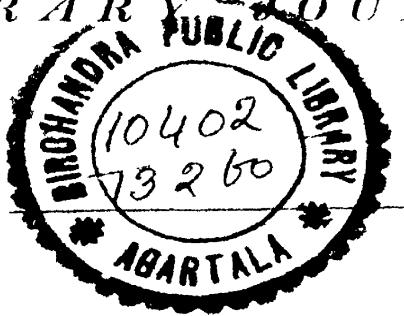


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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

“ All this violent cry against the nobility I take to be a mere work of art. To be honoured, and even privileged by the laws, opinions, and inveterate usages of our country, growing out of the prejudices of ages, has nothing to provoke the horror and indignation of any man. Even to be too tenacious of those privileges is not absolutely a crime. The strong struggle in every individual to preserve possession of what he has found to belong to him, and to distinguish him, is one of the securities against injustice and despotism implanted in our nature. It operates as an instinct to secure property, and to preserve communities in a settled state.”

BURKE.

THERE was a time when the aristocracy was believed—honestly believed—to be not only an integral part of the constitution of England, and as beneficial in the balance of power as the Crown and the people, but to be also quite as efficient to good. Since the French Revolution (of 1788) this opinion has undergone a variety of modifications. The republicans of France, in their zeal for fraternization, would have taught the English to annihilate every privileged order,—in their own phrase, to have “strangled the last of kings in the bowels of the last of priests.” This brutal inveteracy naturally provoked in all good minds a powerful revulsion, and thus engendered in a large majority of the nation, and for a long time, a more profound reverence for prerogative and privilege than was perhaps just to the democracy of the constitution and the commonwealth. The use Napoleon subsequently made of both empire and aristocracy reduced that estimation, and now the tide is turning again against the “orders”—aristocracy in especial; not, indeed, that the decree for its extinction is either imagined or propounded, but *new* orders are initiated, at least in name; the self-styled “aristocracy of talent” is setting itself busily to work to reason and reduce the aristocracy of rank to a level somewhat below its own place, and is endeavouring so to modify the rights of the said aristocracy of rank, that, by making it elective, hereditary honours may be superseded by talent. We are amongst those who sincerely believe with the professors of the older faith, that aristocracy, properly so called, not only enjoys, but deserves its place in the constitution and the commonwealth; and under this conviction, we shall proceed to examine the validity of the reasons by which attempts are making to strip it of its rightful authority.

These arguments, so far as they can be abstracted and condensed, appear to be confined to two heads.

First, That the aristocracy has obtained, by a sort of moral as well as legal influence, an universal, and therefore a baneful, importance, in our institutions, habits, and manners; and,

Secondly, That the rights, hitherto safely and virtuously exercised by the order, are now avoided, and ought to be forfeited by their vices and

their follies. Heavy charges these, but not *therefore*, not on that account, the more likely to be just.

It will ~~scarcely~~ fail to be observed, that these accusations, be they true or be they false, do not attack the theory of a constitution equiposed like our own. They do not, in the slightest degree, impeach the beautifully-concentrated opinion of Cicero, quoted by Blackstone—" *Esse optime constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generalibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari, sit modice confusa;*" or of the learned judge himself, when he says, "Here, then, is lodged the sovereignty of the British constitution; and lodged as beneficially as possible for society—for in no other shape could we be so certain of finding the three great qualities of government so well and so happily united. If the supreme power were lodged in any one of the three branches separately, we must be exposed to the inconveniences of either absolute monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy; and so want two of the three principal ingredients of good polity, either virtue, wisdom, or power. If it were lodged in any two of the branches, for instance, in the King and House of Lords, our laws might be providently made and well executed, but they might not always have the good of the people in view: if lodged in the King and Commons, we should want that circumspection and mediatory caution which the wisdom of the peers is to afford: if the supreme right of legislature were lodged in the two Houses only, and the King had no negative upon their proceedings, they might be tempted to encroach upon the royal prerogative, or perhaps to abolish the kingly office, and thereby weaken (if not totally destroy) the strength of the executive power. But the constitutional government of this island is so admirably tempered and compounded, that nothing can endanger or hurt it, but destroying the equilibrium of power between one branch of the legislature and the rest. For if ever it should happen that the independence of any one of the three should be lost, or that it should become subservient to the views of either of the other two, there would soon be an end of our constitution." This opinion, we say, is still not impeached—on the contrary, it is but perhaps the more established, since the complaint is, that, by the acquisition of new powers, the aristocracy have usurped a part of the rights of the Crown or of the democracy; and to remedy this disturbance of the original balance, it is averred that the elective mode is preferable to hereditary descent: of this, however, hereafter. The indictment is drawn against the aristocracy for misdemeanour and undue influence.

The method by which we propose to refute these charges, is, simply to demonstrate that they do not lie against the aristocracy, properly so called, however they may affect those who would be thought to belong to that order, and, for this especial end, are falsely classed with it by its calumniators. Upon this head great confusion exists. Aristocracy—the aristocracy of title and place, won by valour or by wisdom, and perpetuated to the descendant of the hero or the statesman—has been so intimately confounded and mixed, by the vanity of individuals, by the generalizations of unreflecting, careless, or interested writers and talkers, by the wilful malice of many, by the folly and gregarious insolence of more, that no distinct perception of the truth is maintained. A vain-glorious assumption induces all who hope by such means to be so classed and distinguished, to babble of "the aristocracy of wealth" and "the aristocracy of talent," when they mean no more than the power which

those attributes confer, and which has nothing more to do with aristocracy than any of the other modifications of circumstances which constitute society. It is merely a *façon de parler*—a mode of speech which exaggerates these possessions and endowments into more than their natural importance and dignity. But the want of thus distinguishing the artificial from the natural—the earned from the unearned place in the constitutional construction of the commonwealth of England, may be productive of infinite mischief.

For the real aristocracy is a comparatively small, and also a compact body, and out of these very facts it has happened that its qualities are so ill understood. It is seen from a distance, or not seen at all, persons of the lower world so rarely obtain admission into its circles, or only into its inferior and worst circles, for it must necessarily be to a certain degree exclusive,—that its principles, feelings, attainments, pursuits, and habits, are apprehended only in the very slight degree that they are open to ordinary inspection, and hence, not only liable to be misunderstood, but to be misrepresented exactly in proportion to the general ignorance respecting the particulars above recited. We shall show how completely this has been the case.

Up to a certain period,—a date a little preceding the middle of the last century,—the ramparts which the pride of station and the power of affluence raised around the privileged orders had not been laid open by that general leveller, knowledge. Respect and fear alike ennobled the nobility, concealed them from the gaze of the common eye, or elevated them above it. Their formalities, their seclusion, enveloped all their doings in a mysteriousness very favourable to the sentiment of distant wonder and admiration which appertains to the great, and not less imperious to the familiar which makes “no man a hero to his valet de chambre.” Even their rich and stiff habiliments kept alive in themselves a reserve, and in others a deference, which added to their exaltation. The change that has brought them into the comparatively easy intercourse with the world has divested “the order” of the mysteriousness that appertained to it, and, by the transition, of the effects of that law through which nature has ordained that “*omne ignotum pro magnifico est*,” the qualities of the parties may, and no doubt they have altered with the progression that has wrought this change in the popular sentiment. But it is by no means so certain that they have also deteriorated. On the contrary, it is probable that the internal transmutation lies in the increased energy and activity which has been excited throughout all classes, and it will be difficult either to substantiate or to believe that increased action is nothing more than increased weakness. By this

* Another evil attended the course marked out by the French Revolution. If that period has not yet sufficiently receded to enable history to determine whether the policy pursued by the one great mind which guided the affairs of England and bore along such a current of opinion that her minister might fairly be said to have formed, as well as wielded the national sentiment, was or was not judicious. It was, however, granted to Mr. Pitt to spare the country from the devastation of the civil war of revolutionary fury, while all the rest of hither Europe suffered under its desolation. A part of the means was unquestionably the elevation of mere partisans to the peerage. Hence the members of that order were enlarged beyond the former range of heroism and talent; and hence an augmentation of familiarity, unexpressed by the worth which had been the recommendation to that elevation, inevitably followed.

