left on the block before all beholders; his limbs severally mangled and made into polonies, and yet in two minutes he says, "How are you?" (the droll dog!) as lively as ever? Haven't we seen Pantaloon killed before our very eyes, put pitilessly into his mother's mangle, brought from that instrument utterly dead, and stretched eighteen feet in length?—and are we hurt, are our feelings outraged? No, we know Harlequin will have him alive again in two minutes by a quiver of his stick, and the old rascal will be tickling Columbine under the chin, while that spangled maniac, her lover, is waggling his head in his frill (as if it were a pudding on a dish), and dancing the most absurd, clumsy hornpipe in the back scene.

And as in pantomimes, so I say in Christmas stories, those fireside Christmas pantomimes, which are no more natural than Mother Goose or Harlequin Gulliver.

Kill your people off as much as you like, but always bring 'em to life again. Belabour your villains as you please. As they are more hideous than mortals, punish them more severely than mortals can bear. But they must always amend, and you must always be reconciled to them in the last scene, when the spangled fairy comes out of the revolving star, and uttering the magic octosyllabic incantations of reconcilement, vanishes into an elysium of blue fire. Sweet, kindly eight-syllabled incantations, pleasant fantastic fairy-follies, charming mystery, wherein the soul is plunged, as the gentle curtain descends, and covers those scenes of beloved and absurd glory! Do you suppose the people who invented such were fools, and wanted to imitate great blundering realities to inculcate great, stupid, moral apophthegms? Anybody can do that—anybody can say that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or that "Procrastination is the thief of time," or what not: but a poet does not take his inspirations from the copy-book, or his pictures from the police-office. Is there any moralizing in *Titania*, *Ariosto*, or *Undine*?

All this is *àpropos* of the sky-blue story-book by George Soane, B.A. Now this sky-blue story-book (whereof the flavour somewhat perhaps resembles the beverage of academic youth) has great merits. First, it is improbable; secondly, it is pretty and graceful; thirdly, it has many pleasant pastoral descriptions and kindly ballet groups and dances; fourthly, the criminals are reformed, the dead come to life again, and the devil is not the devil — to which, by the way, I take objection.

The rich uncle from India is the key to the story — (*mon Dieu*, how I wish I had one coming from that quarter! —) the conduct of a beggar on horseback the theme of a satire. Tom Starlight, the poacher, drinking with his club at the Black Lion, and inveighing against the tyranny of a scoundrelly aristocracy, finds himself all of a sudden converted into Squire Starlight, of Taunton Hall. The Squire gives up the doctrines of the poacher; he is the strictest of game preservers in all the county, the most severe of landlords, and the most arrogant of men. Honest Jack Lint, the surgeon, was going to marry Tom's sister when in low life; but, become a nobleman, Tom says she shall marry old Lord Rheumatiz; and so the poor girl all but breaks her heart. Stella breaks hers outright. She is the blind old schoolmaster's daughter, old Elias Birch — a dear, impossible old gentleman, with pink cheeks, red stockings, and cotton hair, such as you see come out of the canvas cottage in the ballet, and bless the lasses and lads (with their shirt-sleeves tied up with riband) before the ballet begins.

> At this critical moment, when the question was on his lips, which, if spoken, might perhaps have averted no common calamity, he was interrupted by a chorus of boyish voices, so close and so unexpected as almost to startle him:
>
> *Te, magister, salutamus ;*
> *Te, magister, nunc laudamus ;*
> *Semper, semper sis beatus,*
> *Felix dies quo tu natus.*
> Hurrah!
>
> "Why, it's the boys from the free school!" exclaimed the old man; "I did not know it was a holiday."
>
> No, dear Elias, — it was not a holiday, according to the school-rubric; but it is good sometimes to be merry, though it is not so set down in the calendar; and this was your birthday, — the first since blindness had compelled you to give up the ferula, which you had wielded so gently over the urchins, and in many instances over their fathers and grandfathers before them. Here they were, grateful little fellows, with full hands, and fuller hearts, come to say, "We do love you so, kind old master!" And, to use a common phrase, though

not in a common sense, there was no love lost between them, for Elias could scarcely have taken a livelier interest in their welfare had they really been his own children.

In they tumbled, thronging, talking, laughing, till as many had crowded into the cottage parlour as it would well hold, when the younger and weaker fry, who were thus ousted by their seniors, clambered up to the window-sill, where they clustered like a swarm of bees. The new schoolmaster, quite astounded at such a jubilee, would fain have re-established order among them. Order! Silly fellow! what are you thinking of? Is order better than those merry faces, all hope and sunshine? is order better than all that mass of happiness, which laughs, and shouts, and climbs, and hustles, and is not to be purchased at any price? Leave them alone for goodness' sake. And he did leave them alone, for he was not a bad fellow, that new master, though he was far from being an Elias Fairfield. Somehow, too, he was beginning to laugh, and be exceedingly merry himself, without exactly knowing why—perhaps it was for company's sake.

But the head-boy had a grand Latin speech to deliver, a thing of his own concoction, and made expressly for the occasion. Of course he was in a hurry to begin—most orators are—and his influence, assisted by a hint from Stella that the noise was almost too much for her grandfather, effected a temporary lull. A proud moment was it for the young Cicero, and with infinite complacency did the sightless old man listen to his harangue, only throwing in an occasional correction—he could not entirely forget former habits—when the orator blundered in his grammar, as would now and then happen.

Then came the presentations of gifts, in which each young holiday-maker acted for himself, and in a few minutes the cottage table was covered with nosegays, for as early as the season was—primroses, crocuses, yellow and purple, polyanthuses, pansies, and I know not what beside. One little fellow, having nothing better within his means, had tied together a bunch of daisies, which he presented amidst the jeers of his schoolmates—"a pretty gift for any one! on a birthday, too!" and again the laugh went round. But the old man caught the child to his bosom, and, kissing him tenderly, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, bade Stella take especial care of the daisies.

"Put them in water directly, love, and don't fling them away, either, when they die—mind *that*. You can lay them between the leaves of my great Bible, and then I shall always have them near me."

What next? the orator again steps forward. No more Latin speeches, I hope,—oh, no! not the least fear of that. He is supported, as they say of other deputations, by a dozen of the eldest boys, who for the last two months have clubbed together their weekly allowance to buy a silver goblet for their dear old master. It was second-hand, but just as good as new; the dents and bruises had been carefully hammered out, and it had been polished up both inside and outside, as only a silversmith can do these things. Indeed, their own funds had not sufficed for so magnificent an undertaking, and so they had been helped out by fathers, or brothers, or uncles, who in their day had been scholars of Elias, and now were grown up into substantial yeomen or thriving shopkeepers.

What next? — a deputation of young girls from the neighbouring villages, with fowls, eggs, and bacon. Why, surely, they must fancy the cottage in a state of siege, and badly off for provisions!

What next? — Sir Edward's gamekeeper with a hare, and his kind remembrances to his old master — will call himself before the day's over.

This as it should be: your proper, pleasant, rouged, grinning, junketing pantomimic business. It is not intended to be natural — only pretty and kind-hearted — pleasing to the eye — cheerfully ticklesome to the senses — mildly festive, benevolent, and brisk. I doubt, after all, if there is any need for an artist to make his portraits like. What you want is not to be struck by the resemblance, but impregnated with the idea. For instance, when the thunderstorm comes, as in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, you don't think of putting up your umbrella: when you read young Mr. Roger's pretty verses —

> Mine be a cot beside a hill,
> A beehive's hum salute my, etc.

you are not led to suppose that they contain a real picture of rural life and felicity; but they fill the mind with sweet, pleasant, countryfied, hay-smelling, hawthorn-flowering, tree-whispering, river-babbling, breeze-blowing rural perceptions, wherein lie the reader's delight and the poet's charm and mystery. As the mesmerists' giving a glass of cold water to their lucky patients can make the liquor assume any taste, from Johannisberg to ginger-beer — it is water still, but it has the effect of wine: so a poet mesmerizes you with his magical tap, and —— but for the tenth time we are straying from the point in hand, which is, Why Stella Birch broke her heart?

She broke her heart, then, because Tom Starlight broke it — that is, he ill-used her — that is, he promised her. Well,

well, she jumped into the mill-stream with a shriek and a plunge; and that brute Tom, not content with the ruin of one poor girl, must endeavour to perpetrate the destruction of another, his sister, by marrying her to the before-mentioned Lord Lumbago. Fancy the fury of poor Jack Pills — Fanny perishing away — the bells actually ringing for her marriage with Lord Sciatica — the trembling victim led to the altar, and Bob Sawyer about to poison himself with the most excruciating black doses in his establishment. When, *presto!* the fairy in the revolving car appears. The old gentleman is not the devil who gave Tom the estate, but Tom's uncle from India, who wishes to try him. Tom is not Squire Starlight, of Taunton Hall, but a dumb, penniless, detected young scapegrace, to be handed over to the castigators. Viscount Chalkstones shall not marry poor dear little Fanny, who, on the contrary, shall bless Tom Tourniquet with her hand and twenty thousand pounds administered by the uncle in India. Stella is not dead any more than you are. She jumped into the water, I own; but the miller heard the plop and fished her out, and now she comes back, and of course Tom Starlight makes an honest woman of her. The only person who dies is old Elias Rodwell, the schoolmaster; but then he is so old, so very old, and his hair so very cottony, that his death is rather a pleasure than otherwise; and you fancy his life was only a sort of make-believe. And so everybody is happy, and the light-blue entertainment of Mr. Soane closes. It is a good, cheap, easy, and profitable Christmas pastime.

I take the brothers Mayhew to be a couple of good-natured hermits, living out of the world in practices of asceticism, and yet having a kindly recollection of that scene of strife and struggle which they have left behind them.

They write, from their monastery, a work of prodigious benevolence, stupendous moralization, frequent wisdom, and rather a clumsy and doubtful fancy and humour.[1]

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[1] *The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold; or, the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress: a Christmas Fairy Tale.* By the Brothers Mayhew. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Bogue.

To say of a "good genius" that he "turns everything into gold," is, perhaps, an undeserved, though not an unprecedented compliment to bullion. It is an homage to specie. The proposition stands thus: a good genius turns everything into gold; therefore gold is a good genius. And the fable is wrought in the following manner: —

Silvio, a forester in a goat-skin jacket, having lost his paternal hut by an inundation, finds himself in his native wood with no resource but his hatchet and a piece of bread, his last refreshment. In the wood, Silvio finds a hive of honey. The houseless and penniless youth is about to give a relish to his last piece of bread with the honey so discovered, when a sentimental objection suddenly makes him pause. "No," says he (but in the finest language), "I will not deprive these innocent bees of the produce of their labour; that which they have gathered, as they roamed from flower to flower, let them enjoy in dignified otiosity; I will dip my crust into the stream, content myself with that wholesome repast, and not rob them of the results of their industry."

This unexampled benevolence touches the Queen Bee, who is a fairy in disguise. She suddenly appears before Silvio in her character of Fairy Bee-Queen, — bids him to state in what manner she can be serviceable to him — and in fact fulfils every possible wish that the young Silvio can form. "Only come out in that goat-skin jacket," says she, "so that I may know you, and anything you like shall be yours." First he wishes to have his cottage restored to him; the Good Genius instantly reinstates him in that tenement.

The Princess of the country calls upon him, and is dissatisfied with the accommodation. Silvio, of course, finds out that it is no longer convenient. He demands a neat little villa, whither the Princess, too, follows him.

Encouraged by her visit, the audacious young man proposes marriage to her.

"What! *you*," says she, "a mere country householder, wish to marry the likes of *me?*" And she leaves him in a

A very able and complimentary review of this book appeared under the title of "Fairy Politics"; for be it known that Silvio and the fairy discuss a prodigious deal of political ethics together. If any fairy presumes to talk any such nonsense to me, I will do my best from my place in the pit to hiss him off the stage. Had it been any the best known and dearest author—had it been Dickens himself, we would assume the privilege of replying to him with the cat-call, or other Protestant instrument, until the policeman ordered us off the premises.

"To see the faults of a great master, look at his imitators," Reynolds says in his *Discourses;* and the sins of Mr. Dickens' followers must frighten that gentleman not a little. Almost every one of the Christmas carollers are exaggerating the master's own exaggerations, and caricaturing the face of nature most shamelessly. Every object in the world is brought to life, and invested with a vulgar knowingness and outrageous jocularity. Winds used to whistle in former days, and oaks to toss their arms in the storm. Winds are now made to laugh, to howl, to scream, to triumph, to sing choruses; trees to squint, to shiver, to leer, to grin, to smoke pipes, dance hornpipes, and smoke those of tobacco.

When the brothers Mayhew wish to be funny and in the fashion, they say,—"The bright eye of day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of night." "A bee goes singing past him, merry as though he had taken a flower cup too much." "Aurora had just begun to light her fire in the grate of the East, and the Sun was still snug under the blankets of the horizon." "The King thanked his stars that he was not always called upon to leave his bed until the Sun had passed his bright copper warming-pan over the damp clouds, and properly aired the atmosphere for his reception."

What clumsy joking this is! What dreary buffooning! by men who can write, too, as well as this! It must be premised that the Princess Amaranth, Silvio's wife, is longing to see her father, the old King, and she breaks her wish to her husband in the Eastern manner by an allegory:—

It is related that the Sea-Shell was the favourite daughter of the Wave; and that he watched over her with love, *shielding* her from injury! and folded her in his bosom, and cherished her as his best beloved, ever whispering the music of affection in her ear.

Now the Sea-Shell loved the noble Rock upon the shore; but the Wave and the Rock were enemies, battling with each other; so that when the haughty Wave found out the love of his rosy-lipped child, he spoke in a voice of anger, thus, "If thou sighest to wed with yonder Rock, I will cast thee from my bosom, and turn from thee. Go where thou wilt, my anger shall haunt thee, and ever ring in thine ear!" But the Shell loved on, and the swelling Wave dashed her from him. And though the steadfast Rock cherished his ocean Bride with every kindness, and kept her always by his side, still the Shell pined in sorrow; for, as her white-haired sire had said, the anger of the Wave kept ever haunting her, and ringing in her ear.

A fairy lecturer:—

And so saying, the fairy hummed the following charm:—

"Quick! let him read the Rocks! and see
In them the Earth's Biography!
Discover Stars beyond the sight!
Weigh them, and time the speed of Light!
Within the dew-drop's tiny sphere
Let Animalcule Worlds appear!
Each puny Monster let him scan,
Then mark the Animalcule Man!
And tracing use in great and small,
See Good in each, and God in all!"

Then Silvio is lifted up in the air, and carried by winged spirits far into the realms of space, until the world beneath him dwindled into a star, and the stars above him swelled into worlds. And as he flew past them, and they past him, he saw system rise after system, and suns upon suns, whose light had never yet reached the eyes of man. And still, as he looked before him, the stars lay thick as sands in the blue sea of the heavens; while as he travelled on, that which in the distance appeared only one brilliant mass of confusion, separated as he advanced into new worlds, threading with wondrous order the glittering maze, and spinning in their lightning course, until the air vibrated again, and the universe was melodious with the hum of their motion.

Suddenly Silvio was on the earth again, with the fairy bee at his side. Then, waving her wand, she showed him a little universe in every atom,—a busy world in every drop; and how each grain of the earth was itself a globe teeming with life, and peopled with a minnikin race, whose structure was as wonderful and as perfect as his own. Then she took him down with her deep into the earth, and turning over with her wand the layers of rocks, as though they were leaves of a mighty volume, Silvio read within them the Wondrous Tale of Creation. And instantly he lived in the time when man was yet unborn, and monster beasts roamed through the giant forests, the undisputed monarchs of a desert world.

And again, ascending to the surface, the fairy opened to him the affinities of things, showing him how the air he breathed made metals moulder, and fire burn; and how the black charcoal was the parent of the glittering diamond; and how the water he drank sprang from the burning of gases that he could neither feel, taste, smell, nor see; and how the atmosphere around him consisted of the same ingredients as the acid, which scarcely any metal could withstand.

Then she disclosed to him all the mysteries of herbs and minerals, showing him their good and evil powers, and how a little flower or a few small crystals might save or take a life.

And, lastly, laying bare to him the mechanism of his own mysterious frame, she showed Silvio how the bread he ate became the blood of his arteries and veins; and how the sanguine stream meandered through his body like a ruby river, giving life and vigour to all within its course; and how thin nerves, like threads, worked his puppet limbs, and running to his brain, became the conduits of his will and feelings, and the chords which linked his immortal spirit to the world without.

Bewildered with wonder, and with his brain aching with the knowledge he had learnt, Silvio returned home.

Honest and fine as this writing is, surely it is out of place and little to be understood by children. I protest neither against pantomimes, nor against Walker's Orrery in a pantomime. And this is my ground for grumbling against this wise, this ingenious, this clever, but this clumsy and ponderous allegory of the brothers Mayhew.

But the personification-mania of the Mayhew brothers is as nothing compared to the same malady in the author of the *Yule Log*,[1] Mr. A. Chamerovzow, who has summoned the admirable George Cruikshank to his aid, and produced *his* Christmas legend with gilt leaves and cover; in which there is the usual commodity of fairies, and a prize rustic, who, impelled by the demon of avarice, neglects his friends, knocks down his blessed angel of a wife, turns his seduced daughter out of doors, and is on the point of being murdered by his eldest son; but just at the critical moment of throttling he wakes up and finds it all a dream! Isn't this a novelty? Isn't this a piece of ingenuity? Take your rustic, your fairies, your nightmare, finish off with a plum-pudding and a dance under the holly-bush, and a benign invocation to Christmas, kind hearts, and what not. Are we to have this sort of business for ever? *Mon Dieu!* will people never get tired of reading what they know, and authors weary of inventing what everybody has been going on inventing for ages past?

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[1] *The Yule Log, for Everybody's Christmas Hearth: shewing where it Grew; how it was Cut and brought Home; and how it was Burnt.* By the author of *The Chronicles of the Bastille.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Newby.

Read the following specimen of the style of Mr. Chamerovzow, and say, Is not the animated landscape nuisance becoming most intolerable, and no longer to be endured?—

> Still the years rolled on, and still the sturdy Beech mocked and braved the Tempest as boldly as ever! In the dingle it stood, unmolested and respected; almost venerated; for now it was known to be haunted, nobody durst expose himself to the fury of the Spirits by attempting to fell it. Nevertheless, some half-dozen times it was tried; but, invariably the Woodman renounced the task in despair, after he had blunted his best axes, without cutting even through the bark.
>
> At length, Time beat the tree hollow; it was a long race, notwithstanding, and the gallant old Beech stood it out bravely, and proved itself game to the last; for though its inside was growing weaker and weaker, it still kept up a good appearance; so that one might have taken odds it would never give in, for all that its leaves showed later than they used, and fell earlier. Then its giant foot, which covered no end of ground, grew gouty; and large wooden corns and bunions spread all over it; its trunk, lately so solid and hale, began to crack, and peel, and to come out in broad unhealthy-looking blotches; let alone that it wheezed asthmatically when the Wind blew; its massive limbs, too, betrayed rheumatic symptoms, and creaked and groaned at every puff.
>
> And now it was the Wind's turn to laugh at and buffet the Beech, that had for so many years mocked its power, and set its rage at defiance; every time it got a chance, away it swept with a branch, amputating it at one blow, and flinging the disabled member back into its teeth with savage malignity; then it would catch hold of its noble

head, and tear, and tug, and pull, and twist it, until obliged to give over from sheer exhaustion; and all to loosen its roots, that it might enjoy the satisfaction of knocking the tree down and trampling upon it; still the old fellow fought hard, and did his best to roar and laugh at his ancient enemy as he used of yore; though anybody might have perceived the difference with only half an eye.

See in the second paragraph what happens to the beech:—

1. He is running a race with Time, who beats him.
2. He is brave and game.
3. His inside is getting weak.
4. His feet are gouty.
5. He has corns and bunions.
6. His body comes out in blotches.
7. He wheezes asthmatically.
8. He has the rheumatism.

There's a collection of cheerful ideas for you! There's a jolly, rollicking, buniony, wheezy, gouty, rheumatic, blotchy Christmas metaphor! Is this the way a gentleman takes to make himself pleasant? It is ingenious? It is poetical, or merely foolish, in a word?

I believe it to be the easiest and silliest kind of composition in which any poetaster can indulge. I will engage to vivify my tailor's bill; to make a romance of the heart out of my boot-jack; to get up a tender interest for mashed turnips and boiled mutton; to invest my breeches with pathos; to communicate an air of mystery to my coat (dash its buttons!); to make my waistcoat split its sides with jocularity; or so to treat and degrade, with clumsy joking, anything natural or supernatural; to make a farce of a thunderstorm, or a tragedy of a teapot; but shall we do so? No! in the name of honest humour, no! Suppose Leslie (I take him as the finest humorous artist in England) were to make the chairs and tables in his pictures squint at you, and set the tongs and pokers grinning, would Sancho and Don Quixote be rendered more funny by these foolish tricks?

Suppose when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley went to make you laugh in a comedy, they were to order all the supernumeraries to rush on to the stage and squint and grin; to have all the scenes painted with goggle-eyed caricatures; and all the fiddlers imitating the squeaking of pigs, the braying of donkeys, and what not, on their instruments — would the story and the fun of the play be more comprehensible for the insane interruption? A comic artist, as I take it, has almost the entire range of thought to play upon; the maddest foolery at times becomes him perfectly as the deepest pathos; but this systematic fooling, this dreary cut-and-dry fancy, this grinning without fun, makes my gorge rise, my dear Mr. Yorke; and I protest for the honour of the trade. Mr. Merriman in the ring is not a humorist, but a poor half-witted impostor; I have my own opinion of a fellow who deliberately cuts sham jokes. They should come from a humorist's heart, or they are but acts of dishonesty on his part and forgeries on the public.

In respect of *The Drawing-room Scrap-book.*[1] As the seaman in real life and Cooper's novels knows, by the peculiar gaff in her binnacle, the luff in her topsail-halyards, or what not, his old ship, the "Lively Sally," though the "Mary Anne" is now painted on her starn, so old critical hands, in taking up Mr. Fisher's book, recognize old friends with new titles among the prints — old pictures with wonderful subjects marvellously gathered together from all quarters. Pictorially, *The Drawing-room Scrap-book* is a sea-pie, made up of scraps that have been served at many tables before. Her Majesty, in company with Richard Cobden and Charles Villiers; the Chinese necromancers; Lord Hardinge welcoming in the spring; Sir Robert Sale at a Spanish bullfight in the Mocenigo Palace. A rich and wonderful hash indeed!

The fair editor, Mrs. Norton, has been painted by two artists in the present volume; by Mr. Carrick on ivory, and by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, in a kind of verses, against which we put a strenuous protest. Sir Bulwer calls her a radiant Stranger — a spirit of the Star, and a daughter of the Beam, with a large B, meaning that there is something quite unearthly in the appearance of the fair editor of *The Drawing-room Scrap-book;* that it is clear to Sir Lytton's perception that she belongs to another orb, in which he, Sir Edward (being possibly likewise of an angelical supernaturality himself) has made her acquaintance. He states that, while mere mortals have changes of comfort and care in life, to supernatural beings, like the Honourable Mrs. Norton, our very air is silent pain; in fact, that they are doomed to a perpetual sadness, under the never-ending domination of the Old Blue Devil.

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[1] Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-book.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London: Fisher, Son & Co.

Let us hope that the statement is erroneous, and the pedigree not also correct.

Over the very verses in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton makes the above extraordinary assertions, some downright prose writer says the Hon. Mrs. Norton is "Second daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. (son of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan and his first wife, the celebrated Mrs. Lindley), and Caroline Henrietta Callander, of Craigforth, and Lady Elizabeth MacDonnell."

How can a man, in the face of such a genealogy, declare that Mrs. Norton's parent was a Beam, with a large B? Isn't the prose-tree a sufficient pedigree? Had Genius ever a directer descent? "No human beauty," says the baronet, —

"No human beauty ever bore
An aspect thus divine:
The crown the brows of seraphs wear,
Hath left its mark on thine; —
The unconscious glories round thee, bear
The Stamp divine,
Of One divine,
Who trod the spheres of yore."

Come, come, Sir Bulwer, how can you talk to a lady so to her face? Whereabouts have you seen seraphs and their crowns? When made acquaintance with ones divine? What are all these attitudes, platitudes, beatitudes? Isn't a woman good enough for you that inherits Sheridan's genius

inspired air, and declare she is a stray angel! In th
picture of the lady, she has a black velvet band round h
forehead, and buttons on her dress. Fancy an angel i
buttons! No! No! There's some error in the Bard's (
to speak more correctly, the Bart.'s) description. Th
sort of writing, this flimsy, mystical, nambypamby, w
hold to be dangerous to men and reprehensible in Bart
When Irreverence puts on a sanctified look, when Mayfa
begins to have revelations, when — but let us restrain ou
beautiful and outraged feelings, and return to the matt
in hand.

The fact is, then (while strenuously denying the Beam i
Mrs. Norton's family-tree, — indeed it is the big B buzzin
about it that roused the critical peevishness), that thoug
we fearlessly assert Mrs. Norton to be only a woman, an
always a woman, Mr. Carrick's picture no more represent
her magnificent beauty than Mr. Joseph Hume resemble
Apollo. To have seen it is to have seen something in hi
tory. Would you not like to have seen Helen or Cleopatr
Marie Antoinette (about whose beauty we doubt whether th
late Mr. Burke did not make exaggerated statements), Fa
Rosamond, or the Queen of Prussia, or Fox's Duchess c
Devonshire, or that sweet ancestor of Mrs. Norton's own
who smiles on Reynolds' canvas with such ravishing deliciou
purity — the charming, charming Lindley?

As good as this a man may haply see, this very season, a
the French play. There these eyes beheld it; not a daughte
of a Beam—not a spirit of a Star, but a woman in black, wit
buttons—those very buttons, probably—only a woman. Is i
not enough, Sir Lytton? Stars and Beams! Buttons and bu
ton-hooks! *Quando invenies parem?* In our presence no ma
shall call such a woman a Spirit without a word in his ear.

And now to speak of the moral part, the soul *above* thos
buttons. Of all the genuine poets I ever —— but perhap
we had best not. When he has a mind to pick a hole in
man's coat, who active and mischievous as your humbl
servant? When he wishes to address a person in terms o

unbounded laudation and respect, this present critic stutters and bungles most awkwardly—makes a dash for his hat, and a rush out of the room, perfectly overpowered by modesty. What a charming characteristic and confession! But did we prate and criticise, dear Mrs. S., in early days, when we went to hear Pasta sing? Hearken to this sad tale of false love and broken vows:—

He remembers the light of her smile,—of that smile, in itself a caress,
So warmly and softly it fell on the heart it was willing to bless;
He remembers the touch of her hand, as it lay gently clasped in his own,
And he crushes the flowers which she gave, and bows down his head with a groan.
How oft in the twilight of eve,—how oft in the glory of day,
Hath she leaned on his bosom and vowed—the vow she has lived to betray.
Oh! lovely as angels above,—oh! false as the devils below,
Oh! hope that seemed more than divine—oh! fountain of fathomless woe!
How *could'st* thou forsake me!—Return,—return, still beloved as thou art:
Wide open yet standeth the door of thy home in this desolate heart:
Return! We will bury the past,—and light on my eyelids shall beam
With the rapture of one who at dawn breaks the spell of a terrible dream!
In vain: even now, while I reel—blind, helpless, and faint with despair,
Thou bendest with triumph to hear, the *new* voice that whispers thee fair.
Oh! fickle, and shallow, and cold—in all but thy fever of blood,—
Unfit, from thy nature, to cling to aught that was earnest and good.
Thy love was an instinct of sex; it palled when thy passion was o'er,
Like a wild bird that answers in spring the mate it remembers no more.
I shame that a creature so light should bid me thus quiver and bleed,—
I shame to have leaned and been pierced by my trust in so brittle a reed,—
I scorn thee! Go forth to the world, a parade of thy beauty to make;
Thrill, fever, and madden more hearts,—let them pine,—let them die,—for thy sake!
Let them yield up their manhood of soul, and adore their ideal in thee;
I laugh as thou breathest false vows,—to break them again, as with me;
I laugh as they anchor their hopes, where the quicksand forbids them to live;

Will they drain from the dregs of thy heart what the fresh faith of youth could not give?
Let them sink, let them perish,—like me,—of thy smiles and thy glances bereft,—
Yet, if *thou* wert in sorrow and pain,—would I leave thee,—as I have been left?

Did we prate and criticise when we heard Pasta sing? Didn't you, on the contrary, come closer and closer, and sit quite silent, and listen with all your soul? And I'm not sure that we applauded much when the song was over. A great clapping of hands is but a coarse sort of sympathy. We applaud in that way when a musical mountebank spins down the scale, or leaps astonishingly over a bravura. But before a great artist we are silent. And is not this a true poet? What a mournful, artless beauty is here? What a brooding, tender woman's heart!

What has struck myself and Miss Smith with especial admiration in these songs of Mrs. Norton and her accomplished sister, Lady Dufferin, is the spontaneity of them. They sing without labour, like birds; as if it were their nature—

Pouring their full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

There is something surprising in the faculty; and one listens with charmed astonishment to the song, sometimes gay, often sad, always tender and musical.

I have, I trust, been tolerably ill-humoured hitherto; but what man can go on grumbling in the presence of such an angelical spirit as Hans Christian Andersen? Seeing him praised in the *Athenæum* journal, I was straight put away from reading a word of Hans's other works: and it was only last night when going to bed, perfectly bored with the beef-fed English fairies, their hob-nailed gambols, and elephantine friskiness, his *Shoes of Fortune* and his *Wonderful Stories*[1] came under the eyes of your humble servant.

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[1] *Wonderful Stories for Children.* By Hans Christian Andersen, author of *The Improvisatore*, etc. Translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt. London: Chapman & Hall.

Heaven bless Hans Christian! Here *are* fairies! This *is* fancy, and graceful wit, and delicate humour, and sweet naïve kindness, flowing from the heart! Here is frolic without any labour! Here is admirable fooling without any consciousness or degradation! Though we have no sort of respect for a great, hulking, whiskered, red-faced, middle-aged man, who dresses himself in a pinafore and affects to frolic like a baby, may we not be charmed by the play and prattle of a child? And Hans Christian Andersen so affects me.

Every page of the volumes sparkles with delightful grace and genial fancy. Hans and you are friends for life after an hour's talk with him. I shake thy hands, Hans Christian, thou kindly prattler and warbler! A happy Christmas to thee, thou happy-minded Christian! You smile, dear Miss Smith! When we become acquainted with so delicate and charming a genius, have we no right to be thankful? Yes; let us respect every one of those friends whom Heaven has sent us — those sweet Christian messengers of peace and goodwill. Do you remember the dainty description of the Prioress in Chaucer? It has lately been quoted in Leigh Hunt's charming volume, *Wit and Humour*, and concludes with an account of a certain talisman this delicate creature wore: —

> About hire arm a broche of golde ful shene,
> On which was first ywritten a crouned A,
> And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

The works of the real humorist always have this sacred press mark, I think.

Try Shakespeare, first of all: Cervantes, Addison, poor Dick Steele, and dear Harry Fielding: the tender and delightful Jean Paul, Sterne, and Scott, — and Love is the humorist's best characteristic, and gives that charming ring to their laughter in which all the good-natured world joins in chorus. Foremost of all, at present, I think Mr. Dickens may assume the Amor and Crown for his badge and cognizance. His humanity has mastered the sympathy of almost all wise men, of dullards, of all sorts of honest people. He makes good jokes, bad jokes, the best and the worst jokes indeed possible. The critics fasten on the latter and sneer; the public sympathy kicks the flimsy barriers away and pours on. The kindly spirit melts all critical doubts. Can he be worthless, or a sceptic, in whom all the world is putting faith — who has the ear of all England — who has done as much to make the poor known to the rich, and reconcile each to the other, as Hansard, ay, or Exeter Hall? Is this a man to be railed at by his literary brethren? In the American War (this is an historical allegory) the man who sneered at Washington most was that brave officer and spotless patriot, General Arnold.

If I judge Mr. Dickens's present volume[1] rightly, it has been the author's aim, not to produce a prose tale of mingled fun and sadness, and a close imitation of life, but a prose poem, designed to awaken emotions tender, mirthful, pastoral, wonderful. As in some of Maclise's charming designs to the book, the costume of the figures is rather a hint of the costume of the last century than a portrait of it, so the writer's characters seem to me modified, — prettified, so to speak. The action of the piece you see clearly enough, but the actors speak and move to measure and music. The drolls are more violently funny; the serious heroes and heroines more gracefully and faultlessly beautiful. Such figures are never seen among real country people. No more are Tityrus and Melibœus like, or Hermann and Dorothea like, or Taglioni, bounding through air in gauze, like a Scotch peasant girl. *Tityre, tu patule*, is a ballet in hexameters; the *Sylphide*, a poem performed on the toes; these charming little books of Mr. Dickens's are chorals for Christmas executed in prose.

Last year the critics were specially outraged by the famous clock-and-kettle overture of the Christmas-piece.

"Is this truth, is this nature?" cries the Cynic, growling from his tub. You might say, Is it the multiplication table; or is it the *pons asinorum*? It is not intended to be true or natural, as I hold; it is intended to be a brisk, dashing, startling caricature. The poet does not want you to believe him, he wants to provoke your mirth and wonder. He is appealing, not to your reason and feelings as in a prose narrative, but to your fancy and feelings. He peoples the familiar hearth with sprites, and the church-tower with goblins; all the commonest objects swarm with preternatural life. The haymaker has convulsions, the warming-pan is vivified, the chairs are ambulatory, and the poker writhes with life. In the midst of these wonders goes on a little, common, kind-hearted, tender, everyday story of poverty averted, true hearts rewarded, the poor loving one another, a tyrant grotesquely punished. It is not much. But in these performances the music is everything. The *Zauberflöte* or the *Barbiere* are not like life; *mais*——!

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[1] *The Battle of Life: a Love Story*. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury and Evans.

That is why we lose patience or affect to have no respect for minor performers. Numbers of unknown fiddlers, hearing of the success of Mr. Dickens's opera, rush forward, fiddle in hand, of the very same shape by the very same maker.

"Come and hear *our* partition," they say; "see how we have set the Barber to music, and what tunes *we* make Papageno sing!" Away with your miserable fiddle-sticks, misguided people! *You* play after such a master! You take a bad moment. We may have heard some indifferent music from this composer, and some very weak and bad music from him, too; but we have had likewise, strains so delightful and noble, specimens of skill so unapproachable by others, that we protest against all followers. This grumbling fit seizes on me again as I think of them, and I long for some one to devour.

Ha! what have we here?—M. A. Titmarsh's Christmas Book—*Mrs. Perkins's Ball.*[1] Dedicated to the Mulligan of Ballymulligan. Ballymulligan! Bally fiddlestick! What, *you*, too, Mr. Titmarsh? You, you sneering wretch, setting up a Christmas-book of your own? This, then, is the meaning of your savage feeling towards "the minor fiddlers"! Is your kit, sirrah, any bigger than theirs? You, who in the columns of this very Magazine, have sneered at the works of so many painters, look at your own performances!

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[1] *Mrs. Perkins's Ball: depicted in Twenty-three Plates; containing portraits of the Principal Personages present, with their Characters.* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London: Chapman and Hall.

Some of your folks have scarcely more legs than Miss Biffin; they have fins instead of hands,—they squint almost every one of them!

* * * * * * *

All this is quite true. But see where we have come to!—to the very last page of the very last sheet; and the writer is called upon to stop just at the very moment he was going to cut his own head off.

So have I seen Mr. Clown (in that Christmas drama which has been foremost in my thoughts during all the above meditations) set up the gallows, adjust the rope, try the noose curiously, and—tumble head over heels.

of any single line from his pen — grave as they are — are, I hope, not proven. "To stoop to flatter" any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme "to pay court to the non-literary class by disparaging my literary fellow-labourers," it is a design which would exhibit a degree, not only of baseness, but of folly, upon my part, of which I trust I am not capable. The editor of *The Examiner* may, perhaps, occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry, and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudice for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from *The Examiner's* premises I will not stoop to contradict, because the premises themselves are simply absurd. I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by *The Examiner* as "the non-literary class" has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse "the non-literary class" of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give a reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who so benefits him. What intelligent man, of what political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of *The Examiner* of whom your paper once said that "he made all England laugh and think"? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading — any poet, novelist, man of science — lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause — money, perhaps? all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded, as they are honestly won. That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day that to question them would be as absurd as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds, or his tens of thousands, of readers? And has not every one had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is of course one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall choose to listen to another author; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute; nobody wants to disparage it; no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary, the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before — a fair place, fairly achieved by their genius, as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men of other callings — to bishops, or to judges, or to opera-singers and actors; nor have they received stars and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands, such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard: for one man spends a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill, and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But, putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is as good as it deserves to be, and as good as that of any other professional man. With respect to the question in debate between you and *The Examiner* as to the propriety of public rewards and honours for literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not very cheerfully coincide with Mr. *Examiner* in accepting all the honours, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the State to reward by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service, and if individuals are gratified at having "Sir" or "My Lord" appended to their names, or stars and ribands hooked on their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are, there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword; or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government; nor, surely, need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribands, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European State but ours rewards its men of letters; the American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a riband on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel, if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd, are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour? And now, with regard to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done if he had been accused of a design to bring the Church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say that before you deliver sentence it would be as well if you had waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure and *The Examiner's?* and whether you, in accusing me of prejudice, and *The Examiner* (alas!) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred "to our next." That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness, and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own; and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches;* but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weakness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint in the descriptions against which you protest, was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family, and to pay his tradesman. Nor is the picture I have drawn "a caricature which I condescend to," any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter "the non-literary class." If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead; but my attempt was to tell the truth, and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books; I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to some one not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that dreary place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I worked out my moral ill, or it may be possible that the critic of *The Examiner* fails in apprehension. My efforts as an artist come perfectly within his province as a censor; but when Mr. *Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is "stooping to flatter a public prejudice"—which public prejudice does not exist—I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust, and am thankful that it repels itself. And, instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentlemen, nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take to be settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, as that he is mine. If I began straightway with a protest of "Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know I am as good as you," which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession — my neighbour, who would like to eat his soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites amongst us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dunup's notorious state of insolvency; or that the picture of Stiggins in *Pickwick* was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, & Snap." Are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual — if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast of a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck — novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural, and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions.

Believe me, Sir, to be
Your very faithful servant,
W. M. THACKERAY.

DUMAS ON THE RHINE.[1]

One of Louis XIV.'s generals had a cook, who with a few pounds of horseflesh could dress a sufficient dinner for the general's whole staff: soup, *entrées*, *entremets*, pastry, *rotis*, and all. This was an invaluable servant, and his dinners, especially in a time of siege and famine, must have been most welcome: but no doubt, when the campaign was over, the cook took care to supply his master's table with other meats besides disguised horseflesh, which, after all, sauce it and pepper it as you will, must always have had a villainous equine twang.

As with the race of cooks, so with literary men. If there were an absolute dearth of books in the world, and we lay beleaguered by an enemy, who had cut off all our printing-presses, our circulating libraries and museums; had hanged our respected publishers; and had beaten off any convoy of newspapers that had attempted to relieve the garrison; then, if a literary artiste stepped forward, and said: Friends, you are starving, and I can help you; you pine for your literary food, and I can supply it: and so, taking a pair of leather inexpressibles, boots (or any other "stock"), should make you forthwith a satisfactory dinner, dishing you up three hot volumes in a trice:—that literary man would deserve the thanks of the public, because out of so little he had managed to fill so many stomachs.