fact, however, we may account for one portion of the decrease of estimation of the upper ranks of society. And further, the tendency of such a feeling is to depreciate, beyond measure, all those advantages which it is the common desire, if not the common interest, of their inferiors to undervalue and reduce. The very disdain, not of the arts, but of the accidents, which thus enshrined them from observation, argues indeed an augmented consciousness of desert which rarely attends a diminution of power; and when we examine the matter more closely, we shall find such to be the incitement. The admission of inferiors to their society has not, in this age, been so much the consequence of the vice or weakness imputed by the satirists of the last, as of the desire of approbation, and the sensibility to merit. The noble has descended from his sphere, not only to encourage but to contend in his own very business with the plebeian. Not war, government, and legislation—not learning and eloquence alone have been cultivated by the patrician. Agriculture has been ennobled by very numerous examples; what does not internal navigation owe to the Duke of Bridgewater? The late Earl Stauhope devoted himself to pursuits purely mechanical, and the printing-press received from him its first great improvements since its earliest invention. This our age has been fertile of noble authors in most departments of literature. Even music has been advanced incalculably by the devotion of titled individuals. All the arts, indeed, have received an impulse, not from the patronage alone, but from the practice of nobility. These pursuits have brought the aristocracy in some sort into contact and collision, as it were, with the world below them; while the concentration of the families of peers in London, and the more popular access to the public amusements—the attractions of the sea-coast in summer, and of sporting in the winter, which have grown with the growth of opulence and the more extended intercourses of society offered and promoted by this very opulence, which has also placed numberless of the sons of professional and mercantile success upon the same plane with the nobles of the land, and given them equality in almost every one of its prerogatives and enjoyments except birth and rank,—all these circumstances have served to mingle in one common mass the noble and the rich and the ingenious—the virtuous and the vicious alike—to confound them into an anomalous body, now registered with studious iniquity in the popular nomenclature by the common denomination of “the aristocracy,” or a still worse and more confused synonym—“the world of fashion.” Nothing could better serve the turn of those who wish to push aristocracy from its place, to degrade or to change its nature. But this mass is *not* the aristocracy.

Out of this “world of fashion” no small portion of the calumny is drawn, and even to this intent fashion itself is falsified. Fashion is but the following of the weak after the strong. Fashion, like everything else, has its degrees: it begins in good and ends in evil, as virtues often become vices in their excess. Fashion has its elegances—*ay*, and its intellectual elegances—as well as its follies: the elegances are often, if not always, the aristocracy, the vices and the follies the democracy, of fashion. Those whose time is placed at their own disposal, whose wealth is superabundant, have been agreed, ever since the world stood, to crowd as much gratification, be it frivolous, or be it solid, be it of moderation, or be it of excess, into that time, as their wealth could purchase. The superior intellects, the superior voluptuousness, the superior taste, the superior *fancy*, have, during the same long period, con-

stantly been exerted to devise or to promote new pleasures, which, whether intellectual or sensual, serious or vapid, those of less bold or less inventive faculties have aspired to share. Thus has currency been given to the ever-changeable modes, pursuits, occupations, amusements, and even dress, of the vivacious, the imaginative, and the ardent amongst the rich; and such is the law of Nature herself, when she ordains the various capacities, endowments, characters, and attainments of men and women. Fashion belongs to no one class; for all classes have their fashion—that is, they follow in the train which their superiors—tacitly, but immediately, acknowledged—mark out for that which leads to the newest delight, but with more and more alloy in its descent. The vulgar generalization of “the world of fashion” represents them as foolish and vicious, broken in fortune and health, and the slaves of habits too inveterate to undergo change or improvement. Let us see how much of this is true, and how much of the truth attaches to the aristocracy.

The fashionable boy or girl may be of strong or of weak understanding, and they find their place and take rank accordingly. Of wasted sensibilities and broken constitutions undoubtedly they are not: they may arrive, by time, at that fatal distinction; but they commence their career in the vigour of life, and only follow the law of their kind, that the exhaustion will be in proportion to the energy or the excess with which *any* pursuit is followed. Fashion, if it mean that attraction which congregates while it separates all God’s creatures into classes, is common to them all; and, when applied to those who, by wealth and station, are enabled to employ their time in expensive pleasures, is only a superlative distinction. Fashion, we repeat, is but the hope of enjoyment, inducing the less to imitate the more inventive of their class.

Nor is fashion without its benefits as well as its frivolities. By far the greater portion of those contrivances,—expensive when singly constructed in the first instance, but reduced by multiplicity to a cheapness which brings them within almost universal adoption,—by far the greater portion of articles which now constitute, not alone the refinements, but the comforts of decent life, owe their existence to the patronage of this all-worshipped idol. Thus wealth finds its widest, and perhaps its best, channels, and is continually employed for the advantage of every class,—for those who obtain their livelihood and their independence from their invention, ingenuity, and labour, and for those also whose everyday conveniences are literally fashioned by the hands of industry.

Well, but the luxury and the folly of fashionable life! True. But do these appertain solely to the aristocracy, or in any greater degree than, *cæteris paribus*, belongs to the other classes? It is a wilful error to assert that the common circumstances, the daily and hourly habits of mankind, admit of extraordinary elevation. The gifted with talent to advance the progression of society are the few; and the very devotion of their time and lofty undertakings prove them to be necessarily persons of unbounded commerce with the world of business, or of unbroken seclusion and study. The idle, the indolent, those who merely seek to pass time agreeably, are the many in all ranks. Such dissipation—such waste, if you please—is no otherwise peculiar to the aristocracy than as it is permitted them to use their own discretion in the employment of their hours.

But even from this trial, if the comparison were fairly conducted, ye

believe they would come out, if not absolutely blameless, incomparably superior. There are material differences between the aristocracy and all below them in the conduct and in the ends of education. The accomplishment which is merely valuable to the middle classes is almost indispensable to the higher, because it appertains of nature and convention to their order. Their opportunities of acquirement are the highest that can be enjoyed. Their natural sensibilities are even made artificially more delicate; they have, from birth to manhood, perfect leisure, money to purchase the finest instruction, and a field to exert their talents, where, if every excellence be not extolled, every failure, even the slightest declension from the most exalted models, is severely satirised or censured or contemned. And they do cultivate literature and the arts extensively, often, indeed, above measure. They live amongst the purest productions of genius—sculpture, pictures, music, books, the greatest artists depend upon the judgment of these critics for the acknowledgment of their supremacy. They are almost compelled, by the diversity of English and foreign society, to speak the languages of hither-Europe, and to perfection. They are stimulated by the severest competition—they are frequently found to emulate the most celebrated professors*. Their views are enlarged, improved, and refined by foreign travel, and they receive their last high polish from the court.

We have already assigned the true reason why these facts do not make their own way, permeate the community, and obtain for the aristocracy the praise its members deserve—they are seldom seen out of the circle of their immediate influence, *therein* such attainments are common, according to the degrees of the ability of their possessors, to nearly all who share as well as witness them, therefore they excite no extraordinary attention, and if extreme devotion to any single branch—to literature, eloquence, poetry, painting, or music—should separate the enthusiastic admirer from the herd, the individual is almost instantly made the object of the bitterest satire, or the most contemptuous ridicule. That attachment to art which would be the praise of any one of lower condition, is converted into a reproach against a member of the aristocracy.

What circumstances, then, enjoyed by persons of lower station, can compensate these various and superior advantages? how is it ever found that the humble rise to emulate and even surpass those who are thus gifted, thus tutored, and thus stimulated? It is answered,—necessity directs the mind sedulously to one pursuit—necessity secures patience of labour—necessity dictates and preserves seclusion, or it forces energetic and fearless action. These, connected with the ardour of temperament and vigour of faculty which are the characteristics of genius—these are the formers of greatness, and these, too, have been always the formers of the aristocracy. Of the dispositions and the manners of the order, we shall hereafter find fitter occasion to speak.

After this exposition it will be seen how utterly absurd is the reiterated announcement of the decline and fall of the empire of fashion. Reform has, it has been averred, given its death-blow to the fashionable world! Has all London west of Temple-bar been swallowed up? No—

* At Holkham, in Norfolk, is a copy of the *Belisarius* in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, made by Lady Andover Digby when not more than sixteen years of age. It is very large, and consists of several figures, the size of life; and is so finely executed, that it is traditionally said the Duke offered the original for the copy. This is a sterling, though by no means a singular, instance.

it stands exactly where it did, and so does the fashionable world, in spite of all that has been said or written to the contrary. The court and the mansion, the parks and the squares, the King's Theatre and the ball-rooms, St. James's, Bond-street, and Regent-street, all these localities of fashion, and all the thoughtless brilliant existences that people them with gaiety and dissipation, remain precisely what they were and must continue to be in their own nature.

Why then is the aristocracy to be branded with all the vices, extravagances, and frivolities which belong to all classes according to their capacities and degrees? A better instance, perhaps, can scarcely be found than that of the "Exclusives," as a certain clique has been denominated. The very circumstance that gives them their name demonstrates their exceedingly small numbers. To be "exclusive" they must be few. Are then the caprices, the vices, if you will, of a few, admitting that they belong to the aristocracy, to be taken for the *res gesta* of them all? With the same justice is the support of the gambling houses, or the race course, or the prize-ring, attributable to aristocracy. But numbers alone, *rast numbers*, can sustain the weight of so enormous a waste. Of the hundred thousand who annually assemble in the spring to witness the Derby Stakes at Epsom, how many belong to the aristocracy?—how many of that order contribute to the splendour of the spectacle, how many to its contagion? probably not fifty, certainly not a hundred. Does the folly, the vice, then, belong to the nobles or the people? How many of the aristocracy were ever present at a prize-fight?—How few ever contributed, really contributed, to the encouragement of this sport of the vulgar? Not half a dozen—and yet even this brutality has been charged against the aristocracy*. The fairest test is this—Nature is in all conditions imperfect. Does the aristocracy exhibit a greater share of imperfection than the rest of mankind? We ought not to be called upon to prove a negative, but nevertheless we shall not decline the task.

Upon what evidences then, we ask, is the aristocracy arraigned, and what are the especial instances adduced? The authority is, first, the fabulous delineations of a certain class of the writers of works of fiction, and next, the periodical press, whose calumnies and ignorances are adopted by the curious and the idle. Do such writers associate, under any approach to intimacy, with the class they pretend to portray? They do not—except in the persons of two or three of the novelists. They see those they affect to ridicule occasionally in public, at some such distance as Master Shallow saw John of Gaunt in the tilt-yard, and if at all in private, very rarely, and under circumstances which most probably either prejudice them for or against the characters of the indivi-

* The aristocracy are allured to support such schemes through representations made by interested persons of the other classes that their patronage alone is wanting to produce a national good or a local benefit—they scarcely, if ever originate any thing of the sort. One instance known to us occurs to our recollection. When the fashion of pugilism began to fail Jackson, the 'link between the prize-fighter and the peer,' as he has been called, waited upon a young nobleman to ask his name to a list of supporters. His answer was 'Decidedly no.' Jackson was astonished, for the young man had been regularly instructed and a constant attendant at the Lives' Court. He inquired the reason. Because, said he, 'I will not suffer my name to stand amongst a list of such profligate villains as are here enumerated; and you are at liberty to give that reason for my absence any one or to all of them.'

duals they have so little opportunity to survey. For the notice of persons of rank is most assuredly felt not less by persons of talent, than by others less sensitively trained; and they are impressed according to the degree in which they consider themselves honoured, that is, according to the warmth of their expectations and their reception. Is anything more likely to prejudice or to disable the judgment? But we shall be told that the novelists of their own day and of their own class have, by a sort of universal consent, represented them to be weak or vicious. What then? The novelists have described those prominent parts of the drama of high life which struck them as most picturesque and amusing. These are rarely drawn from the lofty, the sober, the silent contemplators or actors of virtue, for the great are not accessible under such aspects. Satire is more forcible than praise, and, without offence to the noble authors, more marketable, because more likely to be popular. The good who are described are overlooked or eclipsed by the bad. Has any novelist attempted to depict the pure ambition directed to the public welfare, the incessant cares, iniquities, and occupations of the great officers of state, generally chosen from the aristocracy*? Not so: the intrigues of Almack's—the petty partisanship of patronessing—the marriage-manceuvring of some broken-down dowager—the insipidity of the drawing-room, indeed, have afforded lively subjects; while all the larger duties, sacrifices, and benevolences, are almost unacknowledged, for there is nothing of romance, though everything of honour, about them.

Such is the authority. We come next to the examples by which it is attempted to establish the general rule of profligacy and folly. The novelists have depicted the insipidity of drawing-room talk, and of the general amusements of the rich and titled. Now, were the ordinary habits of the million of any class thus described, would not the results be the same? Would it not be found that minds of common dimensions, employed in their every-day business, exhibit nothing but what is ignoble and vapid? And thus is aristocracy brought into question. It is upon such authority, and upon these satirical portraitures, the periodicals found the assertion that the entire lives of the entire order are consumed in vice, idleness, and frivolity. These are bruited about in every way and through every channel of publicity; but, nevertheless, they form only the exceptions. And again—do they occur more frequently in the higher than amongst the middle or lower orders? Certainly not. Sufficient proof exists in the almost universal and prominent vices of London. Do the aristocracy contribute more than their share to the maintenance of the notorious theatres of vice? Do they feed the gin-shops, the stews, the saloons? A foolish young, or a depraved old nobleman is now and then (how seldom!) detected in shameless debauchery; but if regard be had to the multitudinous demoralization of the metropolis, the gross sum is obviously furnished out of the funds of the rich, indeed, and the middle and the lower orders—not from the aristocracy.

Here are facts; but collateral proof is also to be drawn from a train of “legitimate presumptions,” as Mr. Burke has it, which begins in the nursery and ends only in the grave. It is thus that he describes the

* Miss Edgeworth has done this in her ‘Patronage,’ and Mr. Ward in ‘De Vere,’ but they constitute the exceptions. Whenever, indeed, a virtuous or exalted figure is introduced, it is lost or obscured by the shadows thrown in to bring out the other grosser portraitures.

attributes of a *natural* aristocracy:—"To be bred in a place of estimation—to see nothing low and sordid—from one's infancy—to be taught to respect one's self—to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye—to look early to public opinion—to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a large view of the wide spread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and affairs in a large society—to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse—to be enabled to draw the court and attention of the wise and learned wherever they are to be found—to be habituated in armies to command and to obey—to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty—to be formed to the greatest degree of vigilance, foresight, and circumspection, in a state of things in which no fault is committed with impunity, and the slightest mistakes draw on the most ruinous consequences—to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct, from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man—to be employed as an administrator of law and justice, and to be thereby amongst the first benefactors of mankind." Now, these attributes all belong to the education and the employments of our constitutional aristocracy, nor do they appertain in the same manner or degree to any other order of men. If, then, these be "a class of legitimate presumptions, which, taken as generalities, must be admitted for actual truths"—and that they are so, there cannot exist a doubt,—they must form the mind to virtue, rather than to vice. And in spite of the temptations of power and wealth, we are satisfied that the Peerage, in its aggregate of active public service and private benevolence, does exhibit the natural results of such a train of circumstances. Do we mean, therefore, to defend the present system of aristocratic education throughout all its arrangements? Most assuredly not. But its fault is not that it is aristocratic—the error lies just the contrary way. The boy who mixes with the commonalty at a great public school, the youth who is cast amongst the *οι πολλοι* at the university, either rubs down his lofty feelings, or (if of weak parts) is toadied into an undue estimation of the place he inherits. Were his mind trained to the constant perception of the great theoretic maxim inherent in the pure nature of aristocracy, that to his honour, knowledge, prudence, and ability, it is committed, as one of the members of the hereditary senate, to maintain in equal balance all the parts of the constitution; to adapt legislation to the capacities of society, always a little preceding and stimulating the faculties of the time; and thus, not only to preserve but advance the prosperity, the freedom, and the happiness of millions—that his life being devoted to these higher purposes, no moment is to be idly wasted, but all his powers addressed to his exalted functions;—were it diligently inculcated, that the amusements purchasable by his wealth are to be enjoyed as the gentle relaxations, not the constant occupations of his life,—were this the foundation and the superstructure of aristocratic education, the result would doubtless be to produce an order completely instructed in its noble offices. It would be separated by a wider distance from all below itself; but to support that very exaltation would demand more ability, more courtesy, more industry, more acquirement*;—and this attained, a more profound

* Sufficient care is not exerted in respect to the society in which the youth of the aristocracy are allowed to range. We allude not only to the commonly received opinion that their early habits are too much entrusted to the groom and the game-

respect would follow. Yet such is the aristocracy contemplated by the constitution, not one lowered and adulterated by admixture with democracy, from which it is expressly intended to protect our institutions.

It has been laid down that "the aristocracy form the manners of life, the people produce the revolutions of thought." By such an education as we have proposed, the aristocracy would have far greater influence in both, and it would be also far better. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the aristocracy do "form the manners of life." There is but too much cause to suspect that this is an error arising out of the same fatal confounding of fashion and wealth with the real and nobler distinction of rank. Every class, nay, almost every profession, has its own peculiar manners copied after individuals; the manners of fashionable or of ordinary life bear no more resemblance to the ease, dignity, courtesy, and *simplicity* of the truly noble in station, (very often a matter of habit and institution, as much as of mind,) than the imitations of the stage, varying and declining as they do from the theatres royal to the barn. It was observed of the ancient noblesse of France, and the remark applies with equal truth to the English nobility, that, knowing their place, they affected nothing—they took it at once. And so it is in *any* society where the place of each person is well defined; every one is assured of the respect that belongs to and awaits him; no one dreads the slightest offence to his feelings in word, thought, or deed, amongst the well-bred. Hence there is no captiousness—no straining after notice; quietude, ease, (now, perhaps, carried too far,) and a desire to oblige, these are the constituent manners of this class of society; where these distinctions are not, are found the pretenders. Unluckily, society in general exhibits no such absolute identity with the qualities recited as to give any sanction to the *dictum* that "the aristocracy form the manners."