If ever such a time of war should come, M. Alexandre Dumas (for by the constitution of this Review we are not allowed to look to Mr. James at home, or other authors whose productive powers are equally prodigious), M. Dumas should be appointed our book-maker, with the full confidence that he could provide us with more than any other author could give: not with *meat* perhaps; the dishes so constructed being a thought unsubstantial and windy; but. . . . however, a truce to this kitchen metaphor, which only means to imply that it is a wonder how M. Dumas can produce books as he does, and that he ought, for the sake of mankind, to attempt to be less prolific. If there were no other writers, or he himself wrote no other books, it would be very well; but other writers there *are;* he himself has, no doubt, while these have been crossing the channel, written scores of volumes more, which, panting, we shall have some day or other to come up with. Flesh and blood cannot bear this over-pressure, as the reader will see by casting his eye over the calculation given in the next sentence.

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[1] [*The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October 1842.]
[*Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin*, par Alexandre Dumas. Paris. 1842.]

Here, for example (being at this instant of writing the latest published of a series of some twelve or thirteen goodly tomes of *Impressions de Voyage* of the last couple of years), are three agreeable readable volumes: describing a journey which can be most easily performed in a week, or at most nine days, and on which it is probable M. Dumas spent no more time. Three volumes for nine days is one hundred pages per diem: one hundred and twenty volumes, thirty-six thousand five hundred pages, per annum. Thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum would produce in the course of a natural literary life, say of forty years, pages one million four hundred and sixty thousand, volumes four thousand eight hundred. How can mankind bear this? If Heaven awarded the same term of life to us, we might certainly with leisure and perseverance get through a hundred pages a day, one hundred and twenty volumes a year, and so on: nay, it would be possible to consume double that quantity of Dumas, and so finish him off in twenty years. But let us remember what books there are else in the world besides his: what Paul de Kocks and Souliés (Madame Schopenhauer of Weimar is dead, that's one comfort)! what double-sheeted *Timeses* to get through every morning! and then the duty we owe as British citizens to the teeming quires of our own country! The mind staggers before all this vastness of books, and must either presently go mad with too much reading, or become sullenly indifferent to all: preferring to quit the ground altogether, as it cannot hope to keep up with the hunt: and retreating into drink, card-playing, needlework, or some other occupation for intellect and time.

But with a protest as to the length of the volumes, it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours' amusing reading: nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian: and again, we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes "preparatory studies" before visiting a country, which enable him therefore to go through it "without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan; (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence: any one of the phrases would have answered, but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us to believe, like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to he is in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes.

Other persons, however (especially envious critics, who in the course of their professional labours may possibly take a pompous advantage of the same cheap sort of learning), know very well that there is such a book as the *Biographie Universelle* in the world; and that in all ancient cities Nature has kindly implanted a certain race of antiquarians, who remain as faithful to them as the moss and weeds that grow on the old ramparts, and whose instinct it is to chronicle the names and actions of all the great and small illustrious whom their native towns have produced. Book-makers ought to thank Heaven daily for such, as the learned of old were instructed to thank Heaven for sending dictionary-makers. What would imaginative writers do without such men, who give them the facts which they can embroider; the learning which they can appropriate; the little quaint dates and circumstances, which the great writer, had he been compelled to hunt for them, must have sought in vast piles of folios, written in Latin much too crabbed for his easy scholarship? In the midst of the rubbish of centuries, in which it is the antiquarian's nature to grub, he lights every now and then upon a pretty fact or two — a needle in the midst of the huge bundle of primeval straw. The great writer seizing the needle, polishes it, gilds it, puts a fine sham jewel at the top, and wears it in his bosom in a stately way. Let him do so, in Heaven's name, but at least let him be decently grateful, and say who was the discoverer of the treasure. When, for instance, Signor Victor Hugo roars out twenty pages of dates, declaring on his affidavit that he gives them from memory, and that he himself was the original compiler of the same; or the noble[1] Alexandre Dumas, after a walk through some Belgic or Rhenish town, guts the guide-book of the modest antiquary of the place to make a flaming *feuilleton* thereof, and has the assurance to call his robberies "*des études préparatoires;*" we feel that he is following a course reprehensible in so great a writer, and must take leave accordingly and respectfully to reprehend him.

But though we find our author so disinclined generally to state whence his information is gained, there is on the other hand this excuse to be made for him, namely, that the information is not in the least to be relied upon, the facts being distorted and caricatured according as the author's furious imagination may lead him. History and the world are stages to him, and melodramas or most bloody tragedies the pieces acted. We have seen this sufficiently even in his better sort of books. Murders, massacres, *coups de hache*, grim humorous bravoes, pathetic executioners, and such-like characters and incidents, are those he always rejoices in. Arriving at Brussels, he walks, for the length of some three pages, through the city. Returning home, the guide-book and the biographical dictionary are at work. Fires, slaughters, famines, assassinations, crowd upon the page (relieved by a humorous interlude), and so in a twinkling fifty pages are complete. At Antwerp he passes at the museum — say an hour: the museum is very small, and any non-professional person will probably find an hour's visit sufficient. After the museum he has "*two good hours* before the departure on the railroad." For the first hour, we have Rubens, his life and times: for the "two good hours," Napoleon and his system, the port of Antwerp, the only promenade in the town (the picturesque and stately old city in which every lofty street is a promenade!), the docks and the names of frigates built there. All, of course, learned by *études préparatoires*. At Ghent he sleeps: Charles V., Napoleon again, the Béguinage, and some scandalous stories which the guides are in the habit of telling to all travellers, as it would appear: for we have had in our own experience to listen to the selfsame stories. At Bruges, M. Dumas passes a day, and fifty pages of legends regarding Baldwin of Flanders find an issue from his fluent pen.

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[1] M. Dumas, in this book, talks of his paternal coat of arms, and has, we are credibly informed, assumed in some place the style and titles of Viscount Dumas. For M. Victor Hugo's display of learning, the reader is referred to the fifty-seventh number of this Review.

His main object in going to Brussels was, he says, to see Waterloo, and as his chapter concerning that famous place is a very amusing one, we translate it entire. The first part relates picturesquely and brilliantly the author's first and last view of Napoleon.

> "My chief end in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.
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> "For Waterloo is not only for me, as for all Frenchmen, a great political date; but it was also one of those recollections of youth which leave upon the mind ever after so profound and powerful an impression. I never saw Napoleon but twice; the first time when he was going to Waterloo, the second time when he quitted it.
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> "The little town where I was born, and which my mother inhabited, is situated at twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three roads leading to Brussels. It was, then, one of the arteries which gave a passage to that generous blood that was about to flow at Waterloo.
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> "Already, for about three weeks, the town had worn the aspect of a camp. Every day at about four, drum and trumpet sounded, and young and old who could not weary of the spectacle, would rush out of the town at the noise, and return again, accompanying some splendid regiment of that old guard, which the world believed to be destroyed;

but which, at the call of its ancient chief, seemed as it were to come forth from its icy tomb: appearing amongst us a glorious spectre, with its old, worn, bear-skin caps and its banners mutilated by the balls of Austerlitz and Marengo. Next day it would be a splendid regiment of chasseurs with their streaming colbacks, or some incomplete squadrons of the brilliant dragoons, whose rich uniforms have disappeared from our army: too magnificent, no doubt, for times of peace. On another day we would hear the dull clatter of the cannon as they passed, crouched on their carriage, causing our houses to shake as they rattled on, and each, like the regiments to which they belonged, bearing a name which presaged victory. There were troops of all kinds, even down to a detachment of Mamelukes, the last feeble mutilated remnant of the consular guard, carrying each his drop of blood to the grand human hecatomb that was about to be offered up on the altar of our country. It was to the music of our national airs that all these warriors passed; singing those old republican songs which Bonaparte had stammered forth, but which Napoleon had proscribed; songs which can never die in our country, and which the emperor tolerated at length, knowing full well that he must address himself to the sympathies of all now, and that it was not the recollections of 1809, but of 1792, which he must recall. I was then but a child, as I have said, for I was scarcely twelve years old; and I know not what impression that sight, that music, those recollections, may awaken in others: but I know that with me it was a delirium! For a fortnight they could not get me back to school again, but I ran through street and high-road — I was like a madman!

"Then, one morning — I think it was the 12th of June — we read in the *Moniteur,*

"'To-morrow, his Majesty the Emperor will quit the capital to join the army. His Majesty will take the route of Soissons, Laon, and Avesne.'

"Napoleon then was to take the same route with his army. Napoleon was to pass through our town: I was going to see Napoleon!

"Napoleon! It was a great name for me, and one which represented ideas strangely differing.

"I had heard the name cursed by my father, an old republican soldier, who sent back the coat of arms the Emperor sent him, saying that he had his family coat which appeared sufficient to him. And yet it was a noble shield to quarter with that of his father's: that which represented a pyramid, a palm-tree, and the heads of the three horses which my father had killed under him at Mantua, with this device, at once firm and conciliatory: *Sans haine, sans crainte!*

"I had heard the name exalted by Murat, one of the friends who remained faithful to my father during his disgrace: a soldier whom Napoleon had made a general; a general whom he had made a king;

and who one fine day forgot all, though just at the time when he should have remembered it.

"Finally, I had heard it judged with the impartiality of history by my godfather, Brune, the philosophic soldier, who always fought, his Tacitus in his hand: ever ready to shed his blood for his country, whoever might be the chief demanding it, Louis XVI., a Robespierre, Barras, or Napoleon.

"All this was boiling in my young brain, when suddenly the rumour came among us, brought down by the official speaking-trumpet.

"Napoleon is about to pass.

"Now the *Moniteur* reached us on the thirteenth: it was the very day.

"There was no talk now of making harangues, or raising triumphal arches in his honour. Napoleon was in a hurry. Napoleon quitted the pen for the sword, command for action. Napoleon passed like the lightning, hoping to strike like the thunderbolt.

"The *Moniteur* did not say at what hour Napoleon would pass; but very early all the town had gathered together at the end of the Rue de Paris. I for my part with other children of my age, had gone forward as far as an eminence, from which we could see the high-road for the space of a league.

"There we stayed from morning until three o'clock.

"At three o'clock we saw a courier coming. He approached us rapidly. Very soon he was up with us. 'Is the Emperor coming?' we cried to him. He stretched his hand out to the horizon.

"'There he is,' said he.

"In fact, we saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying '*L'Empereur! l'Empereur!*'

"We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him: and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running: but at any rate I was there. In a moment, appeared turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postilions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post.

"I saw Napoleon!

"He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour. I only saw his bust, framed in the square of the carriage window.

"His head fell upon his chest — that famous medallic head of the old Roman emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish colour of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive.

"Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past.

"Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling, too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live!

"All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

"Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from Saint Quentin: they said, that as they came away they had heard cannon.

"The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory.

"The 18th nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumours were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels.

"The 20th. Three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-house.

"These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away.

"It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.

"We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. That fine army which we had seen pass, could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison: so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14 to remember only the years which had gone before!

"My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find; and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

"At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe. Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was.

"Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until 10 o'clock at night.

"At 10 o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!'

"I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder.

"It was indeed Napoleon: seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now, to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army, Letort had been cut in two by a cannon-ball.

"Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, then with his brief strident voice—

"'What place is this?' he said.

"'Villers-Coteret, sire.'

"'How many leagues from Soissons?'

"'Six, sire.'

"'From Paris?'

"'Nineteen.'

"'Tell the post-boys to go quick;' and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest.

"The horses carried him away as if they had wings.

"The world knows what had taken place between those two apparitions of Napoleon!

"I had always said I would go and visit the place with the unknown name, which I could not find on the maps of Belgium on the 20th of June, 1815, and which has since been inscribed on that of Europe in characters of blood. The day after arriving at Brussels, then, I went to it."

How much of this, one cannot fail to ask, with that unlucky knowledge of the author's character which a perusal of his works will force upon one, how much of this is true? It certainly is doubtful that Alexandre Dumas's father, the general who must have been killed in Italy when his son was scarce four or five years of age, should have discoursed much to the lad regarding the character of Bonaparte.[1] It certainly

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[1] Since this was written a satisfactory piece of evidence occurs to us. In another volume of M. Dumas, we find the following passage:

"'I am the son,' said I, 'of General Alexandre Dumas, the same who, is impossible that King Joachim could have spent much time at Villers-Coteret arguing with Master Alexandre with regard to the merits of the Emperor. Public business, and his absence on military duty in Germany, Spain, Russia, and in his kingdom of Naples, must clearly have prevented Murat from very intimate conversation with the little boy who was to become so famous a dramatic author. With regard to Marshal Brune we cannot be so certain: let us give our author full benefit of all the chances in his favour. The rest of his evidence is no doubt true in the main, and is told, as the reader we fancy will allow, with great liveliness and an air of much truth. It is a pity sometimes, therefore, that a man should have a dramatic turn: for our impression on reading this brilliant little episode regarding Napoleon, instead of being perfectly satisfactory, was to try and ascertain whether he had passed through Villers-Coteret on his road to the army; then, whether he had returned by the same route, and at what time? And though,—failing in certain decisive proofs,—we are happy to leave M. Dumas in possession of the field (or road) on this occasion, it is not, we are forced to say, without strong suspicion and uncertainty.

From his account of Napoleon, let us turn to our author's description of Waterloo.

> "In three hours we had passed through the fine forest of Soignées, and arrived at Mont Saint-Jean. Here the cicerones come to attend you, all saying that they were the guides of Jerome Bonaparte. One of the guides is an Englishman patented by his government, and wearing a medal as a *commissionnaire*. If any Frenchman wish to see the field of battle the poor devil does not even offer himself, being habituated to receive from them pretty severe rebuffs. On the other hand he has all the practice of the English.
>
> "We took the first guide that came to hand. I had with me an

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being taken prisoner at Tarentum, in violation of the laws of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi with Mauscourt and Dolomieu. This happened at the same time that Caracciolo was hanged in the bay of Naples.'"

Caracciolo was hanged in the year 1799; General Dumas was poisoned in the same year; his son was scarcely twelve years old in 1815, and perfectly remembers how his father used to curse Napoleon!!

excellent plan of the battle, with notes by the Duke of Elchingen (who is at this moment crossing his paternal sabre with the yatagan of the Arabs), and asked at once to be led to the monument of the Prince of Orange. Had I walked a hundred steps farther, there would have been no need of a guide, for it is the first thing you see after passing the farm of Mont Saint-Jean.

"We ascended the mountain which has been constructed by the hand of man upon the very spot where the Prince of Orange fell, struck in the shoulder while charging chivalrously, his hat in his hand, at the head of his regiment. It is a sort of round pyramid, some hundred and fifty feet high, which you ascend by means of a stair cut in the ground and supported by planks. The earth of which the hill is formed was taken from the soil over which it looks, and the aspect of the field of battle is in consequence somewhat changed; the ravine in this place possessing an abruptness which it had not originally. On the summit of this pyramid is a colossal lion (the tail of which our soldiers on their return from Antwerp would, had they not been prevented, have cut off), which has one paw placed on a ball, and with its head turned to the east menaces France. From this platform, round the lion's pedestal, you look upon the whole field of battle from Braine L'Alleud and the extreme point reached by the division of Jerome Bonaparte, to the wood of Frichermont whence Blucher and his Prussians issued; and from Waterloo, which has given its name to the battle no doubt because the rout of the English was stopped at that village, to Quatre Bras where Wellington slept after the defeat of Ligny, and the wood of Bossu where the Duke of Brunswick was killed. From this elevated point we awoke all the shadows, and noise and smoke, which have been extinguished for five-and-twenty years, and were present at the battle. Yonder, a little above La Haye Sainte, and at a place where some farm buildings have since been erected, Wellington stood a considerable part of the day, leaning against a beech, which an Englishman afterwards bought for two hundred francs. At the same time fell Sir Thomas Picton charging at the head of a regiment. Near this spot are the monuments of Gordon and the Hanoverians; at the foot of the pyramid is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, which would be about as high as the monuments which we have just mentioned, were it not that for the space of about two acres around this spot, a layer of ten feet of earth has been taken away in order to form the hill. It was on this point, on the possession of which depended the gain of the day, that for three hours the main struggle of the battle took place. Here took place the charge of the 1200 cuirassiers and dragoons of Kellermann and Milhaud. Pursued by these from square to square, Wellington only owed his safety to the impassability of his soldiers, who let themselves be poignarded at their post, and fell to the number of 10,000 without yielding a step; whilst their general, tears in his eyes, and his watch in his hand, gathered fresh hope in calculating that it would require two hours more of actual time to kill what remained of his men. Now in one hour he expected Blucher, in an hour and a half Night: a second auxiliary of whose aid he was certain, should Grouchy prevent the first ally from coming to his aid. To conclude, yonder on the plateau, and touching the high-road, are the buildings of La Haye Sainte, thrice taken and retaken by Ney, who had in these three attacks five horses killed under him.

"Now, turning our regards towards France, you will see on your right, in the midst of a little wood, the farm of Hougoumont, which Napoleon ordered Jerome not to abandon were he and all his troops to perish there. In face of us is the farm of Belle Alliance, from which Napoleon, having quitted the observatory at Monplaisir, watched the battle for two hours, calling on Grouchy to give him his living battalions, as Augustus did on Varus, for his dead legions. To the left is the ravine where Cambronne, when called upon to surrender, replied, not with the words *La garde meurt* (for in our rage to poetize everything, we have attributed to him a phrase which he never used), but with a single expression of the barrack-room much more fierce and energetic, though not perhaps so genteel. In fine, in front of all this line, was the high-road to Brussels, and at the place where the road rises slightly, the spectator will distinguish the extreme point to which Napoleon advanced, when seeing Blucher's Prussians (for whom Wellington was looking so eagerly) debouch from the wood of Frichermont, he cried, 'Oh, here's Grouchy at last, and the battle's ours.' It was his last cry of hope: in another hour that of *Sauve qui peut* sounded from all sides in his ears.

"Those who wish to examine in further detail this plain of so many bloody recollections, over the *ensemble* of which we have just cast a glance, will descend the pyramid, and, in the direction of Braine L'Alleud and Frichermont, will take the Nivelles road which conducts to Hougoumont. It will be found just as it was when, called away by Napoleon at three o'clock, Jerome quitted it. It is battered by the twelve guns which General Foy brought down to the prince. It looks as if the work of ruin had been done but yesterday, for no one has repaired the ravages of the shot. Thus you will be shown the stone where Prince Jerome, conducted by the same guide whom he had employed before, came to sit: another Marius on the ruins of another Carthage.

"If the corn is down you may go across the fields from Hougoumont to Monplaisir where Napoleon's observatory was, and from the observatory to the house of Lacosto, the Emperor's guide, to which, thrice in the course of the battle, Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance. It was at a few yards from this house, and seated on a little eminence commanding the field of battle, that Napoleon received

Jerome whom he had sent for, and who joined him at three in the afternoon. The prince sat down on the Emperor's left, and Marshal Soult was on his right, and Ney was sent for, who soon joined them. Napoleon had by him a bottle of Bordeaux wine, and a full glass which he put every now and then mechanically to his lips; and when Jerome and Ney arrived he smiled (for they were covered with dust and blood, and he loved to see his soldiers thus), and still keeping his eyes on the field sent for three glasses to Lacosto's house, one for Soult, one for Ney, and one for Jerome. There were but two glasses left, however, each of which the Emperor filled and gave to a marshal, then he gave his own to Jerome.

"Then with that soft voice of his, which he knew so well how to use upon occasion, 'Ney, my brave Ney,' said he, *thou*ing him for the first time since his return from Elba, 'thou wilt take the 12,000 men of Milhaud and Kellermann; thou wilt wait until my old grumblers have found thee; thou wilt give the *coup de boutoir;* and then if Grouchy arrives the day is ours. Go.'

"Ney went, and gave the *coup de boutoir;* but Grouchy never came.

"From this you should take the road to Genappes and Brussels across the farm of Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met after the battle; and following the road, you presently come to the last point to which Napoleon advanced, and where he saw that it was not Grouchy but Blucher who was coming up, like Desaix at Marengo, to gain a lost battle. Fifty yards off the right you stand in the very spot occupied by the square into which Napoleon flung himself, and where he did all he could to die. Each English volley carried away whole ranks round about him; and at the head of each new rank as it formed, Napoleon placed himself: his brother Jerome from behind endeavouring in vain to draw him back, while a brave Corsican officer, General Campi, came forward with equal coolness each time, and placed himself and his horse between the Emperor and the enemy's batteries. At last, after three quarters of an hour of carnage, Napoleon turned round to his brother: 'It appears,' said he, 'that death will have none of us as yet. Jerome, take the command of the army. I am sorry to have known thee so late.' With this, giving his hand to his brother, he mounted a horse that was brought him, passed like a miracle through the enemy's ranks, and arriving at Genappes, tried for a moment to rally the army. Seeing his efforts were vain, he got on horseback again, and arrived at Laon on the night of the 19–20th.

"Five-and-twenty years have passed away since that epoch, and it is only now that France begins to comprehend that for the liberty of Europe this defeat was necessary: though still profoundly enraged and humiliated that she should have been marked out as the victim. In looking, too, round this field where so many Spartans fell for her; the Orange pyramid in the midst of it, the tombs of Gordon and the

Hanoverians round about; you look in vain for a stone, a cross, or an inscription to recall our country. It is because, one day, God will call her to resume the work of universal deliverance commenced by Bonaparte, and interrupted by Napoleon, —and then, the work done, we will turn the head of the Nassau Lion towards Europe, and all will be said."

If in future ages, when the French nation have played the part of liberators of the world (which it seems they *will* play whether the world asks them or not), it will be any accommodation to France that the tail of the Lion of Nassau should be turned towards that country, according to Dumas's notable plan, there can be no harm in indulging her in so very harmless a fancy. Conqueror never surely put forward a less selfish wish than this. Meanwhile the English reader will be pleased, we think, with M. Dumas's lively and picturesque description of the ground of this famous field: which is written too, as we believe, with not too much acrimony, and with justice in the main. As for the *déroute* of the English being stopped at the village of Waterloo, the tears of the duke as he was *chassé* from one square to another — these and other points stated we leave to be judged by military authorities, having here no call to contradict them. But what may be said honestly with regard to the author, without stopping to question his details, is, that his feeling is manly, and not unkindly towards his enemy; and that it is pleasant to find Frenchmen at last begin to write in this way. He is beaten, and wants to have his revenge: every generous spirit they say wishes the same: and the sentiment is what is called "all fair." But suppose Dumas has his revenge and beats the English, let him reflect that the English will want their chance again: and that we may go on murdering each other for ever and ever unless we stop somewhere: and why not now as well as on a future day? Promising mutually (and oh, what a comfort would it be to hear Waterloo no longer talked of after dinner!) not to boast any more of the victory on this side of the water, and not to threaten revenge for it on the other.

Here we have another instance of absurd warlike spirit.

"The court of Berlin never allows an opportunity to escape of showing its envious and anti-revolutionary hatred of France. France on her side takes Waterloo to heart: so that, with a little good-will on the part of the ministers of either country, matters may be arranged to everybody's satisfaction.

"For ourselves, who have faith in the future, we would propose to King Louis Philippe, instead of that ridiculous *pancarte* which is used as the arms of revolutionary France, to emblazon the escutcheon of our country in the following way:

"In the first quarter, the Gallic cock with which we took Rome and Delphi.

"In the second, Napoleon's eagle with which we took Cairo, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Moscow.

"In the third, Charlemagne's bees with which we took Saxony, Spain, and Lombardy.

"In the fourth, the fleur-de-lys of Saint Louis with which we took Jerusalem, Mansourah, Tunis, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Algiers.

"Then we would take a motto, which we would try to keep better than William of Holland did his

"*Deus dedit, Deus dabit*

and we should just have the finest escutcheon in the world."

You rob a man of his purse: you are seized by a posse of constables whom the man calls, and obliged to give up the purse, being transported or whipped very likely for your pains. "Rome, Delphi, Jerusalem, Vienna," and the rest, are so many instances of the system: but though religion is always commendable, it is surely in this instance misapplied; nor has the footpad who cries "Money or your life," much right to say *Deus dedit* as he pockets the coin. Let M. Dumas, a man of the pen, expose the vainglories of these hectoring practitioners of the sword, and correct them as one with his great authority might do: correcting in future editions such incendiary passages as that quoted above, and of which the commencement, a manifest provocation to the Prussians, might provoke "woes unnumbered," were the latter to take the hint.

As soon as he enters the Prussian territory, our author looks about him with a very cautious air, and smartly reprehends the well-known tyranny of "his Majesty Frederick William."

"We arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me in the first place to read it.

"For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbour, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline, altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the infernal jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William.

"I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

"As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his Majesty the King of Prussia did not appear altogether insupportable, and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage.

"I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible.

"I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through; and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbour, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"'About twenty minutes,' he said.

"'And may I, without indiscretion,' I rejoined, 'take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?'

"'We are waiting.'

"'Oh, we are waiting: and what are we waiting for?'

"'We are waiting for the time.'

"'What time?'

"'The time when we have the right to arrive.'

"'There is then a fixed hour for arriving?'

"'Everything is fixed in Prussia.'

"'And if we arrive before the hour?'

"'The conductor would be punished.'

"'And if after?'

"'He would be punished in like manner.'

"'Upon my word, the arrangement is satisfactory.'

"'Everything is satisfactory in Prussia.'

"I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm.

My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure, and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' continued I, 'but will you favour me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle.'

"'At thirty-five minutes past five.'

"'But suppose his watch goes slow?'

"'Watches never go slow in Prussia.'

"'Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me, if you please.'

"'It is very simple.'

"'Let us see?'

"'The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the Diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postilions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five.'

"'I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such that I must venture on one question more.'

"'Well, sir?'

"'Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?'

"'It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker.'

"'Oh, that's it, is it? Well then, I think I will take advantage of the delay and get out of the coach.'

"'People never get out of the coach in Prussia.'

"'That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road.'

"'That is the Castle of Emmaburg.'

"'What was the Castle of Emmaburg?'

"'The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma.'

"'Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?'

"'I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia.'

"'Peste! I had forgotten that,' said I.

"'*Ces tiaples de Franzés, il être très pavards*,' said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liège.

"'What was that you said, sir?' said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"'*Che né tis rien, ché tors.*'

"'You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language.'"

We have given this story at full length, not because it is true, which it certainly is not; or because if it were true, the truth would be worth knowing: but as a specimen of the art of book-making, which could never have been produced by any less experienced workman than the great dramatist Alexandre Dumas. The reader won't fail to see, how that pretty little drama is arranged, and the personages kept up. Mark the easy air which the great traveller assumes in putting his questions; the cool, sneering politeness, which, as a member of the Great Nation, he is authorized to assume when interrogating a subject of "his Majesty Frederick William." What point there is in those brief cutting questions! what meekness in the poor German's replies! All the world is on the laugh, while the great Frenchman is playing his man off; and every now and then he turns round to his audience with a knowing wink and a grin, bidding us be delighted with the absurdities of this fellow. He wonders that there should be a fixed hour for a coach to arrive. Why should there? Coaches do not arrive at fixed hours in France. There they are contented with a dirty diligence (as our friend, the *Naturforscher*, called it in the last number of this Review), and, after travelling three miles an hour, to arrive some time or other. As coaches do not arrive at stated hours in France, why should they in any other countries? If four miles an hour are good enough for a Frenchman, ought they not to satisfy a German forsooth? This is point one. A very similar joke was in the *Débats* newspaper in September; wherein, speaking of German railroads and engineers, the *Débats* said, "at least, without depreciating the German engineers in the least, they will concede that about railroads our engineers must naturally know more than they do." To be sure there is ten times as much railroad in Germany as in France; but are the French writers called upon to know this fact? or, if known, to depreciate their own institutions in consequence? No, no: and so M. Dumas does well to grin and sneer at the German.

See how he follows the fellow up with killing sarcasms! You arrive at a certain hour, do you? and what is this hour, *cette heure*, this absurd hour, at which the diligence comes in? He is prepared to find something comic even in that. Then he is facetious about the timekeeper: a thing that must be ridiculous, because, as we presume, a French conductor does not use one. And, finally, in order to give the Frenchman an opportunity to show his courage as he has before exhibited his wit, a fat German placed expressly in a corner wakes just at the proper moment and says, *Il être très pavards le Franzés.* VOUS DITES, MONSIEUR? says Alexandre with a scowl, turning round *vivement* towards the German; and so, his points being made, the postilion cries *Vorwärts*, and off they go. It is just like the Porte Saint Martin. If the postilion did not cry forwards, or Buridan did not appear with his dagger at that very moment, the whole scene would have been spoiled. Of course, then, Buridan is warned by the call-boy, and is waiting at the slips, to rush on at the required moment.

No reader will have been so simple, we imagine, as to fancy this story contains a single word of truth in it; or that Dumas held the dialogue which he has written; or that the German really did cry out, *ce Franzé*, etc.: quiet old Germans do not speak French in their sleep, or for the purpose of insulting great fierce swaggering Frenchmen who sit with them in coaches: above all, Germans do not say *che affre* and *il être*. *French* Germans do: that is, Brunet and Levassor speak on the stage so when called upon to represent Blum or Fritz in the play: just as they say, "yase" and "godem" by way of English. Nay, so ignorant are the French generally of the German language, that unless the character were called Blum or Fritz, and said *che affre*, and so on, no one would know that the personage was a German at all. They are accustomed to have them in that way: but let not M. Dumas fancy that Germans say *che affre* in their own country, any more than that Kean (whose life he wrote in his tragedy, which he says was very popular in Germany) was banished to Botany Bay by the Prince Regent, for making love to his Royal Highness's mistress.

They say, and with some reason, that we have obtained for ourselves the hatred of Europe by our contemptuous assumption of superiority in our frequent travels: but is it truth, or is it mere national prejudice? It has seemed to us that the French away from home are even more proud of country than we; certainly more loud in their assertions of superiority; and with a pride far more ferocious in its demeanour. There can, however, be no harm for any young British traveller who may be about to make his first tour filled with prejudices, and what is called patriotism, to read well the above dialogue, and draw a moral therefrom. Let him remark how Dumas, wishing to have a most majestic air, in reality cuts a most ridiculous figure: let him allow how mean the Frenchman's affectations of superiority are, his contempt for Jordan as compared with "Abana and Pharpar," and his scorn for the usages of the country which he is entering, for its coaches, its manners, and men: and, having remarked that all these airs which the Frenchman gives himself result from stupid conceit on his part, that he often brags of superiority in cases where he is manifestly inferior, and is proud merely of ignorance and dulness (which are, after all, not matters to be proud of): perhaps having considered these points in the Frenchman's conduct, the young Briton will take care to shape his own so as to avoid certain similar failings in which, abroad, his countrymen are said to fall.

From Aix-la-Chapelle the adventurous traveller goes to Cologne, and thence actually all the way up the Rhine to Strasburg: visiting Coblentz, Mayence, Frankfort, Mannheim, and Baden. That he has not much to say regarding these places may be supposed: for not more than two or three hours were devoted to each city, and with all the "preparatory studies" possible, two or three hours will hardly enable a man to find anything new in places which are explored by hundreds of thousands of travellers every season. Hence, as he has to fill two volumes with an account of his five days' journey, he is compelled to resort to history and romance wherewith to fill his pages: now giving a description of the French armies on the Rhine, now amplifying a legend from the guide-book: and though, as may be supposed, he Frenchifies the tales, whatever they may be, we are bound to say that his manner of relating them is lively, brilliant, and amusing; and that the hours pass by no means disagreeably as we listen to the energetic, fanciful, violent French chronicler. For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic turn of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous: but in all the descriptions of common life, on which he occasionally condescends to speak, one is forced to receive his assertions with a great deal of caution: nay, if the truth must be told, to disbelieve every one of them.

We have given one specimen in the Diligence dialogue, and could extract many others as equally apocryphal. For instance, there is a long story to bear out a discovery made by M. Dumas that there is *no such thing as bread in Germany*. Now with all respect for genius, we must take leave to say that this statement is a pure fib: a fib like the coach-conversation; a fib like the adventure at Liège, where Dumas says they would give him nothing to eat because they mistook him for a Flamand; a fib like the history of the two Englishmen whom he meets at Bonn, and whom he leaves drunk amidst fourteen empty bottles of Johannisberger and Champagne, and whom he finds on board the steamer on a future day, where he causes them to drink fourteen bottles more. The story is too long to extract, but such is the gist of it. One of the Englishmen he calls Lord B——, the other Sir Patrick Warden. He describes them as always on the river between Mayence and Cologne, always intoxicated, and drinking dozens of Johannisberger. It is only in novels that Johannisberger is drunk in this way; it is only great French dramatists that fall in with these tipsy eccentric Anglais: the wonder is that he did not set them boxing after their wine, as all French Englishmen do.

At Mannheim there were historical souvenirs which were of no small interest to the French dramatist, and he records at great length the history of Sand. He visits the house where Kotzbue was killed; the field where Sand was executed; and comes provided from Frankfort with a letter of recommendation to a gentleman by the name of Widemann, who can give him a great deal of information on the subject.

What a delighted dramatist must Alexandre Dumas have been! This M. Widemann, Doctor of Medicine, living at Heidelberg, was no other than the hereditary executioner of Baden! His father cut off Sand's head; the son has never been called upon to execute his office on any criminal, but showed Alexandre Dumas the very sword with which Sand had been killed: there were spots of rust upon the blade where the poor enthusiast's blood had fallen on it.

"M. Widemann was a handsome young man of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age. His hair was black, his complexion dark, and his whiskers were cut so as to surround his whole face. He presented himself with perfect ease and elegance; and asked 'What had procured him the unexpected honour of my visit?'

"I confess that for the moment I had not a word to say in answer. I contented myself by holding out the letter of M. D——, which he read, and then asked, bowing again, 'In what he could be useful to me? I am at your orders,' said he, 'to give you all the information in my power. Unluckily,' he continued, with a slight ironical accent, 'I am not a very curious executioner, having as yet executed no one. But you must not, sir, be angry with me on that account: it is not my fault, it is the fault of these good Germans who do nothing deserving of death, and of our excellent Grand Duke, who pardons as much as he can.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'it is M. le Docteur Widemann that I am come to see; the son of the man who, in accomplishing his terrible duty on poor Sand, still exhibited towards the unhappy young man a respect which might have compromised those who showed it.'

"'There was little merit in that, sir. Every man loved and pitied Sand: and certainly if my father had thought any sacrifice on his part could have saved the criminal, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have executed the sentence. But Sand was condemned, and it was necessary that he should suffer.' . . .

"'Thank you, sir,' answered I, 'for your politeness in receiving a visit which might have been otherwise met. . . . There is one thing more, which must be in your possession, and which I would like to see, though in truth I scarcely know how to ask for it.'

"'And what is this one thing now?' said M. Widemann, with the same sarcastic smile that I had before remarked in him.

"'Pardon me,' said I, 'but you do not encourage me to make my demand.'

"He at once changed his expression. 'Pray excuse me,' said he, 'what is it you desire to see? I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you.'

"'The sword with which Sand was beheaded.'

"A deep blush passed over M. Widemann's face as I spoke: but shaking his head as if to shake the blush away, he said,

"'I will show it you, sir, but you will find it in bad condition. Thanks be to God, it has not been used for twelve years, and for my part this will be the first time I ever shall have touched it. Had I known that I was about to have the honour of your visit, I would have had it cleaned: but you know, sir, better than any one, that this visit was quite unexpected by me.' With these words he quitted the room, leaving me much more embarrassed than he could be himself. However, I had taken the foolish part, and resolved to play it out.

"In a moment M. Widemann returned, holding a large sword without a sheath. It was broader at the end than towards the hilt. The blade was hollow, and contained a certain quantity of quicksilver, which in precipitating itself from the handle to the point gave a much greater force to the blow. On several parts of the blade there was a good deal of rust, for, as is known, the rust almost always reappears upon the places where blood has stained.

"'Here is the sword that you asked to see, sir.'

"'I must make you new apologies for my indiscretion, and thank you once more for your complaisance,' answered I.

"'Well, sir, if you consider you owe me anything for my complaisance, will you let me fix one condition upon it?'

"'And what is that, sir?'

"'That is, that you will pray God, as I do, sir, that I may never have occasion to touch this sword, except to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who are good enough to honour with a visit the poor house of the executioner of Heidelberg.'

"I saw that the moment was come for me to take my leave, and giving M. Widemann the promise he demanded, I saluted and left him.

"It was the first time that in half an hour's conversation I was ever so completely *floored* (*roulé*): not having found during the whole time, a single chance to take my revenge.

"Nevertheless I kept my promise to M. Widemann: and no doubt our *common prayer* was efficacious, for I have not heard that since my visit he has had occasion to take the rust off his sword."

With regard to the efficacy of the prayers of M. Alexandre Dumas it is not for us to speak. But we may question the taste of the individual who could go so far for the purpose of viewing so disgusting a relic; who could insult this unhappy gentleman (as the executioner appears to be), for the satisfaction of a curiosity which was neither more nor less than brutal; and who can talk with a sneer of praying to the Almighty that the poor executioner's hand might be kept from blood. It is a serious thing, O Dumas, to talk even in Melodramas or Impressions de Voyage about praying and killing. Even in fifth acts of plays there may be too much poetic murdering: whereby (to carry out the Alexandre-Dumatic metaphor) the brightness of the imagination is stained: *car la rouille comme on le sait reparaît presque toujours aux endroits que le sang a taché.*

However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in earlier youth: and he has grown more moral too, and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him. When time shall have further softened an emphatic bullying manner, which leads him at present to employ the largest and fiercest words in place of simple and conciliating ones; and he shall cease to set down as armed castles all the peaceful windmills of everyday life; it is probable that we shall be indebted to him for much amusing reading. Some we have had already, as our readers know. For he has both humour and eloquence, and in spite of his hectoring manner his heart is both manly and kind. And so schooled down as we trust he will not fail to be, we may look forward to his writing a couple of thousand volumes, even more interesting than those which he has at present produced.

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

VOLUME XXVI

◆

ESSAYS ON ART

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INTRODUCTION.[1]

It is rather amusing to compare the chapter entitled, "Thackeray as Art Critic," in Mr. Lewis Melville's biography, with the three contemptuous pages devoted by Mr. Whibley to the subject. To Mr. Melville, as to many other Thackerayans, whatever the master does is good. Since he wrote much about pictures in his early days, since he intended at one time to be an artist and did actually illustrate his own and other people's books in an undeniably clever manner, Thackeray must be "one of the best of art critics." As a chapter on "Thackeray the Philosopher" follows the one in which Mr. Melville sets forth the merits of his hero's art criticism, and as it is fairly reasonable to suppose that Thackeray was not much more in his element when criticising pictures than when judging books, one is inclined to discount the biographer's praise. One need scarcely, however, agree with Mr. Whibley when he writes: "Oddly enough, it was the painters [rather than writers like Bulwer and Ainsworth] who found the greater offence in his criticism, and they were angry without warrant. For never was there a more amiable and misguided judge of the pictorial art . . . He took no more into a picture gallery than a trick of picturesque prose, a faculty of indiscreet appreciation, much prudery, and a good heart."

Mr. Whibley is nothing if not critical, and he has probably overstated Thackeray's deficiencies as a judge of pictures. Between him and Mr. Melville, only a technical student of painting is competent to decide with positive assurance; in the absence of such a technically equipped person we may be fairly safe in cautioning the reader of

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[1] Copyright, 1904, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

this volume to look for the Titmarshian humour and let the British pictures of the thirties and forties and Thackeray's opinions about them take care of themselves. If such a discreet course be not practicable, the reader may be advised to observe how here, in "The Paris Sketch Book," and elsewhere, Thackeray inveighed against large historical pictures, how he failed to appreciate the classical school, how he shuddered at the coldness of Greek art, how often he patriotically championed British against French art, how he hailed as masterpieces pictures now happily forgotten, how he found among his contemporaries at least one painter who was a "great and original colourist, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian." This praise of Etty, joined with almost ecstatic raptures over Mulready, Biard, — a Frenchman whom Thackeray really liked, — Danby, and the rest may be great criticism; but it is hard to resist the conviction that it is rather the criticism of the man who, after writing "skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is the first," remembered only the second part of his sentence. Curiously enough, however, we find him later complaining of painters who are inspired by the "milk-and-water of human kindness." Poor fellows — did not they act on the principle that "heart is the first"? Even Charles Landseer probably acted on it in the picture Titmarsh amusingly criticises under the title, "Noah's Ark in a Domestic Point of View." But, after all, few critics of any sort will fare well if they are remorselessly held up to their principles.

Thackeray was, of course, a kindly critic of art, — even Mr. Whibley grants him that virtue, — but sometimes he could say severe things. In the main he was very hard on Haydon, and, while doing justice to Turner's "Fighting Téméraire," he was unnecessarily severe in all probability on some of the works of that master's later years. But in the end kindliness asserted itself as to these painters, and it is worth noting also that as he grew older Thackeray was fairer to the genius of certain other artists, — for example, Rubens and Morland, — just as he was less disposed to be censorious with regard to writers he had inveighed against in his youth.[1]

But we are taking these papers too seriously if Thackeray was not a good critic of art, and we have little excuse to deal with them at all if he was in his proper element when writing them. It is safer to call attention to the many pages of Titmarshian ease and humour, to the amusing vision of the knighting of Maclise, to Mrs. Barbara's statement, and to the advice with regard to the art unions, which suggests the counsels of Fitz-Boodle. There are amusing references to harsh criticism of Thackeray's articles and of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon." There are quotations from his own "Stubbs's Calendar" and "Cox's Diary," which, in the former case at least, are scarcely of modest proportions. There are tributes to Boz and flings at Newman. Last, but not least, there are three papers worth any one's while to read. The first is the essay on "Leech,"[2] which caused some consternation in *Punch* circles and is written in Thackeray's best vein, for does it not describe the books that fascinated him as a boy? The other papers are the two tributes to Cruikshank, the longer of which recalls the excellent chapter on "Lithography and Caricatures" which was soon to be inserted in "The Paris Sketch Book." Thackeray was thoroughly fitted to appreciate the genius of Cruikshank, and his essay has value to the student of literature as well, for he has some interesting things to say about "Tom and Jerry," "Jack Sheppard," and other bygone favourite books which Cruikshank illustrated.[1] And even if he had nothing to his credit save the reference to "some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world, viz., those on 'The History of Modern Europe,' by Russell," some people would feel that Titmarsh's "Exhibition Gossip" was worth both writing and preserving.[2]

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[1] Although it relates to literature, not to pictorial art, attention should be called to the footnote to page 221, in which Thackeray praised highly Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and wondered why it had attracted so little notice. Eight years later, in his lecture on "Charity and Humour," he praised both "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," and continued as follows: "I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them) — I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain." Thackeray said this in such a way that it could apply either to "The Song of the Shirt" or to "The Bridge of Sighs" or to both poems, but it is likely that it was the footnote mentioned above that he had in mind. Cf. also the "Roundabout," "A Joke from the late Thomas Hood."

[2] Compare, among the literary papers, the article "On Some Illustrated Christmas Books."

W. P. TRENT.

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[1] It may be worth while to notice that the author of "Headlong Hall," who is quoted on page 54, was Thomas Love Peacock, and that John Abraham Heraud of p. 89 was at one time of interest to the Transcendentalists of New England. One may notice also Thackeray's delight in "Pickwick," which had evidently supplanted the coarser fiction of the "Tom and Jerry" type.

[2] As the dates of publication of the several items of this volume are given as footnotes, special and minute bibliographical details will be included in the general Bibliography in the concluding volume. It should be remembered that "The Paris Sketch Book," "Critical Papers in Literature," "Roundabout Papers," "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," to say nothing of novels like "The Newcomes," must be consulted by the reader who wishes to have a thorough knowledge of Thackeray's views of art and artists.

STRICTURES ON PICTURES.[1]

A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ., TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, À PARIS.

LORD'S HOTEL, NEW STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
Tuesday, *May* 15.

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the exhibitions here; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen, who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts — when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country — almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh: you will learn more about the arts in England from this letter, than from anything in or out of print.

Well then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish you could see my historical picture of "Heliogabalus in the ruins of Carthage," or the full-length of "Sir Samuel Hicks and his Lady,"—sitting in a garden light, Lady H. reading *The Book of Beauty*, Sir Samuel catching a butterfly, which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists—some of them men of merit—as well as myself.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1838.]

Let us commence, then, with the commencement—the Royal Academy. That is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near St. Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts; come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures, of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But, bad as the place is—a pigmy abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I'm right in *both* cases)—bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty, and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. Oh, Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake! I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy exhibition is equally commodious: a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures—all very small, but well lighted and neat; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however;—we have been a long time talking "*de omnibus rebus*," at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the Catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here!

Sir William Beechey.
Sir Martin Shee.
Sir David Wilkie.
Sir Augustus Callcott.
Sir W. J. Newton.
Sir Geoffrey Wyattville.
Sir Francis Chantrey.
Sir Richard Westmacott.
Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

not yet, that is; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady—Heaven bless her!—has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose—

1. Baron Briggs. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)
2. Daniel, Prince Maclise. (His Royal Highness's pictures place him very near to the throne indeed.)
3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.
4. The Lord Charles Landseer.
5. The Duke of Etty.
6. Archbishop Eastlake.
7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the "Seven Ages," as described by a poet whom you have heard of—one Shakespeare, a Warwickshire man: and there they are, all together; the portly justice, and the quarrelsome soldier; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear; the baby hanging on her gentle mother's bosom; the school-boy, rosy and lazy; the old man, crabbed and stingy; and the old, old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything—but why describe them? You will find the thing better done in Shakespeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs; but—oh, Anatole!—the intention is god-like. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own: no conventional copies of the stony antique; no distorted caricatures, like those of your "*classiques*," David, Girodet, and Co. (the impostors!)—but such expressions as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The colour and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children, my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery. I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away, and be forgotten.

To this, then, of the whole gallery, I accord the palm, and cannot refrain from making a little sketch, illustrative of my feelings.[1]

I have done everything, you see, very accurately, except Mr. Mulready's face; for, to say truth, I never saw that gentleman, and have no idea of his personal appearance.

Near to "All the world's a stage" is a charming picture, by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me, because the rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honours of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armour) is parting from his mistress. A fair, peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits and clings to him, as though she would cling for ever. But, look! yonder stands the page, and the horse pawing; and, beyond the wall which binds the quiet garden and flowers, you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and De Foix, "the thunderbolt of Italy." Long shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by; and with them must ride Count Gaston—to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacretelle, or Brantôme; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

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[1] [Referring to the cut which accompanied the first appearance of this essay.]

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie's grand picture—"Queen Victoria holding her First Council." A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the colour, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity and beauty of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more, but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and delicate white hat and feathers; a marvel of colour, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer's best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents her majesty's favourite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι;

that is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite so well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul* under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots or greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakespeare into form and colour. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight; who, with a monstrous gravity and profound brazen humour, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poins. Master Brooke is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity, and almost rudeness; but is charming, from its great truth of effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look *as if the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the queen is another charming performance of Sir David — a bride dressing, amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable-looking bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to — but *parlons d'autres choses.* The colour of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does everything for a picture nowadays but the *drawing.* Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful fantastic Ariel.

> On the bat's back do I fly,
> After sunset merrily.

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his courser, flapping lazy through the golden evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belongs to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which makes a religion of art, and seems to be accorded only to a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly, that, in matters of art, Titian was anti-Christ, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colours and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward, and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labour of years. Why did this reformer ever come among us, and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who ever since have held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury? Not a simple woman — the lovely daughter of the authoress of *Love*, *Flirtation*, and other remarkable works, — but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his Saint Sebastian; his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? Those two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I never can look at them without a certain emotion of awe — with that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and god-like. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn. Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who possesses it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say, that my picture of "Heliogabalus at Carthage" is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odour of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of the "Crusaders catching a first view of Jerusalem" as an instance. Godfrey and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beamond and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

E quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge,
Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente!

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like little wooden dolls; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But, what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form; a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is a *great heart*. This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects, as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's? Anything so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian school of art; monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with "ignorance, envy, and jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth of calumny endeavouring to bear down truth!"

Mr. Maclise's picture of "Christmas" you will find excellently described in the May Number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called *Fraser's Magazine*. Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas, gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving-men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the dais, where sits the good old English gentleman, and his guests and family; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table gorging beef and wassail; a bevy of blooming girls and young men are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoe-bough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people are smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the colouring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other*; no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards. His scene from *The Vicar of Wakefield* is equally charming. Moses's shining, grinning face; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do, if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold; but the figures are beautifully drawn, the colouring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. "The Parting Benison" is, perhaps, the most interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced anything which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence. He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public approbation; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted; but tipsy-looking, coarse, and so naked, as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures, without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat*—this naughty "Somnolency" ought to go to sleep in her night-gown.

But here is a far nobler painting,—the prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture; and looks as large as if the three-foot canvas had been twenty. His wan, wretched figure, and clasped hands, are lighted up by the sunset; the clouds are livid and heavy; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him, with horrid obscene eyes. They are the demons of Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems no hope, no succour, no Ear for the prayer of this wretched, way-worn, miserable man, who kneels there alone, shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope, as clearly as if the little star were a sign-post, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother, who hates you — but never mind that; and a dear, kind, stout, old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, maybe; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the bird's nest you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed, because he broke the eggs: he is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her, but she will not have him — not she! — her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-me-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife — and then went to college — and then came back sick and changed — and then got into debt — and then — But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first, and then shiver and turn red and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again. To her, man! — never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone-pale and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her quite gently to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes out the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. "You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?" says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

To-morrow! To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups; and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Rev. Dr. Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go; the moon will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes—but, in the meantime, there is the old housekeeper, with "Lord bless us!" and "Heaven save us!" and "Who'd have thought ever again to see his dear face? And master to forget it all, who swore so dreadful that he would never see him!—as for missis, she always loved him." There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather beds—for Master Tom's room has never been used this many a day; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother's portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

"What can we have?" says master; "all the shops are shut, and there's nothing in the house."

John.—"No, no more there isn't; only Guernsey's calf. Butcher kill'd'n yasterday, as your honour knoweth."

Master.—"Come, John, a calf's enough. Tell the cook to *send us up that.*"

And he gives a hoarse haw! haw! at his wit; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, "Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow!"

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word; and what do you think she sends up?

Top Dish.

Fillet of veal, and bacon on the side-table.

Bottom Dish.

Roast ribs of veal.

In the Middle.

Calves'-head soup (*à la tortue*).
Veal broth.

Between.

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.
Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forcemeat balls.

Entre-mets.

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).
Veal cutlets (*panées, sauce piquante*).
Ditto (*en papillote*).
Scotch collops.
Fricandeau of veal (*piqué au lard à la chicorée*).
Minced veal.
Blanquet of veal.

Second Course.

Curry of calves'-head.
Sweet-breads.
Calves'-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage." In this grand and finished perform —

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∵ Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops, unfortunately, here. We found it, at midnight, the 15th–16th May, in a gutter of St. Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had been just removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping-place, at such an hour; and it had probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House, of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly left the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add, that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin and water, half a pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham-sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges and excellent stock of wines and spirits cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody? — O. Y.

A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS, BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.[1]

The Exhibitions.

Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead.

My dear Bricabrac,

You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded, during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from Jack Straw's Castle, an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayley, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronized, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging house, and distant gloomy background of London city or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way — at Jack Straw's Castle, I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery-catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1839.]

A man, with five shillings to spare, may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing) in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near St. Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world....

Commençons donc avec le commencement—with the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire academicians, and nineteen simple and ungenteel associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank, according to what I conceived to be their merits—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for Jack Straw, strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of new-comers, not associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the academicians; but many of the academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best) I must request you to turn your attention to a noble riverpiece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R.A., "The Fighting Téméraire"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old Téméraire is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the Agamemnon and the Captain, the Vanguard, the Culloden, and the Victory, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King," was introduced. The very instant it begun, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting Téméraire"; which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "Cicero at his Villa," "Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus," "Pluto carrying off Proserpina," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of it; or mad exaggerations, like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of her own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass — fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts — shake them well up, with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see "Pluto and Proserpina." Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot as Nat Lee sings: —

> Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
> Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
> While, to increase the tumult of the skies
> A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies.

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes; and I recommend them to him as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's "Pluto carrying off Proserpina"; and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great, large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour, indeed, is sublime: I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better — but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so — scarcely even Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides "Proserpine," Mr. Etty has two more pictures, "Endymion," with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the "Lady-Mayoress of York"; which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabou feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheek-bone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady-mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting too, in Sir David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird"; for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of torches, feather, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a step waving a sword, for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of "Lady Jane Grey" (which is worth exactly twopence halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions—they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow grease; the faces are merely indicated and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners"? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne," or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent Day" and "The Reading of the Will"? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr Robert Peel." It is real, substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticising if he paints bad ones now; and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression, is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft, melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the little Children." You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanish at once,—for the artist has attained his great end, which is, to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "La Svegliarina." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcame them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line,—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can anything be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it. But whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking Leslie's little head of "Sancho" is worth the whole picture from *Gil Blas*, which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green blind, through which the sun comes; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want? Polish, I think; thought, and cultivation. His great picture of "King Richard and Robin Hood" is a wonder of dexterity of hand; but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen-a-Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of Gil Blas; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers; the same grin, the same display of grinders,—the same coarse, luscious mouth, belong to both. In the large picture, everybody grins, and shews his whole *râtelier;* and you look at them, and say, "These people seem all very jolly." Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise's large picture; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents, and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait, it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition; sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits there is never much to say; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Philips's "Doctor Shephard" is a finely painted head and picture; his Lady Dunraven and her son, as poor, ill-drawn, and ill-coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood; Mr. Bewick a good one; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave's "Return of Olivia to the Vicar" has some very pretty painting and feeling in it; "Quentin Matsys," by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's "Othello relating his Adventures," really beautiful; as is Cope's "Belgian Family." All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy; as is E. M. Ward's "Cimabue and Giotto" (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the selfsame composition, by the way) and Herbert's elegant picture of the "Brides of Venice." Mr. Severn's composition from the *Ancient Mariner* is a noble performance; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn—for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "Pillage of a Jew's House" is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures, and good points; but we are not going to praise it; it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau, and paid for standing there; one longs to see them all in motion, and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. "Van Amburgh and the Lions" *is* a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy: the drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits; "Miss Peel with Fido," for instance. Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath; and the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week (by the bye, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état?*). There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog, and a piece of biscuit: the dog and the biscuit are just perfection; but the princess is no such thing,—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the lord-mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestante." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless academics; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh,—to have, namely, some day, a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place,—Paris, say, as the most central; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon,—for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen ?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of St. James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month, as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half-a-dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others, and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody) by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald; never was anything on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half an hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of colour is; before "Christ and Lazarus," what is majestic, solemn grace and awful beauty; and before the new "St. Catharine" what is the real divinity of art. O, Eastlake and Turner!—O, Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

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Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forcemeat balls in a basin of mock turtle-soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear, delicious painter and that her style is "so soft"; and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be impolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel, is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled) I would but cast my eyes upon these grand, good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho"; blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy, to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings: a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour, or Anne Boleyn; and Henry the VIIIth is the person examining it, with the cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of *Ivanhoe* or Uncle Toby; or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense — of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now — he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left well-nigh all his vigour behind him. Numerous Zuleikhas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New

Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this: such handsome Turks and leering sultanas; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly, heartless Annual syrens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much; these are Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters; on the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness—and then? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil will do a deal of work, to be sure: and very pretty it is, too, when done; and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius?*—*that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition: not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will shew at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *maniéré*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figure introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

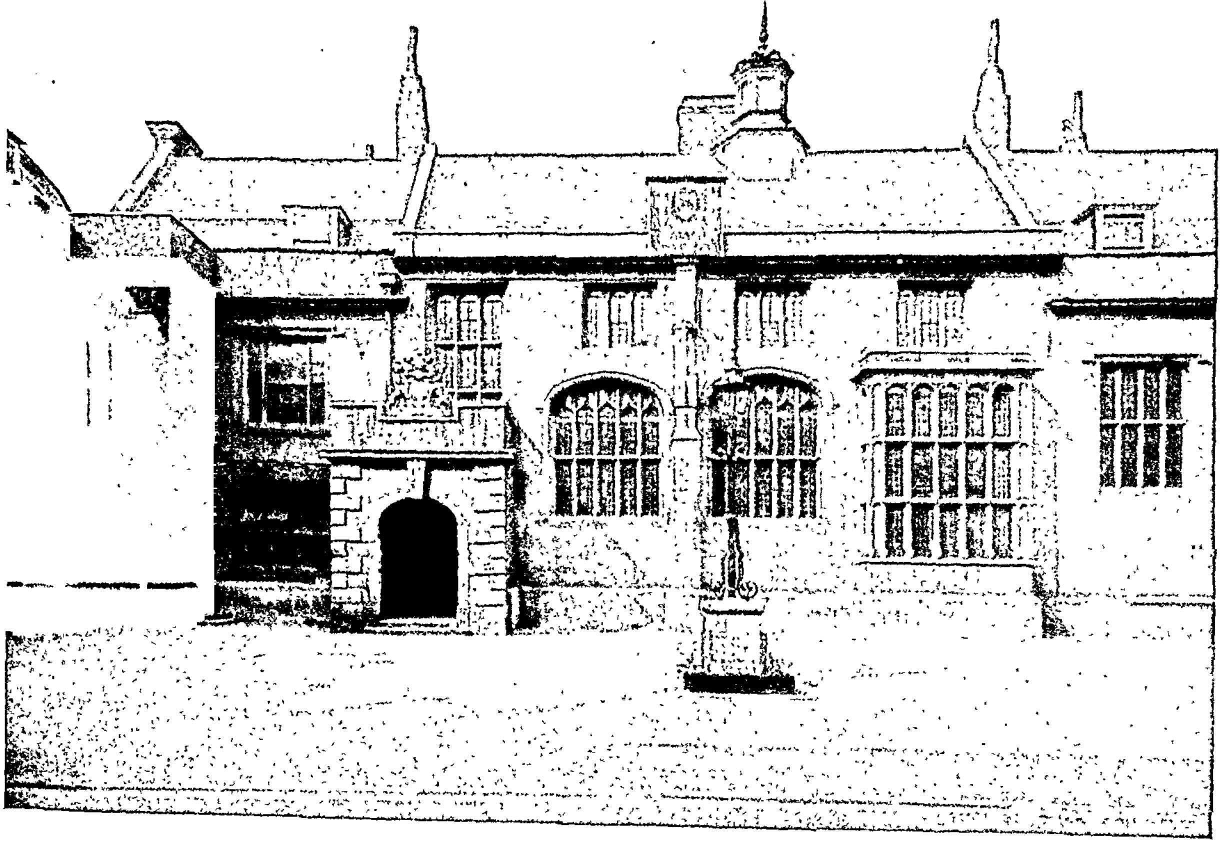
Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, "Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's, and flying to the Cross." Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl, finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics; it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross, nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (Oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lamp-black!), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch, of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva"; somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Swordbearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother-artist, the clever actor Mr. Mc'Ian. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground, are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old king, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, nowadays, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell, and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

Au Citoyen Brutus Napoléon Bricabrac, *Réfugié d'Avril, Blessé de Mai, Condamné de Juin, Decoré de Juillet, etc., etc. Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.*



THE CHARTERHOUSE COURT.

AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.[1]

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S WORKS.

1. *The Humorist.* A Collection of Entertaining Tales, Anecdotes, Epigrams, Bon Mots, etc. J. Robins and Co. London, 1819.
2. *The Political House that Jack Built.* With Thirteen Cuts; Forty-seventh Edition. William Hone. 1819.
3. *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*; a National Toy, with Fourteen Step Scenes and Illustrations in Verse, and Eighteen other Cuts. Forty-fourth Edition. W. Hone. 1820.
4. "*Non mi ricordo.*" With Cuts. Thirty-first Edition. William Hone. 1820.
5. *Doll Tear Sheet, alias the Countess "Je ne me rappelle pas,"* a match for "*Non mi ricordo.*" With cuts by George Cruikshank. John Fairburn. 1820.
6. *The Political Showman.* With Twenty-four Cuts. Twenty-first Edition. William Hone. 1821.
7. *Life in London; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., Corinthian Tom, and Bob Logic in their Rambles through the Metropolis.* By Pierce Egan, with Coloured Plates by G. and R. Cruikshank. Sherwood. London, 1821.
8. *A Slap at Slop and the Bridge Street Gang.* With Twenty-seven Cuts. William Hone. 1822.
9. *Life in Paris; or, The Rambles of Dick Wildfire, etc.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London, 1822.
10. *Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry and Romance.* Selected and translated from the Italian. With Sixteen Illustrative Drawings by George Cruikshank. Charles Baldwyn. 8vo, London, 1824. J. Robins. 1840.
11. *Tales of Irish Life.* Illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the People. With Designs by George Cruikshank. J. Robins. London, 2 vols., 1824.
12. *Points of Humour (Pieces partly original and partly selected).* Illustrated by a Series of Plates Drawn and Engraved by George Cruikshank. Parts 1 and 2. C. Baldwyn. London, 1824.

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[1] [*The Westminster Review*, June 1840.]

13. *Peter Schlemihl.* A new Translation from the German, 8vo. Whittaker. London, 1824.
14. *Popular German Stories.* Translated from the *Kinder- und Haus-Maerchen*, collected by MM. Grimm from oral tradition. James Robins and Co. London, 1825.
15. *The Universal Songster, or, Museum of Mirth.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Fairburn. London, 1825.
16. *Mornings at Bow Street.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Wheatley and Adlard. London, 1825.
17. *More Mornings at Bow Street.* With Twenty-five Illustrations by George Cruikshank. J. Robins and Co. London, 1827.
18. *Hans of Iceland.* A Tale. With Four highly-finished Etchings by George Cruikshank. Price, 7s. 6d. J. Robins.
19. *Greenwich Hospital. A Series of Naval Sketches descriptive of the Life of a Man of War's Man.* By an Old Sailor. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. J. Robins and Co. London, 1826.
20. *Three Courses and a Dessert.* With Decorations by George Cruikshank. Vizetelly and Co. London, 1830.
21. *Tales of Other Days.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Effingham Wilson. London, 1830.
22. *The Gentleman in Black.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. William Kidd. London, 1831. Daly, 1840.
23. *Tom Thumb; and Bombastes Furioso.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Reprinted in Thomas's Burlesque Drama. Thomas. London.
24. *Sunday in London.* Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts by George Cruikshank, and a few words by a friend of his, with a copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill. E. Wilson. London, 1833. Darton and Clark, 1840.
25. *Mirth and Morality. A Collection of Original Tales by Carlton Bruce.* Embellished with Engravings by George Cruikshank. Tegg. London, 1835.
26. *The Comic Almanac*, from 1835 to 1840; containing Seventy-two Plates on Steel, 2 vols. 17s. bound. C. Tilt.
27. *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.* With Twelve Humorous Plates, neatly bound in cloth; price 2s. C. Tilt.
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38. *Cowper's "John Gilpin";* with Six Engravings. Price, 1s. C. Tilt.
39. *Punch and Judy.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Septimus Prowitt. London, 1828.
40. *Bentley's Miscellany.* Vols. I. to VI. Richard Bentley. London.
41. *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi.* Edited by Boz, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 2 vols. 8vo. R. Bentley. London, 1838.
42. *Oliver Twist, or, the Parish Boy's Progress.* By "Boz." 3 vols. R. Bentley. London, 1838.
43. *Minor Morals for Young People.* By John Bowring. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Parts I., II., and III. W. Tait. Edinburgh, 1839.
44. *Sketches by Boz.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Chapman and Hall. London, 1839.
45. *Jack Sheppard; a Romance.* By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. With Twenty-seven Illustrations by George Cruikshank. R. Bentley. 8vo. London, 1840.
46. *The Tower of London; an Historical Romance.* By W. H. Ainsworth. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by G. Cruikshank. Parts I. to V. Richard Bentley. London, 8vo. 1840.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Accusations of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world, and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water — fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow — a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the "ingenuous arts, which prevent the ferocity of the manners, and act upon them as an emollient" (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar) are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten. The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it — no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit — a part of your selfishness — and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are; neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that "vision splendid" which has accompanied our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wandering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all around us green in our youth! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article did scarcely expect to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connection whatever) it happens that, in this particular instance, there is an undoubted connection. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connection had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapour to glide through Lothbury and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at that corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works—the "*busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert,*" the "*schwankende Gestalten*" of youth flit before one again—Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood; hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his "Breaking-up," or his "Fashionable Monstrosities," of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print—one of the admirable "Illustrations of Phrenology"—which entire work was purchased by a joint stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon "Philoprogenitiveness"—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed,—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter, who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in night-caps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind: the second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savory dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat night-cap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding); the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother—all, all, save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart; every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy, and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family; they have all something of the mother in them — something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street — bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites — where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe — Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the "Dandy of sixty" who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows — where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things since the days when these were; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them? to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his "charming gratis" exhibition. There used to be a crowd round the window in those days of grinning, good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H. B.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that — polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentlemanlike kind of way.

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old Dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—"Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing." Repeat that history ever so often, and at the proper moment, honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his Grouse in the Gun-room. There is a fellow in the "Points of Humour" who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men, from whom the illusions (why illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one; who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at Midsummer and Christmas, being the inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. *Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it wave around you, in the golden days "when George the Third was king!" But our clown lies in his grave; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day, at Bow Street, in his dirty, tattered, faded motley? — seized as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theatre, after having well-nigh starved in the streets, where nobody would listen to his old guitar. No one gave a shilling to bless him, not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin, but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous, as in the course of his duty, he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy school-boys he revels; plum-pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again; — there is a design in one of the Comic Almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations — there is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside, from which we should have been charmed to steal a few wood-cuts. It is entitled "Mirth and Morality," the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer — the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank — see yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentleman-like drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author,

Who has not chased the butterfly
  And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a moralizing sigh;
  Alas! how frail are human things?

A very unexceptionable morality truly, but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farm-houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this, what a privilege—to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and children half-inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn. Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating—

I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter,
And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world,
Ay, *and those who are gone to a better.*

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. "Of all the men I have ever known," says he, "my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. . . . He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again; . . . but oh, how altered!—he was in every sense of the word an old man, his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together; and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye while he has amused himself in clapping his hands and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm." Alas! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles! Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together, ay, and actually did so, for all the efforts' the rogues made to run away from him; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks,—"Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle."

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this? And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design, in which the uncles and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horseback,—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin, a clerical host must have passed under Cruikshank's eyes before he sketched this little, enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children's books, how shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards, and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him; may *Jack the Giant Killer*, may *Tom Thumb*, may *Puss in Boots* be one day revivified by his pencil. Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney-nook? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humour is too good for the public, that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humour that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humour of Joseph Andrews; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good-humour is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy! We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself), supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy, that he laughs at what they laugh at, that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humorist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gilray would have been far more successful and more powerful but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserves censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Prinness, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a Princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth, he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man. And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the regular John Bull style, with the Gilray model for the little upstart Corsican; but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water), and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of "Louis XVIII. trying on Napoleon's boots," which did not certainly fit the gouty son of Saint Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the *Life in Paris*, or the five hundred designs in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pigtails, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and moustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman, and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishman on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse Monsieur Paul de Kock's histories of Lord *Boulingrog* and Lady *Crockmilove*. On the other hand, the old *émigré* has taken his station amongst us, and we doubt if a good British Gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book, called *Life in Paris*, published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. We had thoughts of giving a few copies of French heads from this book and others, which would amply show Mr. Cruikshank's anti-Gallican spirit. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look.

The same style was adopted in the once famous book called *Tom and Jerry, or, Life in London*, which must have a word of notice here, for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

As for *Tom and Jerry*, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and *Life in London*, alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboys' delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack's; or flirting in the saloon at the theatre; at the night-houses, after the play; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at Bob Logic's chambers, where, if we mistake not, "Corinthian Kate" was at a cabinet piano, singing a song; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row, or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging; all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin, but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity which authors and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones? only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the *Tom and Jerry* and the *Life in Paris*, Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called *Points of Humour*. These "Points" were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copper-plates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our parts, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called "The Point of Honour," illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen, into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came; fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls too upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandizes, that jolly miller! rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife! how she pines and frets at that untimely hour of midnight to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock, what agonized face is that we see? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left upstairs his br–, his — psha! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject we come, we regret to state, to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns's famous *Jolly Beggars* have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely "hempen widow," quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Sheppard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation.

My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman;
* * * * * *
And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sweet "raucle carlin," she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady; but being wooed by a tinker and

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trystes and fairs to driddle,

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candour, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life—

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
   A tinker is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
   In this my occupation:
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
   In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
   To go an' clout the cauldron.

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the "sturdy caird" taking "poor gut-scraper" by the beard,—drawing his "roosty rapier," and swearing to "speet him like a pliver" unless he would relinquish the bonnie lassie for ever—

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
  Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
  An' so the quarrel ended.

Hark how the tinker apostrophizes the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself:—

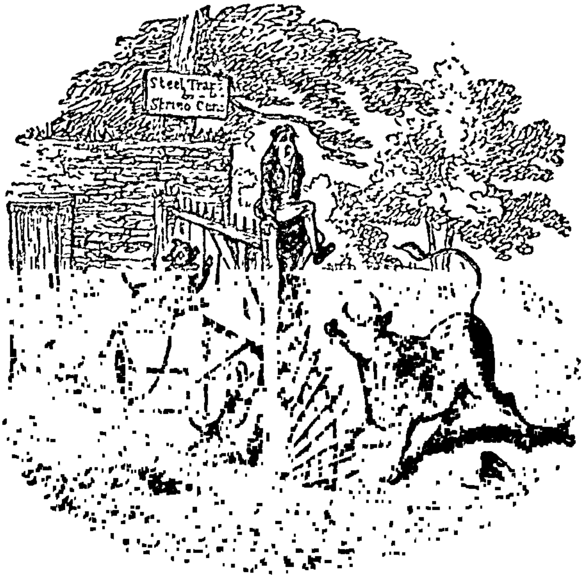
Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
  Wi' a' his noise and caperin',
And take a share with those that bear
  The budget an' the apron!
And by that stoup, my faith an' houpe,
  An' by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
  May I ne'er weet my craigie.

Cruikshank's caird is a noble creature; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

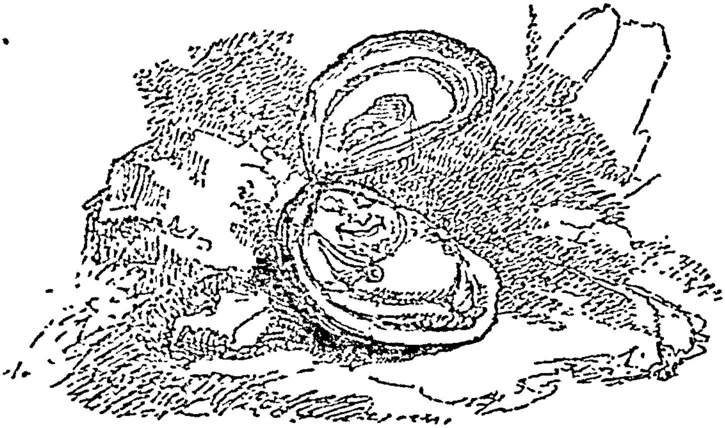
In the second part, the old tale of *The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers* is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in *Peregrine Pickle* are also excellent in their way; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist's mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a market-place in *The Quack Doctor*, are delightful specimens of the artist's skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth, and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth which appears in this number, and should be glad to give a little vignette emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, are making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer; some are bringing pans of hot coals to keep the wounded member warm; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid's chest, staring solemnly into his eyes; a monster, with a pair of drumsticks, is banging a devil's tattoo on his forehead; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.

But, though not able to seize upon all we wish, we have been able to provide a tolerably large Cruikshank gallery for the reader's amusement, and must hasten to show off our wares. Like the worthy who figures below, there is such a choice of pleasures here, that we are puzzled with which to begin.

The Cruikshank collector will recognize this old friend as coming from the late Mr. Clark's excellent work, *Three Courses and a Dessert.* The work was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would enjoin him to have a copy of the *Three Courses,* that contains some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented this wonderful oyster?



Examine him well; his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.



In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order — we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and seize upon our subject when and wherever we can lay hold of him.

For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadles, policemen, tall Life-guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, and the immortal Fagin of *Oliver Twist*. Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall Life-guardsman have something in him essentially absurd? Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder.

We can submit to public notice a complete little gallery of dustmen. Here is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.

What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust—it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours yonder poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted, how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole. What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended on this little block of wood; a large picture might have been painted out of the very same materials, which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustmen we pass to those purely poetical. There are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.

Is there no one to write a sonnet to these?—and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the Waggoner, a character by no means so poetic.

And lastly, we have the dustman in love, the honest fellow is on the spectator's right hand, and having seen a young beauty stepping out of a gin-shop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit.

Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the *Sketch-Book* is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the "Gin Juggernaut," and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster had passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, etc. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called *My Sketch-Book* with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. What points strike his eye as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies, who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen; in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares.

In the *Sunday in London*[1] Monsieur the Chief is instructing a kitchen-maid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other — a pretty scoundrel truly, with what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters, and ogles, and grins; they are all the same, these mounseers; look at those other two fellows — *morbleu!* one is putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan; there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt; and see, just over some other dish of abomination, another dirty rascal is taking snuff! Never mind, the sauce won't be hurt by a few ingredients, more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. See, there is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the beef, he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

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[1] The following lines — ever fresh — by the author of *Headlong Hall*, published years ago in the *Globe and Traveller*, are an excellent comment on several of the cuts from the *Sunday in London*: —

I

The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act,
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

II

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station,
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

III

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

IV

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

V

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

VI

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, "What is Taxes, Thomas?" What is taxes indeed; well may that vast, over-fed, lounging flunky ask the question of his associate Thomas, and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, "I don't know." "*O beati plushicolæ,*" what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the *Sketch-Book* many footmen make their appearance; one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise, but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. There is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves "Miserable sinners!"

Miserable sinners indeed! O what floods of turtle-soup, what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce, must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable. My lady there, with the ermine tippet and dragging feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director? She has been to the Opera over-night (indeed her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Leocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes) — she has been at the Opera over-night, which with a trifle of supper afterwards — a white and brown soup, a lobster salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne — sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half-hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew! — how it is wadded and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books; and what a pious whirring of bible-leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year; and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain.*

Our artist loves to joke at a soldier; in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall life-guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. "Raw Recruit," "ditto dressed," ditto "served up," as we see them in the *Sketch-Book,* are so many satires upon the army: Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or that last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, do not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at, to be sure, but then it is because he is a bad soldier; when he comes to have a huge pair of moustachios and the *croix d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée,* Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe —

we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay. Look at that regiment of heroes "marching to divine service," to the tune of "The British Grenadiers."

There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He has drawn a perfectly English scene — the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting "heads up, soldier," "eyes right, lobster," as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In England, however, see how different the case is: and designedly or undesignedly, the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. Look in the crowd — the only person who admires the soldiers is the poor idiot, whose pocket a rogue is picking. There is another picture, in which the sentiment is much the same, only, as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.

We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. Would any one doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in his Irish group?

Place me amid O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged, royal race of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The pathless wilds of Connemara.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than his second Irish scene, or could Father Matthew have a better text to preach upon?

There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish. We have, besides, a couple of compositions treated in a graver manner, as characteristic too as the other.

And with one more little Hibernian specimen we must bid farewell to Ireland altogether, having many other pictures in our gallery that deserve particular notice; and we give this, not so much for the comical look of poor Teague, who has been pursued and beaten by the witch's stick, but in order to point the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty, fanciful, little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the background.[1]

Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for such homely landscapes, and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old villages, farm-yards, groups of stack, queer chimneys, churches, gable-ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's *John Gilpin* and *Epping Hunt;* for though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically — to use a phrase of the *atelier* — he feels them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master. The illustration on the opposite page is a notable instance.

οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δε καὶ ἵππων: Trees or horse-flesh, which is the worst? it is impossible to say which is the most villainous.

But what then? Suppose yonder horned animal near the postchaise has not a very bovine look, it matters not the least. Can a man be supposed to imitate everything? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. Look at that postillion; the people in the broken-down chaise are roaring after him; he is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy? —

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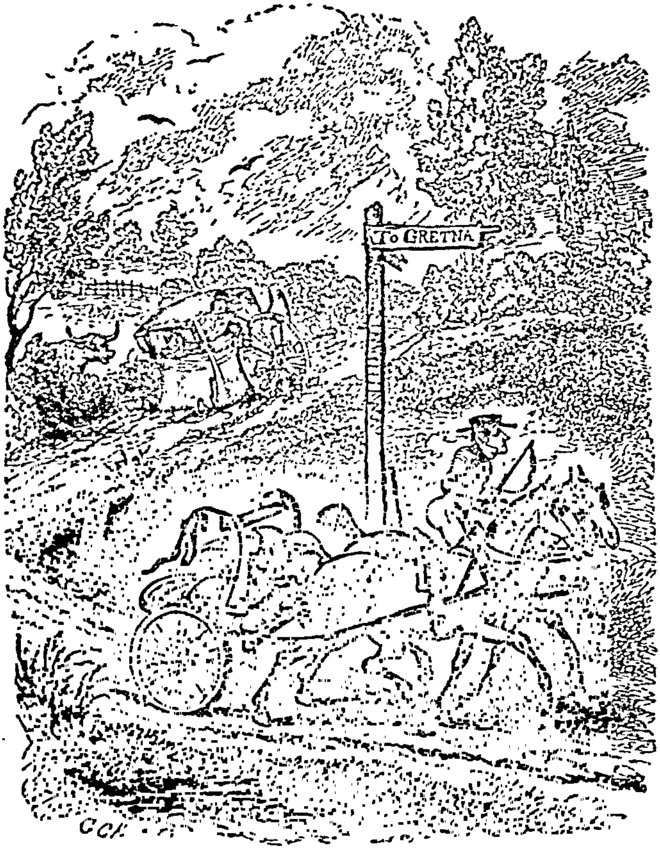
[1] [See illustration on page 67.]

can any person define it satisfactorily in words? — not in pages, and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail. The horses of *John Gilpin* are much more of the equestrian order, and as here the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings in this cut are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.



At Edmonton his loving wife
  From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
  To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!. Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits and we are tired"—
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

The rush, and shouting, and clatter are here excellently depicted by the artist; and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens; each has a different action and is curiously natural.

Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them! It is a comfort to think that wood-cuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had at Mr. Tilt's for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In *The Epping Hunt*, which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident for him; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and a couple of the designs contain great humour. The first represents the cockney hero, who, "like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree."

And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.

The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more; and as the

Quarterly Review recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like manner we should exhort all our friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's designs of *another* interesting race, that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these, we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of *Tom Thumb* and *Bombastes Furioso,* both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The "brave army" of Bombastes exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English radical. And we can well understand the caution of the general, who bids this *soldatesque effrénée* to begone, and not to kick up such a row.

Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough; but we must not venture upon any ill-timed pleasantries in presence of the disturbed King Arthur, and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl,* with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The *Kinder- und Haus-Maerchen* of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece, copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated by the same nation, and even in France, whither reputation travels more slowly than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a couple of lives of Napoleon, and the *Life in Paris* before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland.* Strange, wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject; not so good in our notion as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and the ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in *Peter Schlemihl* where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—" 'Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag.' He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. Done, said I, it is a bargain; you shall have my shadow for your bag. The bargain was concluded: he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done."