Neither can we be brought to perceive the immense influence attributed to aristocracy over all our social relations and public institutions. Here, also, there appears to us the same confounding of accessories; all the vast, the indefinite, unconfined impulse appertaining to wealth and power is mixed up with aristocracy. Now it is capable of demonstration, because in conformity with the law of Nature, that the power of bestowing benefits of whatever kind, however low or however high, will always exert a force, differing only in degree, upon all men. This force is wholly independent of rank, and would follow wealth and power, if privileged rank were not*. The statesman in office and the

keeper, but to the company they meet in the drawing-room. Profligacy forms no bar to the reception of notorious individuals, if they possess rank and fortune. Virtue and eminent talent, when not set off by birth or wealth, are but too slight an introduction. A right estimation of character is thus broken down, because the mark is not set upon the one, nor the meed awarded to the other. We have often seen with surprise the sensitive apprehension with which even those whose natural and generous impulses, if obeyed, would lead to loftier and better judgments, shrink from acknowledging connections with inferiors in station whom we have known they cordially respected, lest they should draw down the paltry suspicions, or invidious observations of persons of their own class, whom, in truth, they as cordially despised. This want of self-respect, this ignorance of true dignity, is a failing every nobleman ought to weed out.

* "It is true that the peers have a great influence in the kingdom and in every part of the public concerns. While they are men of property, it is impossible to prevent it, except by such means as must prevent all property from its natural operation; an event not easily to be compassed, while property is power, nor by any means to be wished, while the least notion exists of the method by which the spirit of liberty acts, and of the means by which it is preserved. If any particular

millionaire would have the same following at the levee or in life, were they or were they not of an hereditary order. The subserviency complained of is only the ambition to rise, which is universal, because of nature. The deference to wealth is neither more nor less than the desire of participating the enjoyments wealth can purchase and bestow, which has existed ever since the world began.

It is a laudable attempt to enforce upon mankind the doctrine that virtue ought to be preferred to all other claims, but there is nothing new or profound in it. Society differs not now in this particular from its long-accustomed usage, nor will it ever, till philosophy obtain the place of mere sense. There are two kinds of happiness, "vulgar or civil happiness, which is to covet much and to enjoy much—philosophical happiness, which is to be content with little." The world then must be converted into a world of philosophers, the dominion of the senses must be subdued, before wealth and power, in their vulgar interpretation, shall lose their worshippers. The influence of the aristocracy is, indeed, commensurate with their possessions. Title is, in some sort, an additional source of admiration, and, therefore, augments the impetus in a degree, but under any forms of society, rank or no rank, wealth and the superiority it implies will always purchase its slaves. No political forms can obliterate (they scarcely modify) the passions natural to man.*

peers, by their uniform upright, constitutional conduct, by their public and private virtues have acquired an influence in the country, the people on whose favour that influence depends, and from whom it rose, will never be duped into an opinion that such greatness in a peer is the despotism of an aristocracy, when they know and feel it to be the effect and pledge of their own importance. I am no friend to aristocracy in the sense at least in which that word is usually understood. If it were not a bad habit to moot cases on the supposed ruin of the constitution, I should be free to declare that if it must perish I would rather by far see it resolved into any other form than lost in that austere and insolent domination"—
Thoughts on the Present Discontents

* It is very curious that the gentleman who has most bitterly assailed the aristocracy, has made this very admission in the strongest terms. 'Come,' says Mr Bulwer, "let us suppose that the wish of certain politicians were gratified, let us suppose that republics were established to-morrow. I will tell you what would be the result—your republic would be the very worst of aristocracies." Do not fancy, as some contend, that the aristocracy would fall if the King fell. Not a whit of it. You may sweep away the House of Lords if you like, you may destroy titles, you may make a bonfire of orb and ermine, and, after all your puns, the aristocracy would be exactly as strong as ever. For its power is not in a tapestried chamber or in a crimson woollen or in ribbons and stars in coronets and titles, its power, my friends is in ourselves—its power is in the aristocratic spirit and sympathy which pervades you all. In your own hearts while you shout for popular measures, you have a reverential notion of the excellence of aristocratic agents, you think rich people alone 'respectable,' you have a great idea of station, you consider a man is the better for being above his fellows, not in virtue and intellect, but in the good things of life.

* * * * *

Believe me, then, that if you were to institute a republic to-morrow, it would be an aristocratic republic, and though it would be just as bad if it were an aristocracy of shopkeepers, as if it were an aristocracy of nobles, yet I believe on the whole it would be an aristocracy very much resembling the present one, *only without the control which the King's prerogative at present affords him*. And for one evident reason—namely, the *immense property* of our nobles and landed gentry. Recollect, that in this respect they differ from most other aristocracies, which are merely the shadows of a court, and without substance in themselves. From most other aristocracies sweep away the office and the title, and they themselves are *not*, but banish from court a Northumberland, a Lonsdale, a Cleveland, a Bedford, or a Yarborough, take away their dukedoms and their earldoms, their ribbons and their robes, and they are exactly as

Was Cromwell less a monarch in reality than Charles? Is Mr. Rothschild less potent because he lacks the title of a duke, or the place of a peer of the realm? Why, then, attribute to aristocracy what belongs to Nature, as displayed in the institution of society itself? To desire and to endeavour to promote the sole dominion of ability and virtue is praiseworthy, is wise; but it is only to revive the lessons of the Portico, and of all the other self-denying ordinances of autocratic origin, and will be no more effectual than the stoicism of Zeno, or the penances of the Ascetics.

But the question is to be examined from another point of view. Granting for a moment that the desire of aristocratic distinction, or aristocratic prejudices and associations, begin with the education, mould the manners, preponderate in the legislation, and so affect the whole circle of an Englishman's being—is it for evil? This must be proved before the case against the aristocracy is made out. What, then, are the tendencies of aristocratic feelings and notions? Those who would narrow them to the mere establishment of the wealth, enjoyments, and power of the few and of the noble, in subversion of the happiness and prosperity of the many, mistake the issue as widely as they mistake the objects of this influence. The well-born and highly-nurtured are, by nature no less than by position, of more acute sensibility than the classes exposed to the rougher collision of the world of professional exertion, of art, or of commerce. Take the vast majority (of the wealthy even) and they will be found to be anxious to confer all the benefits they can upon their fellow-creatures. Observe the habits of families of noblemen at their country-seats. They found schools *, visit their poor neighbours, and employ a great portion of their time, and much money, in acts of pure kindness. The gentlemen in their capacity of magistrates, the ladies as visitants of civility and charity, confer most important benefits; and it would be found, could the matter be fairly investigated, that disorder prevails to the greatest extent where this supervision is precluded by non-residence †.

Their virtue lies in action ‡. Studious persons, above all others, are

powerful, with those broad lands and those mighty rent-rolls, as they were before. In any republic you can devise, men with this property will be *uppermost*; they will be still your rulers, as long as you yourselves think that property is the legal heir to respect. I always suppose, my friends, in the above remarks, that you would not *take away* the property, as is recommended by some of the unstamped newspapers, to which our Government will permit no reply, and which therefore enjoy a monopoly over the minds of the poor; I always imagine, that, republican or monarchical, you will still be English; I always imagine, that come what may, you will still be honest, and without honesty it is useless to talk of republics. Let possessions be insecure, and your republic would merge rapidly into a despotism. All history tells us, that the moment liberty invades property, the reign of arbitrary power is at hand—the flock fly to a shepherd to protect them from wolves. Better one despot than a reign of robbers. If we owe so much of our faults and imperfections to the aristocratic influence, need I ask you if you would like an unrelieved aristocracy? If not, my friends, let us rally round the throne."—*England and the English.*

* The Marchioness of Westminster has not less than eight or ten foundations of her own, and we could quote multitudes of instances; indeed, the exception is so rare that the difficulty must be to find it.

† One of the most fortunate effects for the country of the repeal of the corn-laws would be, that a reduced income would compel the gentry to a residence on their estates, and keep them from the profusion and profligacy of an annual visit to the metropolis.

‡ It is objected, and we admit often with truth, that the wealthy are ready to bestow their money, but not to endure personal inconvenience. The following anecdote is told in illustration:—The late Duke of D—— was walking in St.

prone to measure every man's usefulness by his scientific or literary attainments. But is this a standard to be employed by or upon mankind at large? If it were, the world would stand still. The mere scholar, except he be one of such lofty capacity, that, by discoveries in sciencæ, he is gifted to promulgate great truths of practical application to the order of nature or the business of life, is generally amongst the least useful. Nor is it possible that high science, in the abstract sense of the word, should be cultivated by the aristocracy in general. The management of their property, the duties it entails, their extended commerce with the world, their functions as legislators and magistrates, all demand *action*, and their minds are formed accordingly. Much of their knowledge is obtained orally, rather than from books. We shall, however, be content to put the matter to this single test. Does any class of the same number include so many statesmen, soldiers, or authors, in the highest degree, as the Peerage? The quantity of business, transacted by the men of business of the aristocracy, far surpasses that even of the mercantile class. Yet, with all this, there is no order better informed upon subjects with which it is their duty to be conversant, or so well, as the aristocracy, taken in the aggregate*.