This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious, and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden; there is a palace in the background; and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy; there is a sun-dial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand, the old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg;* he is going to fold it back neatly as one does the tails of a coat, and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart, in spite of all his fun and joking.

The German tales we have mentioned before. "The Prince riding on the Fox," "Hans in Luck," "The Fiddler and his Goose," "Heads off," are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory—"*heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?*" There sits the queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairyland. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only designer fairyland has had. Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the "little people." They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the *Seherin* of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts) or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

We have, unfortunately, no fairy portraits in the gallery which we have been enabled to provide for the public; but, on the other hand, can descend lower than fairyland, and have procured some fine specimens of devils. One has already been raised, and the reader has seen him tempting a fat Dutch burgomaster, in ancient gloomy market-place, such as George Cruikshank can draw as well as Mr. Prout, Mr. Nash, or any man living. There is our friend once more; our friend the burgomaster, in a highly excited state, and running as hard as his great legs will carry him, with our mutual enemy at his tail.

What are the bets? Will that long-legged bondholder of a devil come up with the honest Dutchman? It serves him right, why did he put his name to stamped paper? And yet we should not wonder that some lucky chance will turn up in burgomaster's favour, and that his infernal creditor will lose his labour; for one so proverbially cunning as yonder tall individual with the saucer eyes, it must be confessed that he has been very often outwitted.

There is, for instance, the case of "The Gentleman in Black," which has been illustrated by our artist. A young French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming-houses, was one day pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances; and utterly at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, "What the devil shall I do?" He had no sooner spoken, when a Gentleman in Black made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honour to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

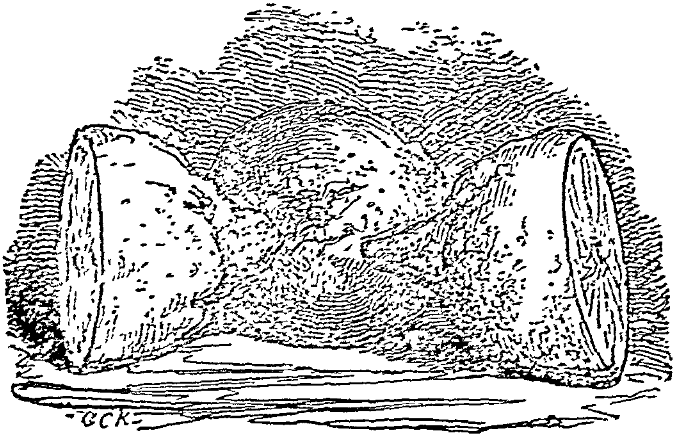
The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both, when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonourable as to seek for every means of breaking through their agreement. The Englishman living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took advice of a Mr. Bagsby, of Lyon's Inn, whose name, as we cannot find it in the "Law List," we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord —— very likely; we shall not give his name, but let every reader of this Review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbours, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honoured name.

Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfilment of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers, to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.

Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

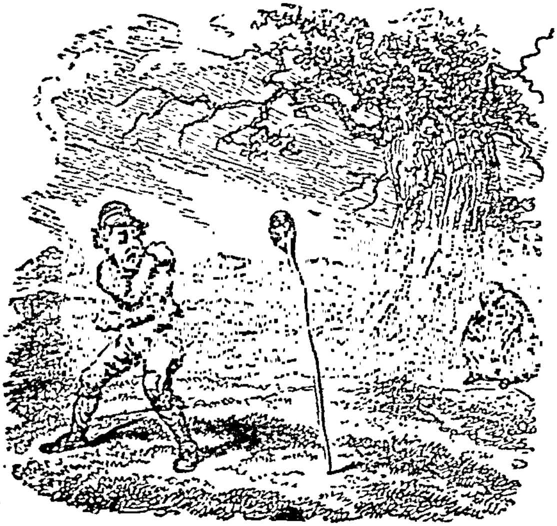
And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance, but the Gentleman in Black was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book of Mr. Daly, of Leicester Square, wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. We have one more diabolical picture in our budget, engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.

We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such arbitary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labour from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing, very luckily for him, as we think, and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draughstman. There is nothing in the least mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by the careful tool of the engraver. Look at these three lovely smiling heads for instance.



Let us examine them, not so much for the jovial humour and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances, as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render; let him go, not a hair's breadth, but the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks, and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little knife round each nor too much nor too little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much; and so well does the engraver succeed at last, that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the wood-cutter had utterly ruined his design.

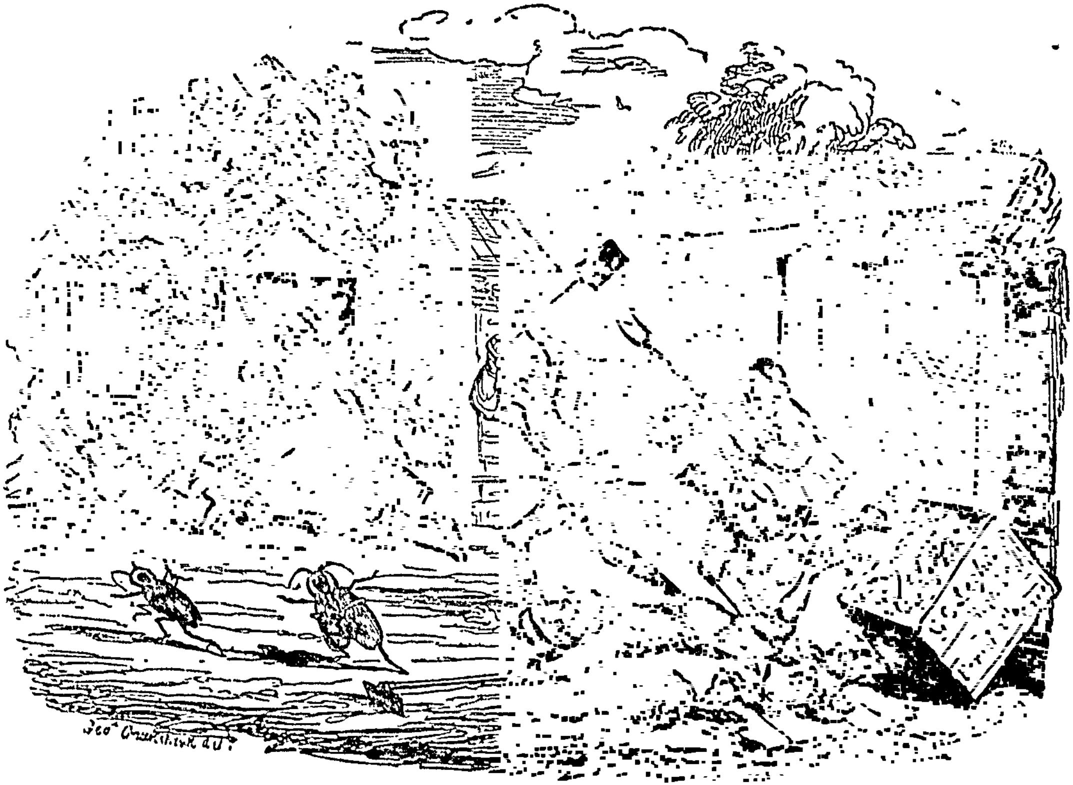
Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank; however, the regulations of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavour to class. Why should the artists who executed the cuts of the admirable "Three Courses" yield the pas to any one? If the reader will look at the above cut, he will agree with us that it is a very brilliant and faithful imitation of the artist's manner, and admire the pretty glimpse of landscape and the manner in which it is rendered; the oyster cut is likewise very delicately engraved, and indeed we should be puzzled, were there no signatures, to assign the prize at all.



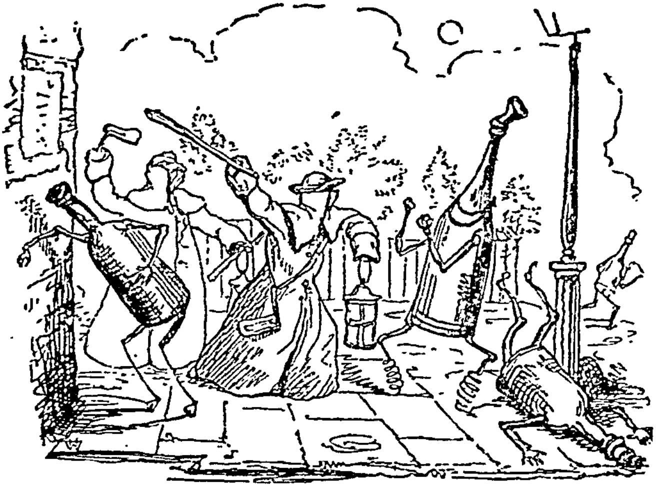
Here, for instance, is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best wood-cut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's peculiar manner: this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted, and from which we have borrowed; but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico, by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman dispatched some extremely choice roots of this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the box being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of the enormous Blatta beetle that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porter's children issued forth in arms, and which the artist has immortalized, as we see.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr. Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character; here is English country character quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout porteress and her children, and of yonder "Chawbacon" with the shovel, on whose face is written "Zummerzetsheer." Is it hypercriticism to say that the gardener on the ground is a Scotchman? there is a well-known Scotch gentleman in London who must surely have stretched for the portrait. Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnon, and is looking about him at raaces.

How distinct is another group of rustics from those whom we have just been examining! They hang about the purlieus of the metropolis; Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood, are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerigging trio,


Geo. Cruikshank del.

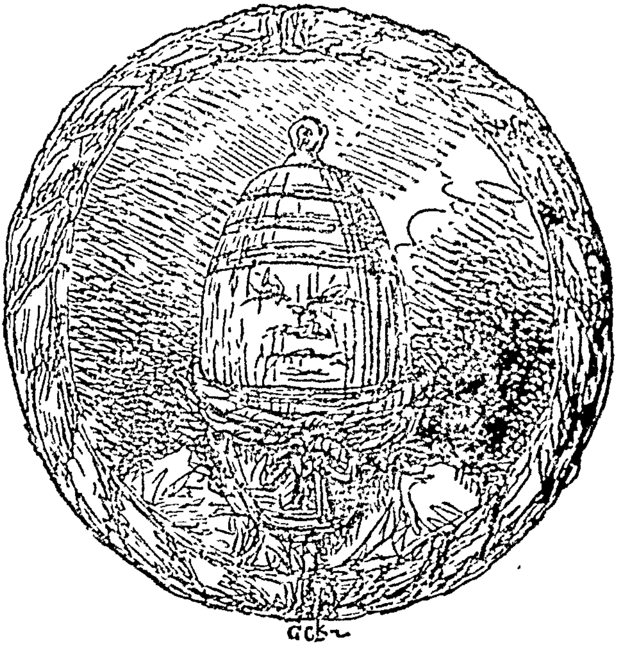
and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerigged hero's hat? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance. Here is another specimen.



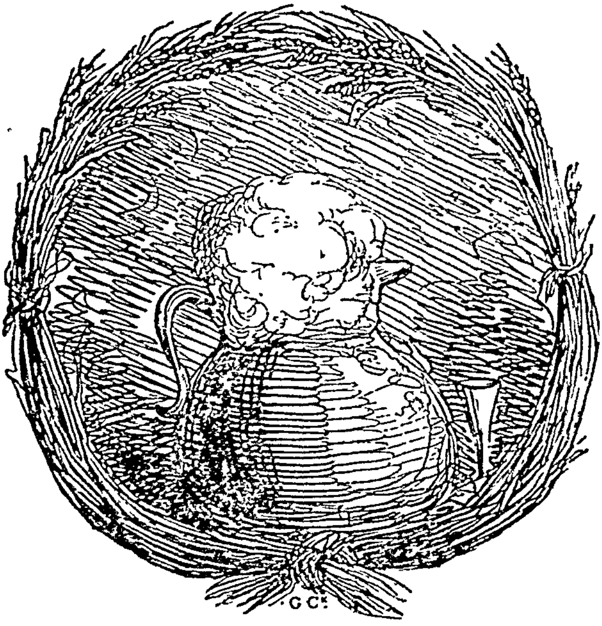
SPIRITS OF WINE.

Is there any need of having a face after this? "Come on," says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear, "come on, has any man a mind to tap me?" Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage; not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver; the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X. is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

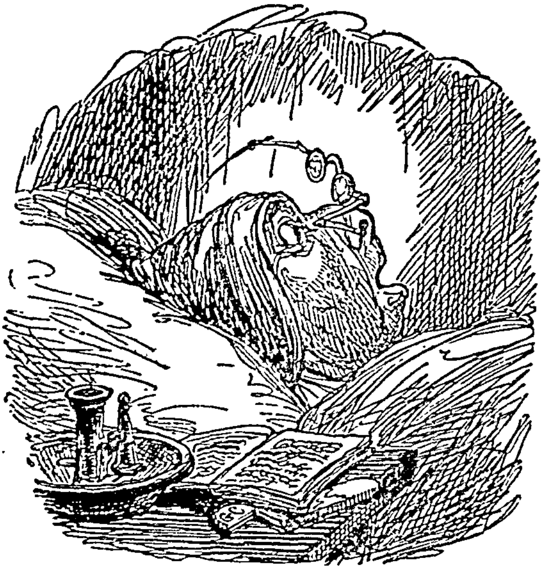
Our artist then can cover up faces, and yet show them quite clearly, as in the thimblerig group; or he can do without faces altogether, as we see above; or he can, at a



pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any given object, as we see here a beautiful Irish physiognomy

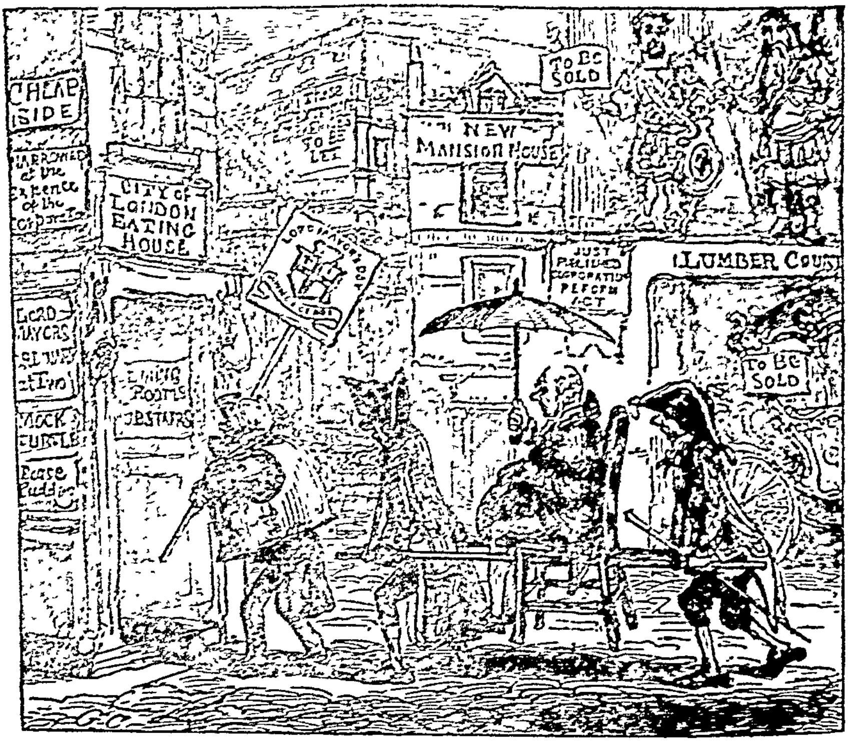


being moulded upon a keg of whiskey; or here, where a jolly English countenance froths out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay). Not to recognize in this fungus the physiognomy of that mushroom peer, Lord ——, would argue oneself unknown. Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as in the case of this vivacious pair of spectacles, that are jockeying the nose of Caddy Cuddle.



Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been, that his plates are now sold by thousands, where they could only be produced by hundreds before. He has made many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own). Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication, the *Comic Almanac*, have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable, that the *Almanac* at once became a vast favourite with the public, and has so remained ever since.

Besides the twelve plates, this *Almanac* contains a prophetic wood-cut, accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other Almanacs. Here is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the Reform of Municipal Corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at hand. See his lordship here, he is meekly going to dine at an eight-penny ordinary,—his giants in pawn, his men in armour dwindled to "one poor knight," his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen vanished, his sheriffs, alas! and alas! in gaol! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet. Behold John Bull asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon, Speculation, blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him.


CHEAPSIDE
CITY OF LONDON EATING HOUSE
TO LET
TO BE SOLD
NEW MANSION HOUSE
JUST PUBLISHED CORPORATION REFORM ACT
LUMBER COU
TO BE SOLD
LORD MAYORS
DINING ROOMS UPSTAIRS
MOCK TURTLE
Pease Pudding
G.C.

Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money, and all; the rats are at his corn-bags (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare), his faithful dog is bolting his leg of mutton, nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle, and there, by way of moral, is his ale-pot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, O Bull, all this is froth, and a cruel satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow the pun of "learned Doctor Gill"; but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so, that it is hard to part us, and we still fondly endeavour to hold on, but this wild word, farewell, must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so good-bye, brave wood-cuts: we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last of our collection. A word or two more have we to say, but no more pretty pictures,—take your last look of the wood-cuts then, for not one more will appear after this page,—not one more with which the pleased traveller may comfort his eye—a smiling oasis in a desert of text. What could we have done without these excellent merry pictures? Reader and reviewer would have been tired of listening long since and would have been comfortably asleep.

In the earlier numbers of the *Comic Almanac* all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down; and if during the last two years the mysterious personage who, under the title of "Rigdum Funnidos," compiles this ephemeris, has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloud land of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the Almanac for 1839,[1] had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter. The publishers have allowed us to give a reprint of that admirable design before mentioned, in which Master Stubbs is represented under the school-pump, to which place of punishment his associates have brought him. In the following naïve way the worthy gentleman describes his own mishap:—

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[1] *Stubbs's Calendar; or, The Fatal Boots* [by W. M. Thackeray], appeared in the *Comic Almanac* for 1839, with illustrations by George Cruikshank.

"This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied. I wanted *a pair of boots.* Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

"But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

"There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in our town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London. I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

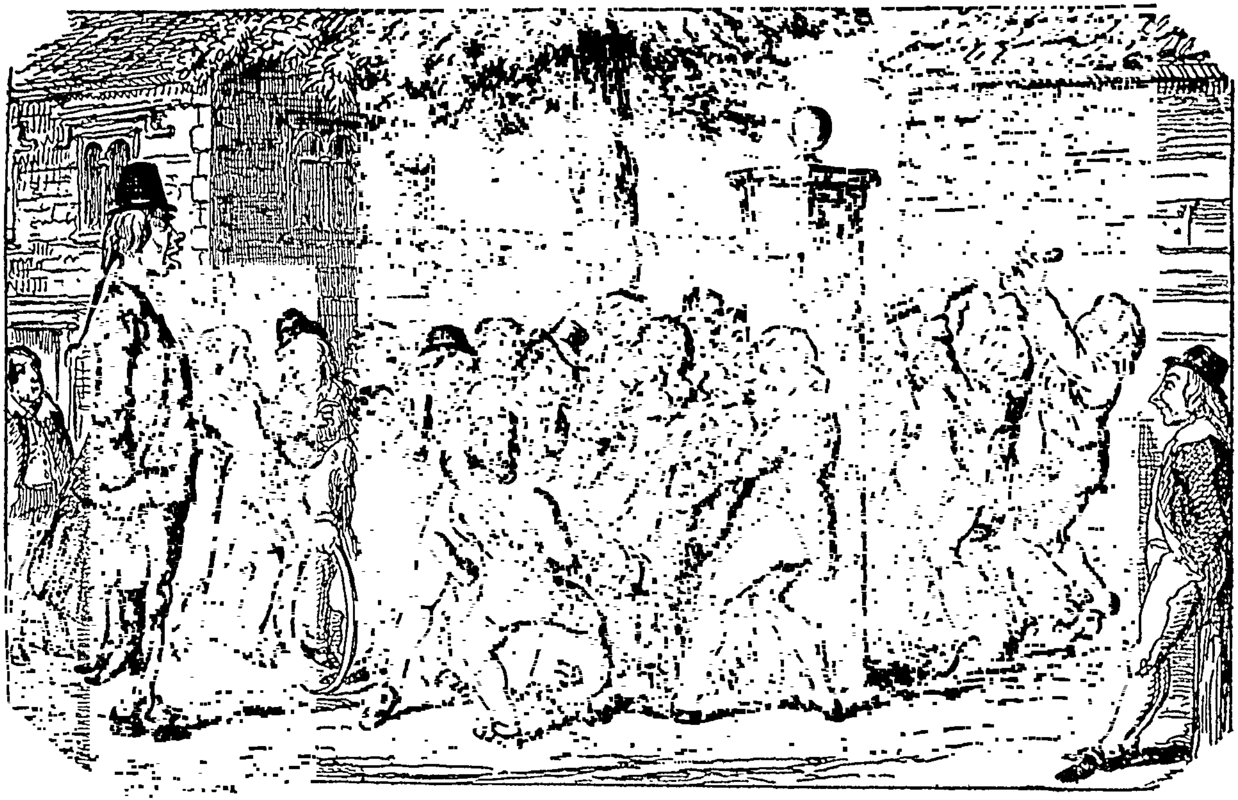
"So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"'You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop-boots,' said the shoemaker.

"'I suppose, fellow,' says I, 'that is my business and not yours. Either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully!' and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

"They had the desired effect. 'Stay, sir,' says he. 'I have a nice littel pair of dop-boots dat I tink will jost do for you.' And he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. 'Dey were made,' said he, 'for de Honourable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.'

"'Ah, indeed!' said I. 'Stiffney is a relation of mine. And what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?' He replied, 'Three pounds.'



MARCH — SHOWERY.

"'Well,' said I, 'they are confoundedly dear, but as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see.' The man looked alarmed, and began a speech: 'Sare, — I cannot let dem go vidout——' but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—'Sir! don't sir me. Take off the boots, fellow, and, harkye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say Sir.'

"'A hundert tousand pardons, my Lort,' says he; 'if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?'

"'Name?—Oh! why, LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure,' said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"'And vat shall I do vid my Lort's shoes?'

"'Keep them until I send for them,' said I. And giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

* * * * * * *

"This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

"Well, one fatal Monday morning, — the blackest of all black Mondays that ever I knew, — as we were all of us playing between school-hours, I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us. A sudden trembling seized me — I knew it was Stiffelkind. What had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry. So I rushed into the schoolroom, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

"'I vant Lort Cornvallis,' said the horrid bootmaker. 'His Lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church yesterday.'

"'Lord who?'

"'Vy, Lort Cornvallis, to be sure—a very fat young nobleman, vid red hair: he squints a little, and svears dreadfully.'

"'There's no Lord Cornwallis here,' said one; and there was a pause.

"'Stop! I have it,' says that odious Bunting. '*It must* *be Stubbs!'* And 'Stubbs! Stubbs!' every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

"At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the schoolroom, and seizing each an arm, ran me into the playground —bolt up against the shoemaker.

"'Dis is my man — I beg your Lortship's pardon,' says he, 'I have brought your Lortship's shoes, vich you left. See, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots.'

"'Shoes, fellow!' says I, 'I never saw your face before' — for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. 'Upon the honour of a gentleman!' said I, turning round to the boys. They hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind and drubbed him soundly.

"'Stop!' says Bunting (hang him!). 'Let's see the shoes. If they fit him, why, then, the cobbler's right.' They did fit me; and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"'Vat!' said Stiffelkind. 'Is he not a lort? So help me Himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper.' And then, gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse at me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"'It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir,' said the boys, 'battling with his shoemaker about the price of a pair of top-boots.'

"'Oh, sir,' said I, 'it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis.'

"'In fun! Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill.' My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. 'Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots — four guineas.'

"'You have been fool enough, sir,' says the doctor, looking very stern, 'to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir! I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home: you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys.'

"'*Suppose we duck him* before he goes!' piped out a very small voice. The doctor grinned significantly, and left the schoolroom; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the playground pump: they pumped upon me until I was half dead; and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted."

If the pictures which we are enabled to give at the conclusion of this notice[1] are not quite so brilliant and clear as they were on the first appearance in the *Almanac*, the critic must be pleased to remember that we have been compelled to transfer to stone, having no other means of adapting them to the size of this review. When we recollect, too, that twenty thousand impressions were previously taken from the steels, the public will not be disposed to judge of the engravings in their present condition, but will see what they must have been when first they issued from the hands of the artist.[2] One or two have withstood the transfer operation very well, especially the pleasant plate of "beating the bounds" (how kindly and good-humoured it is!) and the "scene in court," from last year's *Almanac*, in which the celebrated Mr. Mulligan appears in the act of addressing the bench in favour of his client, the famous Tuggeridge Coxe Tuggeridge.

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[1] [Referring to cuts which accompanied first appearance of essay.]

[2] Apropos of the "Holiday at the Public Offices" — (a delightful picture of real life) — we are reminded of the diary kept by a certain clerk in a certain public office eastward of Cornhill, whose daily duties began with a good breakfast provided for him whilst the monopoly of the China trade lasted.

From 10 till 11 — ate a breakfast for seven,
From 11 till noon, — to begin, 'twas too soon.
From 12 to 1 — asked what's to be done?
From 1 till 2 — found nothing to do.
From 2 till 3 — began to foresee
That from 3 till 4 would be a great bore.

"Standing here (says the orator), on the pedestal of secred Themis (we follow the peculiar mode of spelling that is adopted in the *Almanac*), seeing around me the ornyments of a profission I rispect, a vinnerable judge, an enlightened jury—the netion's glory, the counthry's cheap defendther, the poor man's priceless palladium, how must I thremble, my Lard, how must the blush of modesty befew my cheeks (somebody in court made an allusion to cheeks in the court, which caused a dreadful roar of laughter, and when order was established Mr. Mulligan continued): My Lard, I heed them not, I come from a counthry accustomed to opprission, and as that counthry, yes, my Lard, that Ireland (do not laugh, I am proud of it) is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, lovely, and beautiful; in like manner my client's cause will rise superior to the malignant imbecility, I repeat, me Lard, the MALIGNANT IMBECILITY of those who would thrample it down, and in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my counthry's, aye, and in my own, I with folded arrums hurl a scornful and eternal defiance!"

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the *Illustrations of Time*, the *Scraps and Sketches*, and the *Illustrations of Phrenology*, which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's publications, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his designs into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humour which the artist can produce by a few skilful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the *Illustrations of Time* appeared some dozen years since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the conductors have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of humour and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humour is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the *Greenwich Hospital* designs, which must not be passed over. *Greenwich Hospital* is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars, in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnacling, and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman, as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good-will. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson, in *The Family Library,* and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgment of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular, Lockhart's excellent *Life of Napoleon.* Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine; the Mamlouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to *The Family Library* seem suddenly to have ceased; the work, which was then the property of Mr. Murray, has since that period passed into the hands of Mr. Tegg, whose shop seems to be the bourne to which most books travel—the fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave. Mr. Tegg, like death, will never give up his prey. We implored of him a loan of the precious wood-blocks that are buried in his warehouses; but no, Tegg was inexorable, and such of Mr. Cruikshank's charming little children as have found their way to him, have not been permitted to take a holiday with many of their brethren whose guardians are not so severe.

Let us offer our thanks to Messrs. Whitehead, Tilt, Robins, Darton and Clark, Thomas and Daly, proprietors of the Cruikshank cuts, who have lent us of their store. Only one man has imitated Mr. Tegg, and he, we are sorry to say, is no other than George Cruikshank himself, who, although besought by humble ambassadors, pestered by printers'-devils and penny post letters, did resolutely refuse to have any share in the blowing of his own trumpet, and showed our messengers to the door.

Our stock of plate has also been increased by the kindness of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who have lent us some of the designs for the Boz sketches, not the worst among Mr. Dickens's books, as we think, and containing some of the best of Mr. Cruikshank's designs.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist who has given us the portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the Jew, and Bumble, and the heroes and heroines of the Boz sketches, become personal acquaintances with each of us. O that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way! and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams, and Squire Allworthy, and the great Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the modern romance of *Jack Sheppard*, in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for a while, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down — let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale? George Cruikshank's pictures — always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance; all the author's laboured description of that event has passed clean away — we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank. The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has; how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

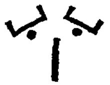
The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames; "the ripple of the water," "the darkling current," "the indistinctively seen craft," "the solemn shadows," and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed, "with not unskilful rhetoric," in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description. "As Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething, like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand. . . . The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled*," etc., etc. See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the *Jack Sheppard* plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1. "Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard." A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman is not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the numbers of accessories which the engraver has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of "Wild discovering Darrell in the loft" is admirable—ghastly, terrible, and the treatment of it extraordinarily skilful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams, are excellently felt and rendered, and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skilful hand and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds, and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain, before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of "Jack carving the name on the beam," which has been transferred to half the play-bills in town, is overloaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last-named engraving and do not injure the effect of the principal figure.

Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of form which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table, away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hampers. The glue-pot, the mallet, the chisel-handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously perhaps to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate, where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the βαθυκόλποι, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cosy air, which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all the particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no favourite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously.



This figure, borrowed from the compositor's desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

The "Interior of Willesden Church" is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups well arranged, and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking round alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so "Mrs. Sheppard ill in bed," whose face is screwed up to an expression vastly too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen through the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical; it is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they are the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and are always appropriate and welcome. The boozing ken is not to our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified eyebrows again. Why this exaggeration—is it necessary for the public? We think not, or if they require such excitement, let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them better things.[1]

The "Escape from Willesden cage" is excellent, the "Burglary in Wood's house" has not less merit; "Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam," a ghastly picture, indeed, is finely conceived, but not, as we fancy, so carefully executed; it would be better for a little more careful drawing in the female figure.

"Jack sitting for his picture" is a very pleasing group, and savours of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced in the company. The "Murder of Trenchard" must be noticed too as remarkable for the effect of a terrible vigour which the artist has given to the scene. The "Willesden Churchyard" has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the little vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate.

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[1] A gentleman (whose wit is so celebrated that one should be very cautious in repeating his stories) gave the writer a good illustration of the philosophy of exaggeration. Mr. —— was once behind the scenes at the Opera when the scene-shifters were preparing for the ballet. Flora was to sleep under a bush, whereon were growing a number of roses, and amidst which was fluttering a gay covey of butterflies. In size the roses exceeded the most expansive sunflowers, and the butterflies were as large as cocked-hats;—the scene-shifter explained to Mr. ——, who asked the reason why everything was so magnified, that the galleries could never see the objects unless they were enormously exaggerated. How many of our writers and designers work for the galleries?

Here, too, much anatomical care of drawing is not required; the figures are so small that the outline and attitude need only to be indicated, and the designer has produced a series of figures quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are no less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshank (let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure). Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening "the door between the red room and the chapel." What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding tight his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating! If any one were there! but no! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him — woe to him who should — and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads, up he goes, it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone — *abiit, evasit, erupit.* Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention *Oliver Twist*, and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.[1] The sausage scene at Fagin's. Nancy seizing the boy; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview; Sikes's farewell to the dog; and the Jew — the dreadful Jew — that Cruikshank drew! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sikes and the dog! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than diminish the effect of the picture: it has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look; we fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sikes, when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say nothing of it—what can we say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thoughts, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete, that he afterwards can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

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[1] Or his new work, *The Tower of London*, which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

A great deal of this random work of course every artist has done in his time, many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellencies, hap-hazard, which gain for them reputation; but a fine quality in Mr. Cruikshank, the quality of his success, as we have said before, is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low, the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy, fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature; but there is something fine in this too; it is good that he should fail; that he should have these honest naïve notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea-party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society—you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing-room like a lady's little spaniel.

If then, in the course of his life and business, he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his works rather cheap; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge;—they would have something vastly more neat, regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band most likely but can paint an academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters and tell us who are they? How many among these men are poets, makers, possessing the faculty to create, the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are, count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine-and-twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him! As a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day, we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter's thin pinchbeck, who can live comfortably for six weeks, when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hair-dresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived; time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas — a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present bring him twenty times the sum, but whether it be ill paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new; some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world "Make us laugh, or you starve — Give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old and are hungry." And all this has he been obliged to do — to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill-health or depression — to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done and done well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush; how little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting-post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual, whom he considers a humble scraper on steel, that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him; they have come one by one, one driving out the memory of the other; it is only when we come to examine them altogether as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him[1] —a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them), that we feel what we owe him. Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humorist. Look at all, his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression; as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.

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[1] The long list of Mr. Cruikshank's works which heads this article is, we fear, far from complete, though we have tried hard to make it so.

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY.[1]

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

MY DEAR YORKE,

Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon?—that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat; knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines must dine well? Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy, even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to balk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud singing, "*Suoni la tromba intrepida,*" each clutching the other's hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to "*gridando liberta.*"—But I am wandering from the point; the address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this:

"Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents, — not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country, your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed, you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts, without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. You are a devilish bad painter, sir; but never mind, Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend, Lady Morgan, calls them (Sir Charles returned thanks), are a wretched artist; but a tolerable critic — nay, a good critic — nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic, in matters of art that is to be found in her majesty's dominions. And, therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John O'Groat's or Land's End, — I forget which, — therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1840.]

"Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity."

I here got up; and, laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said, "Sir, I ——"

"Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet! Waiter! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese. —

To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent public of Great Britain! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly,—how foully, basely, meanly—how, in a word, with-every-deteriorating-adverb that ends in *ly*—in *ly*, gentlemen (here Mr. Yorke looked round, and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low, faint laugh)—you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men? Are they educated to be painters?—No! Have they a taste for painting?—No! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity. And, alas! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

"But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavour to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture-galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate; don't philosophize, or define, or talk big, for I will cut out every line of such stuff, but speak in a simple, natural way,—without fear, and without favour.

"Mark that latter word 'favour' well; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favour, sir, is the curse of the critical trade; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaraderie and* partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull—dull and loud; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill drawn, well or ill painted; they must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool colour, keeping, chiaroscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters' Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

"You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the Star newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier:* all Blank's opinions he utters — utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how 'Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation;' 'Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases;' 'Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag;' 'His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity, and high chivalric grace!' As for Asterisk, you are told, 'Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures — pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so?'"

(Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of burgundy, however, and continued.)

"But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man (loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause). You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; as far as you, a fallible creature (cries of 'No, no!') know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy — and you have hundreds — praise it."

"I will," gasped I.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor — cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon-companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private!"

"Mr. Yorke," said I, clenching my fists and starting up, "this passes endurance, were you not intox —;" but two waiters here seized and held me down, luckily for you.

"Peace, Titmarsh (said you); 'twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say; and if you write a decent article on the Exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble; and, in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture-galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings. Five Exhibitions, five shillings; catalogues, four. You will have twelve pence for yourself, to take refreshments in the intervals."

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

"Mr. Fraser," said you, "give the fellow half a sovereign; and, for Heaven's sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking!"

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the Exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labours will be found in the accompanying report. I have the honour, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion, Sir,
Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

MORELAND'S COFFEE-HOUSE,
DEAN STREET, SOHO.

ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α′.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Had the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the Exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the queen comes (Heaven bless her majesty!) attended by her courtiers and train; and deigns, with royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by her majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. "That, may it please your majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir Francis Wilkie: deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figure-head of one of your majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your majesty's royal consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honour to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this Academy—ha, ha! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of Havadavats. Please your royal highness to look at the bit of biscuit; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair maid of honour, look at that lump of sugar; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost elevenpence a pound?

Isn't it sweet? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your ladyship's lovely face!"

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland president discoursing. The queen should make august replies; the lovely, smiling maids of honour should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hung certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire); the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome, gallant gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark mustache that adorns his comely lip, and say, "*Potztausend!* but dat bigure of First loaf by Herr von Mulready *ist wunderschön!*" and courtly chamberlains, prim gold-sticks, and sly polonaises of the court, should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly, neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by her majesty on the spot. As thus:—"The royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dunsinane. 'Gory shadow of Banquo,' said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, 'how hideous thou art!' 'Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!' replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. 'By my halidome!' whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melborough—'by cock and pie, sir count, but it seems me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!' 'And a marvellous unkempt beard,' answered the earl; 'and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear.' 'Hoot awa, mon!' cried an old Scots general, 'but the chield Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation) knew hoo to wield a gude claymore!' 'His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!' whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy; who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival:

"'My lord of Wellington,' said her majesty, 'lend me your sword.' The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre, — that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajoz, in the mighty and supreme combat of Waterloo! A tear stood in the hero's eye as he fell on his gartered knee; and, holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. 'Take it, madam,' said he; 'sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel — 'tis the blood of the enemies of my country!' The queen took it; and, as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked, that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. 'Where is Mr. Maclise?' said her majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. 'Kneel! kneel!' whispered fifty voices; and frightened, he did as they ordered him. 'Sure she's not going to cut my head off?' he cried to the good knights Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. 'Your name, sir?' said the Ladye of England. 'Sure you know it's Maclise!' cried the son of Erin. 'Your Christian name?' shrieked Sir Martin Shee, in agony. 'Christian name, is it? Oh, then it's Daniel Malcolm, your majesty, and much at your service!' She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, 'Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!'

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"The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortège* moved away, the royal caroches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, '*Largesse, Largesse!*' and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square; and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments."

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic, did we dare to be imaginative, such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but, as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write anything of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that, on the Friday, her majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages; the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and, after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet let us say roundly that *Messieurs de l'Académie* are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and, though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit, cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return; a good joke is worth a plate full of turtle; a smart, brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slive of venison, with plenty of fat and curranty jelly, and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

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Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly; but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine: there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull, awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

"*La chasseresse*
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal"[1]—

may run from this till doomsday; and we feel no desire to join the cold, passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy; they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art!

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Medicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A.! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctius, Esquire, of Urbino, he being a young man,—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it — a tender, yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world) breathes always peace on earth and good-will towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

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[1] Alfred de Musset.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that brings us "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears") — in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were little faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil — small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated; but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces: and there were many little sketches, not half an inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth; and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition which, as I have been endeavouring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it; and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is the first; this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and colour to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether; only if, after reading Burke *On the Sublime*, you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful—it is certainly not more dexterous—than a landscape by Mr. —— or Mr. ——. I cannot tell why Raphael should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt); or why Vedrai Carino, in *Don Juan*, should be more charming to me than "*Suoni la tromba*," before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting, and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dulness and nonsense); but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And, besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath-hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject—hardly any subject at all; but such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all, whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls "The Salutation of the Aged Friar," brings the spectator to a delightful peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this:—A group of innocent, happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces—the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in the "Christ and the Little Children" by the same artist last year—the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another; the drawing lacks vigour, the flesh-tints variety (they seem to be produced, by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgment, there are in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or making her: indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollections of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly German and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls "solemn mirth," and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be coloured accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture-galleries. The colour adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid, pious companions for a man's study, that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection; and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to shew his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake, a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury, whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The picture was engraved afterwards in one of the Annuals; and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait; the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in colour. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honour, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the Exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first

("Fair Time," 116) was painted, it is said, more than a score of years since; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (O for the Wilkie style of that day!), having many greys, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favourite lurid orange-colour; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange colour?—these glowing, burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton. But don't fancy that we are joking or about to joke at Mr. Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colours are wonderfully captivating to the eye; and, amidst a host of pictures, it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But, for consistency's sake, a protest must be put in against the colour; it is pleasant, but wrong; we never saw it in nature—not even when looking through an orange-coloured glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of "First Love"; and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find anything more exquisitely beautiful? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *sapristi,* how beautiful she will be about three years hence!), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying; nor, if I could hear, would I tell—'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, "Oh, Mr. Titmarsh, how can you?"