From these facts, and they are facts, it must happen that the direction given by their instrumentality to the general tone of society operates to mitigate its hard and coarse selfishness, to exalt and liberalize its notions, to soften its manners—in a word, to give it an upward progression. On the other hand, the impulse of a democracy goes directly contrary. If an example upon a great scale be required, we need only refer to the transactions of the French Revolution of 1788—a revolution produced by a desire the most ardent for intellectual illumination, originated by philosophers, and acted by their disciples. What did it effect in any of the particulars we have recited? It exhibited only the most ferocious and unsparing tyranny, established by the usurpation of the most violent tempers and the coarsest manners; and it ended in a military despotism, greedy of dominion, and careless of human life and human suffering beyond all precedent. This, be it remarked, is a modern instance—an instance mollified by all that the bland influence of letters and the philosophy of that philosophical age could bring in aid. The people also were the rulers; and such must ever be the tendency of the power of democracy, varying, of necessity, according to the degree in which it prevails. Aristocracy may enervate, and even corrupt, for it mingles with its own pride the snares of riches; but it can scarcely act other-

James's-street, in a hard frost, when he met an agent, who began to importune his Grace in behalf of some charity which had enjoyed his support. "Put me down for what you please," peevishly exclaimed the Duke; "but, for God's sake, don't keep me in the cold."

* In spite of all that has been said to contravene the utility of patronage, it is to the noble use made by some of the aristocracy of their vast fortunes that the arts are indebted for the magnificent edifices containing the splendid collections of books, statues, pictures, &c. this country contains. We may adduce, without a chance of invidious interpretation, the names of Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Westminster, and the Duke of Sutherland. Where, indeed, is the mansion of the peer in which are not to be found specimens of the taste of its owner, and their promotion of literature and the fine arts? The English are neither by temperament, climate, nor religion, enthusiasts in art; they are a profound, an active, an industrious, an accumulating people. By the aristocracy the existence of the arts began in England; by the aristocracy, in a good degree, they preserve their elevation.

wise than to liberalize, to soften, and to ennoble the thoughts and conduct of a nation. This is all that is or can be meant by the charge of a too devoted admiration and subservience to station and opulence, if ~~it~~ mean anything at all beyond the hacknied, but impracticable, recommendation of a devotion to virtue, which has never existed in any stage of society beyond that common demonstration which society exhibits in all its stages. What would the Spartan discipline now be thought?—what the democracy of Rome? Did either confer more happiness upon the bulk of mankind than England has enjoyed in her rise, progress, and, if you please, her decline?

But the modern republicanism of America is now constantly taken for the exemplar. Look, say our democrats, at the prosperity of the United States. Political science has taught us that this is the mere effect of the redundant supply of food from the youth of a new country. Land is cheap, taxation small, labour dear. Hence the comforts are many, because the wants are few. Luxuries, refinements, except in the thickly-peopled towns, there are none. Enlarge the agricultural field of English labour, and the same prosperity would raise up the industrious classes, while the opulent would continue the progress of civilization.

But the aristocracy has contrived to fasten its younger branches upon the revenues of the country. "Ay, there's the rub." How? In the diplomacy, the naval and military, the civil and ecclesiastical services, and lastly, by unmerited pensions. The answer is, that, in all but the latter, they earn their salaries. Can it be pretended, with any show of truth, that the children of nobility have made worse public servants than those of plebeian extraction? The greatest statesmen of the last three ages,—the ages of the older and the younger Pitt, and of this our generation,—have been of the aristocracy. Marlborough and Wellington, the greatest captains, were of aristocratic birth. Nor, if the catalogue could be made up, would there be wanting names to take and to merit precedence—intellectual precedence—in nearly all the walks of political distinction. Even in the latest periods, the debates in the House of Peers have evinced a talent equal, at the least, to that of the Commons, doubled as they are in numbers, and assured by selection. The discussions upon Catholic Emancipation and Reform are instances all-sufficient.

We enter into no defence of many of the appointments of the pension list. They belong not, however, to aristocracy in its own nature, for they have grown out of the abuses of the prerogative of the Crown and the Government. Ministers, ever since the days of Sir Robert Walpole to the accession of Earl Grey, have deemed it indispensable to govern by corrupt means. They pampered and they debased by buying the aristocracy, while they represented the purchase as a just reward for adhesion to the Government. Thus was the temptation and the nurture under which the borough system grew so monstrously. The external pressure and the internal alarm occasioned by the French Revolution aggravated while they concealed the mischief; but reform, it is palpable, has, in this respect at least, reduced aristocracy to its wholesome, because to its natural, dimensions. If any power is to be dreaded, it is the increase and the violence of democracy. The crown and the aristocracy have need to combine, in order to counterbalance (not destroy)

its authority. A salutary change is thus working. The aristocracy cannot be blind to the truth, that, to preserve their emmence, they must keep equal pace (that is, pre-eminence) in the race with intellect and knowledge. Be assured the truth is felt.

And this brings us to the question now beginning to be mooted,—whether an elective be not preferable to an hereditary aristocracy? It should seem that it is not. It is here that Mr Burke's "train of legitimate presumptions" displays its force in favour of the aristocracy of birth. The individual who achieves the greatness which (throwing out of operation the natural weight of possessions, and admitting an elevation for pure virtue's sake) would point him out for the place of honour, must of necessity have passed his life in some one active pursuit,—the field, the sea, the law, or in commerce. His superiority is the result of experience. He is courageous, skilful, acute, or prudent, but is he trained to legislation?—is his mind imbued with those constitutional reverences, with that desire of stability, which the theory of our balanced government (made good by centuries of practice) assigns to the order? On the contrary, he would enter the House of Peers impressed with all the desires and impelled by all the energies that have led to his exaltation. Would he stay the too rapid progression which the theory of our legislature justly anticipates and provides against by the order to which he now belongs? He would not—he would rather assist the impulsion of the Commons. He would be to all intents and purposes, the creature, and would become the agent of that impulsion.* He

* Friendly as we are to reform, to that reform which has restored the vigour of the democracy to the constitution we for that very reason insist but the more vehemently upon preserving to the aristocracy all its dignities. If ever there was a time or an occasion which seemed to demand the grave authority Paley describes in the passage we are about to quote that time arrived, and that occasion was created with the passing of the Reform Bill. 'The popular use and design' says Dr Paley "of this part of the constitution, the House of Lords, are the following:—First, to enable the king, by his right of bestowing the peerage to reward the servants of the public in a manner most grateful to them, and at a small expense to the nation; secondly, to fortify the power and to secure the stability of legal government by an order of men naturally allied to its interests; and thirdly, to answer a purpose which though of superior importance to the other two, does not occur so readily to our observation, namely, to stem the progress of popular fury. Large bodies of men are subject to sudden frenzies, of opinions are sometimes circulated amongst a multitude without proof or examination, acquiring confidence and reputation merely by being repeated from one to another, and passions founded upon these opinions, diffusing themselves with a rapidity which can neither be accounted for nor resisted, may agitate a country with the most violent commotions. Now, the only way to stop the fermentation is to divide the mass, that is, to erect different orders in the same community with separate prejudices and interests. And this may become the use of an hereditary nobility, invested with a share of legislation. Averse to those prejudices which acutate the minds of the vulgar accustomed to condemn the clamour of the populace, disdaining to receive laws and opinions from their inferiors in rank, they will oppose resolutions which are founded in the folly and violence of the lower part of the community. Were the voice of the people always dictated by reflection; did every man, or even one man in a hundred, think for himself, or actually consider the measure he was about to approve or censure, or even were the common people tolerably steadfast in the judgment which they formed, I should hold the interference of a superior order not only superfluous, but wrong; for when everything is allowed to different rank and education which the actual state of these advantages deserves, that, after all, is most likely to be right and expedient which appears to be so to the separate judgment and decision of a great majority of the nation, at least, that, in general, is right for them

would then reverse the action of the constitution, which, by making the peerage so far elective as it now does, renews the virtue by fresh creations, which have the effect of preventing the obstinacy of prejudice likely to be engendered by stagnation. Again—if the peerage be made elective, in whom is the election to rest? Reside where it may, its consequence would be only to lessen the prerogative of the Crown. If the office be held during life, as is proposed, the especial intent of the House of Peers—*stability*—would at once be lost, and it would become no other than a permanent House of Commons, its members changing by death. Either proposition overthrows the constitution. We reason upon general principles—upon the use, not the abuse of the order—upon a return to those great occasions when such ability as has lifted the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham to the peerage shall constitute the claim to distinction, not the mere subserviency to a minister, which raised the ministerial mushrooms of Mr. Pitt. The one, we repeat, is the use—the other, the abuse of the prerogative.

We ascribe then, to the vast and general accumulation of wealth; to the facilities of communication which, extending connexion over so wide a surface and embracing such vast numbers, dis sever but too much the closer ties, and dissipate the deeper affections; we ascribe to the power which generates the love of excess, and to the opportunities of concealment which a densely peopled metropolis afford; we attribute to the intense luxury thus engendered and protected, the evils which are falsely charged against aristocracy. Yet we ought to point out that wealth implies the superior powers by which it is acquired; and hence it is neither unnatural nor unwise to yield to its possessors the fair credence that they in general inherit the qualities that constitute “respectability.” It is no more just to infer that a rich man must be a fool or a profligate, than that a poor man must be weak or dishonest; and although it is “a legitimate principle” that station and wealth are the rewards of those who, “for their success, are presumed to have sharp and vigorous understandings, and to possess the virtues of diligence, order, constancy, and regularity, and to have cultivated an habitual regard to commutative justice,” they are not more honoured now, not more identified with “respectability,” than they have ever been in all ages and countries entitled to the character of civilized. War is no longer the sole or even the supremely-valued employment of mankind. The world is now, as heretofore, ruled by intellect, though differently instructed; and the chief distinction is, that the mind, having received a new direction, is more generally as well as more easily cultivated. There is no fear of the ascendancy of talent not being acknowledged. The House of Commons is at last become an antagonist power to the Peerage, and is mainly guided and impelled by

which is agreeable to their fixed opinions and desires. But when we observe what is urged as the public opinion to be in truth the opinion only, or perhaps the frequent profession, of a few crafty leaders; that the numbers who join in the cry serve only to swell and multiply the sound, without any accession of judgment or exercise of understanding; and that oftentimes the wisest counsels have been thus overborne by tumult and uproar,—we may conceive occasions to arise in which the commonwealth may be saved by the reluctance of the nobility to adopt the caprices or to yield to the vehemence of the common people. In expecting this advantage from an order of nobles, we do not suppose the nobility to be more unprejudiced than others; we only suppose that their prejudices will be different from, and may occasionally counteract, those of others.”

popular opinion. The standing ground of the aristocracy is narrowed—they can only display their power in their own house—they can secure and confirm it only by making the mildest, best, and most virtuous use of their station, wealth, and attainments out of doors. If they neglect or despise the warnings of the time, they will soon be no more.

We would not veil its faults or its failings; but we hope that we have demonstrated and established that aristocracy is a part of the British constitution as useful as essential—that it is a compact and separate body, not to be confounded with the merely wealthy or the merely fashionable—that its influence is directed to the benefit of all the other orders, even if it only counteract the tendency to democracy (that “giant shadow of the coming republic;”)—but that, in truth, it is felt advantageously in legislature, in art, and in manners, so far as it really extends. We have endeavoured to show that there is nothing new or profound in the charges made against the order or in the arguments by which they are sustained, and that the force, if any, lies chiefly against others with whom the aristocracy is wilfully confounded. We have displayed the means by which abuses of the order introduced in the progress of society are likely to be checked and corrected. Our task is ended.

THE PALACE OF THE MAREMMA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[THE history of Desdemona has a parallel in the following passage of Dante. Nello della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which then, as now, was a district destructive to health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers, indeed, tell us, that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits; one was a captain, who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the house of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

“ Ricordati di me ; che son la Pia ;
 Sienna mi fé, disfecemî Maremm.a.
 Salsi colui che inannellata pria
 Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma.”

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Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
 Ont le pire destin ;
 Et Rose elle à vécu ce que vivent les roses,
 L'espace d'un matin.

Malherbe.

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,
 Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,
 Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
 And nature lavishes her warmest hues ;
 But trust thou not her smiles, her balmy breath,
 Away ! her charms are but the pomp of death !
 He in the vine-clad bowers unseen is dwelling,
 Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws ;
 His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,
 With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose ;
 And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh,
 But woo thee still to slumber and to die.
 Mysterious danger lurks, a Syren, there,—
 Not robed in terrors, or announced in gloom,—
 But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,
 And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb :
 How may we deem, amidst their bright array,
 That heaven and earth but flatter to betray ?
 Sunshine and bloom, and verdure ! can it be,
 That *these* but charm us with destructive wiles ?
 Where shall we turn, O Nature ! if in *thee*
 Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles ?
 Oh ! still the Cenci of that fatal shore,
 Where she, the Sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore !
 There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,
 Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,
 And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds,—
 Gay with the riches of the south, in vain,
 O'er fairy towers, and palaces of state,
 Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.
 And pillared halls, whose airy colonnades
 Were formed to echo music's choral tones,
 Are silent now, amidst deserted shades *,
 Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone ;—
 And fountains dash, unheard, by lone alcoves,
 Neglected temples, and forsaken groves
 And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty gleaming,
 Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise,
 By wave or grot, might Fancy linger, dreaming
 Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.
 Wild visions ! there no sylvan powers convene,—
 Death reigns the genius of the Elysian scene.
 Ye too, illustrious hills of Rome, that bear
 Traces of mightier beings on your brow,
 O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
 Extends the desert of his empire now ;—
 Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,
 And makes the Cæsars' halls his ruined home.
 Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his power,
 His crowned and chosen victims—o'er their lot
 Hath fond affection wept—each blighted flower
 In turn was loved and mourned, and is forgot.

* See Madame de Staël's fine description, in her 'Corinne,' of the Villa Borghese deserted on account of the malaria.

But one who perished, left a tale of woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
Is floating joyous on the summer air,—
And there are banquets in her stately halls,—
And graceful revels of the gay and fair—
And brilliant wreaths the altar have arrayed,
Where meet her noblest youth, and loveliest maid
To that young bride each grace hath Nature given,
Which glows on Art's divinest dream—her eye
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven—.

Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye,
Fair as that daughter of the south, whose form
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's colours warm*.

But is she blest?—for sometimes o'er her smile
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast
And in her liquid glance there seems awhile
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the past
Yet soon it flies— a cloud that leaves no trace
On the sky's azure of its dwelling place.

Purchas'd at time, within her heart may rise
Remembrance of some early love or woe,
Faded yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes
Wakening the bill-form'd tear that may not flow
Yet a faint seems her light on earth
Where still some pining thought comes darkly o'er our mirth.

It would before her smiles—its cheerful gaze
She hath not proved as yet—her path seems gay
With flowers and sunshine—and the voice of praise
Is still the joyous herald of her way
And beauty's light around her dwells to throw
O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graceful with all
That nature's fortune yields if one can give
Pure in their loveliness—her looks reveal
Such dream as ne'er life's early bloom survive
And when she speaks—each thrilling tone is fraught
With sweetness—born of human and heavenly thought.

And he to whom air breathe'd her vows of faith
Is brave and noble—child of high descent,
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death
Mid slaughter'd heaps—the warrior's monument,
And proudly marshall'd his *carriero's* way
Amidst the wild wreck of war's array.

And he the chivalrous commanding man
Where high-born grandeur blends with courtly grace,
Yet may a lightning glance at times be seen,
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face
And fierce the spirit flaming in his eye†
But even while yet we gaze, its quick wild flashes die.

* An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife Mona Lisa supposed to be the most perfect imitation of Nature ever exhibited in painting—see *Farrar's his Lives of the Painters*

† See the description of this sort of consecrated war chariot in Sismondi's 'Histoire des Républiques Italiennes,' &c. vol. 1, p. 394

The Palace of the Maremma.

And calmly can Pietra smile—concealing,

As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse,—
And veil the workings of each darker feeling,

Deep in his soul concentrating its force,
But yet *he loves!*—Oh! who hath loved, nor known
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own?

The days roll on, and still Bianca's lot

Seems as a path of Eden. Thou might'st deem
That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot

To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream,
And if her brow a moment's sadness wear,
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few, short years, and all is changed, her fate

Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast
Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath and hate

The love whose glow expression's power surpassed?
Lo! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom

Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom!

Oh! can he meet that eye of light serene,

Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance forth,—
And view that bright intelligence of mien,

Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest worth—
Yet deem that vice could desecrate such fane?—

How shall he e'er confide in aught on earth again?

In silence oft, with strange, vindictive gaze,

Transient, yet filled with meaning stern and wild,
Her features, calm in beauty, he surveys

Then turns away, and fixes on her child

So dark a glance, as thrills a mother's mind

With some vague fear, scarce owned, and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling by the wave

Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore,
Far from all sounds but rippling seas, that live

Grey rocks, with foliage richly shadowed o'er,
And sighing winds that murmur through the wood
Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood

Fair is that house of solitude, and fair

The green Maremma far around it spread—
A sun-bright waste of beauty, yet an air

Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed

No human footstep tracks the lone domain,

The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise

'Mid fountains, and cypress-walks, and olive-groves
All sleeps in sunshine neath cerulean skies,

And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves;

Yet every trace of man reveals alone

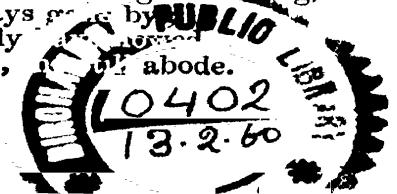
That there life once had flourished—and is gone.