Be not afraid, madam — never, never will I peach; but sing, in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons —

> "*Est et fideli tuta silentio*
> *Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum*
> *Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem*
> *Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum*
> *Solvat phaselum.*"

Which may be interpreted (with the slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess) —

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee;
Remember that the silent lip
In silence shall rewarded be.
And fly the wretch who dares to strip
Love of its sacred mystery.
My loyal legs I would not stretch
Beneath the same mahogany;
Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
In punt or skiff, with such as he.
The villain who would kiss and peach,
I hold him for mine enemy!

But, to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the postage cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? *The Times* says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of *The Weekly Dispatch* vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive and smarting under the insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger—no good opportunity here for you to shew off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know anything of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian, in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much-bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece—*pas si bête.* The "triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves," as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, nowadays; but what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum:* though all the world shall turn on thee, O government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee—ay, and without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby absolutely insists—but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels!) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically sketched; those elephants I am sure were closely studied, before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it? He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labour; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving — of outline wood-engraving — and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man "with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope;" which remark, for its profound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied. For shame, gentlemen! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourselves in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese? Try, tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou choosest to practise; or be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown, of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted, the writer of *The Double-Gloster Journal, The Stilton Examiner, The Cheddar Champion, and North Wiltshire Intelligencer,* may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country — Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school: it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic!

This artist's picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated colour, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear bright manner of Van Dyck and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond's picture of "Our Lord after the Resurrection" deserves a much better place than it has in the little, dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet; and leaves us to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-colour portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raphael, and the more is the pity: a man who could execute two such grand figures as the other two in the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water-colour group, by the same artist (547. "The Children of Colonel Lindsay"), contains two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and colour, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighbourhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman, however; his drawings are miracles of dexterity; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lap-dogs, were never painted before,—not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*,—and Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour and charming freedom of handling; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures, we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful "Hope," which is exquisitely refined and delicate in sentiment, colour, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of colour, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side—

Der Turner *furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein*
Der Boxall *süss und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein.*

Which signifies in English, that

As beams the moon so gentle near the sun, that blood-red burner,
So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallord Turner.

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colours, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. "Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength;" and "Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man." The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece: it is a very meritorious performance; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This "Crucifixion" has a great deal of vigour, feeling, grace; BUT,—the but is fatal; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion; that he is mortal; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I dare say, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the "Hallelujah" chorus; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures; in the present Exhibition is a decently small one; but the artist has over-stretched himself in the former attempts; as one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller; but he can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of "The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket," for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself.

Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least, "*Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum,*" as the proverb says; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world besides, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume, nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynn is painted with admirable effect, and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in colour, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined, — for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, and had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great; every one of the accessories is curiously well painted, —some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume picture, of a rather old subject, from *The Rambler*. A poor girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the new-comer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming; Mrs. Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes; the servants are very good; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good-painted, with a daguerreotypical minuteness, that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of "Paracelsus" a finnikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment; and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan, representing "The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh," which runs a little into caricature, but contains a vast deal of character and merit; and which, above all, in the article of costume, shews much study and taste, Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr. Wilkie — I beg his pardon — Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter's maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the gun, any one may see habited as Irish peasants superintending "A Whisky Still," in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, any one may see and admire who pleases; to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course; for how can Sir David help to paint fine things? In the "Benvenuto" there is superb colour, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. "Mrs. Ferguson of Raith," a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful; and the nobleman and hounds (with the exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe) as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant quaint lines, —

Last morning I was gay, and early out;
Upon a dyke I leaned, glow'ring about.
I saw my Meg come linken o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me.

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar, — "The Recruit" and "Herman and Dorothea," by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and beautiful. There is among the present exhibitioners no lack of this kind of talent; and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone's "Annot Lyle" should not be passed over, — a pretty picture, very well painted; the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigour, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's "Andromeda" and "Venus." In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect miracle of colour. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well: but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It is said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures: they could not do better in England than follow the example; but perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only,* — for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily drawn, graceful, nude figure is "Bathsheba," by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honour of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures, — why, as for his pictures, madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine; for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. "Macbeth" is not to be hurried off under six pages; and, for this June number, Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms: it is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgments concerning them; the enthusiastic wonder of the first-named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. "The new moon; or, I've lost my boat; you shan't have your hoop," is the ingenious title of one, — a very beautiful picture, too, of a long shining sea-sand, lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket — the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallord Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. The S——'s Nest. S. Ward, R.A.

Say they that happiness lives with the great,
On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state?
More frequent found upon the simple plain,
In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane;
In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest.

Ay, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line, too,

On gorgeous trappings *mixt* with pomp and state,

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow-academician.

230. "Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhon coming on." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay!
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying, — ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope,
Where is thy market now?

MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Fallacies of Hope, indeed: to a pretty mart has she brought her pigs! How should Hope be hooked on to the slaver? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it.

As for the picture, the R.A.'s rays are indeed terrific; and the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremendous piece of colour that ever was seen; it sets the corner of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture sublime or ridiculous? Indeed I don't know which. Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas; flakes of white laid on with a trowel; bladders of vermilion madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple, into which chocolate-coloured slaves are plunged, and chains that will not sink; and round these are floundering such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *sæculum Pyrrhæ;* gasping dolphins redder than the reddest herrings; horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods, what a "middle passage!" How Mr. Fowell Buxton must shudder! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall? If Wilberforce's statue downstairs were to be confronted with this picture, the stony old gentleman would spring off his chair, and fly away in terror!

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, has evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face, as he lolls over his greasy ledger, and makes his calculations. A number of his crew are about him; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing, just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro; one connoisseur is handling his chest, to try his wind; another has opened his mouth, and examines his teeth, to know his age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen. Her shoulder is fizzing under the hot iron with which he brands her; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient; it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw anything so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons: it must convert every man who has seen it. You British government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery; it is as good as the best of them. Or, there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India; let the right honourable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honourable sir; give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life; and don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puissance*,—from Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's! how each great man can excite us at his will! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it! Look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your "eyes on fire," drunken with the luscious colours that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the sight of the beautiful syrens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too) and plunge into a green, shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine; or you set the world — nay, the Thames and the ocean — on fire with that incendiary Turner; or you laugh with honest, kind-hearted Webster, and his troops of merry children; or you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks; or you go and consult the priests of the place, Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like, and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy, — happy, thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious, — sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them!

It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled, had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the Clarendon is an absurd fiction; no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them, were it not so late in the month. — O. Y.

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY: CONCLUDED.[1]

And Followed by a Remarkable Statement of Facts by Mrs. Barbara.

And now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy exhibition; and to criticise such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say; and as *The Observer* newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers, — as, I say, *The Observer* newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates have been induced so to reform in consequence of *The Observer's* particular suggestion; in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced, that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of *The Observer*, then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures, let us dismiss the scene from *Gil Blas* at once. Coming from a second-rate man, it would be well enough: it is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed, and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic; but the soul of fun is wanting, as *I take it,—the merry, brisk, good-humoured* spirit which in Le Sage's text so charms the reader.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1840.]

"Olivia and Malvolio" is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender, languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long clipped alleys and quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and colour is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds, and a tree above Olivia's head of which every leaf is painted, and painted with such skill, as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerreotypic eye, and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens,—well arranged as a picture, good in colour, and light, and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens: the artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head, he would, no doubt, interpret every tone and wrinkle in it: the nose firm, and well placed; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz! reign over thy comic kingdom; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees, and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behoves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of "Macbeth," which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of "Macbeth" has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused: only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it, — not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist hath accused John Dennis of madness, for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no; Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order: the "Malvolio" is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant, melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbema or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet-scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage, it has always seemed to us to fail; and though out of a trap-door in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly, — his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck; though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet, ghostlike manner; yet, strange to say, neither this scene, nor this great actor, has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

Len. May it please your highness, sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*]
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, arise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!—Behold!—Look!—Lo! How say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
[*Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What! Quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends:
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine — fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
[*Ghost rises.*
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless — thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, —
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so; being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state, fierce stalwart men in steel; the variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas will be understood and admired by the public, but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things, which seem so easy, which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armour of one of them! The effect, as far as we know, is entirely new; the figures drawn with exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state-chair: the science, workmanship, feeling, in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right, with looks of stern doubt and wonder, are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please; nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks, and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it, and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene: there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*,—not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

> Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with.

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete—an actual visible body, with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object,—granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakespeare painted all these; with what careful thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made!

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition; for, alas! the "Milton and his Daughters" of Sir Augustus Calcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is by no means one of the best; and one may regret that this most *spirituel* of landscape-painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of "Benvenuto Cellini showing a Trinket to a Lady." A subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement, painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair, by a table, on which is a very neat, regular table-cloth, drawn at right angles with the picture-frame; parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, secrétaire, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly; and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, looking—as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture, the colour and workmanship is very pretty; but was there ever such a niminypiminy subject treated in such a niminypiminy way? We can remember this gentleman's picture of "Margaret at the Spinning-wheel," last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lauder has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Walter Scott, "The Glee-Maiden"; and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this Magazine as the author of the picture "The Sinking of the Vengeur"), is fine in effect and composition.

If Mr. Herbert's picture of "Travellers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate" has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures; and though lost here, amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's "Punch," before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful, the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philoprogenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in *The Westminster Review*[1]); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so one day or the other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine and innocent playful good-humour: all Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the very youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be in time for the show; Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; potboy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air;

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[1] [An amusing reference to Thackeray's own article. See page 31.]

in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nursery-maids, school-boys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way: indeed, a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant, of a lady with a scarf of a greenish colour. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor is the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive anything much worse than that portrait of him in which Col. Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet waistcoat, offering to his grace certain despatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby the cigarist, an orange, a pineapple, a champagne-cork, a little dog, some decanters, and a yellow bandanna, — all which personages appear to be so excessively important, that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial, the accessories are so numerous, and so brilliantly coloured, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the colonel and his grace; which, it is to be presumed, are the main oojects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived, — for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in boots, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey carpets, arm-chairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie, — the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle; but are made to tell the story of the piece, and indicate the character of the dignified personage who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the learned lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like? This is a query which we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant, well-painted portraits; and Mr. Patten a long full-length of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good downright honest *bourgeois* picture, as we fancy; or, as a facetious friend remarked, good plain *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite — that of her majesty, it is a sheer libel upon that pretty gracious countenance, an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York gaol. Parts of the picture are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the printshop windows. Our gracious queen's head is here most charming; and that of the prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry, "God bless him." I would much sooner possess a copy of the Ross miniature of the queen, than a cast from her majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honour in the sculpture vault.

All Macdonald's busts deserve honourable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of Mr. M'Dowell's girl, — the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations; an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness; and "The Bust of a Lady," which may be called "A Lady with a Bust," — a beautiful bust, indeed, of which the original and the artist have both good reason to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful; and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martin's must be mentioned,—huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

[Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella, with a yellow horn-head, representing Lord Brougham or Dr. Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Colour Gallery. He flings down eighteenpence in the easiest way, and goes upstairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill-health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-colour painting; and, without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture-lover with the *pièces de résistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humour. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town-halls in the world, though they be drawn ever so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di Soandso, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night (or rather day) caps, cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great staring theatre such pictures may do very well — you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in little quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brickdust for maidens' blushes, or fancy that tinfoil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style is, as I fancy, so infinitely more charming?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes; but let us say who is *not* guilty, and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add an humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy himself with Gothicism, middle-ageism, and the painting of quaint interiors. There are a dozen artists, of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but contain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the lower house; but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash, — one, the interior of a church; the other, a plain landscape: both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish rudeness, and are yet excellent, as being close copies of the best of all drawing-masters, Nature: and Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously *not* to copy the manner of any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-colouring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price; nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket, having the pretty word SOLD written on it, is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is, that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness; but the whole picture is light; the sunshine is in every corner of the room: and this drawing remains unsold, while Dash, and Blank, and Asterisk have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted with wonderful power; in water-colours, we have scarcely seen anything so vigorous. The boys and virgins are, as usual, admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red, ragged, brickdust-coloured, brigand-looking fellow, especially good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman, with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face; and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture bursts out a-laughing — he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him — the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful colour; but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead pot, that is clogging and blackening the pictures of so many of the water-colour painters nowadays. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid, mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous brilliancy of colour as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent colour will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design, representing a page asleep on a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in colour, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnished, there is Mr. Richter, who contributes his usual specimens; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much; and still more to our taste, a sweet pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons; a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright; and one beautiful head, a portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground — where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural, and beautiful. This artist's other drawing — a mysterious subject, representing primæval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things — looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of St. Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen.

Of the New Water-Colour Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition; unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-colouring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering of white, no painful niggling, nor swaggering affectation of boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down; and his picture, in my humble judgment, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colours such effects as may be had from oil, such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture, as gums and varnishes will give; but, on the other hand, there are many beauties peculiar to the art, which the oil-painter cannot arrive at,—such as air, brightness, coolness, and flatness of surface; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or to perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier,—monstrous attempts, that the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and smallswords in themselves, the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, nor strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-colour painter of figures, without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigour of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best; and we wish that his brethren followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school — there are many traces of foreign manner in him; his figures, for instance, are better costumed than those of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of "Jump." Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley's figures again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pieces by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face — is it the artist's own, by any chance? — (We fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our own experience, — "Portrait of a Painter," "A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress," "A Brigand," "A Turkish Costume," and so on: they are somehow always rejected by those cursed Academicians.) — but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this time on the branch of a sentence, he has taken hugely to the body-colour system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigour and feeling of colour, are a great deal stronger than heretofore — a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures being painted chiefly in transparent colour, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The picture of "The Bachelor" is excellent in point of effect and justness of colour.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the "Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard" is very gay and sparkling; and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses — they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time; and even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like — never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press-Josephs are bound to cry fie at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould — muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his line of beauty, his faces have considerable humour and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren, of the Pasha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, "The King in Thule," is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight; of too *criarde* a colour as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, M. Collignon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his pictures are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue "a special edict" against the gamboge-dealers: — 'tis a deleterious drug. "Hasten, hasten," Mr. Bright; "obey with trembling," and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo Bently, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room. Miss Corbould has a pretty picture. Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his "Deluge," now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will no doubt go and see this; artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest; a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

> The general idea of the picture is founded on a supposition that a comet, which appears in the centre at the top, is the immediate cause of the deluge, and that it illuminates the scene with a bright phosphoric light, which overpowers the setting sun, already obscured by falling rain. On the left of the spectator, in the distance, are a few domes of a city still appearing above the waters, from which the inhabitants have flown to the highest rocks within their reach in the vicinity, but where they are soon overtaken by the rising flood. On the right the mountains are deluged with water, which falls from the heavens condensed into solid masses in the form of tremendous water-spouts; and, as they descend over precipices, they carry with them immense fragments of the mountains.
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> The situation of the spectator is supposed to be on a height, beneath a higher range of mountains, a part of which is seen on the right of the picture, declining in shelving precipices towards the plain, to which in

perspective it runs. Immediately before him, in the nearest part of the scene, is a small ravine, which separates him from a towering mass of splinter-broken rocks (which form a rude and barren middle distance), beyond whose summits the country declines less wildly to the plain, where is situated, near the horizon on the left, a grand antediluvian city.

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Composition and Effect of the Picture.

Through turgid clouds and whirling columns of falling rain, the struggling sun, as though in tears, throws his last fond look upon the dying world; setting never to rise more to the teeming inhabitants of the city. Wrapped in his crimson mantle, and shrouded in the black and mystic curtains of the mourning skies, he sinks behind the once-proud dome, whose golden sculptured front so long had glittered in his noontide blaze.

The blooming plain around, rich without cultivation, where once sweet-scented groves of blossoms and fruit luxuriantly twined, now lies deep sunk beneath the raging and swelling ocean,—the great deep! "whose fountains are broken up." Wildly the loosened waters rush upon the plain: they spread—they rise—they mount above the city walls, bursting the grand yet little barriers of man; while fiercely now they rush, in eddying currents, through the depeopled streets. This, the moment, the picture represents.

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The Almighty's vengeance is at hand; who can escape his wrath? Man is against man; friendship is no more; the loveliness of woman, the innocence of childhood, or the low moan of suffering age, no longer gain the sigh of pity or of love;—fear or rage alone possess the human breast.

The towering rock, which forms the centre middle distance of the picture, is the nearest refuge to the maddening crowd. Blindly, and with giant strength, they scale its splintered sides; in masses, like the gaining waters, wildly they urge their course upon the side the most accessible. Exhausted at the moment they reach the object of their hope, they sink, while others mount over piles of fellow-men, yet mount they to their death. The top is full, even more than full, while yet they climb and grapple with those above in deadly struggle for a moment's resting-place. Alas! they see not, that on the narrow surface of the cliff above is piled a horrid rocking mass of human forms, of life and death, where the smothering groan, deep buried, is unheard, and the wild cry of those above is more unheeded.

The ponderous giant, amid the crowd above, presents his matchless shoulders against the increasing mass, his foot and arms against the rock. In vain are women, young and delicate of frame, with their more

> tender infants, crushed to silence against his broad unyielding muscles. The solid rock gives way, and all the clinging, trembling mass of human life upon it falls precipitately to the whirling flood below.
>
> The waters gain, — resistlessly they rush, bursting each rocky barrier, that for a moment may resist their course, rolling huge fragments of the mountain's side, with forest trees, that crash and snap as twigs in the mighty torrent's force, sinking or rising to the boiling surface of the flood; the broken trees are swept along, their tops and roots alternately uppermost, — still offering to the drowning man a false and fatal aid.
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> In the middle of the composition is a group of lately-fallen rocks, which the painter has attempted to express by the trees they have entangled and broken in their fall, occasioned by earthquake, which he supposes to have accompanied the Deluge. These rocks have fallen in such a position as to serve as a species of flight of steps to the crowd who have gained the height, and are now occupied by a few feeble stragglers, that still urge on their weary and useless flight. Here a few incidents of the heart-rending distress of mothers for their darling offspring, or children for their parents, may appear, as these were with the first, and must remain the last of ties upon the human heart.
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> In the fore part of the picture, on the left, is a portion of a large tree, which still remains rooted in the earth, but trembles to its fall in the rush of waters: it is supposed to have been a momentary refuge to hundreds of beings, before the waters had gained their present height; but, from the weight above, the stem has broken midway, and with its struggling, writhing charge, the upper half is swept along the roaring flood.
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> In the middle of the fore part of the picture, men, women, and children, with a strangling lion, are entangled in the broken trees that are precipitated down the current; and on the right, floating on a hastily constructed raft, are the lifeless bodies of a giant and a female (crushed by a fallen tree), over whose pallid forms weeps an Angel of Light, who, though not involved in the ruin, may, with a heart of heavenly mould, drop a tear of more than diamond purity and brightness over that once divine and glorious human race, once bright as he, and who were still so beautiful, though fallen, that the "Sons of God saw that the Daughters of Men were fair, and chose from amongst them such as they loved."

This episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest, which has been excellently described in the queer, wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called "The Deluge," I never could understand: it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist has genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his picture at the Louvre, nor Turner's deluge, nor Martin's, nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of "The Deluge"; we have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the ruin floating calm and lonely, the great black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks;—nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labour and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture, and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favourable to meditation. It is a sweet, calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither, there is only a dumb secretary in the room; and sitting, like the man in *The Arabian Nights*, perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it?—what keeps the people away, and gives the money-taker in his box a gloomy, lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's "Samson Agonistes" is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to remark the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this great *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a handsome beard and whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson,—a great red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes, as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing! Is this the author of the "Judgment of Solomon?"—the restorer or setter up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was or could be in nature; and, such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly, that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d'école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of "Milton and his Daughters," the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon's "Milton" is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes towards the public with an expression that is absolutely laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair, another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of colour; in the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown; nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression, but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the colour. Here are ladies' dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist shows he can paint a clean face; such an one is that of a child in the little room. It is charming, if the artist did but know it, how much more charming for being clean! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint, is Mr. Buckner's "Peasants of Sora in the Regno di Napoli." The artist has seen the works of Leopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Not far from this is a performance embellished with a brace of poetical quotations, by Mr. Stewart:—

Lo! on the strand the Indian mother kneels,
And to the fervid skies her prayers prefers,
That her gone cherub may inhabit there.

—*Anon.*

Lo! yon Brahmin mother kneeling
  By the sacred river's verge;
Mark her deep impassioned feeling
  Wailing forth her infant's dirge!

She has watched it, when the dawning
  Found her by the Ganges' side;
Until now, advancing morning,
  Rolls along its swelling tide.

Onward rolls, but quick returning,
  Sweeps her cherished charge away;
And that scene her bosom burning,
  She hath knelt her down to pray.

And the picture, it must honestly be confessed, is worthy of the poetry. Some portraits by the same artist are executed in a much more satisfactory manner.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favourably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures, of a couple of animal pieces, "A Pony and Cows," by Mr. Sosi, and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore, a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street-scenes; and Mr. Holland, a large, raw, clever picture, of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot, and let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together; the sketches invariably kill the pictures; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spenser, are excellent, indeed; and fine in drawing, colour, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as any one may see in examining the design for "Comus," and the large picture afterwards, the "Two Amphitrites," and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, the picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw anything more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of some of the Virgins of the Raphael school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O ye painters! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures, however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous; and, lo! at the end of his lines, the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper—viz. to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my Proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, I propose that government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students; that professorships should be instituted, and — and a president or lord rector appointed, with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousand a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit——

* * * * * * *

Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours; but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steam-boat and went down it only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will, perhaps, show. It is the work of the waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA.

"On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino 1840, Mr. Mike Titmarsh came into our house in a wonderful state of delarium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysher, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said, 'Barbara,' says he to me, 'when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites:' that was his very words, thof I must confess I don't understand the same.

"He'd had dinner and coughy before he went; and we all cumjectured that he'd been somewhere particklar, for I heer'd him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence; but being ableeged to pay a shilling, he cust and swoar horrybill.

"He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and showed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

"They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen); and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he ancored hisself for twenty minutes; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day.

"About twelve o'clock he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cooldnt stand on his legs very well, and cooldnt speak much, excep, 'Frasier for ever!' 'All of a York!'[1] and some such nonsense, which neither men or George nor Mrs. Stoaks could understand.

"'What's the matter?' says Mrs. Stokes, 'Barbara,' says she to me, 'has he taken anythin?' says she.

"'Law bless you, mum!' says I (I always says, Law bless you), 'as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he's had nothin out of common.'

"'What had he for dinner?' says she, as if she didn't know.

"'There was biled salmon,' says I, 'and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tisspunful!), boil pork and peace puddn, and a secknd course of beef steak and onions, cole plumpuddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.'

"'I don't mean that,' says she. 'What was his liquors, or bavyrage?'

"'Two Guineas's stouts; old madeira, one pint; port, half a ditto; four tumlers of niggus; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.'

"'He is a good fellow,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'and spends his money freely, that I declare.'

"'I wish he'd ony *pay* it,' says I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. 'He's lived in our house any time these fourteen years and never ——'

"'Hush your imperence!' says Mrs. Stokes; 'he's a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. He's not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea?'

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[1] [The pseudonym of Dr. Maginn, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, was Oliver Yorke.]

"'No,' says I, 'not a drop; ony coughy and muffns. I told you so—three on 'em; and growled preciously, too, because there was no more. But I wasn't a-going to fetch him any more, he whose money we'd never——'

"'Barbara,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'leave the room—do. You're always a-suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper?'

"'You know,' says I, 'pickled salmon—that chap's a reglar devil at salmon (those were my very words)—cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin; toasted chease this time; and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw—nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.'

"'Barbara,' says mistress, 'that's not the question. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara? That's the pint.'

"'No,' says I, 'Mrs. Stokes; that indeed he didn't.' And so we agread that he couldnt posbly be affected by drink, and that something wunderfle must have hapned to him, to send him to bad so quear like.

"Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number); and says he to me, 'Barbara,' says he, 'you find me in sperrits.'

"'Find you in sperrits! I believe we do,' says I; 'we've found you in 'em these fifteen year. I wish you'd find us in *money*,' says I; and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

"'Pooh!' says he, 'my dear, that's not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlent publisher, Mr. Frasier, of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers,' says he; 'though, if he didn't, I'd write for him just the same—raythar more, I'm so fond of him.'

"'How much has he gave you?' says I; 'because I hope you'll pay us.'

"'Oh,' says he, after a bit, 'a lot of money. Here, you, you darling,' says he (he did; upon my word, he did), 'go and git me change for a five-pound note.'

"And when he got up and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note; and after lunch, another five-pound note; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he's made of money, and so he seemed; but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

"After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in; and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it; and that he was the best cricket[1] in Europe; and how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray; and how he'd been asked to write in *The Quartly Review*, and in bless us knows what; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

"'Have you seen what *The Morning Poast* says of you?' says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

"'No,' says he, 'I aint. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear? No, I aint; but that's a fashnable paper,' says he, 'and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say?' says he.

"Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide; and taking *The Morning Poast* out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr. Titmarsh's, and, like a good-naterd friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do) — Frank pulls out a *Morning Poast*, I say (which had cost Frank Phippens[2]): 'Here it is,' says he; 'read for yourself; it will make you quite happy.' And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

"When he red it, Titmarsh's jor dropt all of a sudn: he turned pupple, and bloo, and violate; and then, with a mighty effut, he swigg off his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

"He looked so ill when he went up stairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed; but, Lor bless you! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle, that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

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[1] Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

[2] Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

"Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine — no anser.

"At ten, tried agin — never a word.

"At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a' fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillibaly could we get.

"At for we began to think he'd suasided hisself; and having called in the policemen, bust open the dor.

"And then we beheld a pretty spactycle! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his white nightgownd all over blood, his beautiful face all pale with hagny! — well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bedpost by one of his pore dear garters! — well, no such thing. Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes! — not in the least. He wasn't dead, nor he wasn't the least unwell, nor he wasn't asleep neither — he only wasn't there; and from that day we have heard nothen about him. He left on his table the following note as follows: —

"1st *June*, 1840. *Midnight.*

"MRS. STOKES, — I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronized your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention to have paid you a part of your bill, but *The Morning Post* newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope for ever.

"Before you receive this I shall be — *ask not where*; my mind shudders to think where! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that *The Morning Post* has done this by its savage criticism upon me the last this day.

"FAREWELL."

"This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the poor fellow — we have never heerd of him — we have never known anythink about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stoks hadvertized him in the papers; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use; and I can't tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change for the five-pound notes he'd given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan'lord laft when he saw them; and said, says he, 'Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note? which I did. Then in about two hours he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day! It's my beleaf that he had only five pound, and wanted you to suppose that he was worth twenty, for you've got all his notes, I see!'

"And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all! I do pity him, I do, from my hart; and I do hate that wicked *Morning Post* for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater'd gentleman! (*Signed*) BARBARA.

"MORLAND'S HOTEL, 15 *Jewin*, 1840."

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that, on the 1st of June, *The Morning Post* published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality.[1] His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke; he was not angry; he did not retort; but *his heart broke!*

Peace to his ashes! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.[2]

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[1] [" Among other papers in the Magazine is what is called *A Pictorial Rhapsody* upon the Royal Academy, in which great personal favouritism and general bad taste in the criticism is boldly and unscrupulously indulged. The absurdities of this notice are plenty, and *parmi les autres* the writer defends Mulready and the postage cover." — *The Morning Post*, June 1, 1840. Note by Melville.]

[2] [*The Paris Sketch-Book.*]

ON MEN AND PICTURES.[1]

Apropos of a Walk in the Louvre.

Paris, *June* 1841.

In the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, the most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his macgilps and varnishes; he worked away through cold and through sunshine; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drunk water with his meals — if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with; and voted those persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak, and worked away with bladder and brush; he passed all night at life-academies, designing life-guardsmen with chalk and stump; he never was known to take any other recreation; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies, Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice, in the interval; but there he was as he had begun, without one single farther idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1841.]

One day, at the Life-Academy in St. Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognized; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheekbones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of grey paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humour that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage, it would be hard to match out of the drawing-schools.

"Tit, my boy," said he, when he had finished his pirouette, "you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet; and between ourselves I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged; my whole soul is in my calling; I can't do anything else if I would: and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt."

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller) which takes up a good deal of room in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but energetic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dulness, bellowing commonplaces with its great healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of the people who occupy your attention and the world's. Who are they? Upon your honour and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity — with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder — with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is *The Times* newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days, viz. the late funeral of Napoleon[1] — which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave, roaring way, about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O, you thundering old *Times!* Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But, surely there is no conceit. The shamming of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *precieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit: but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon, that is still to be had of the publishers, there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way — to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil — to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject: —

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.
  M. Titmarsh wandered with his favourite lassie
  By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy
  Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter.
  Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy:
And green the field and bright the river's glister.

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[1] *The Second Funeral of Napoleon: in three Letters to Miss Smith of London; and The Chronicle of the Drum.* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh.

The birds sang salutations to the spring;
Already buds and leaves from branches burst:
"The surly winter time hath done its worst,"
Said Michael: "lo, the bees are on the wing!"
Then on the ground his lazy limbs did fling.
Meanwhile the bees pass'd by him with my *first*.
My *second* dare I to your notice bring,
Or name to delicate ears that animal accurst?

To all our earthly family of fools
My *whole*, resistless despot, gives the law—
Humble and great, we kneel to it with awe;
O'er camp and court, the senate and the schools,
Our grand invisible Lama sits and rules,
By ministers that are its men of straw.

Sir Robert utters it in place of wit,
And straight the Opposition shouts "Hear, hear!"
And oh! but all the Whiggish benches cheer
When great Lord John retorts it as is fit.
In you, my *Press*[1] each day throughout the year,
On vast broad sheets we find its praises writ.
O wondrous are the columns that you rear,
And sweet the morning hymns you roar in praise of it!

Sacred word! it is kept out of the dictionaries, as if the great compilers of those publications were afraid to utter it. Well, then, the funeral of Napoleon was a humbug, as Titmarsh wrote; and a still better proof that it was a humbug was this, that nobody bought Titmarsh's book, and

[1] The reader can easily accommodate this line to the name of his favourite paper. Thus:—

In you, my $\left\{\begin{matrix}\textit{Times}\\ \textit{Post}\end{matrix}\right\}$ each day throughout the year.

Or:—

In you, my $\left\{\begin{matrix}\textit{Herald}\\ \textit{'Tiser}\end{matrix}\right\}$ daily through the year.

Or, in France:—

In you, my *Galignani's Messengere*:

a capital paper, because you have there the very cream of all the others. In the last line, for "morning" you can read "evening," or "weekly," as circumstances prompt.

of the 10,000 copies made ready by the publisher not above 3000 went off. It was a humbug, and an exploded humbug. Peace be to it! *Parlons d'autres choses;* and let us begin to discourse about the pictures without further shilly-shally.

I must confess, with a great deal of shame, that I love to go to the picture gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves — not very wickedly, as I fancy — in the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday, there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place — little vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three halfpence a-day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist-apprentices, half a dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps, and jackets, and copper-coloured countenances, and gold earrings, and large ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing, all the week. *Fi, donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hack-back at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs Elysées making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little, twinkling, bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest St. Giles's English; and if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasbourg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their jiggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement of our natural enemies. They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cock-tailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on a fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the Tuilerie until you reach the before-mentioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs d'œuvre;* that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half a dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent good or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink!

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make believe that they are handing you round tokay — giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures in the first place very big and very neat, in which there is no harm; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes, and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red-heels such as our grandmothers wore: and to make a Magdalen, for instance, taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the gravedigger in *Hamlet* always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark gravediggers always wear fifteen waistcoats? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of gravediggers, so it is with angels: they have—and Heaven knows why—a regular costume, which every "serious" painter follows; and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty fantastical draperies; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain angelic shape. Large rims of gold leaf they have round their heads always; a pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every gravedigger should be represented with a gold leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats — would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats.[1] But why talk of it? The fact is I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbours in the literary trade; it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. *"O Socrate! je boirai la cigue avec toi!"* as David said to Robespierre. You too were accused of blasphemy in your time; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw ——

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas covering, the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours; and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honour of filling five-and-twenty feet square of canvas with some favourite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raphael; there are caricatures of Masaccio; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidical form, and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria — it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists who are not known in England — there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity, of which all the outlines are half an inch thick.

Then there are numberless caricatures in colour as in form. There is a Violet Entombment — a crimson one, a green one; a light emerald and gamboge Eve; all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange mad love of extravagance, which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold: here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

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[1] Last year, when our friend published some article in this Magazine, he seemed to be agitated almost to madness by a criticism, and a very just one too, which appeared in *The Morning Post*. At present he is similarly affected by some strictures on a defunct work of his.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek double chin, and fat white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large red whiskers and a soft roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and leading audiences captive? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart "drum-major ecclesiastic"); and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper is most probably the favourite with the public. But there are some persons who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid, mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours; where, if perhaps you can't find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit; and you see many painters with a great vigour and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straightway acknowledges the simple, kindly appeal which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled "*La Prière*," by M. Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner or painter of missals, by trade, as we fancy. One of his works lies upon the praying desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little quiet painting, and in the course of half a dozen visits that I have paid to it, have become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely M. Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world, it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspire one man with joy, that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures "are as they seem to all," as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in M. Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece of Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary, leading a little beggar boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look; and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or task it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! the precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted, give an air of truth and simplicity to the whole performance, and make nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a blackbird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you. It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school, Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents St. Augustin meditating in a garden; a great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants, are in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering that fill one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe—a great perfection in this style of painting.

In M. Aguado's gallery there is an early Raphael (which all the world declares to be a copy, but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand in hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of "solemn mirth" (the expression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well, it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you—how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Doctor Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that the indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprehended for saying that Raphael at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raphael of twenty so divine; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault, and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognize spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints—pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious, that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Doctor Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance—a "Holy Family," painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of, viz. large flowers, fresh roses, and white stately lilies; curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white; and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude; and all very cleverly treated, and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces. Opposite the "Holy Family" is a great "Martyrdom of Polycarp," and the Catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down; then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as the martyr is always killed at the end; so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

M. Laemlein has a good picture of the "Waking of Adam," so royally described by Milton — a picture full of gladness, vigour, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the "Death of the Virgin"; and the Virgin falling in M. Steuben's picture of "Our Saviour going to Execution" is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often too the true, pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons; and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The Emperor is seated on a sofa, reading dispatches; and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast! the conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep; and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please; but it is pleasant to see fat, good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her night-gown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad, the little gipsy has such a killing ogle, that all the world admires it. M. Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

M. Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gipsies, or mountebanks, have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes; and poor baby is crying; and the gipsy-woman holding up her finger, and threatening; and the he-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe, — the callous monster! Preciously they will ill-treat that dear little darling, if justice do not overtake them, — if, ay, *if*. But, thank Heaven: there in the corner come the police, and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves before you, and the piece is called, "A Crime and a Fault." The poor "Fault" is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great "Crime" stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, "*They are portraits*," and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by M. Finart. "A Family of African Colonists carried off by Abd-el-Kader."

There is the poor male colonist without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her night-gown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing — poor thing! she is kicking, and struggling and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. "The Two Friends." Debay.

> "*Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d'une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévoûment et de reconnaissance.*
>
> "*L'une d'elles, faible, exténuée d'efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d'ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la vie le fils mourant de sa compagne.*"

M. Debay's pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the bourgeois class; but, good or bad, I can't but own that I like to see these honest, hearty representations, which work upon good simple feeling in a good downright way; and if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach for such kind of entertainments, where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious melodramatic sort.

M. Biard, whose picture of the "Slave Trade" made so much noise in London last year — and indeed it is as fine as

Hogarth, — has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present Majesty of France when Duke of Orleans undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled "*Une Distraction.*" A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is "*Le Gros Peche,*" and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him! All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer; they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect that, for the future, very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One retreat from Moscow is there, and one storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place, in Africa. In the latter picture, you see a thousand fellows, in loose red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance, at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollange, and the rush of red breeches has a queer and pleasing appearance. In the Russian piece, you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a back with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks, — a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of

France. I believe Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the *Courrier Français* — the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. Apropos of Thiers; the *Nouvelles a la Main* have a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget his royal highness's title) news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, "*Comment se portait de Roi de Rome?*" It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask M. Leullier; who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his

1311 — *Héroisme de l'Equipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur, 4 Juin, 1794.*

> "*Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart: le second capitaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts: sa cale se remplissait à vu d'œil; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât d'artimon restait encore debout; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volentés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants se raniment: un cri immense s'élève, répété sur toutes les parties du tillac: Vive la République! Vive la France! . . . Le Vengeur coule . . . les cris continuent; tous les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau.*" — *France Maritime.*

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag one would have thought exploded last year; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will: it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gaily for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the *Vengeur*, as if an established fact: and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story), one has always this gratification, and a great wicked, delightful one it is,—you make the whole company uncomfortable at once; you narrate the history in a calm, good-humoured, dispassionate tone; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a "*Mais cependant;*" but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining M. Leullier's picture, and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation, one of them replied to my assertion, that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

"Sir," said he, "the sinking of the *Vengeur is* an *established* fact of history. It is completely proved by the documents of the time; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's which were published in a newspaper here? And what, sir, were those letters? *Forgeries!*"

Q. E. D. Everybody said sansculotte was right; and I have no doubt that if all the *Vengeur's* crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox—or boat-swain, who was last *on board the ship,*[1] of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward, and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

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[1] The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

As for M. Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it. Fellows embracing each other, and holding up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly, they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legends in France may be, that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne, saying, "*La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas.*" I have bought a couple of engravings of *Vengeur* and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabertaches; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down — down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of a heroic stock, because my uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so Pride and Hatred continue in *saecula saeculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. "Remember you are Britons!" cries our general; "there is the enemy, and d—'em, give 'em the bayonet!" Hurrah! helter skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! "*Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!*" shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. "Children!" roars Feldmarechal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzollernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,
A Frenchman,
An Ashantee,
A Hohenzollernsig-maringenite, etc.
} is superior to all the rest of the world;

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can't help it—in spite of ourselves we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

> *Κυιδ ριδης; μυτατω νωμινε δη τη*
> *Φαβλα ναρρατυρ,*

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you not laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from "actual life," as the fashionable novel-puffers say.

A little, fat, silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's *Night and Morning*, very pleasant, kind-hearted reading; *Peter Priggins*, an astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is; and other novels never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman. She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter; and from the slow, prim precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book, I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part; at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library-woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning *Night and Morning* to the library-lady and demanding the romance of *Peter Priggins*, she offered me instead *Ida*, par M. le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his lordship's works; next she produced *Stella, Valida, Eloa*, by various French ladies of literary celebrity; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romancers offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.[1]

"*Madame*," says I, to cut the matter short, "*je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, Peter Priggins; l'avez-vous? oui ou non?*"

"*Ah*," says the library-woman, "*Monsieur ne comprend pas nôtre langue, c'est dommage.*"

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dulness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, "How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!" In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent, stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastry-cook's — (you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells) — at Madame Colombin's, yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

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[1] In our own country, of course — Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austin, etc. — form exceptions to this rule; and glad am I to offer per favour of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

"Hang me, Higgins," says Sandy whiskers, "if *I'd* ever go into one of their cursed French ships! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind!"