There,—till around them slowly, softly stealing,

The summer air, deceit in every sigh,
Came fraught with death, its power no longer sleeping,—

Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt, in days gone by
And strains of mirth and melody

Where stands, all voiceless now,



And thither doth her lord, remorseless, bear
Bianca with her child—his altered eye
And brow a stern and fearful calmness wear,
While his dark spirit seals then doom—to die ;
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart
Tell her from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and blending
Its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,
Each tint of heaven upon its breast descending,
Scarce murmurs as it heaves, in glassy sleep,
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,
That lovely shore of solitude and light

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is breathing ;
Decked with young flowers the rich Maremma glows ,
Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing,
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows ,
And far around, a deep and sunny bloom
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb.

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca ! fairest flower !
The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale,
Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious power,
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale,
And fatal in its softness, day by day,
Steals from that eye some trembling spark away

But sink not yet—for there lie darker woes,
Daughter of beauty ! in thy sprung mournful tidings !
Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than those
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye are shading !
Nerve, then, thy heart to meet that bitter lot,
His agony—but soon to be forgot !

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring,
Thou hourly to behold the spoiler's breath
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring
O'er infancy's fair cheek the blight of death ?
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'er-cast
The pale, smooth brow, yet watch it to the last !

Such pangs were thine young mother ! Thou didst bend
O'er thy fair boy, and muse his drooping head,
And, furtive and hopeless, frown from every friend,
Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his bed,
And watch his patient, supplicating eye,
Fixed upon thee—on thee !—who couldst no aid supply.

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe
Through those dark hours,—to thee the wind's low sigh,
And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,
Came like some spirit whispering—"He must die !"
And thou didst vainly clasp him to the breast
His young and sunny smile so oft with hope had blest

'Tis past—that fearful trial—he is gone !
But thou, devoted ! hast not long to weep,
The hour of Nature's chartered peace comes on,
And thou shalt share thine infant's holy sleep
A few short sufferings yet, and death shall be
As a bright messenger from heaven to thee.

But ask not, hope not, one relenting thought
 From him who doomed thee thus to waste away ;
 Whose heart, with sullen, speechless vengeance fraught,
 Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay,
 And coldly, sternly, silently can trace
 The gradual withering of each youthful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,
 When thou, bright victim ! on his dreams shalt rise
 As an accusing angel and thy tomb,
 A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes !
 Then shall thine innocence his bosom wring,
 More than thy fancied guilt with jealous pangs could sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven for all on earth,
 Young sufferer ! fades before thee. Thou art lone—
 Hope, fortune, love, smiled brightly on thy birth,
 Thine hour of death is all affliction's own !
 It is our task to suffer, and our late
 To learn that mighty lesson—soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay
 Through joyous Italy resounds no more ;
 But mortal loveliness hath passed away,
 Fairer than aught in summer's glowing store.
 Beauty and youth are gone ; I hold them such
 As death hath made them with his blighting touch ! *

The summer's breath came o'er them and they died !
 Softly it came, to give luxuriance birth ;
 Called forth young Nature in her festal pride,
 And bore to them their summons from the earth !
 Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,
 And wake to life and light all flowers but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues telling,
 O lost and loveliest one ! adorns thy grave,
 But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwelling,
 The dew-drops glisten, and the wild flowers wave —
 Emblems more meet, in transient light and bloom,
 For thee who thus did'st pass in brightness to the tomb ! †

* “ *La voilà, telle que la mort nous l'a faite !* ”

Bossuet's Funeral Oration on the Princess Henrietta.

† This poem was written several years since, and intended for immediate publication, but withheld, on account of a coincidence of subject between its story and one chosen about the same time by a popular writer.

**CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A
DECEASED LAWYER.**

No. III.

AMONG the trifling grievances and petty misfortunes to which the pedestrian in London is exposed, I know not if there be any much more annoying, than being perpetually saluted and accosted by persons whose faces are either altogether unknown, or, if known, almost entirely forgotten. Independently of the thousand and one other objections which I have to this, the eternal tax which it imposes upon one's time seems quite sufficient to justify my abhorrence of it. If I am at all singular in my opinion on this subject, I must surely be of a very curious temperament; for it appears to me quite impossible that any one can be found who will not readily unite with me in condemning the prevalence of the practice. Can there be a greater nuisance than to be compelled to carry back one's memory over an indefinite length of time, to endeavour to find something that may assist in discovering who it is to whom one is indebted for the silent acknowledgment of a bow, or the more familiar, though respectful, inquiry as to one's health? So long as the inconvenience is confined to the former, it is merely negative, and therefore may be more easily endured, but when it extends to the latter, it becomes a positive evil, to suppress which every man is bound to render assistance. There are, indeed, occasions on which the annoyance does not stop even here, but when the assurance of some finished coxcomb threatens to overwhelm you with a torrent of loquacity upon subjects which, to you, are totally indifferent, and respecting persons about whom you feel not the slightest interest. How frequently have I deprecated the fulfilment of the prophecy to which Horace so pathetically alludes!—

— “ Instat fatum mihi tiste, Sabella
Quod pueri cecinit divini mota anus unâ
Hunc neque dua vcnena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet eunque; loquaces.
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

There is no class of men who suffer so severely from the annoyance of which I am complaining, as that to which I have the honour of belonging—the lawyers. The truth of this assertion will be apparent to every man who reflects, for a single instant, on the infinite variety of persons with whom, day by day, with scarcely any intermission, we are brought into contact and communication. Attorneys, attorneys' clerks, plaintiffs, defendants, prosecutors, and witnesses, are so numerous, and follow each other in such rapid succession, that all attempts at individualizing appear to me utterly hopeless; at least, as far as I am concerned, I can with truth affirm that, in those which I have made, I have failed twenty times in proportion to every one in which I have succeeded. Memory of faces is considered to be peculiarly a regal qualification. Alexander the Great is reported to have known the name of every man in his army; and some of our own royal family have been said never to forget a person to whom they have been once introduced. I am sure I

envy most unfeignedly the possessors of so rare a gift; there are few qualities more useful, and scarce any, a deficiency in which is more likely to give offence. There are very few men who can endure with equanimity the consciousness of having been forgotten: a failure in recollection is construed into a personal insult; and many, who have been previously friends, or, at all events, well-wishers, have, from such a circumstance, been converted into foes.

The accident which has awakened this train of thought in my mind has brought with it to my recollection circumstances so singular in their nature,—so far removed from the ordinary transactions of life,—as well to deserve a place among those memorials which I am thus endeavouring to rescue from oblivion. It is now about six months ago that, walking down Oxford-street, I turned rather hastily round the corner that leads into Tottenham Court-road; while, at the same moment, a well-dressed man, who was passing in the contrary direction, pushed somewhat violently against me. The apparent rudeness of the man's manner attracted my attention towards him; and a momentary glance sufficed to convince me that there was about him that indifference to giving offence, and that readiness to resent any remonstrance upon his conduct, which would render him at once an object both to be feared and shunned by every quiet and peaceable pedestrian. My turning round caused him to do the same. For a single instant there was, in his face, that expression of vulgar defiance which seemed rather to joy than grieve at having caused pain to another; but the next moment, and before I had time either to turn away from, or to address him, he respectfully pulled off his hat, begged my pardon for having unintentionally offended me, and passed on. The act of raising his hat gave to me a sight of his features: the moment I saw them, I felt persuaded of that of which the sudden alteration in his manner convinced me still more forcibly, that they were not altogether unknown to me. Who he was, where, and upon what occasion, I had seen him, I tried in vain to recollect. I turned round a second time, to endeavour to assist my memory by another view of his person—but he was gone. He had evidently walked at the very top of his speed for the purpose of avoiding my recognition. I could just distinguish his figure among the crowd passing onwards towards St. Giles's Church; and, for a single instant, he turned his head, as if to ascertain whether he was watched. Probably, his eye informed him that I was looking after him; for in another moment his head was averted, and I lost sight of him altogether. The man's countenance was so remarkable, that I could not feel satisfied until I had used every endeavour to recal to my memory where I had previously seen it. All my attempts, however, were fruitless; and I was continually vexing myself on account of the badness of my memory, until succeeding events gradually wore away the impression which had been made upon my mind, when, a few days ago, nearly in the same place, I again met the same individual. He was walking with a female companion, and I caught sight of him some time before I reached him. This second opportunity accomplished for me that which I had previously so anxiously attempted in vain; it recalled to my recollection every circumstance connected with the man,—who he was—when, where, and the occasions upon which I had previously become acquainted with his person.