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy whiskerses there are in our nation,—fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust,—who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great, fat-paunched man; enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do; but don't fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling place, but no *merit*. . . . And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices, let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have I believe no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several eminent professors; and as upon the French stage the costume pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis the First, as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year; but the artists go to some trouble for collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

M. Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre;* a very good one, indeed, of fat "Monks granting Absolution from Fasting"; of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former's studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity shop; and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armour, draperies, etc., the painter here has but to look to his own walls, and copy away at his ease. Accordingly Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable. M. Baron has "The Youth of Ribera," a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped; there is a fine terrace and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious; perhaps too pretty and gay in colours, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects is M. Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn; and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year "A Scene in the Inquisition." A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn; and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is better still; and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce, fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think M. Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterizes him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humour, and here we have him greatly too majestic, to my taste.

"Old Michael Angelo watching over the Sick-bed of his servant Urbino" is a noble painting, as fine in feeling as in design and colour. One can't but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best gallery in the world; and a century hence will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention—

712. "Portrait of a Lady," by Hippolyte Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters—a head of Sebastian, or Michael Angelo, a head of Raphael, or one of those rarer ones of Andrea del Sarto—not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the *Books of Beauty* will possibly not admire it; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowsy Murillo will not possibly relish M. Flandrin's manner; but you who love simplicity and greatness come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla and dark eyes, and grey hair and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by M. Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a legion of honour cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal, not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet) our English painters keep the lead still, nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases; and among the miniatures especially one can't help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannon-balls. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied, swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his baton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchess de Nemours is done by M. Winterhalter, and has a place of honour, as becomes a good portrait; and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully; and a slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself; and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest, *spirituel* beauty; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder; most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is M. Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has nevertheless its admirers and its merits, as what work of his has not?

His two smaller pieces are charming. "A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers" is brilliant with light, and merriment; a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the heyday: and his "Boat" is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great, wide, swollen, interminable sea — no hope, no speck of sail — and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat, and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing — gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-coloured, bitter, pitiless brine! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws; and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry! Oh, Eugenius Delacroix! how can you manage with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful? Ay, there it is; whenever I go through that part of the gallery where M. Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a fat woman with a parroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square — "The Chess-players" by M. Meissonnier — truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect and abrupt startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerreotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chess-men are no bigger than pin-heads; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character and colour, belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of landscapes almost all execute their art well; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy weak manner formerly in vogue, and perhaps have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible — that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful, but here the skies are trowelled on; the light vapouring distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that by these violent means a certain power is had, and noon-day effects of strong sunshine are often dashingly rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet grey waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine scientific faithful pictures, that are a little heavy, but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good morning to everybody.

AN EXHIBITION GOSSIP.[1]

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR GUILLAUME, PEINTRE, À SON ATELIER, RUE DE MONSIEUR, FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN, PARIS.

DEAR GUILLAUME,

Some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world — viz., those on *The History of Modern Europe*, by Russell, begin with an address to some imaginary young friend, to whom the Doctor is supposed to communicate his knowledge. "Dear John," begins he, quite affectionately, "I take up my pen to state that the last of the Carlovingians," — or, "Dear John, I am happy to inform you, that the aspect of Europe on the accession of Henry VIII. was so and so." In the same manner, and in your famous *Lettres à Sophie* the history of the heathen gods and goddesses is communicated to some possible young lady; and this simple plan has, no doubt, been adopted because the authors wished to convey their information with the utmost simplicity possible, and in a free, easy, honest, confidential sort of a way.

This (as usual), dear Guillaume, has nothing to do with the subject in hand; but I have ventured to place a little gossip concerning the Exhibition, under an envelope inscribed with your respectable name, because I have no right to adopt the editorial *we*, and so implicate a host of illustrious authors, who give their names and aid to Mr. Ainsworth's magazine, in opinions that are very likely not worth sixpence; and because that simple upright I, which often seems egotistical and presuming, is, I fancy, less affected and pert than "we" often is. "I" is merely an individual; whereas "we" is clearly somebody else. "I" merely expresses an opinion; whereas "we" at once lays down the law.

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[1] [*Ainsworth's Magazine*, June 1842.]

Pardon, then, the continued use of the personal pronoun, as I am sure, my dear friend, you will; because as you do not understand a word of English, how possibly can you quarrel with my style?

We have often had great battles together on the subject of our respective schools of art; and having seen the two Exhibitions, I am glad to be able to say that ours is the best this year, at least; though, perhaps, for many years past you have had the superiority. We have more good pictures in our 1400, than you in your 3000; among the good, we have more *very* good, than you have this year, (none nobler and better than the drawings of M. Decamps); and though there are no such large canvases and ambitious subjects as cover the walls of your salon, I think our painters have more first-class pictures in their humble way.

They wisely, I think, avoid those great historical "parades" which cover so much space in the Louvre. A young man has sometimes a fit of what is called "historical painting"; comes out with a great canvas, disposed in the regular six-feet heroical order; and having probably half ruined himself in the painting of his piece, which nobody (let us be thankful for it!) buys, curses the decayed state of taste in the country, and falls to portrait-painting, or takes small natural subjects, in which the world can sympathize, and with which he is best able to grapple. We have no government museums like yours to furnish;—no galleries in chief towns of departments to adorn;—no painted chapels, requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs, which your artists do to order. Art is a matter of private enterprise here, like everything else: and our painters must suit the small rooms of their customers, and supply them with such subjects as are likely to please them. If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Such great things are only good for not the reason of their beauty: on the contrary, any man who has a mind may find fault with the drawing and colouring of both. Well, there is a charm about them seemingly independent of drawing and colouring; and what is it? There's no foot-rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer in art might define and define, and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bullfinch.

I always begin with the works of these gentlemen, and look at them oftenest and longest; but that is only a simple expression of individual taste, and by no means an attempt at laying down the law, upon a subject which is quite out of the limits of all legislation. A better critic might possibly (I say "possibly," not as regards the correctness of my own opinion, but the unquestionable merit of the two admirable artists above named), another critic will possibly have other objects for admiration, and if such a person were to say, Pause—before you award pre-eminence to this artist or that, pause—for instance, look at these two Leslies, can anything in point of *esprit* and feeling surpass them?—indeed the other critic would give very sound advice. Nothing can be finer than the comedy of the Scene from Twelfth Night, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender, and grave, and *naïf*, than the picture of Queen Catherine and her attendant. The great beauty of these pieces is the total absence of affectation. The figures are in perfectly quiet, simple positions, looking as if they were not the least aware of the spectator's presence, (a rare quality in pictures, as I think, of which little dramas, the actors, like those upon the living stage, have a great love of "striking an attitude," and are always on the look-out for the applause of the lookers-on,) whereas Mr. Leslie's excellent little troop of comedians know their art so perfectly, that it becomes the very image of nature, and the best nature, too. Some painters (skilled in the depicting of such knick-knacks) overpower their pieces with "properties"—guitars, old armours, flower-jugs, curtains and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Catherine have a noble, simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows — they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing.

You and I have been in the habit of accusing one of the cleverest painters of the country of want of poetry: no other than Mr. Edwin Landseer, who, with his marvellous power of hand, a sort of aristocrat among painters, has seemed to say — I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me. He has made us laugh sometimes, when he is in the mood, with his admirable humour, but has held off as it were from poetic subjects, as a man would do who was addressing himself in a fine ball-room to a party of fine people, who would stare if any such subjects were broached. I don't care to own that in former years those dogs, those birds, deer, wild-ducks, and so forth, were painted to such a pitch of desperate perfection, as to make me quite angry — elegant, beautiful, well-appointed, perfect models for grace and manner; they were like some of our English dandies that one sees, and who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile, and decorous, sensible insipidity. The more one sees them, the more vexed one grows, for, be hanged to them, there is no earthly fault to find with them. This, to be sure, is begging the question, and you may not be disposed to allow either the correctness of the simile, or that dandies are insipid, or that field-sports, or pictures thereof, can possibly be tedious; but, at any rate, it is a comfort to see that a man of genius who is a poet *will* be one sometimes, and here are a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The "Otter and Trout" has something awful about it; the hunted stag, panting through the water and startling up the wild-fowl, is a beautiful and touching poem. Oh, that these two pictures, and a few more of different English artists, could be carried across the Channel — say when Mr. Partridge's portrait of the Queen goes, to act as a counterpoise to that work!

A few Etties might likewise be put into the same box, and a few delightful golden landscapes of Callcott. To these I would add Mr. Maclise's "Hamlet," about whose faults and merits there have been some loud controversies; but in every Exhibition for the last five years, if you saw a crowd before a picture, it was sure to be before his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; in the present Exhibition it is wonder and pleasure too; and his picture of Hamlet is by far the best, to my thinking, that the artist has ever produced. If, for the credit of Old England (and I hereby humbly beg Mr. Maclise to listen to the suggestion) it could be transported to the walls of your *salon*, it would show French artists, who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school, that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any artist among you, — of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say. An artist, possessing this vast power of hand, often wastes it — as Paganini did, for instance — in capriccios, and extravagances, and brilliant feats of skill, as if defying the world to come and cope with him. The picture of the play in "Hamlet" is a great deal more, and is a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. Here I am obliged to repeat, for the tenth time in this letter, how vain it is to attempt to describe such works by means of pen and ink. Fancy Hamlet, ungartered, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen, perplexed and sad (she does not know of the murder), and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the King asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow over the scene — a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity — fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling, wonderful pictures that the English school has ever produced.

Mr. Maclise may be said to be at the head of the young men; and though you and I, my dear Guillaume, are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future will be better still. You did not give up David without a pang, and still think Baron Gérard a very wonderful fellow. I can remember once, when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and indeed the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still—not better than individuals—for Eastlake, Mulready, Etty, Leslie, are exhibitors of twenty years' standing, and the young men may live a thousand years and never surpass them; but a finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of nature. Have you seen "The Deserted Village" of the "Etching Club"? What charming feeling and purity is there among most of the designs of these young painters, and what a credit are they to the English school!

The designers of the "Etching Club" seem to form a little knot or circle among themselves; and though the names of Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, Stone, have hardly reached you as yet in France, they will be heard of some day even there, where your clever people, who can appreciate all sorts of art, will not fail to admire the quiet, thoughtful, pious, delicate feeling which characterizes the works of this charming little school. All Mr. Cope's pictures, though somewhat feeble in hand, are beautifully tender and graceful. "The Hawthorn Bush, with seats beneath the shade, for talking age and whispering lovers made," is a beautiful picture for colour, sentiment, and composition. The old people, properly garrulous, talking of old times, or the crops, or the Doctor's sermon; the lovers—a charming pair—loving with all their souls, kind, hearty, and tender. The Schoolmaster of one of his other pictures is an excellent awful portrait of Goldsmith's pedagogue. Mr. Redgrave's "Cinderella" is very pleasant, his landscape beautiful. Mr. Stone's "Advice" is full of tender sentiment, and contains some frank, excellent painting; but how vapid all such comments appear, and how can you, on the banks of the Seine, understand from these sort of vague, unsatisfactory praises, what are the merits or demerits of the pieces spoken about!

We have here a delightful, *naïf* artist, Mr. Webster by name, who has taken little boys under his protection, and paints them in the most charming comic way—in that best sort of comedy which makes one doubt whether to laugh or to cry. His largest picture this year represents two boys bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over (a horrid early breakfast); the trunk is packed; papa is pulling on his boots; there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers: the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out.

I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy, and giving him a comic face. I say no man who has experienced it, has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. Did you ever, in France, look out for the diligence that was to take you to school, and hear a fatal conducteur blowing his horn as you waited by the hill side—as you waited with the poor mother, turning her eyes away—and slowly got off the old pony, which you were not to see for six months—for a century—for a thousand miserable years again? Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home. Life has sorrows enough, God knows, but, I swear, none like that! I was thinking about all this as I looked at Mr. Webster's picture, and behold it turned itself into an avenue of lime-trees, and a certain old stile that led to a stubble-field; and it was evening,

THACKERAY'S HOUSE, NUMBER 13 GREAT CORAM STREET,
BRUNSWICK SQUARE.

about the 14th of September, and after dinner (how that last glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat!) and presently, a mile off, you heard, horribly distinct, the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach wheels. It was up in a moment — the trunk on the roof; and — bah! from that day I can't bear to see mothers and children parting.

This, to be sure, is beside the subject; but pray let Mr. Webster change the face of his boy.

Letters (except from young ladies to one another) are not allowed to go beyond a certain decent length; hence, though I may have a fancy to speak to you of many score of other good pictures, out of the fourteen hundred here exhibited, there are numbers which we must pass over without any notice whatever. It is hard to pass by Mr. Richmond's beautiful water-colour figures, without a word concerning them; or Mr. Charles Landseer's capital picture of "Ladies and Cavaliers"; or not to have at least half a page to spare, in order to make an onslaught upon Mr. Chalon and his ogling beauties: he has a portrait of Mdlle. Rachel, quite curious for its cleverness and unlikeness, and one of the most chaste and refined of our actresses, Mrs. Charles Kean, who is represented as a killing coquette; and so Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least resemble his lady.

There is scarce any need to say that the oil portrait-painters maintain their usual reputation and excellence: Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grant, show some excellent canvases: the latter's ladies are beautiful, and his "Lord Cardigan" a fine painting and portrait; Mr. Briggs' "Archbishop" is a noble head and picture; Mr. Pickersgill has, among others, a full-length of a Navy Captain, very fine; Mr. Linnell's portraits are very fine; and Mr. S. Lawrence has one (the Attorney-General), excellently drawn, and fine in character. This year's picture of her Majesty is intended for *your* Majesty, Louis Philippe — perhaps the French court might have had a more favourable representation of the Queen. There is only one "Duke of Wellington" that I have remarked — (indeed it must be a weary task to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use of his brave face, as he is so often called upon to do) —at present he appears in a group of red-coated brethren in arms, called the "Heroes of Waterloo." The picture from the quantity of requisite vermilion was most difficult to treat, but is cleverly managed, and the likeness very good. All the warriors assembled are smiling, to a man; and in the background is a picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too —and this is surely too great a stretch of good-nature.

What can I say of the Napoleon of Mr. Turner, called (with frightful satire) the "Exile and the *Rocklimpet*"? He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least forty feet high.

Ah! says the mysterious poet from whom Mr. Turner loves to quote,—

> Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
> The soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
> Amidst a sea of blood——
> ——*but you can join your comrades.*
> *Fallacies of Hope.*

These remarkable lines entirely explain the meaning of the picture; another piece is described by lines from the same poem, in a metre more regular:—

> The midnight-torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's side
> And merit's corse was yielded to the tide.

When the pictures are re-hung, as sometimes I believe is the case, it might perhaps be as well to turn these upside down, and see how they would look *then;* the Campo Santo of Venice, when examined closely, is scarcely less mysterious; at a little distance, however, it is a most brilliant, airy, and beautiful picture. O for the old days, before Mr. Turner had lighted on "The Fallacies," and could see like other people!

Other landscape-painters, not so romantic, are, as usual, excellent. You know Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, in France, as well as I do: I wish one day you could see the beauty of the fresh English landscapes of Lee and Creswick, where you can almost see the dew on the fresh grass, and trace the ripple of the water, and the whispering in the foliage of the cool wholesome wind.

* * * * * * *

There is not an inch more room in the paper; and a great deal that was to be said about the Water-Colour Societies and Suffolk Street must remain unsaid for ever and ever. But I wish you could see a drawing by Miss Setchel, in the Junior Water-Colour Society, and a dozen by Mr. Absolon, which are delightful in grace and expression, and in tender, pathetic humour.

M. A. T.

LETTERS ON THE FINE ARTS.[1]

No. 1.—THE ART UNIONS.

From M. A. Titmarsh, Esq., to Sanders McGilp, Esq.

MY DEAR SANDERS,

I have always had the highest confidence in your judgment, and am therefore pretty certain that your picture is one of vast merit. The value, you say, is two hundred guineas, and you have, I hope, with laudable prudence, induced your relatives, your grandmother, your confiding aunts, the tradesmen with whom you have little accounts, and the friends with whom you are occasionally kind enough to go and dine, to subscribe to the Art Union, in hopes that one or other of them may gain the principal prize, when your taste as well as their friendship (and where can friendship be better bestowed?) will induce them to purchase your work. To your relatives affection alone would dictate the acquisition of your picture; to your tradesmen you offer, if possible, a still stronger inducement. "I owe you £40," you can say to Mr. Snip, your respected tailor: "I cannot pay those £40; but gain the first prize, and you have my picture for two hundred guineas, which, in reality, is worth five hundred, plus the payment of your bill, the amount of which you can deduct from the sum due to myself." Thus Mr. Snip gets

A picture (valued at 500 guineas) . .	£525	0	0
The payment of his bill . . .	40	0	0
And costs of Writ	2	2	0
	£567	2	0

in return for a single sovereign subscribed to the Union.

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[1] [*The Pictorial Times*, March 18, 1843.]

The advantage of Art Unions has never before, I believe, been considered in this light; and if every artist would but go round to his tradesmen and represent to them the truth as here laid down, no doubt great numbers of additional patrons would be found for the noble art you practise.

How many a man, for instance, has not one, but half-a-dozen tailors in the category in which I have placed Mr. Snip? Well, let them all subscribe; — the more the merrier. "If one win, gentlemen," you say, "remember I am in a condition to pay all the rest their accounts." And thus is an interest for Art brought home to the bosoms and boards of six deserving families.

Is, or is not, the principle a good one? Are, or are not, tradesmen to be paid? Are, or are not, artists to be well-clothed? And would, or would not, the diffusion of their divine science enlarge the heart and soften the rude manners of the million? What, on this head, does Hesiod observe? The Teian bard nobly remarks, —

Ινγενυας διδικισσε φιδηλιτερ αρτης,
Ημολλιτ μωρης νεκ σινιτ εσσε φερως.

And if the principle *be* a good one, I say it should be universal. Say (as an encouragement) to the collector who comes for your rate, "I'll pay you if you take a ticket in the *Art Union!*" Remark to your butcher, in a pleasant way, "Mr. Brisket, I desire from you, for your own advantage, one stake more."

"From the loin, or where?" says he.

"No," say you, laughingly interrupting him, "a stake in the *Art Union.*"

And point out to your washerwoman what an ennobling and glorious thing it would be — a holy effluence, a bright and beaming radiance woven into the dark chain of her existence, — (or other words of might and poesy suited to her capacity), point out — I say, what a pleasure it would be to her to be able to exclaim, "I wash Mr. McGilp's shirts — and look! one of his five hundred guinea masterpieces hangs yonder, over my mangle."

It is in his power, it is in anybody's power. The very Malay sweeper who shivers at the corner of your street, and acts as your model, may easily save money enough to take a ticket, and have his portrait, as Othello, to decorate his humble place of abode.

You may fancy, my friend, that there is some caricature in this, and possibly you are right. You will never stoop to Mr. Snip in the manner pointed out by me; you are above entreating your washerwoman, cutting jokes with your butcher, or cajoling the respectable gentleman who calls for your contributions once a quarter. Art, say you, is above paltry speculation and mean ideas of gain. An artist never stoops to intrigue, nor chaffers for money. He is the priest of nature, called to worship at her glorious altar, by special vocation; one chosen out of the million, and called up to the high places; in short, you will make a speech crammed with fine words, proving your disinterestedness, and the awful poetical nature of your calling.

Psha! my good friend, let us have no more of this stale talk. You are a tradesman as well as my lord on the woolsack, or Mr. Smith selling figs, or General Sones breathing freely and at his ease in an atmosphere of cannon-balls. You each do your duty in your calling, and according to your genius, but you want to be paid for what you do. You want the best pay, and the greatest share of reputation you can get. You will do nothing dishonest in the pursuit of your trade; but will you not yield a little "to the exigencies of the public service"? General Sones, though he may have his own opinion of the Chinese war, will attack mandarins without mercy; my Lord Chancellor has pleaded many a queer cause before he reposed on yonder woolsack; Smith has had recourse to many little harmless tricks to get a sale for his figs and treacle; and you (as I take it) are not a whit better than they. Did you ever paint a lady handsomer in her portrait than nature made her? Did you ever, when your immense genius panted to be at work on some vast historical piece, crush your aspirations so far as to sit down and depict a plain gentleman in a buff waistcoat and a watch-chain, for the sake of the twenty guineas which were to be elicited from his ample pepper-and-salt pantaloons? You have done all this, and were quite right in doing it, too. How else are the little McGilps to get their dinners, or your lady the means of discharging her weekly bills?

And now you will begin, I trust, to perceive that the ridicule cast upon the Art Union system in the first sentences of this letter is not in reality so very severe; it is the sort of sneering language which the enemies of those establishments are in the habit of indulging in, though expressed as high, no doubt you will think in a far more satiric and witty manner than most of the anti-Unionists have at command.

Hear, for instance, *The Athenæum*. "So early," says that journal, "as 1837, we put on record our opinion that the Art Union would and must of necessity tend to the still further degradation of Art. Any man," we observed, "who purchases pictures may be presumed to have a love for, and this will in the end generate a knowledge of, Art. But there will be many subscribers who desire only a little gambling — to risk a pound for the sake of winning a hundred — and who would quite as soon join in a raffle for a horse, or a snuff-box, or a pipe of port wine, as for a picture. The motive of the subscriber is of no consequence, so long as others have to dispose of the money; but the Art Union proposes that each subscriber "shall select for himself." Now, is it not certain that such patronage must tend to degrade Art? The scheme may be beneficial to the lowest class of artists, but utterly ruinous to Art itself. When every individual, be he *whom* he may, is allowed to follow his own judgment in the disposal of his prize-money, the best results can be but an irresponsible indulgence of individual whim and caprice — the worst and certain in the degradation of Art. Men who paint to live, instead of working with all their power, be it more or less, up to the best and highest judgments, must solicit the sweet·voices of the uninformed; the chance prize-holders and therefore purchasers of the Art Unions."

So writes *The Athenæum*, and you will at once perceive the truth of my previous assertion:—1. That *The Athenæum's* arguments resemble those employed at the commencement of this letter. 2. That the arguments at the beginning of this letter are far more cleverly and wickedly put.

Let us now proceed to demolish the one and the other, and we will, if you please, take the dicta of *The Athenæum* in the first place into consideration.

"Every man (says *The Athenæum*) who purchases pictures may be presumed to have a love for, and this will in the end generate a knowledge of, Art."

"But this Art Union is joined by many for the sake of gambling, and who would *quite as soon* join in a raffle for a horse, or a snuff-box, or a pipe of port wine, as for a picture."

Why quite as soon? A man who wants a pipe of port wine does not, we presume, raffle for a horse; or being eagerly desirous of a snuff-mull, he does not raffle for a pipe of port wine. There are certainly in the world many "uninformed" persons, as the insinuating *Athenæum* remarks; let us say at once there are fools, but not such tremendous fools as our misanthropic contemporary would discover. No, no. A man raffles for a horse, because the dealers or the knackers will give him a price for it, or because his wife wishes to be driven out in a gig, or because he has a mind to cut a dash in the ring. A man raffles for a gold snuff-box, because he is fond of Macabaw, or because he likes to sport such a box after dinner, or because he wishes to make it a present to Mr. Boys when he brings out any more of his relatives' lithographs, or for some other simple and equally apparent reason. And so for a pipe of port wine, a man risks his money in order to gain it, because he likes port wine, or because he can sell it, or because he wishes to present a few dozens to a friend. I wish, for my part, I had a friend who desired to dispose of either of the three articles; but that is a mere personal ejaculation, and nothing to the point. The point is that a man bids money for a horse, because he wants it; for a picture, because he would like to have a picture. Common charity must admit so much good sense in the world. Well, then, it is granted that a man joins in a raffle for a set of pictures because he is interested in pictures; that is, *he may be presumed to have a love for Art*. And a love for Art, in the end, says *The Athenæum, will generate a knowledge of Art*. Amen. In that case the excellence of Art Unions is established at once.

But no, says the philosopher who argues every week from under the columns of the temple of Minerva; this love which generates knowledge is only conceded to men who purchase pictures, not to those who raffle for them! Is not this a little hard? How much income tax must a man pay in order to have a decent love of Art; a love that shall be potent enough to become the father of a future knowledge?

I may say, without exaggeration, that Sir Robert Peel is richer than I am; but does it follow that he loves Art better? It may be, or not; but at least the right honourable baronet's income does not establish the superiority of his taste. Let any gentleman go into a pastry-cook's, and eat raspberry tarts; ten to one, pressed against the window of the shop you will see the blue nose of a penniless urchin, who is looking at the good things with all his might. Would one say that Dives, because he eats the tarts, loved them better than the little Lazarus who yearned after them? No, even *The Athenæum* would not say that; the cruel, cruel *Athenæum*.

Now, suppose that round that shop-window, and allured by the same charming prospect which has brought their comrade thither, other little Lazaruses should assemble: they love tarts; they are penniless; but still not altogether without coin. Say they have a farthing apiece; and clubbing together their wealth, or poverty rather, these rascally young gamblers made a lottery in the cap of one of them, and what is the consequence? the winner of the prize steps in and takes a raspberry tart from the very same tray at which great Dives himself has been gormandizing. It is at school, I drew lots with two other boys, and the prize was a flogging; and it does not much matter which of us won; but the others were not very sorry about it, depend on that. No; let this harmless little sin pass. As long as it provokes no very evil passions, as long as the pleasure of winning is great, and the pain of losing small, let gentlemen and ladies have their sport, and bet their bet, and our moralists not altogether despair. You cannot say that the Art Union supporters are actuated by a violent or unwholesome love of gambling; they don't injure their properties by the subscription of their guinea; they don't absent themselves from home, contract dissipated habits, bring their wives and families to ruin. They give a guinea, and are not much the better or the worse for the outlay. This is an encouragement of lotteries, *The Athenæum* may say, presently; but indeed the objection is not worth a fig.

The old lotteries were undisguised robberies. The Art Unions are none. The old lotteries lived upon atrocious lies and puffs, encouraged silly people with exaggerated notions of gain. The Art Union offers but to purchase pictures with the aggregate of your money, and to distribute the pictures so bought. There are no falsehoods told, and no absurd lying baits held out. A country book-club is a lottery, a wicked gambling transaction in which squires and parsons take a part. A house or life assurance is a lottery. You take the odds there to win in a certain event; and may by very strait-laced moralists be accused of "gambling," for so providing against fortune; but the Parliament has sanctioned this gambling, and the state draws a considerable profit from it. An underwriter gambles when he insures a ship; calculating that he has a profit on the chances. A man gambles when he buys stock to sell afterwards, or a newspaper, or a house, or any other commodity, upon which profit or loss may accrue. In the latter cases, perhaps, he gambles as he does at whist, knowing himself to be a good player, and trusting to skill and chance for his success. But in the former cases, the underwriter of the ship or house has no security; it is sheer luck;

dependent on a fire or a gale of wind, with the *pull* of the chances in his favour.

In a commercial country, then, where there is so much authorized gambling for profit, a little gambling for mere amusement's and kindness's sake may be tolerated. Let it be allowed, at any rate, that there is no great criminality in the Art Union species of gambling; and so quietly pass over the moral objection to the scheme. Then there has been lately mooted in the papers a legal objection; but that is not a very frightful one. Both of the learned gentlemen who have been consulted and have pronounced for and against Art Unions have allowed that there is no danger of prosecution, and that poor bugbear will frighten honest folks no more.

But the strong objection is that on the part of some artists of the old school, who say that the Art Union system deteriorates Art; that it sets painters speculating upon fancy pieces, to suit the taste of the prize-holders; that they think this will be a taking two-hundred guinea subject, or that a neat gaudy piece that will be sure to hook something; and they paint accordingly.

Now, let any man who has looked at English picture-galleries for the last ten or twenty years be called upon to say from his heart, whether there has not been a great, a noble, improvement? — whether there is not infinitely more fancy, feeling, poetry, education, among artists as a body now than then? Good Heavens! if they do paint what are called *subjects*, what is the harm? If people do like fancy pieces, where is the great evil? If I have no fancy to have my own portrait staring me in the face in the dining-room, and would rather have Mr. Stone's "one particular star," for instance (and it is a charming picture), am I such a degraded wretch? This is but cant on the part of humbugs on the one side, and on the other the ultra-ticklishness of too susceptible minds.

What does the charge amount to? That the artist tries by one means or other to consult the taste of the public. The public is ignorant; therefore its choice is bad; there-so for Art: I would like to see Art Unions all over England, from London to Little Peddlington: every one of the subscribers become interested in a subject about which he has not thought hitherto, and which was kept as the exclusive privilege of his betters.

The Spectator has an excellent suggestion with regard to Art Unions, I think; which is, that a committee should purchase pictures with the funds of the Union, and that the prize-holder should then choose. Bad pictures would not, probably, be bought in this way; and the threatened degradation of Art would then be averted. Perhaps the majority of the present Unionists, however, would not accede to this plan, and prefer to choose their pictures for themselves. Well: let them keep to the old plan; and let us have another Art Union as the new. The more the better—the more *real* Unions; as for the sham ones, we will discourse of these anon.

Yours, my dear McGilp,

M. A. Titmarsh.

P.S.—I hope your cartoon is in a state of forwardness; we shall see in a month or two what the giants of Art can do. But, meantime, do not neglect your little picture out of *Gil Blas* or *The Vicar of Wakefield* (of course it is out of one or the other). Let those humble intellects which can only understand common feeling and every-day life have, too, their little gentle gratifications. Why should not the poor in spirit be provided for as well as the tremendous geniuses? If a child take a fancy to a penny theatrical print, let him have it; if a workman want a green parrot with a bobbing head to decorate his humble mantel-piece, let us not grudge it to him; and if an immense supereminent intelligence cannot satisfy his poetical craving with anything less sublime than Milton, or less vast than Michael Angelo,—all I can say, for my part, is, that I wish he may get it.

The kind and beneficent Genius of Art has pleasures for all according to their degree; and spreads its harmless

Bread and butter can be digested by every man; whereas Prometheus on his rock, or Orestes in his strait-waistcoat, or Hector dragged behind Achilles' car, or Britannia, guarded by Religion and Neptune, welcoming General Tomkins in the Temple of Glory — the ancient, heroic, allegorical subjects — can be supposed deeply to interest very few of the inhabitants of this city or kingdom. We have wisely given up pretending that we were interested in such, and confess a partiality for more simple and homely themes.

The Exhibition rooms are adorned with numberless very pleasing pictures in this quiet taste. Mr. Leslie offers up to our simple household gods a "Vicar of Wakefield"; Mr. Maclise presents a "Gil Blas"; Mr. Redgrave gently depicts the woes of a governess who is reading a black-edged note, and the soft sorrows of a country lass going to service; Mr. Stone has the last appeal of a rustic lover; Mr. Charles Landseer has a party drinking quietly under the trees; Mr. McNee shows a young person musing in a quiet nook, and thinking of her love.

All these subjects, it will be observed, are small subjects; but they are treated, for the most part, with extraordinary skill. As for Lady Blarney, in Mr. Leslie's picture, with that wonderful leer of her wicked, squinting, vacant eyes, she is as good as the very best Hogarth; her face is the perfection of comedy; and the honest primrose countenances round about, charming for their simplicity and rich kindly humour. The "Malade Imaginaire" is no less excellent; more farcical and exaggerated in the arrangement; but the play is farcical and exaggerated; and the picture, as the play, is full of jovial, hearty laughter. No artist possesses this precious quality of making us laugh kindly so much as Mr. Leslie. There is not the least gall or satire in it; only sheer irresistible good-humour.

Now, in the *tableau* by Mr. Maclise, many of the principal personages are scowling, or ogling, or grinning and showing their teeth, with all their might, and yet the spectator, as I fancy, is by no means so amused as by those more quiet actors in Mr. Leslie's little comedies. There is, especially in Mr. Maclise's company, one young fellow who ought to be hissed, or who should have humble parts to act, and not be thrust forward in the chief characters, as he has of late years, with his immense grinning mouthful of white teeth and knowing, leering eyes. The ladies we have seen too, repeatedly, and it must be confessed they are not of the high comedy sort. The characters appear to be, as it were, performing a tableau from *Gil Blas*, not the actual heroes or heroines of that easy jovial drama.

As for the "properties" of the piece, to use the dramatic phrase, they are admirably rich and correct. The painter's skill in representing them is prodigious. The plate, the carvings, the wine-flasks, the poor old melancholy monkey on his perch, the little parrots, the carpet, are painted with a truth and dexterity quite marvellous, and equal the most finished productions of the Dutch schools. Terbury never painted such a carpet; every bit of plate is a curiosity of truthful representation. This extraordinary power of minute representation is shown in another picture by Mr. Maclise, "The Cornish Waterfall," round which every leaf in every tree is depicted, and in which the figure·of the girl is a delightful specimen of the artist's graphic power.

Mr. Redgrave's "Going to Service" is not so well drawn as his pictures of former years. An old lady in an arm-chair, two young sisters embracing each other, a brother very stiff and solemn in a smock frock, and a waggon waiting outside, tell the story of this little domestic comedy. It has a milk-and-watery pathos. The governess has her bread-and-butter by her side, too: but the picture is much better, the girl's figure extremely beautiful and graceful, and the adjuncts of the picture are painted with extreme care and skill.

Mr. Stone's "Last Appeal" is beautiful. It is evidently the finish of the history of the two young people who are to be seen in the Water-Colour Exhibition. There the girl is smiling and pleased, and there is some hope still for the pale, earnest young man who loves her with all his might. But between the two pictures, between Pall Mall and the

Trafalgar Column, sad changes have occurred. The young woman has met a big life-guardsman, probably, who has quite changed her views of things; and you see that the last appeal is made without any hope for the appellant. The girl hides away her pretty face, and we see that all is over. She likes the poor fellow well enough, but it is only as a brother; her heart is with the life-guardsman, who is strutting down the lane at this moment, with his laced cap on one ear, cutting the buttercups' heads off with his rattan cane. The whole story is told, without, alas! the possibility of a mistake, and the young fellow in the grey stockings has nothing to do but to jump down the well, at the side of which he has been making his appeal.

The painting of this picture is excellent; the amateur will not fail to appreciate the beauty of the drawing, the care, and at the same time freedom, of the execution, and a number of excellences of method which are difficult to be described in print, except in certain technical terms that are quite unsatisfactory to the general reader.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "Monks of Rubrosi" is the best, perhaps, of his pictures. The scene is extremely cheerful, fresh, and brilliant; the landscape almost as good as the figures, and these are all good. Two grave-looking, aristocratic fathers of the abbey have been fly-fishing; a couple of humbler brethren in brown are busy at a hamper of good things; a gallant young sportsman in green velvet lies on the grass and toasts a pretty lass that is somehow waiting upon their reverences. The picture is not only good, but has the further good quality of being *pleasant;* and some clever artist will do no harm in condescending so far to suit the general taste. There is no reason, after all, why a man should not humble himself to this extent, and make friends with the public patron.

For instance, take Mr. Poole's picture of "Solomon Eagle and the Plague of London." It is exceedingly clever; but who would buy such a piece? Figures writhe over the picture blue and livid with the plague — some are dying in agony — some stupid with pain. You see the dead-cart in the distance; and in the midst stands naked Solomon, with blood-shot eyes and wild maniacal looks, preaching death, woe, and judgment. Where should such a piece hang? It is too gloomy for a hospital, and surely not cheerful enough for a dining-room. It is not a religious picture, that would serve to decorate the walls of a church. A very dismal, gloomy conventicle might, perhaps, be a suitable abode for it; but would it not be better to tempt the public with something more good-humoured?

Of the religious pieces, Mr. Herbert's "Woman of Samaria" will please many a visitor to the Exhibition, on account of the beauty and dignity of the head of the Saviour. The woman, as I thought, was neither beautiful nor graceful. Mr. Eastlake's "Hagar" is beautiful, as everything else by this accomplished artist; but here, perhaps, the beauty is too great, and the pain not enough. The scene is not represented with its actual agony and despair; but it is, as it were, a sort of limning to remind you of the scene; a piece of mystical poetry with Ishmael and Hagar for the theme. I must confess that Mr. Linnett's "Supper at Emmaus" did not strike me as the least mystical or poetical, and that Mr. Etty's "Entombment" was anything but holy and severe. Perhaps the most pious and charming head in the whole Exhibition is that of the Queen, by Mr. Leslie, in his Coronation picture; it has a delightful modesty and a purity quite angelical.

Mr. Etty's pictures of the heathen sort are delightful; wonderful for a gorgeous flush of colour, such as has belonged, perhaps, to no painter since Rubens. But of these we will discourse next week.

No. 4.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.[1] (Second Notice.)

MY DEAR MCGILP,

If her Majesty is the purchaser of all the royal pictures by Paris, by Hayter, by Leslie, by Landseer,—of all the

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[1] [*The Pictorial Times*, May 27, 1843.]

epaulets, and his white Kerseymere pantaloons? Round the sovereign are all the maids of honour; round the maids of honour all the officers of state; round the officers of state all the beefeaters and gentlemen-at-arms; and on these magnificent subjects our painters are continually employed. Noble themes for the exercise of genius! brilliant proofs of enlightened public taste! The court milliners must be proud to think that their works are thus immortalized, and the descendants of our tailors will look at these pieces with a justifiable family pride.

Mr. Leslie has had to chronicle coats and satin-slips in this way, and has represented *his* scene in the drama of the coronation (how many more episodes of the same piece have been represented and by how many more painters, I don't know), and his picture is so finely done, so full of beauty and grandeur, that for once a court picture has been made interesting. I have remarked on the principal figure before, —the exquisite grace and piety represented in the countenance and attitude of the Queen; but the judgment of the quality as far as I have been able to gather it (and it is good to this end to play the spy's part, and overhear the opinions of the genteel personages who come to see the Exhibition) —the genteel judgment is decidedly against the painter, and his portraits are pronounced to be failures, and his pictures quite inferior to many others by others' hands. Let us hope the opinion will be so general, that this charming painter shall never be called upon to paint a court ceremony again. I would rather see honest Mrs. Primrose's portrait by him than that of the loveliest lady of honour; and the depicting of uniforms and lappets and feathers left to those politer artists whose genius is suited to subjects so genteel.

There is no Prince Albert this year, I regret to say; but we have two portraits of her Majesty, in trains, velvets, armchairs, etc.—one by the President[1] and one by Mr. Grant—and neither worth a crown-piece. One of the most exquisite and refined little sketches ever seen is the portrait of Lady Lyttelton, by the latter artist; it is a delightful picture of a beautiful and high-bred maiden. Mr. Chalon's aristocracy does not ogle and simper quite so much as in former years; and their ladyships are painted with all the artist's accustomed skill. Mr. Richmond's heads are excellent as usual; and there is a rival to these gentlemen, who has given us a water-colour portrait of the Bishop of Exeter, in which the amiable and candid features of that prelate are depicted with great fidelity and talent. Mr. Carrick's men-miniatures are perhaps the best among those pleasing performances; the likeness of a former Secretary for Ireland will especially please those who know his lordship's countenance, and those who do not, by its resemblance to an eminent comedian whose absence from the stage all regret.

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[1] Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Thorburn cultivates more, perhaps, than any other miniature painter, the poetry of his art. The gallant knights, Sir Ross and Sir Newton, are as victorious as usual; and Mr. Lover's head of Mr. Lever deserves praiseworthy mention; it will be looked at with interest by "Harry Lorrequer's" English readers, and by those who had the opportunity of seeing him in the body, and hearing his manly and kind-hearted speech at the Literary Fund the other day.

Of Mr. Etty's colour pieces what words can give an idea? Many lovers of Titian and Rubens will admit that here is an English painter who almost rivals them in his original way, and all will admire their magnificent beauty. Mr. Turner, our other colourist, is harder to be understood. The last time the gentle reader received a black eye at school and for a moment after the delivery of the blow, when flashes of blue, yellow, and crimson lightning blazed before the ball so preternaturally excited, he saw something not unlike the "Moses" of Mr. Turner. His picture of "Cleopatra Meeting Alexander the Great at Moscow the Morning Before the Deluge" (perhaps this may not be the exact title, but it will do as well as another) is of the most transcendental sort. The quotations from the *Fallacies of Hope* continue still in great force; as thus:—

> The Ark stood firm on Ararat; the returning Sun
> Exhaled Earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
> Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise,
> Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly,
> ' Which rises, flits, expands, and dies. — *Fallacies of Hope.*

The artist has done full justice to these sweet lines.

We are given to understand by *cognoscenti* that the Italian skies are always of the bluest cobalt; hence many persons are dissatisfied with Mr. Stanfield's Italian landscapes, as unfaithful, because deficient in the proper depth of ultramarine. On this subject let proper judges speak; but others less qualified will find the pictures beautiful, and more beautiful for their quiet and calm. Who can praise Mr. Creswick sufficiently? The "Welsh Girl" will, one of these days, fetch a sum of money as great as ever was given for Hobbema or Ruysdael; and "Evening" is an English Claude. Mr. Lee's fresh country landscapes will find hundreds of admirers; and perhaps there are no two prettier little pictures in the gallery than Mr. Linton's "Sorrento" and Mr. Jutsum's "Tintern."

In walking round the vault in which the sculpture is entombed, I did not see anything especially worthy of mark, except a bust of Count d'Orsay, who has himself broken ground as an artist, and whose genius will one day no doubt make its way. Why have we not our common share of the admirable pictures of Mr. Edwin Landseer? It can't be that a man of his facility has painted but three pictures in a year, and picture-lovers wonder where the rest are?

M. A. TITMARSH.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.[1]

THE Water-Colour Exhibitions this year are quite as gay and pretty as in preceding seasons, though presenting no works of very extraordinary merit. The gentlemen of the New Society are commonly more ambitious than the painters of the old; but their efforts have not this year been quite so successful as in former seasons. Mr. Warren has a pair of large pictures, in which one is sorry to see so much labour and ingenuity have been expended in vain; Mr. Corbould has a large Scripture piece, which is as bad, poor, mannered, and feeble a performance as ever was perpetrated by a clever young painter; Mr. Hayter, always good, is not quite so good as formerly; Mr. Wehnert has a large piece representing Luther preaching, and though the figures look as if they were made of wood, they exhibit some powerful painting and expression; Miss Corbaux has her pretty little, rather caricatured, subject of Cinderella (but, perhaps, the artist is right, and in a fairy tale all the grotesque should be somewhat caricatured); Mr. Absolon has a snow-piece from the eternal *Vicar of Wakefield*—a large picture, and a failure.

On the other hand, and although the artist's practice is very imperfect, and he cannot compete in skill and tricks of pencilling with many an inferior workman, he has some qualities which the inferior workman cannot acquire, labour he ever so—an exceedingly fine sentiment of pure beauty and tender humour. All his little pieces sparkle with this delicate, kindly sentiment; here is a little sketch of a young couple passing over a plank across a brook; you see that they are in love, though they make no big eyes or ogles at each other to express the tender passion, as it is commonly expressed in pictures; then there is a drawing of a farmer coming home from the cornfield, wife and child at the cottage, waiting for him, which little stale rustic history is yet told with remarkable grace and sweetness. Finally, there are two designs of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Widow, of which more need not be said than that they are as good as if Mr. Leslie himself had drawn them. Let all Art Union prize-men have a look at these rough, exquisite little pieces. Perhaps, however, it is for such slight sketches that water-colours are best adapted; the larger pieces are wonderful and curious, but not satisfactory, any more than an overture when played on a guitar, which can accompany a ballad very sweetly.

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[1] [*The Pictorial Times*, May 6, 1843.]

Very wisely, as we think, Mr. Cattermole has exhibited this year a few of those magnificent sketches in which he is unrivalled, in place of more elaborate pieces, which are not so well suited to his style or to the material in which he works. Two sketches on rough brown paper, seemingly, are quite extraordinary for depth and power of colour; and the large drawing of "Charles and his Army after the battle of Newbury" is a magnificent wild composition, full of power and rich colour, and awful romantic gloom.

Mr. Taylor's "Vicar of Wakefield" is exceedingly pleasant and graceful in humour, and exhibits much of the skill of this artist's brilliant and flowing pencil. The drawings of Mr. Copley Fielding are, perhaps, even better than in former years. A forest scene may especially be remarked for its extraordinary vigour and richness of tone. There are only a pair of those delightful boys with whose society Mr. Hunt is accustomed to amuse us; but there are some wonderful fruit pieces from his pencil, and some interiors not quite, we think, so happy.

Mr. Nash's "Gothic Halls" are drawn with great skill and truth, not so his meagre composition of "Milton and his Daughters," as unromantic and likewise unreal a piece as heart can desire. The young ladies' fingers are like shreds of muslin, the old gentleman's eyes as inane as Farren's in

"Grandfather Whitehead," or as those of a monk in a certain picture by Mr. Richter, from the novel of *The Trustee.* Words cannot be found in the dictionary strong enough to express our sense of this picture of Father Lawrence, and of a twin abomination from the same hand, and to illustrate the same romance. On the subject of "Una and her Lion," serious though polite remonstrances should be addressed to Miss Sharpe. Here are represented the biggest lion, the largest tear, and the yellowest head of hair ever painted; but, alas! a tear that should be painted big enough to fill a tablespoon would not be necessarily pathetic: nor is a spun-silk wig necessarily pathetic: it is not with stage properties that imagination is manufactured; and in spite of her tear, and her hair, and her lion, this Una must be set down as the least romantic of young women.

Mr. S. W. Wright's beauties have that charm of grace and delicacy for which all the works of this pleasing artist are known; and Mr. Stone has a charming little drawing of a pair of lovers, with a motto in an outlandish tongue, very difficult of comprehension. But it is clear that the *ragazza* is a *franche coquette,* and the *povero fanciullo* a *dummkopf,* whose example *nosotros* would do well to avoid:—*verbum sap.*

The lover of landscape will find at this exhibition many an agreeable recollection of nature in the drawings of De Wint and Gastineau; and may take his last look at those gloomy and romantic scenes, which only Varley knew how to paint.

By the way, a gentleman at the New Water-Colour Society has managed to copy the Varley manner very closely.

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

MAY GAMBOLS; OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE GALLERIES.[1]

THE readers of this Miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since — on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of "Heliogabalus" in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this, or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens, and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. "*Cœlum ipsum,*" as Horace says, "*petimus stultitiâ.*" But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1844.]

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of — O. Y.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD, *May* 25.

This is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks; the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair; the law has ordered the suppression of Art-Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art-lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby-lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maulstick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista; the lottery-subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revivified, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No. *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While his Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronized by her majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the Prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the president says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low; and the public (the ignorant rogues) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorized to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The president and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and St. Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking trumpet; and a twenty-four pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing match, or a picture gallery, as their turn came. Read now *The Times, The Chronicle, The Post* (especially *The Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then — until the nobility taught us; gracious nobility. Above all, what a compliment to the public!

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art-Unions; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! they know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are supplied with glass beads; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from *The Vicar of Wakefield* that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art-Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle; as the law-student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil! We must live. The public likes light literature and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh, in private know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the Æolic digamma. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-pease with too much gormandize;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice oyer his water-gruel," or what not. These real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham-classical big-wigs of the Academy, the young painters of England *are not doing their duty.* They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art-Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them. Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art-Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer.

Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing *but* domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must have a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals: camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet, surely demands a reverent treat-medicine bottles on the mantelpiece! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted — extremely popular — gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shewn that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, the "Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning; the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the post-chaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable, baldheaded gentleman, with a most benignant, though slowcoachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the face pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "*Mæcenas atavis edite regibus,*" represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus: —

		Tommy.
Jessamy.	Jenny.	Jocky.
	A dog.	

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy, offhand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh, plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards Heaven a sweet little retroussé nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny. And, oh! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in Jessamy; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as Jessamy is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face; much fine appreciation of character in the easy, smiling triumph of the rival; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That *is* very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble not at the work, but the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity in these two gentle, kindly heads; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Heloïse," a face which the artist has painted over and over again; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Heloïse than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Mr. Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael with a strong dash of Overbeck; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them. The drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all? Is that enough to make a poet? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the president of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, deserve merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red, arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steam-boat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys — a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most philanthropic observer into good-humour. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family"; for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures, the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things; it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one. And, in enumerating all the above perfections I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour; it is quite original this—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerald Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine*, the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian, Mr. Etty; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of rude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but, in colour, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces us to one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were,—a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms;—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from *Comus*, which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character—

> All amidst the gardens fair
> Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
> That sing about the golden tree,
> Along the crisped shades and bowers,
> Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
> Beds of hyacinths and roses,
> Where young Adonis oft reposes,
> Waxing well of his deep wound,
> In slumber soft and on the ground
> Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
> But far above in spangled sheen
> Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
> Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced.

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely, he is a prose painter. His kind, buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady—that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descends from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale; a rustic seducer with an air of rude, hob-nailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden.

Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterize those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you for ever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painters, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder, and say, "Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the left-hand Cupid;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, my knight of the Eagle, for the left-hand Cupid."

Mr. Maclise's Comus picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas apiece for these noble compositions? Why, a printseller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the Exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "Charity," than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted anything more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricature of the old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now —little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals — to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archæological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall Mall to St. James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they ? — All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic Saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century revived in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for some one to write an essay, shewing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott[1] has influenced the world; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic, something after the fashion of Retzch's figures in *Faust* (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem); and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels,—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture striking her attitude too, to complete this scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the David-gian, nay Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude; when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacarreguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing picquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at picquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the courtyard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency—with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good-breeding.

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[1] Or more properly Goethe. *Götz von Berlichingen* was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and lay down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's *Life of Peden;* the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine —dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens' swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens) and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions — an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild laments on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figures, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter represents her majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by

Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superioress of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable picture of the Society — for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, "An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's return," Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterizes the poverty, the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, "Lady Jane Grey praying before execution." One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard and incomplete; but the principal figure excellent; the face, especially, is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan* — a sly hit at the learned sergeant, member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from *Undine* does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too) which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful super-nature. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses! We must have the *Fairy Tales* illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows anything about them. Yes, there *is* some one else; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of DOYLE) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairy-land, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind, smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna, who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon."[1] The glory of dulness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world — no, not even in the House of Commons — so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly,—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

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[1] *Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu*
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit.—LUCRETIUS.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from *The Vicar of Wakefield* or *Gil Blas* should, by any favour or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, "VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Rev. Dr. Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins' company. The vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mildly, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses, and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as, indeed, are all in the picture. As for Gil Blas,—but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain Gil Blas there are in the exhibition eating ollapodridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces Mr. Ward's "Lafleur" must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree Well," which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes' good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the octagon-room): nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty; the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critics call "French," because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor, dear Art-Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child, who are thinking of anything but Rienzi and liberty; who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent, as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia?" A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and blood-shot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so and fancy they are exhibiting "power"; whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions—these Ghoul festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in *The Arabian Nights,* who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and "Stag"; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue overhead; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without a greatcoat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the great room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap; the dogs look real; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year — a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness, and breeze, and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening"; the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft, golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch have contributed works, showing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile, there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All those wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called "Rain — Steam — Speed," is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick, smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake, and quiet glazings of vermilion, although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red. I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of that the less said the better, — only it is a positive fact that there is a steam coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen anything like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the Exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of *The Morning Post, The*

Morning Chronicle, *The Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esq., by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose.' The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? it is better to imitate great things well, than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10,000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horror, weak, but oh! how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos. 99,999 and 99,999') which the old Academicians perpetrate. You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good picture. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists. Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a showing up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and lady-like grace; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the Exhibition; and if you walk into the miniature room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombries of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate *Coningsby*.

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait sculptors have all their usual finish, skill and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this Gallery in venerable numbers; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks meekly changing colour; squires and their families from the country; and it is a fact that you never can enter the Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of the article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Pont still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the waterposts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farm-houses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding;—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mount

St. Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances an falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize wit Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, M G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they sho great talent, no small dexterity and genuine enthusiast love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure painter, meri likewise very much praise; his works are not complete a yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as ente taining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingl fine, and tragic in character. His "Sick Cigar-boy," wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture c the toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty, th housemaid, is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish c yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brusl the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudde On one of the screens there are some "birds' nests," out c which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of th eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more tha ordinarily clever. His "Houseless Wanderers" is worth of Hogarth in humour; most deliciously coloured an treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larde quite a curiosity as showing the ease, truth, and dexterit with which the artist washes in his flowing delineation from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most t admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, c the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to a amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" an "Rook-Shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasin His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine rich, original and sober in colour; excellent in sentimen and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawin not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smalle than that in the refectory, these faults are less visible i the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a compositio perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country. "Boppart," "Bacharach," etc., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerism, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantelpiece, the dinner table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water glasses, the sherry glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her royal writing table, an *escritoire* with pigeon holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The "Gipsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place," where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-Colour

Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember the first ventures of this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch had made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the "Egyptian Lady" (150); his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal, and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from *The V-c-r of W-kef-ld* (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. "A little Sulky," "The Devonshire Cottage Door," "The Widow on the Stile," "The Stocking-knitter," are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald green, and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons deploring the Departure of the

Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regret pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, "while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for "the distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, baiting Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shews great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: "The Innkeeper's Daughter" (38) and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from the Düsseldorf's embellishments to decorate their catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the "Death of Zurbarab" is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water colours seem forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins' beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123) must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, colour and sentiment. Another female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape-drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gracefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10); and the delightful "Shady Lane" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys' pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletti.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at St. Helena.

PICTURE GOSSIP:
IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH,

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO,
AUGUSTO HA ARVÉ, PITTORE IN ROMA.[1]

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered, with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night—that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said naught, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days!—for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarroti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raphael painted? Yes—and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes—and have eaten woodcocks and drank Ovieto hard by the huge, broad-shouldered Pantheon Portico, in the comfortable parlours of the Falcone. Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas Day?—do you remember it? *I* don't.

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[1] [*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1845.]

But his Holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with affecting volubility; not that there was anything in or out of the gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and Liberal Rome; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow moustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits — he was one of our set at Rome; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season, — Orifice and his sentimental songs; Father Giraldo and his poodle, and MacBrick, the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this letter; but the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and instead of despatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that *Fraser's Magazine* is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the *Index Expurgatorius.*

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion — indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, "He paints so badly, that, hang it! he *must* be a good judge;" in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival! — of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works exhibited in May would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in St. Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water like a bombshell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion? was the thought of every one. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends before their pictures are sent in to the exhibition, to visit the painter's works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying "Bravo, Jones (I don't mean Jones, R.A., for I defy any man to say 'bravo' to *him*, but Jones in general)!" "Tomkins, this is your greatest work!" "Smith, my boy, they must elect you an Associate for this!" and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I, myself, have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privileges as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I stayed away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), would only see their pictures in the public galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbours. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this after having had my fill of their works, so publicly exhibited in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom, — it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular, that I shall only discourse about those pictures which

I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my honour and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine, who, like yourself at present, has been a student of "High Art" at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a nicety, and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paper-stretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and moustachios of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition-wall between the two drawing rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it was "Caractacus before Claudius," or a scene from *The Vicar of Wakefield,* I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after a while, with his moustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of "Boadicea addressing the Iceni:" quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguishes his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the exhibitions together, and I watched his behaviour before the pictures. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical, historical pictures, he yawned; before some of the grand, flashy landscapes, he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humour or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his high-lows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

"These little pictures," said he, on being questioned, "are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical propriety) are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this naïve exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artist can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. Hence," says he, "I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ('A Donkey on a Common') than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ('Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia'), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, 'Shrimp Catchers, Morning,' (how exquisitely the long and level sands are touched off! how beautifully the morning light touches the countenances of the fishermen, and illumines the rosy features of the shrimps!) to yonder pretentious illustration from Spenser, 'Sir Botibol rescues Una from Sir Uglimore in the Cave of the Enchantress Ichthyosaura.'"

I am only mentioning another's opinion of these pictures, and would not of course, for my own part, wish to give pain by provoking comparisons that must be disagreeable to some persons. But I could not help agreeing with my young friend, and saying, "Well, then, in the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you only like what is real, and natural, and unaffected—if upon such works you gaze with delight, while from more pretentious performers you turn away with weariness, why the deuce must *you* be in the heroic vein? Why don't you *do* what you like?" The young man turned round on the iron heel of his high-lows, and walked downstairs clinking them sulkily.

There are a variety of classes and divisions into which the works of our geniuses may be separated. There are the heroic pictures, the theatrical-heroic, the religious, the historical-sentimental, the historical-familiar, the namby-pamby, and so forth.

Among the heroic pictures of course Mr. Haydon's ranks the first, its size and pretensions call for that place. It roars out to you as it were with a Titanic voice from among all the competition to public favour, "Come and look at me." A broad-shouldered, swaggering, hulking archangel, with those rolling eyes and distending nostrils which belong to the species of sublime caricature, stands scowling on a sphere from which the devil is just descending bound earthwards. Planets, comets, and other astronomical phenomena roll and blaze round the pair and flame in the new blue sky. There is something burly and bold in this resolute genius which will attack only enormous subjects, which will deal with nothing but the epic, something respectable even in the defeats of such characters. I was looking the other day at Southampton at a stout gentleman in a green coat and white hat, who a year or two since fully believed that he could walk upon the water, and set off in the presence of a great concourse of people upon his supermarine journey. There is no need to tell you that the poor fellow got a wetting and sank amidst the jeers of all his beholders. I think somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman, they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment; and so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularity, and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence? Let us be gentle with them henceforth, who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous?* But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell; it will not do for a chapel; it is too big for a house: I have it—it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error, the picture may suit some tastes,—it does *The Times* for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art; whereas the *Post* won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumb-foundered into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where, but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere; they come up to his conceptions of the sublime, they answer his ideas of beauty of the Beautiful as he writes with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sybil which this same author praises so enthusiastically? a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyed, ogling creature, we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto; on subjects of art, perhaps, there is no reasoning after all: or who can tell why children have a passion for lollypops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton? To the child lollypops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously; while, as you have seen, *The Times* awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, *The Chronicle*, quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses's mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely coloured; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean colour; Moses's mother is a handsome woman; and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion; a handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy; but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England — nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would for my part cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, that champion of suffering female innocence, for his "Governess." That picture is more decidedly *spoony* than, perhaps, any other of this present season; and the subject seems to be a favourite with the artist. We have had the "Governess" one year before, or a variation of her under the name of "The Teacher," or *vice versa*. The Teacher's young pupils are at play in the garden, she sits sadly in the schoolroom, there she sits, poor dear! — the piano is open beside her, and (oh, harrowing thought!) "Home, sweet home!" is open in the music-book. She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged note-paper in her hand. They have brought her her tea, and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea, *she has not tasted the bread and butter!* There is pathos for you! there is art! This is, indeed, a love for lollypops with a vengeance, a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver pap-spoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called the "Arrival of the Overland Mail." A lady is in her bed-chamber, a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance, and you see his red coat and moustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bed-side, her face has sunk into the feather-bed; her hands are clasped agonizingly together; a most tremendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something naïve and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public, they have gained Art-Union prizes, let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded, and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *Mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos *The Times* advertisements would afford daily; we might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before that I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily, but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become unendurable; and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling, hysterical sentimentality, it is surely the critic's duty to grin down, to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains, to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the maudlin pictures is Mr. Stone's *Premier Pas.* It is that old pretty, rococo, fantastic Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, etc. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion — her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porch-side. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig, Jessamy, bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigour and strength.

This artist's picture of the "Queen and Ophelia" is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste. Her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The colour of the picture struck me as quite new, sedate, but bright and very agreeable; the chequered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition; it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-bye, Jenny and Jessamy; we hope never to see you again — no more rococo rustics, no more namby-pamby: the man who can paint the queen of Hamlet must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shaksperian commentator ever remarked how fond the queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius? How courteous and kind the latter always was towards her? So excellent a family man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behaviour to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the Exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of "Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution." The story is finely told here, the group large and noble The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed; and the little episode of the gaoler, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In *Hamlet*, how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy!

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of the "Good Pastor," from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort — not too much of it — it is indicated rather than expressed. "Sentiment, sir," Walker of the *Original* used to say, — "sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes: it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere."

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savoury comparison regarding it; but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to shew what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, to know what you can do! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint nowadays — kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good-humour. It is a comfort to have such a companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle, quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera obscura of the brain — the dear old parson with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half-roguery, half-terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage chimneys in a peaceful, Sabbath-sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment — there's no need of a great, clumsy, black-edged letter to placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion; the sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive, and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily, because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the Catalogue) has given us a picture of "Sabrina," which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection, from Comus, which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place and price than our royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English Arts. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescoes which royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred — condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace wall — that was a slap in the face to every artist in England; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of *Punch's* band, who says, for his part, —

> I will not toil for queen and crown,
> If princely patrons spurn me down;
> I will not ask for royal job —
> Let my Maecenas be A SNOB![1]

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence; but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble lest Frost should be similarly nipped; and I hope for more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty — a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of "Nymphs cajoling Young Hylas," which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

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[1] The indignant poet of *Punch's* band was Thackeray. The lines occur in the verses, *A Painter's Wish* (*Punch*, April 5, 1845), which is reprinted in vol. xviii. of this edition: *Ballads, etc.*

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realizing those promises, I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His "Connemara Girls going to Market" are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don't think are common about Leenane or Ballynahinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts's "View of Jerusalem," and Muller's pictures of "Rhodes," and "Xanthus," and "Telmessus." This artist's sketches are excellent; like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colours. In the pictures the artist forgets the brilliancy of colour which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and "Telmessus" looks as grey and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces; one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol, let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag's cave); another called the "Four Ages," which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton; and another, who has also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose "Song of the Olden Time" is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said); the old bard who is singing the song of the olden time a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron, and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the —— gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from *Comus* is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well; but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way, after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his *Comus* picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously laboured, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woeful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor labourer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. The face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet, irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady, — wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt. I have seen similar little darlings in the toy-shops in the Lowther Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton-wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well; it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such a company. Good Lord! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *precieuse* young lady!

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec choraeas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids *are* a little *hazardes;* his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty; his drawing and colouring are still more audacious than they were; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowsy nymphs; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lakes, and brown, and ultramarine. It must be confessed that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere—in a young ladies' school, for instance. But, how rich and superb is the colour! Did Titian paint better or Rubens as well? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the colour appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best—"Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance—and better than Rubens'. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, outstares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honour); and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it and owns that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock, and how few are the works of art that can give it!

The author of that sybilline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of the *Fallacies of Hope*, is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's colour is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more — some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of the *Fallacies of Hope* is a mysterious extravaganza; price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too, — to mesmerize you. It is revealed to you; and, as it is said in the East, the magicians make children see the sultans, carpet-bearers, tents, etc., in a spot of ink in their hands; so the magician, Joseph Mallord, makes you see what he likes on a board, that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flicked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners and gondolas, with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half dozen whaleboats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zigzag lines spattered on the canvas at hap-hazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails; the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship's bows; and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye; who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don't like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy the *Fallacies of Hope* to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman's song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acme before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant, sparkling pageant of naval war. His great picture of the

"Mole of Ancona," fresh, healthy, and bright as breeze and sea can make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind; one in the first room, especially,—a Dutch landscape, with a warm, sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician? Can it be a son of that gent? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honours. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. "The Ruins of Carnac" is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin! the sun lights up tremendous lines of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of "Jerusalem" did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful; anybody who had visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys and laid down the lines of the buildings; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad, fatal aspect, which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow, weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched, gloomy landscape; whereas in Mr. Roberts's picture the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in colour, odd and novel as a representation of manners and costume, a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's "Sir Thomas More going to Execution." Miss More is crying on papa's neck, pa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, etc.: all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boy's hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labour; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want something more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of "Charles I. before the battle of Edge Hill," would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn-door, officers are round about, the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence, rows of soldiers appear in red coats, nobody seems to have anything particular to do, except the royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham; and here is a piece well composed, and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing—the part of Hamlet omitted. The king in this attitude (with the baton in his hand, simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so called, very cleverly executed and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Mr. Ward has a very good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's ante-chamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humour; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well. There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of "Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing." His Holiness lies on his sofa languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly *aides-de-camp* in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the middle-age devotion. All his works have unction; and the prim, subdued, ascetic race, which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, "A Shepherd praying at a Cross in the Fields." I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?

Es ist der Tag des Herrn:
Ich bin allein auf weitern Flur,
Noch eine Morgen-Glocke nur
Und Stille nah und fern.

Anbetend knie ich hier.
O süsses Graun, geheimes Wehn,
Als knieten viele ungesehn
Und beteten mit mir.

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them—of Sabbath repose and *recueillement*—an almost endless flock of sheep lies around the pious pastor; the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain; blue mountains keep watch in the distance; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room! There is a little Mulready, of which the colour blazes out like sapphires and rubies; a pair of Leslies—one called the "Heiress"—one a scene from Molière—both delightful:—these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty, before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines? The young men do well, but the elders do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best works of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster's "Dame's School" ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children's faces; but the schoolmistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much. One particularly, called "A Place to be Remembered," which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby's great "Evening Scene" has portions which are not surpassed by Cuyp or Claude; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others — a height with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by Collins. Mr. Leigh's "Polyphemus," of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable; and let us say Mr. Elmore's "Origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline Factions," which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhat deficient.

There is very little comedy in the Exhibition, most of the young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's "Fetching the Doctor" is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, "B. Virgine col," etc. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets, the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Haymarket leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A "Mr. Pigeon" by the former hangs in the place of honour usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are those by Mr.

Watson Gordon: one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium-eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of colour is that of Mr. Lopez by Linnell. Mr. Grant is the favourite; but a very unsound painter to my mind, painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads, which no other painter can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many errors. Is it Count D'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character, that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the grey-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin, for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May meetings. The genius of Mayfair fires the bosom of Chalon, the tea-party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunkey. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are excellent; Thorburn's almost take the rank of historical pictures. In his picture of two sisters one has almost the most beautiful head in the world; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given his royal highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigour. Miss Corbaux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here; kind faces smile at you from the ivory; and features of fair creatures, oh! how—

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Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady; nor, indeed, can we give him any further space, seeing that this is nearly the last page of the *Magazine*. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues in the vault where they are buried; praising, however, the children, Paul and Virginia, the head of Bayly's nymph, and M'Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No. 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's "Boy at Prayers," in the Water-Colour Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.

SKETCHES AFTER ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By L. Marvy.

WITH SHORT NOTICES BY W. M. THACKERAY.

PREFACE.

The revolutionary storm which raged in France in 1848, drove many peaceful artists, as well as kings, ministers, tribunes, and socialists of state, for refuge to our country; and amongst the former was Monsieur Louis Marvy, a friend of the present writer, who has passed many happy hours in the French artist's *atelier*, which, with his friends and his family, and its constant cheerfulness and sunshine, the Parisian was obliged to exchange for a dingy parlour and the fog and solitude of London. A fine and skilful landscape painter himself, M. Marvy, during his residence here, made the following series of engravings, after the works of our English landscape painters; and, amongst other persons, especially and thankfully owes an obligation to my kind friend, Mr. Thomas Baring, for permission to make several sketches after pictures in his rich collection.

The task of describer or narrator for the little exhibition devolved upon myself, without whose introduction the publishers would not hear of M. Marvy's appearance before the English public, and who must bespeak its indulgence for the discharge of a task which was one of no small difficulty. There are no incidents in our show upon which the showman can dilate; in most cases he has to introduce his audience to the sight of a simple and quiet landscape, over which ideal pleasure is ever the best commentary, and concerning which it is as hard to explain one's own emotions, as to cause another to share in them; but the promise being made, the pictures engraved, and the publisher peremptory, there is nothing for it but to step forward, make a bow to the audience, and begin the lecture.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT.

Sir Augustus takes the precedence in our series, to which his rank entitles him. The present age seldom witnesses combined excellences in any art or science, but Callcott tried every branch of his, before he finally settled down in landscape. He first began by portrait-painting; he then took to historical subjects, by which he won the mastery which adds so much value and interest to his landscapes of English scenery, or to his Dutch and Italian river or canal borders. By treating the subjects which were before handled by Cuyp and Canaletti, he has laid himself open to the charge of plagiarism, but undeservedly; for a genuine vein of English colouring pervades his works, particularly his smaller works, in which, less hampered by the breadth of effect he was bound and successfully to seek, he devoted his admirable skill in finishing. His house in Kensington was long a focus of all that was eminent in art or criticism, from Flaxman to Waagen. The charms of his dwelling made his works looked upon more as the successful efforts of an amateur, than those of an accomplished painter, to which their sterling merit fully entitles them. That from which the artist, permitted by the kindness of Mr. T. Baring, has been enabled to copy, is one of the best-known of Callcott's works, and can bear to be looked at by the side of the Cuyp in the splendid collection where it hangs.

TURNER.

Some people cannot understand that prodigious poem the *Fallacies of Hope*, with Delphic sentences, from which the notices of Mr. Turner's pictures are often accompanied in the Academy catalogues. Many cannot comprehend the late pictures themselves, but stand bewildered before those blazing wonders, those blood-red shadows, those whirling gamboge suns—awful hieroglyphics which even the Oxford Graduate, Turner's most faithful priest and worshipper, cannot altogether make clear. Nay, who knows whether the priest himself has any distinct idea of the words which break out from him, as he sits whirling on the tripod; or of what spirits will come up as he waves his wand, and delivers his astounding incantation? In Mr. Irving's latter days, it was the gift of some to utter, of others to interpret the utterances: and possibly the prophet was as much surprised and edified as anybody else in the congregation, when the interpreter rose and translated his mystic cries. It is not given to all to understand; but at times we have glimpses of comprehension, and in looking at such pictures as the "Fighting Téméraire," for instance, or the "Star Ship," we admire (and can scarce find words adequate to express our wonder) the stupendous skill and genius of this astonishing master. If these works which we think we understand are sublime, what are those others which are unintelligible? Are they sublime too, or have they reached that next and higher step, which by some is denominated ridiculous? Perhaps we have not arrived at the right period for judging; and Time, which is proverbial for settling squabbles, is also required for sobering pictures. As we cannot look at the sun but through a blackened glass, it has seemed to us that the most dazzling of Turner's fancies have often been improved by the sobering influence of the graver, and in nothing has his style proved more triumphant than in withstanding this test. There are no claptrap light or shadows to serve the purpose of effect. This may be owing to his having himself wielded the point. He first exhibited in 1790. He first published his celebrated Liber Studiorum in 1812, those sepia etchings which far surpass Claude's in variety of composition as well as feeling. We are tired by the ever-recurring architecture and clumps of trees of the latter. Turner gleans sublimity from the whole Continent, and when satiated with that, rests in more quiet scenes of our shores, glens, and mountains. They contain the germ of what he hereafter created: his mind has ever been expanding, could not rest confined and cramped to common laws.

The picture before us is of the Master's earlier and more intelligible style, before he spoke oracles, and when he wrote poetry: poetry how grand, how sumptuous, how admirably beautiful and true to nature, any one can say who has looked at the picture painted in 1811, exhibited in 1849; at Mr. Grundy's Trossachs; at Sir John Swinburne's picture; or at the Carthage in the Master's own gallery; works which seem to us to give him the very foremost place of the landscape artists;—epic works, so to speak—the greatest in aim, the greatest in art, the greatest in truth to nature.

But these may be mere outer works, and decorations which anybody can understand—who knows what the adept sees behind the curtain, beyond which (and indeed it is so beautiful that one is content to admire but that) the uninitiated cannot peep? Admiring the early and comprehensible works of the painter is like admiring the early works of Swedenborg, and saying that he was a man of vast science, and a skilled mathematician—he was all this, but his disciples only know how much beside.

In fine, the *Fallacies of Hope* is a mystery, and a wonder, and a perplexity.

HOLLAND.

Mr. Holland is alike skilled in oil and water-colour painting; and the amateur has long ere this admired, on the walls of our exhibitions, his rich and luminous colouring, his sunny buildings of his favourite Venetian architecture, his clear waters, and his deep Italian skies. This painter claims, as a right, to take his place in any gallery of English landscape; and we hope that his French imitator has succeeded in giving a faithful translation of the skilful and brilliant master's manner.

DANBY.

The French artist has given a very successful imitation of the beautiful and poetical sepia drawing of Mr. Danby. We have scarcely ever seen a work by that great painter in which a similar poetical beauty was not conveyed, and in regarding which the spectator does not feel impressed by something of that solemn contemplation, and reverent worship of nature, which seems to pervade the artist's mind and pencil. His pictures are always still. You stand before them alone, and with a hushed admiration, as before a great landscape when it breaks on your view. He describes a scene of natural grandeur and beauty—of darkling forests tinged with the brightening dawn of woods, and calm waters gilded with sunset or fading into twilight; and, as in reading Wordsworth or the Georgics, the mind submits itself, awe-stricken and delighted, to the majestic repose and splendour of the poet's art, one may say of Mr. Danby that he paints morning and evening odes. His works are vast, polished, elaborate. With other painters, differently constituted, it is as if they trilled a ballad, or sang a sea-song.

As the blind man who said that he supposed the colour of scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet, I suppose most persons called upon to give an account of their sensations with regard to art, must be driven to compare pictures to poems, and poems to pictures. One always feels as if they were the same.

CRESWICK.

Perhaps, more than any landscape painter, ancient or modern, Mr. Creswick has united the perfection of aërial perspective in his distances, with a precision in the foregrounds only equalled by the pictures formed in convex glasses, and, we believe, frequently used by artists, to see how nature is "done." He seems to take a secret pleasure in unravelling the mysteries of intricate groves as they overarch the trout stream, of which he renders the evanescent form and colour, with the hand of one who has spent many long summers of careful thought and observation amidst such scenes. Here is everything to admire, and nothing hard to understand. The beholder has a perfect confidence in the painter whose happy gift it is to receive and translate nature with an admirable fidelity and truthfulness. We are as much charmed in watching this artist's work and manner, by the delightful instinct which enables him to perceive the truth of nature, as by the perfect skill with which he renders his perceptions. One can speak of art but by illustration. Creswick is a composer singing his own airs with the most charming fresh voice. Which is the more pleasing? the beautiful organ, or the beautiful theme? With a happy organization, a perfect cultivation, and a still constant variety of incident in an occupation always harmless, interesting, beautiful; surely the landscape painters ought to be amongst the happiest people in the world; and, as one looks at these charming works of Mr. Creswick, one fancies the painter happy in his serene occupation, amidst the beautiful scene; tracing the course of the river, the forms of rocks, the play of the sunshine amidst the leaves.

COLLINS.

In the pleasant *Life of Collins* by his son, the writer describes how, when his father was preparing studies for his picture of the "Skittle Players," he used to frequent a public garden in the neighbourhood of Bayswater where that amusement was practised, and watch, sketchbook in hand, the performers in the play. "He made studies unobserved of the individual character, the momentary posture, the accidental arrangement of figures. He bought skittles, and set them up in his garden. He risked turning his gardener — a great skittle player, and the model for one of his figures — into a permanent Colossus of Rhodes, by keeping him striding in the action of bowling with all his might, as long as his legs would uphold him, and the result was the production of a picture which will go down to posterity as one of the standard works of the English school."

The affectionate biographer holds up this as a fair example, to show much care, constancy, ingenuity, and patient previous labour are requisite to enable the painter to work out his design. The man who set up the honest gardener for his model, may now serve in his turn as a model himself to students in his art, and out of it indeed. To the very last days of his life he loved his art, and humbly laboured to perfect himself in it; with what success the delighted spectator knows, who has seen and must recollect his works with a grateful personal kindness; — something like that which one feels on reading a page of *The Traveller* or *The Deserted Village*, from which one brings away the memory of the beautiful sunny landscape, the pretty groups of figures, and of the charming and gentle poet who portrayed them.

REDGRAVE.

Very many of our figure painters excel as delineators of landscape. The backgrounds of Mr. Mulready's pictures may be matched with the works of the finest Dutch painters. Whether of lake or mountain scenery, whether of distance or foreground, whether of desert or moorland, what artist can be a more skilful painter than Sir Edwin Landseer? The air and sunshine, the murmuring trees, and rippling waters, in the midst of which Etty's buxom nymphs disport themselves, are painted with a brilliancy of tone which no landscape painter, since the time of Velasquez (another splendid instance of our theory), has caught. And in Mr. Redgrave's works, which are chiefly character pieces of the pathetic and domestic cast, the observer will remark with how much delicacy and truth the landscape portions of the picture are rendered, and with what keen observation and relish this accomplished painter evidently pursues nature. The little picture from which this design is taken, is a happy proof of the artist's faithful taste, and talent; a quiet little piece of chequered shade and sunshine, suggestive of repose and peaceful meditation. Wandering through the Academy rooms every year, the visitor will be pretty sure to catch glimpses in quiet nooks of other such works of the painter's hand: — calm little insights into quiet nooks of nature, and glimpses of the artist's mind at work. The figure painter relieves himself with these prolusions, as he might by rhyming a sonnet, or touching a tune on the piano.

LEE.

It is refreshing to the eyes of the Londoner, on visiting the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, to pause before the healthy and cheerful landscapes of Mr. Lee. Whilst other painters go abroad in search of subjects for their easel, more picturesque or romantic than those which can be found at home, Mr. Lee has confined himself to English scenery, we believe, almost entirely—to English plains and corn-fields, and English rivers, and avenues of English trees, bright with native air and sunshine. It is not so much, in our opinion, the art with which he executes his works as their admirable fidelity to nature, which renders them always so pleasant; they are kindly, fresh and homely, as a sonnet by Crabbe. Not at all of the idealist school, the sight of them yet serves to please and charm, and the eye gazes delighted in the silvery clouds and blue distances, the chequered shades and lights of those favourite lanes in which the artist loves to linger, and the wide fields and meadows with the clouds and the light overhead. Those rustic ploughmen and industrious fishermen who people his landscapes, or throw the fly by his shining river sides, ought all to be people, as we imagine, of happy temperament and robust constitution. For it always seems to us in Mr. Lee's pictures, that there is cheerfulness in the landscape, and health in the air.

CATTERMOLE.

This is scarcely a favourable specimen of the genius of this dashing and vigorous painter. The peculiar tastes of the French artist would lead him to give better imitations of pictures of landscape and woodland scenery, than of those romantic architectural subjects, vast cathedrals and sombre Gothic dungeons, which Mr. Cattermole's hand delights to depict.

No man can have examined his works upon the walls of the Water-Colour Exhibition, which they have adorned for some twenty years, without having been struck, not merely with the admirable harmony of colour and tone,—a tone and colour quite original—which pervades them, but with the profound knowledge of chiaroscuro which they exhibit. As, in listening to a composer performing a fine piece of music, one is often led away from one's admiration of the work itself to astonishment at the skill of the performer, so, in examining Mr. Cattermole's pictures, one pauses, breathless almost, before the astonishing dexterity, and the brilliant feats of hand, which the artist flings over his paper. A few strokes are sufficient to represent long lines of columns or the most intricate and delicate Gothic tracery. A few glittering dashes of the brush, and wonderful cups and salvers, and shining suits of armour, are represented by this marvellously facile pencil.

Monks, cavaliers, battles, banditti, knightly halls, and awful enchanted forests in which knights and distressed damsels wander—the pomp and circumstance of feudal war, are subjects in which Mr. Cattermole chiefly delights. He is the English Salvator, with more poetry and equal skill.

This vast facility, which we admire in Mr. Cattermole's works, was not learned without long and previous preparation. Five and twenty years back, some of the most elaborate architectural drawings in Britton's Cathedrals are to be found with the signature of the young student, who afterwards applied the knowledge, of which he thus laid the ground-work, in the execution of the thousand brilliant and beautiful works which we owe to his abundant genius.

Among the finest of his works, everybody who saw it will remember the "Skirmish on the Bridges:" and his Scottish designs, illustrating the life of Queen Mary, are as remarkable for their beauty of design and colour as for their poetry, which is gloomy and grand. Some fine delineations of his favourite Cavaliers, and Roundheads, are to be found ornamenting his brother's volumes of the history of the civil wars. In the present year's exhibition he has taken Shakespeare and Chivalry for his theme. With what a rapid skill has he delineated the combat of the knights — how magnificent is the drear landscape in which the weird sisters appear before Macbeth, quivering in the air, and about to vanish before him, spreading their bloody tartans to ride away in the storm!

W. J. MÜLLER.

The latter part of Muller's career has, in its eastern splendour, eclipsed his more sober and earlier efforts. We know him chiefly as the intrepid follower of the Xanthian expedition, indefatigable in material-gathering for future fame, till the thorough exhaustion of a vast stock of paper on the very day he sailed to reap in his native land the noble and short-lived fruits of his industry.

With more elasticity of composition, or may-be an eye better formed to seize the impromptu groupings of nature, he equalled the French Decamps in his colouring; and in the works of these two painters, the East, in all its magic and splendour, has been for the first time revealed to us. In the delightful glimpses of Eastern life which they discover, they are not unworthy of siding with the Arabian Nights, the illustration of which by these two masters we can only enjoy in imagination. Amongst the first results of Müller's sojourn in the East, was his brilliant view of Rhodes. Exhibition dalliers were amazed by his prolific pencil, but perhaps secretly preferred his less ambitious bits: such a one, it may be recollected, was the Maltese Guard, and his verdigris-coloured culverin. He was of the city of Chatterton, had a good deal of his poetry and genius, and was, like his brother, nipped early by morbid disappointment.

HARDING.

If one may find a fault with Mr. Harding's works, it is that one is almost too conscious of the artist in his works. The effects are too palpable, the contrasts between light and dark too self-evident; and yet the ensemble is always brilliant and rich, and every individual work of the painter sure to command admiration. As a painter, he is skilled in the use of every weapon of his art — paints alike upon canvas, and paper, and stone — and has never been excelled in the breadth, richness, and facility with which he handles every subject which he treats. He designs architecture with the brilliancy and dexterity of Bonnington, and possesses over the trees of the forest and park a mastery of delineation of which no other artist can boast. Some of his lithographic sketches of forest scenery, published in the admirable Elementary books, strike upon the eye as fine pictures.

The completed works of no artist can, perhaps, be measured by his sketches; but it may be said of Mr. Harding, as a landscape painter, that his sketches are among the very finest which any artist has ever produced. Like others of his fortunate brethren, he has pursued his art into a hundred countries, and brought home delightful reminiscences of Alps and Tyrolese mountains, Italian lakes, and quaint Norman cities, in his rich portfolio.

NASMYTH.

Nasmyth has taken his quiet place amongst our landscape painters, and may rank almost as an English Hobbema. A little more light in his pictures, and perhaps a selection of a better vehicle in which to paint, would have rendered them more agreeable to the amateur's eye, which has been accustomed to brighter attractions than are afforded by the somewhat sombre and Quaker-like tone which these modest works wear. But, on closer examination into the pictures, the admirable care and finish of the details, the various minuteness of foreground, foliage, cottage-wall, and garden-weed, the calm silvery tones of the delicately-painted distance will strike everybody who examines the artist's rather rare works, and will strike us with the more admiration when we remember at what time this artist began to paint, and that he came after the sloven Morland, and the somewhat careless practitioners of the English school of that day.

RICHARD WILSON.

Wilson wanted the force which might have made him an original genius. Had he remained at home, there is no knowing what he would have done. However, he got whirled into the Roman vortex, where two or three living minds swayed those who only went to seek inspiration from its traditions. Wilson adopted the Vernet themes, and in some respects surpassed the man he admired. This abdication of self was not forgiven in England — the public supported him feebly; and he was snubbed for his ale-house tastes, by the purist Reynolds. We find him fêted and admired while in Rome by Mengs amongst others, who, wonderful condescension! has handed down to us Wilson's physiognomy in one of his mild pastels. He dragged a slovenly existence in Covent Garden, till he was enabled by pawning a picture to retreat into Wales and die there miserably. Reynolds has mercilessly dissected the figures in his landscapes, which infliction, it must be owned, they deserved, though his views in Italy ought now to be cherished more than ever for their happy accuracy in the anatomy of villas, some of them now destroyed.

We are still proud of Wilson: his classicism makes his name respectable; though there is little sympathy between his bold stroke and the more careful productions of our day. This, nevertheless, does not apply to all his works, as some of them of exquisite finish turn up now and then oddly at sales.

Amongst his works that are engraved, his pictures in the National Gallery are about the worst; they are coarse in effect, and leave a sort of impression on the mind that he was not happy in their somewhat theatrical execution, for the pains and delight of a painter in his own work have almost always a winning influence.

He was one of the founders of the Royal Academy. Cunningham relates that he painted with one brush, and standing: it is singular that Mengs has represented him sitting with several brushes in his hand. So much for art anecdote.

E. W. COOKE.

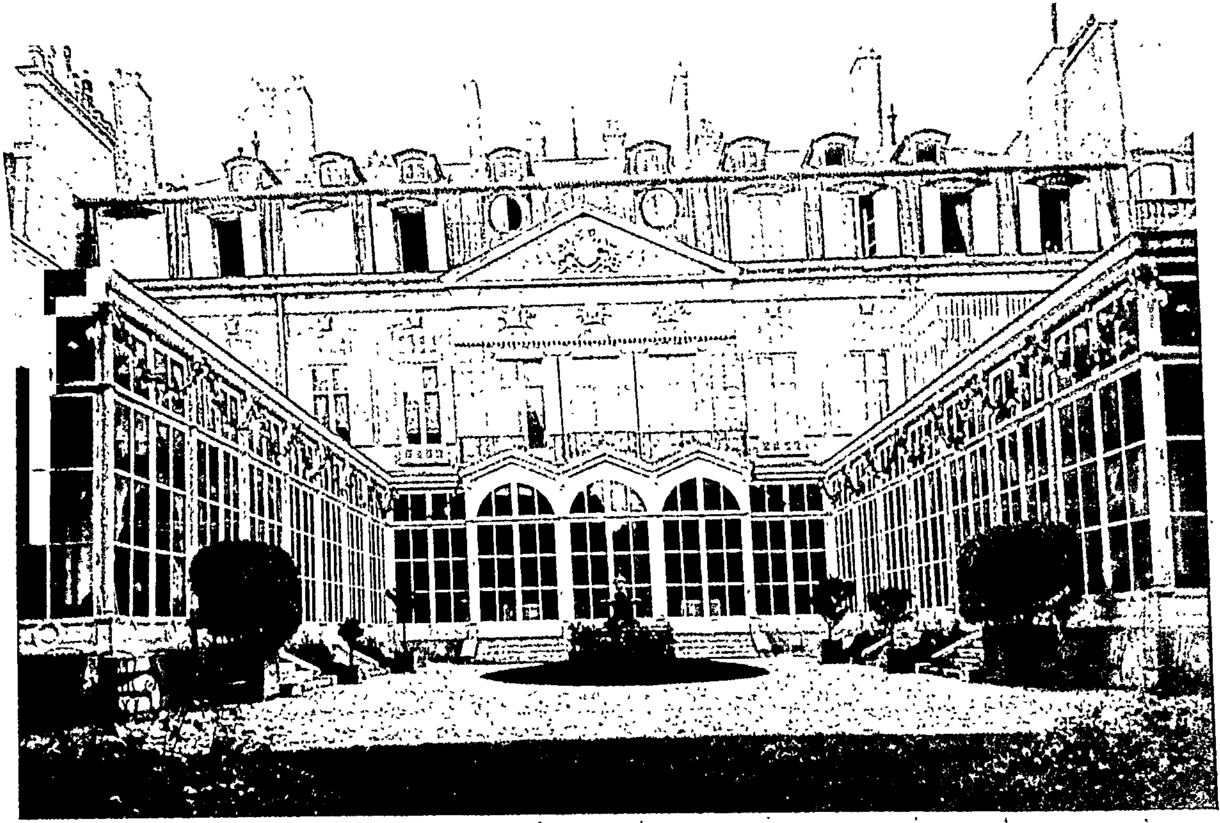
Mr. Cooke, we believe, is as skilled with the graver as with the pencil; and this is one of the many of his river scenes, which have earned the artist's reputation. The showman who has engaged himself to describe his friend's exhibition in truth finds the task to be one of uncommon difficulty; and, as the ingenuous reader has perhaps remarked, is often compelled to speak about anything but the subject in hand, while the scene is passing before the public eye. We are not here to bawl out that this is the wonderful wonder of wonders, that our giant is the biggest, our dwarf the smallest, or our picture the most beautiful, in the world. Our audience is too knowing to be taken in, were any deception attempted. Nor is much comment necessary about the quiet little picture which now comes in our series, and merits a place there as a specimen of the work of a very favourite and accomplished English painter.

P. DE WINT.

Our well-beloved De Wint has gone like one of those calm summer days he used to depict. He spent his life in one revel of sunshine. He caught well the warm purplish blue of the summer sky. All artists generally choose morning or evening, as the long sweeping shadows form at once easy pictures, but De Wint was not frightened by the sun in its meridian.

Wilson is said to have aimed at representing the subtle air, in which buzzed the ephemeral insects; we think De Wint, with the more slender material of water, has better succeeded. Fuseli, who wanted his umbrella to look at Constable's showers, might have called for a pot of porter at seeing one of De Wint's hay-makings. Distant towns, most unpromising in aspect, became pleasant-looking under his pencil; large masses of trees grew of intelligent shape: he caught the murmuring undulations of quiet streams; everything basked lazily with him, and one wondered whether he remained torpid in winter.

There was not much depth in his scheme of manipulation, but the charm was in the instinctive perception of nature's cunning simplicity, the simple means by which so much is brought about, as to make us exclaim "How is it done?" As Rousseau said, "Ce n'est pas ainsi que l'on invente;" if man invents, he plunges into affected mannerism, and it must always be so, unless he follows the complaisant model, which is ever posture-making, for him who takes the trouble to look out. De Wint was one of these; it is evident in all his works that he never invented the smallest personage, but followed the wise maxim for landscapists—"always to wait for a figure, which will be sure to appear when wanted." And so all faithful painters always awaited patiently the coming man. De Wint painted freely and without effort, avoiding all modern innovations. He was married to Hilton's sister, and was his early friend and associate.



BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS.

(Where Thackeray was married.)

DAVID COX.

WALES is Cox's field of battle. He is said to have invariably bent his steps towards Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed for the last five and thirty years. The very stones are christened after him; as you wind out of Capel Carig, a little turret, in which a stone seat is inserted, bulges from the walled road-side, and is known as Cox's pulpit. One of the greatest favourites amongst our water-colour painters, the public and the artists alike admire this veteran painter. His drawings have the fresh impromptu look of nature, and never savour of home-manufacture. His hand would seem to be rapid, and his eye certain, and the delighted beholder wonders where the secret is, and how, with strokes so rough, and on such small spaces of paper, air and distance, storm and sunshine, should be described so lucidly.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE great name of Gainsborough needs scarce any comment or eulogy here. Comparatively obscure when Reynolds was in the full blaze of his reputation, his works are as familiar among us as those of the great President, and we may say of him, that he is the most *beloved* of English painters. All the works which he has bequeathed to us, whether portraits or landscapes, seem graceful and charming, beautiful and serene. He ennobles everything he approaches; his rustic subjects have an idyllic beauty; he touches his courtly figures with a splendid courtesy, so to speak. In Mr. Baring's gallery, as you look at the charming and famous original from which the accompanying sketch is taken, the picture seems to illuminate the place where it hangs with calm, lambent radiance, and we gaze at its shadowy gloom and soft prismatic flicker of light, with such a pleased hush and tranquillity as a fine sunset inspires.

ROBERTS.

WHAT region of earth is there that does not show signs of the Englishman's labour? Our painters share the spirit of enterprise along with the rest of our people, and Mr. Roberts, the author of the original sketch from which the accompanying engraving has been taken, has visited at least three of the quarters of the globe, and brought away likenesses of their cities and people, in his portfolio. He travelled for years in Spain; he set up his tent in the Syrian desert; he has sketched the spires of Antwerp, the peaks of Lebanon, the rocks of Calton Hill, the towers and castles that rise by the Rhine; the airy Cairo minarets, the solemn pyramids and vast Theban columns, and the huts under the date trees, along the banks of the Nile. Can any calling be more pleasant than that of such an artist? The life is at once thoughtful and adventurous; gives infinite variety and excitement, and constant opportunity for reflection. As one looks at the multifarious works of this brave and hardy painter, whose hand is the perfect and accomplished slave of his intellect, and ready, like a genius in an eastern tale, to execute the most wonderful feats and beautiful works with the most extraordinary rapidity, any man who loves adventure himself must envy the lucky mortal whose lot it is to enjoy it in such a way. He reads the magnificent book of nature for himself, and at first hand: *tibi suavis daedala tellus submittit flores.* O! happy painter—*tibi rident aequora ponti.* From the deck of your boat you sketch the sea and the shore: you moor under the city walls; and mosque and dome, Gothic cathedral, tower, and ancient fortress rise up with their long perspectives, and varied outlines, and hues, and solemn shadows, fantastic and beautiful, built in an hour or two under the magical strokes of your delightful obedient little genius, the pencil! The ferry-boat puts off from the stairs, and makes its way across the river to the grey old town on the bank yonder, where the windows in the quaint-gabled houses, and the vanes on the towers are still flaming in the sunset, and reflected in the river beneath. Tower and town, river and distant hill, boat and ferry, and the steersman with his paddle, and the peasants with the grape-baskets singing in the boat, are all sketched down on the painter's drawing board before the sun has sunk, and before he returns to his snug supper at the inn, where the landlord's pretty daughter comes and peers over the magician's portfolio. Or the Cangia moors, by the bank-side: the Arab crew are cooking their meal and chanting their chant: the camels come down to the water and receive their loads of cotton, and disappear with their shouting drivers under the date trees, to the village with the crumbled wall and minaret, where the grave elders are seated smoking under the gate, and the women pass to and fro, straight and stately, robed in flowing blue robes, bearing pitchers on their graceful heads: the painter sees, and notes them all down, while the light lasts him, and before he smokes his own pipe under the stars on the deck; after a long day of pleasant labour, and before he closes his eyes which have been so busy and so pleased all day. Or he is up before dawn upon his mule to see the sun rise over the heights of Sierra; or he is seated at morning, the Sheikh with his long gun over his shoulder watching, and the Arabs lying round the tent, "silent upon a peak in Lebanon."

STANFIELD.

Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, but especially the former, who has executed more, and more various, works in the scenic department than his brilliant coadjutor, have had the means of doing more towards advancing the taste of the English public for landscape art, than any other living painter. Mr. Stanfield for many years taught the public from the stage — taught the pit and the gallery to admire landscape art, and the boxes to become connoisseurs; and decorated the theatre with works so beautiful, that one regrets the frail material of which they were constructed; and the necessity for "new and gorgeous effects" and "magnificent novelties," which caused the artist's works to be carried away. Mr. Stanfield has created, and afterwards painted out with his own brush, more scenic masterpieces than any man. Clown and Pantaloon in his time tumbled over and belaboured one another, and bawled out their jokes, before the most beautiful and dazzling pictures which ever were presented to the eyes of the theatre-goer. How a man could do so much and so well as Mr. Stanfield did during the time when he was the chief of the Drury Lane scene-room, was a wonder to everybody; and it was not the public only which he delighted, and awakened and educated into admiration, but the members of his own profession were as enthusiastic as the rest of the world to recognize and applaud his magnificent imagination and skill.

All through the painter's life his industry and his genius have been alike remarkable, and it is curious to note, in his performances of the present time, how the carefulness of the artist seems to increase with his skill: as if this conscientious man were bent each day upon improving, on elaborating and polishing his works, on approaching more nearly to nature. Does not such a progress seem to tell of more than mere talent? of honesty, of modesty, of faithful and cheerful labour, of constant love for truth? It seems to me that the pictures of some artists tell of these things too, and that these are amongst the precious qualities which go to make a painter.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER. BY JOHN LEECH.[1]

WE, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quite respectable old fogeyfied times, remember amongst other amusements which we had as children the pictures at which we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakespeare, black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes, straddling Fuselis! there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, with starting muscles, rolling eyeballs, and long pointing quivering fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying, in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out his eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutland being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford; there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth, and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbed (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lady Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch and dancing before a black background—a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke's delightful Seven Ages only fitfully relieved its general gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders were present and plenty of lights and company were in the room.

Cheerful relatives used to treat us to Miss Linwood's. Let the children of the present generation thank their stars *that* tragedy is put out of their way. Miss Linwood's was worsted work. Your grandmother or grand-aunts took you there, and said the pictures were admirable. You saw "The Woodman" in worsted, with his axe and dog, tramping through the snow; the snow bitter cold to look at, the woodman's pipe wonderful; a gloomy piece, that made you shudder. There were large dingy pictures of woollen martyrs, and scowling warriors with limbs strongly knitted; there was especially, at the end of a long passage, a den of lions that would frighten any boy not born in Africa, or Exeter Change, and accustomed to them.

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[1] *Pictures of Life and Character.* By John Leech. London. 1854.

Another exhibition used to be West's Gallery, where the pleasing figure of Lazarus in his grave-clothes, and Death on the pale horse, used to impress us children. The tombs of Westminster Abbey, the vaults at St. Paul's, the men in armour at the Tower, frowning ferociously out of their helmets, and wielding their dreadful swords; that superhuman Queen Elizabeth at the end of the room, a livid sovereign with glass eyes, a ruff, and a dirty satin petticoat, riding a horse covered with steel: who does not remember these sights in London in the consulship of Plancus? and the waxwork in Fleet Street, not like that of Madame Tussaud's, whose chamber of death is gay and brilliant, but a nice old gloomy waxwork, full of murderers; and, as a chief attraction, the dead baby and the Princess Charlotte lying in state.

Our story-books had no pictures in them for the most part. Frank (dear old Frank!) had none; nor the Parent's Assistant; nor the Evenings at Home; nor our copy of the *Ami des Enfans;* there were just a few at the end of the Spelling-Book; besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel; there were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the Spelling-Book, little oval grey woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we? The rough old wood-blocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy books had served hundreds of years; before our Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus—in Queen Anne's time, who knows? We were flogged at school; we were fifty boys in our boarding house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are *our* sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing rooms, hair oil, hip baths, and Baden towels? And what picture-books the young villains have! What have these children done that they should be so much happier than we were?

We had the Arabian Nights and Walter Scott, to be sure. Smirke's illustrations to the former are very fine. We did not know how good they were then; but we doubt whether we did not prefer the little old Miniature Library Nights with frontispieces by Unwins; for these books the pictures don't count. Every boy of imagination does his own pictures to Scott and the Arabian Nights best.

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr. Syntax; Dr. Syntax in a fuzz wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, and that aquatinting and the gay coloured plates were very pleasant to witness; but if we could not read the poem in those days, could we digest it in this? Nevertheless, apart from the text which we could not master, we remember Dr. Syntax pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in the Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arrowhead, illegible stuff? Give us the placid grinning kings, twanging their jolly bows over their rident horses, wounding those good-humoured enemies, who tumble gaily off the towers, or drown, smiling in the dimpling waters, amidst the anerithmon gelasma of the fish.

After Dr. Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and the facetious Bob Logic must be recorded — a wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the future student of our manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs and language in the consulship of Plancus? We have still in our mind's eye some of the pictures of that sportive gallery; the white coat, Prussian blue pantaloons, Hessian boots and hooked nose of Corinthian Tom; Jerry's green cutaway and leather gaiters; Bob Logic's green spectacles, and high-waisted surtout. "Corinthian," it appears, was the phrase applied to men of fashion and *ton* in Plancus's time; they were the brilliant predecessors of the "swell" of the present period — brilliant, but somewhat barbarous, it must be confessed. The Corinthians were in the habit of drinking a great deal too much in Tom Cribb's parlour; they used to go and see "life" in the gin-shops; of nights, walking home (as well as they could), they used to knock down "Charleys," poor harmless old watchmen with lanterns, guardians of the streets of Rome, Plance Consule. They perpetrated a vast deal of boxing; they put on the "mufflers" in Jackson's rooms; they "sported their prads" in the Ring in the Park; they attended cock-fights and were enlightened patrons of dogs and destroyers of rats. Besides these sports, the *delassemens* of gentlemen mixing with the people, our patricians, of course, occasionally enjoyed the society of their own class. What a wonderful picture that used to be of Corinthian Tom dancing with Corinthian Kate at Almack's! What a prodigious dress Kate wore! With what graceful abandon the pair flung their arms about as they swept through the mazy quadrille, with all the noblemen standing round in their stars and uniforms! You may still, doubtless, see the pictures at the British Museum, or find the volumes in the corner of some old country-house library.

You are to suppose that the English Aristocracy of 1820 did dance and caper in that way, and box and drink at Tom Cribb's and knock down watchmen; and the children of to-day, turning to their elders, may say "Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at Almack's? There was very little of it, grandmamma. Did grandpapa kill many watchmen when he was a young man, and frequent thieves' gin-shops, cock-fights, and the ring before you married him? Did he use to talk the extraordinary slang and jargon which is printed in this book? He is very much changed. He seems a gentlemanly old boy enough now."

In the above-named consulate, when *we* had grandfathers alive, there would be in the old gentleman's library in the country two or three old mottled portfolios or great swollen scrap-books of blue paper, full of the comic prints of grandpapa's time, ere Plancus ever had the fasces borne before him. These prints were signed Gillray, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Woodward, and some actually George Cruikshank — for George is a veteran now, and he took the etching needle in hand as a child. He caricatured "Boney," borrowing not a little from Gillray in his first puerile efforts. He drew Louis XVIII. trying on Boney's boots. Before the century was actually in its teens, we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public.

In those great coloured prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments of the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat and tricoloured plume, a crooked sabre, reeking with blood; a little demon revelling in lust, murder, massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal: indeed, he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures; by Sydney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by the amiable and indignant Russians, — all nations had boots at the service of poor Master Boney! How Pitt used to defy him! How good old George, king of Brobdignag, laughed at Gulliver Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their Majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we remember in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, etc.) — this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the Gillray chronicle — a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder and wickedness in general, like their French friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups, now scaling Heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down; now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader Fox was represented with hairy cloven feet and a tail and horns); now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels, we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed; some that girls could not understand; some that boys, indeed, had best not see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humour!

How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents—what foul blows were hit—what language of Billingsgate flung! Fancy a party in a country house now looking over Woodward's facetiæ, or some of the Gillray comicalities, or the slatternly Saturnalia of Rowlandson. Whilst we live we must laugh and have folks to make us laugh. We cannot afford to lose Satyr, with his pipe and dances and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us say, he has learned them himself; for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women, and the sweet confiding smiles of our children. Among the veterans, the old pictorial satirists, we have mentioned the famous name of one humorous designer who is still alive and at work. Did we not see, by his own hand, his own portrait of his own famous face and whiskers in the *Illustrated London News* the other day? There was a print in that paper of an assemblage of Teetotallers in Sadler's Wells Theatre, and we straightway recognized the old Roman hand — the old Roman's of the time of Plancus — George Cruikshank's. There were the old bonnets and droll faces and shoes and short trousers and figures of 1820 sure enough. And there was George (who has taken to the water doctrine, as all the world knows) handing some teetotalleresses over a plank to the table where the pledge was being administered. How often has George drawn that picture of Cruikshank! Where haven't we seen it? How fine it was, facing the effigy of Mr. Ainsworth in *Ainsworth's Magazine* when George illustrated that periodical! How grand and severe he stands in that design in G. C.'s "Omnibus," where he represents himself tonged like S. Dunstan, and tweaking a wretch of a publisher by the nose! The collectors of George's etchings — O the charming etchings! O the dear old German popular tales! — the capital "Points of Humour" — the delightful Phrenology and scrap-books, of the good time, *our* time, — Plancus's, in fact! — the collectors of the Georgian etchings, we say, have at least a hundred pictures of the artist. Why, we remember him in his favourite Hessian boots in "Tom and Jerry" itself; and in wood-cuts as far back as the Queen's trial. He has rather deserted satire and comedy of late years, having turned his attention to the serious, and war-like, and sublime. Having confessed our age and prejudices, we prefer the comic and fanciful to the historic, romantic, and at present didactic George. May respect, and length of days, and comfortable repose, attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humorist, moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humour and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?

Since George's time humour has been converted. Comus and his wicked satyrs and leering fauns have disappeared, and fled into the lowest haunts; and Comus's lady (if she had a taste for humour, which may be doubted) might take up our funny picture-books without the slightest precautionary squeamishness. What can be purer than the charming fancies of Richard Doyle? In all Mr. Punch's huge galleries can't we walk as safely as through Miss Pinkerton's school-rooms? And as we look at Mr. Punch's pictures, at *The Illustrated News* pictures, at all the pictures in the bookshop windows at this Christmas season, as oldsters, we feel a certain pang of envy against the youngsters.—They are too well off. Why hadn't *we* picture-books! Why were we flogged so? A plague on the lictors and their rods in the time of Plancus!

And now, after this rambling preface, we are arrived at the subject in hand—Mr. John Leech and his *Pictures of Life and Character* in the collection of Mr. Punch. This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his Gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neck-cloth and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humorists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously) and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and half-pence extracted from passers-by. He is the Satyric genius we spoke of anon; he cracks his jokes still, for Satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed among his new friends, the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with Policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, "plungers" and other military men; and was until latter days very contemptuous in his behaviour towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp and swagger and fierce demeanour. But now that the guardsmen are gone to war, and the dandies of "The Rag" — dandies no more — are battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkerman by the side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is changed to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courage and honour he wars: but this great moralist — must it be owned? — has some popular British prejudices, and these led him in peace time to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. If those hulking footmen who accompanied the carriages to the opening of Parliament the other day, would form a plush brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike with their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave off laughing at "Jeames," who meanwhile remains amongst us, to all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly consuming his five meals *per diem*. Against lawyers, beadles, bishops and clergy, and authorities, Mr. Punch is still rather bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was prodigiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes which happened to him at that period was that, through the violent opinions which he expressed regarding the Roman Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the graceful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of Mr. Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the Snob papers, resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. Mr. Punch parted with these contributors: he filled their places with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cried *Punch* just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, after these events, as before.

There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of *Punch* has brought into the field; the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own—how inferior their pencils are to his in humour, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation. The truth, the strength, the free vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties are those with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking, than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design. Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads and watches with unfailing pleasure their ways, their sports, their jokes, laughter, caresses. *Enfans terribles* come home from Eton; young Miss practising her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself — all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious nicety by this amiable observer.

We remember, in one of those ancient Gillray portfolios, a print which used to cause a sort of terror in us youthful spectators, and in which the Prince of Wales (His Royal Highness was a Foxite then) was represented as sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the first young gentleman living employing such a weapon in such a way! The most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork — the heir of Britannia with a *bident!* The man of genius who drew that picture saw little of the society which he satirized and amused. Gillray watched public characters as they walked by the shop in St. James's Street, or passed through the lobby of the House of Commons. His studio was a garret, or little better; his place of amusement, a tavern parlour where his club held its nightly sittings over their pipes and sanded floor. You could not have society represented by men to whom it was not familiar. When Gavarni came to England a few years since — one of the wittiest of men, one of the most brilliant and dexterous of draughtsmen — he published a book of *Les Anglais*, and his *Anglais* were all Frenchmen. The eye, so keen and so long practised to observe Parisian life, could not perceive English character. A social painter must be of the world which he depicts, and native to the manners which he portrays.

Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio must see that the social pictures which he gives us are authentic. What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, what snug libraries we enter, what fine young gentlemanly wags they are, those beautiful little dandies who wake up gouty old grandpapa to ring the bell; who decline aunt's pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve themselves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk together in ball-room doors, where Fred whispers Charley — pointing to a dear little partner seven years old — "My dear Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have seen that girl last season!" Look well at everything appertaining to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs; how snug, quiet, appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortable, neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs' is (in the Bayswater suburb of London, we should guess from the sketches of the surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, with a loose box for those celebrated hunters which he rides! How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast table looks! What a trim little maid brings in the top-boots which horrify Mrs. B.! What a snug dressing-room he has, complete in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying on the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. B. flings into the fire! How cosy all the Briggs party seem in their dining-room, Briggs reading a Treatise on Dog-breaking by a lamp; Mamma and Grannie with their respective needleworks; the children clustering round a great book of prints — a great book of prints such as this before us, which, at this season, must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented; Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Morland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine; we are looking at everybody's family circle. Our boys, coming from school, give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas — a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students — lucky they to have a book so pleasant — will regard these pages; even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horse-flesh. How they change those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners' bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious chatelaines of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where are those charming waistcoats, those "stunning" waistcoats which our young girls used to wear a few brief seasons back, and which cause Gus, in the sweet little sketch of "La Mode," to ask Ellen for her tailor's address! Gus is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing the enemy at Inkerman, and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy, let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humour. Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own purse for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favourite little people.

As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them — private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hair-dresser of the present age! Look at "Mr. Tongs," whom that hideous old bald woman, who ties on her bonnet at the glass, informs that "she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet." You can see the bear's grease, not only on Tongs' head but on his hands, which he is clapping clammily together. Remark him who is telling his client "there is cholera in the hair," and that lucky rogue whom the young lady bids to cut off "a long thick piece" for somebody, doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfully natural and absurd. Why should hair-dressing be an absurd profession?

The amateur will remark what an excellent part hands play in Mr. Leech's pictures; his admirable actors use them with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the urn down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They are cook's and housemaid's hands without mistake, and not without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady who is tying her bonnet at Tongs', has hands which you see are trembling.

Watch the fingers of the two old harridans who are talking scandal; for what long years past they have pointed out holes in their neighbours' dresses and mud on their flounces. "Here's a go! I've lost my diamond ring!" As the dustman utters this pathetic cry and looks at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among the little points of humour. One could indicate hundreds of such as one turns over the pleasant pages.

There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know, who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins and pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobacconists' counters, sucks his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and the baby (the latter an immense woman whom Snob nevertheless bullies), who is a favourite abomination of Leech's and pursued by that savage humorist into a thousand of his haunts. There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's — such waistcoats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper who calls him "capting"; now he is offering a paletot to a huge giant who is going out in the rain. They don't know their own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have a meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed to thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor little bucks. In a minute or two, when we close this discourse and walk the streets, we shall see a dozen such.

Ere we shut the desk up, just one word to point out to the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings — homely drawings of moor and wood and sea-shore and London streets — the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humour which invented both increase as we look again and again at the design. May we have more of them; more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together. Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty and kindness?

CRUIKSHANK'S GALLERY.[1]

In a quiet little room in Exeter Hall a veteran lecturer is holding forth all day upon a subject which moves his heart very strongly. His text, on which he has preached before in many places, is still "The Bottle." He divides his sermon into many hundreds of heads, and preaches with the most prodigious emphasis and grotesque variety. He is for no half-measures. He will have no compromise with the odious god Bacchus; the wicked idol is smashed like Bel and Dagon. He will empty into the gutter all Master Bacchus's pipes, his barrels, quarter-casks, demijohns, gallons, quarts, pints, gills, down to your very smallest liqueur glasses of spirits or wine. He will show you how the church, the bar, the army, the universities, the genteel world, the country gentleman in his polite circle, the humble artisan in his, the rustic ploughman in the fields, the misguided washerwoman over her suds and tubs—how all ranks and conditions of men are deteriorated and corrupted by the use of that abominable strong liquor: he will have patience with it no longer. For upwards of half-a-century, he says, he has employed pencil and pen against the vice of drunkenness, and in the vain attempt to shut up drinking shops and to establish *moderate drinking as a universal rule;* but for seventeen years he has discovered that teetotalism, or the total abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, was the only real remedy for the entire abolition of intemperance. His thoughts working in this direction, one day this subject "The Worship of Bacchus" flashed across his mind, and hence the origin of a work of art measuring 13 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft. 8 in., which has occupied the author no less than a year and a half.

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[1] [*The Times*, Friday, May 15th, 1863.]

This sermon has the advantage over others that you can take a chapter at a time, as it were, and return and resume the good homilist's discourse at your leisure. What is your calling in life? In some part of this vast *tableau* you will find it is *de te fabula*. In this compartment the soldiers are drinking and fighting; in the next the parsons are drinking "Healths to the young Christian." Here are the publicans, filthily intoxicated with their own horrible liquors; yonder is a masquerade supper, "where drunken masquerade fiends drag down columbines to drunkenness and ruin." Near them are "the public singers chanting forth the praises of the 'God of Wine.'" "Is it not marvellous to think," says Mr. Cruikshank in a little pamphlet, containing a speech by him which is quite as original as the picture on which it comments,—"Is it not marvellous what highly talented poetry and what harmonious musical compositions have been produced from time to time in praise of this imaginative, slippery, deceitful, dangerous myth?" This "myth" the spectator may follow all through this most wonderful and labyrinthine picture. In the nursery the Doctor is handing a pot of beer to mamma; the nurse is drinking beer; the little boy is crying for beer; and the papa is drawing a cork so that "he and the doctor may have a drop." Here you have a group of women, victims of intemperance, "tearing, biting, and mutilating one another." Yonder are two of the police carrying away *a drunken policeman*. Does not the mind reel and stagger at the idea of this cumulated horror? And what is the wine which yonder clergyman holds in his hand but the same kind of stuff which has made the mother in the christening scene above "so tipsy that she has let her child fall out of her lap, while her idiotic husband points to his helpless wife, and exclaims, 'Ha, ha; she's dr—unk'"?

As with *pauperibus* so with *locupletibus*. If they drink, rich and poor are all bad together. A friend of Mr. Cruikshank's (a physician) assured him that he knew "a young gentleman of fortune who got so drunk on his coming of age that he died the next day!" Fancy the maddened feelings of the next heir to the property! It is on some dismal occasion of this sort that our stern moralist draws a son consoling his mother "with a glass of wine, the daughter being also consoled with a glass, and the granddaughter likewise."

This is indeed horror on horror's head. We have an excited daughter, an intoxicated mother, a vinous grandmother — a ghastly picture of three generations in liquor! From another part of the picture the tutors and young gentlemen of the universities may take a hint which may do *them* good. Ten or a dozen of them in their caps and gowns (and it is to be feared those caps only fit too well) are represented at "one of their wine-parties, ruining themselves for life with the strong ale sold at the Colleges." Mr. Cruikshank remarks that "the ale brewed at Jesus College, Cambridge, commonly called Jesus ale, used to be thought most excellent, but the Trinity ale — aye, that's the stuff — is the strongest ale brewed in the whole country." We may all see there is no mincing the matter here. Wine, beer, gin, the lady's liqueur, the midwife's dram, the divine's festive libation, the policeman's lawless excess — all are depicted with features not, perhaps, unexaggerated, in colours too dismally true. Have you ever drunk a glass of wine? It is one too many. Half-a-dozen glasses make a pint (nay, two at some taverns). Two pints make a quart, four quarts a gallon; and so on. Fling away pint pots, quart pots, pottle pots, and the rest. Let tea, coffee, cocoa, and ginger-beer, which possibly cheers, but certainly not inebriates, be your tipple. This is the moral of Mr. Cruikshank's great sermon at Exeter Hall, where preachers of all sorts and sects are accustomed to hold forth.

Forty years ago, in Sweetings Alley, near the Royal Exchange, and in a court leading from Ludgate Hill, there used to be two delightful exhibitions of Cruikshank's works which London boys could enjoy *gratis* at the shop window. The "monstrosities" of the fashion were here ridiculed by the satirical George, who depicted bagging Petersham trousers, the tall collars, the high waists of bygone bucks, the grandfathers of the present youth. You may see here ladies with high waists and very slight upper garments, and young fellows in wondrous pantaloons and pumps, grinning and capering through that newly-invented and elegant dance the quadrille. Do these "monstrosities" of 1816, 1819, and 1820 actually resemble the garments which we or our ancestors wore? In 1816 the hoops represented in Hogarth's pictures were considered as monstrous and barbarous, and yet they covered no more ground than the trains and dresses with which our ladies in 1863 think fit to sweep the floors of the Exhibition. The intelligent guardian of the Cruikshank Gallery walks round with the visitors and gives comments upon the great temperance tableau, and afterwards on the smaller etchings in detail.

Why, a professor might lecture his class for hours upon these droll pages of bygone manners and social history. When did high waists descend? When did *gigot* sleeves come in and go out? When was the last of the "Charleys" knocked down? When did the Prince Regent leave off hair-powder? Recount a few of the adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and Robert Logic, Esquires; and, if alive, state what is their present age? Corinthian Tom must be seventy-five, if he is a day old. No doubt, he has lived to laugh over the adventures of Mr. Briggs, of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and of those athletic young Volunteers whose boots, beards, pipes, and tunics Mr. Keene depicts so amusingly. With what vigour, courage, good-humour, honesty, cheerfulness, have this busy hand and needle plied for more than fifty years!

From 1799, "when about eight or nine years of age," until yesterday the artist has never taken rest. When you think he might desire quiet, behold he starts up lively as ever, and arms himself to do battle with the demon drunkenness.

With voice and paint-brush, with steel-plate and wood-block, he assails "that deceitful, slippery, dangerous myth!" To wage war against some wrong has been his chief calling; and in lighter moments to waken laughter, wonder, or sympathy. To elderly lovers of fun, who can remember this century in its teens and its twenties, the benefactions of this great humorist are as pleasant and well remembered as Papa's or Uncle's "tips," when they came to see the boys at school. The sovereign then administered bought delights not to be purchased by sovereigns of later coinage, tarts of incomparable sweetness which are never to be equalled in these times, sausages whose savour is still fragrant in the memory, books containing beautiful prints (sometimes ravishingly coloured) signed with the magic initials of the incomparable "G. Ck." No doubt, the young people of the present day have younger artists to charm them, and many hundred thousand boys and girls are admiring Mr. Leech, and will be grateful to him forty years hence, when their heads are grey. These will not care for the Cruikshank drawings and etchings as men do whose boyhood was delighted by them; but the moderns can study the manners of the early century in the Cruikshank etchings, as of the French Revolution period in Gillray, Woodward, Bunbury. Imitations of the manner of the first-named master one can see in George Cruikshank's early works. Very soon he adopted a manner of his own, which lovers of the art can admire and study from its commencement to its development in the admirable *Points of Humour*, the charming vignettes for the *German Popular Tales*, and *Peter Schlemihl*, in "Scrap Books," "Sketch Books," "Omnibuses," innumerable, in the *Boz* illustrations, in the brilliant etchings of *The Comic Almanac*, and in the plates for the famous Ainsworth's romances, the grim *Tower of London*, the awful *Guy Fawkes*, the much-persecuted, much-read *Jack Sheppard!* Cruikshank found comic art free and unscrupulous, and made it modest and pure. It may be young people do not clamber round the portfolios as they used in days gone by, and laugh and wonder delighted over the fun, the fancy, the *naïveté* of the artist himself. Now is the time for all *aquæ potoribus* to rally round their champion.

Is not the sect numbered by millions? Now is the time for elderly persons to review the amusements, the scenes, the dresses, the boxing-matches, the coaches, the short waists, tall neck-cloths, narrow skirts which in good old days seemed so killing; and now youth pursuing the study of history may see how their fathers were habited, amused, occupied — their fathers? — their grandfathers, who have been depicted by the indefatigable veteran who still cheerfully labours in the public service.