The history of his life, could it be thoroughly investigated, could not fail of presenting many remarkable incidents. He, indeed, could scarcely be an ordinary man, to whom it happened, within the space of a single year, to be twice brought to trial for capital offences of so serious a nature, that, if conviction had taken place upon either, his life would, beyond doubt, have been forfeited, to have the charge, in both cases, established against him, upon evidence so strong as to have warranted any jury in finding him guilty, and in both cases to have attempted to disprove his guilt, by witnesses brought forward in his own behalf, and to have had those witnesses believed. To those who are not familiar with courts of justice, it may afford matter of surprise that I attach any importance to the circumstance of his witnesses having succeeded in persuading a jury to believe their story, or that I speak of its happening twice to the same individual as a remarkable event. Every lawyer, however, will be able to appreciate the value of the remark I have made, because every lawyer will, from his own experience, bear testimony to the very few cases which have occurred within his own knowledge, in which an *alibi*, as it is technically called, has been satisfactorily made out.

There are, I should imagine, very few of my readers to whom it can be necessary to explain what is meant by an *alibi*, it is, however, in a word, the establishing by evidence that a prisoner, at the time of an offence charged against him, was *at another place*, so as to render it impossible that he should be guilty of the crime imputed to him. Now it is clear that an *alibi*, if true, is the most satisfactory answer that can be offered to any accusation, it is the best possible defence—so good a one, indeed, that, like all things of value, it is subject to perpetual counterfeits. If an *alibi* succeeds, of course acquittal follows as a matter of necessity, and therefore it frequently happens that, where the life of a beloved object is at stake, friends and relatives will attempt to establish in his favour an *alibi*, in the whole concoction of which there is not a syllable of truth. As it is impossible, in all cases, to distinguish truth from falsehood, these fabricated defences sometimes succeed, and I need hardly observe that the success of one is a strong encouragement to the attempt of others. That best of all teachers, experience, has shown so many instances where *alibis* have been based in perjury, that a defence of this nature is always looked upon, both by judges and juries, with a most jealous eye, and the witnesses who are brought forward in support of it are invariably subjected to a cross-examination, as strict as if all the presumptions were that they were produced to depose to a falsehood.

I remember to have remarked, in a former paper, that the only advantage which wealth could give over poverty, in a court of criminal jurisdiction, was the enabling its possessor to command the ablest counsel, and giving to him the means of bringing witnesses in his behalf, which the poor man was unable to do, because he was destitute of the means of paying their expenses. I may, on some future occasion, probably enlarge upon the unjust distinction which prevails here, where all men ought to be equal, but I shall now content myself with observing that a better example of the truth of my statement as to the latter of the two advantages which the rich man possesses over his poorer brother, could, perhaps, scarcely be found, than in the story I am about to relate. The principal actor in this narrative was the person alluded to above,

the casual meeting with whom recalled to my memory those transactions in which he bore so prominent a part, and which, although partially obliterated by succeeding events, have now again presented themselves to my mind's eye with a freshness and vividness of recollection, which would almost persuade me that nearly half the ordinary years of man's life had not passed since they happened, but that I was referring to an occurrence of yesterday

Peter Harrison was indicted at the Lancaster Assizes, in the year —, for a robbery of a most singular and daring character. The charge against him was that of having plundered the Dublin mail-bag of money and jewels to a very large amount, and the offence was supposed to be committed in or near the town of Liverpool. It appeared from the evidence of the postmaster from Dublin, that it was his duty to make up the packet composed of the various Irish mail-bags transmitted to London, that they were all weighed, and their weights entered, as usual, in a book, that amongst these, on the day in question, Thursday, August the 26th, was a parcel transmitted by the Irish Government to the Home Office in London, which was inclosed in the Dublin bag, which bag was separate and distinct from the rest. On their arrival at Liverpool, the bags were taken, according to the ordinary course, to the private office of the postmaster there, where they were examined, and the weights compared with the account transmitted from Ireland. When this was done, they were left in the office, and the door was locked, of which the postmaster alone had a key. About four hours after the arrival of the bags at Liverpool, they were transmitted by the mail to London. The postmaster himself went into his office, accompanied by the guard of the mail, and this particular bag was placed, as it was usual to do, on the top of the coach. The mail arrived safely at the post-office in London, and the bags were delivered there to the proper officer, whose duty it was to examine and open them, and, on his proceeding to do so on this occasion, he discovered that the leathern case which inclosed the Dublin mail-bag had been cut from end to end, and the parcel in question abstracted. By information previously received from Ireland, it was intimated that the parcel in question was to be forwarded to London on that particular day, and as the value of it was known to be large, not a moment was lost in endeavouring, both to recover the contents and to apprehend those who had been instrumental in taking it.

Admirable, however, as all the arrangements of the post-office are, and active as are its officers, some considerable time elapsed before any discovery was made. There was no particular place, or time, or person, to whom or to which suspicion should attach, all that could be ascertained was, by letters which remained that the parcel had been sent, and that it had not arrived. Trusty persons were instantly despatched to the different stages on the road at which the mail had stopped, and at which the guard and coachmen had been changed. The result of the inquiries made was, that in about three months the prisoner was apprehended, charged with being a principal in the robbery.

It appeared, from the evidence of the guard and coachman who were upon the mail when it left Liverpool, on the night on which the parcel was missing, that there were three outside passengers—one sitting with the coachman, and two on what is called the roof of the coach: those

on the roof would be within less than a yard of the bag. At Prescott, the first stage from Liverpool, the coach stopped, merely for three or four minutes to change horses, and then proceeded to Warrington. At the latter place ten minutes were allowed, during which the guard was occupied in leaving certain letter-bags at the post-office, and receiving from thence others, which were to be forwarded to London. None of the outside passengers alighted. When the coach arrived at Knutsford, the next stage, the two men who sat on the roof got down, saying they would go no farther. The coachman observed to them, "Why, you are booked to Newcastle;" to which one of them replied that they were very cold, and should proceed no farther that night. One of these men had on a cloak, and the other a rough great coat. Having set them down, the mail proceeded on its journey, and the two men went into the inn, and ordered a post-chaise. As the hour was late, it was nearly half an hour before the chaise could be got ready; and, during that time, the two men went into the kitchen, and sat at a table near the fire. They were muffled up closely, both with their coat and cloak, as well as with handkerchiefs round their necks; conducted themselves, as the witnesses described them, with great mystery; and were very unwilling to enter into conversation. Both, however, spoke once, at least, and possibly more. The chaise carried them to Congleton, where they were also detained for some time while another was being prepared for them; and, while waiting there, they were shown, by their own desire, into a private room, and ordered two glasses of spirits and water. It appeared that the chaise was ready somewhat earlier than they expected; and on the maid-servant entering their room to announce to them that it was in waiting, she perceived them sitting at the table, with a leather bag before them, and several letters were lying upon the table. At the moment she opened the door they were both holding up letters to the candles, and feeling them, as if to examine whether there was any enclosure. They seemed greatly confused at her appearance, gathered up the letters which lay around, and hastily put them into their pockets, and got into the chaise in so great a hurry as to break one of the glasses in front. On their arrival at Newcastle-under-Lyne, they desired the post-boy to stop at the entrance of a narrow street, where they said they resided; and, paying him for the chaise and broken glass, took their departure.

Upon this information being obtained, little doubt could be entertained that these two men were the persons who committed the robbery; but to trace and identify them was a matter of much greater difficulty. For more than a month, an active and intelligent agent of the police was stationed at Newcastle, and others were travelling over most parts of the country; while, in the metropolis, a diligent and anxious search was made among those whose habits were known to be of such a character as to lead to a suspicion that they were connected with the offence. From the daring nature of the crime, and the dexterity and adroitness with which it had been perpetrated, the officers of justice were well assured that it had been committed by no inexperienced hands; and as the trade of robbery has been, upon the principle of division of labour, separated into various and distinct branches, their acquaintance with the different workmen, and the peculiar species of handicraft in which they were most expert, convinced them that the number of those out of whom they were to search for the robbers was extremely limited. With the

most patient and watchful assiduity was the conduct of every one of this select body cautiously but surely examined,—his movements scrutinized,—his presence in, or absence from, London at the time of the robbery carefully ascertained, and if absent, inquiries immediately instituted to find out where he had been. All this was done with the most profound secrecy, in the hope that a fancied security would lull the guilty parties into a forgetfulness of caution which might afford some clue to discovery; and though each individual was so carefully watched that he might at any moment have been secured, not a step was taken calculated to excite distrust in the mind of any. From the information obtained from various sources, it had been made clear to the officers that Harrison (the prisoner) had been absent from his usual haunts at the time in question, and for two or three days following; and although he was not exactly the person upon whom their suspicion would, without any corroborating circumstances, have fallen, yet the confident opinion expressed as to his identity as one of the passengers by the mail on the night of the robbery, by some of those to whom, without his knowledge, his person was pointed out by the officers, staggered their belief; and, as there was abundant evidence to justify such a proceeding, a warrant was obtained, under which he was apprehended. This was in the month of November, nearly three months after the offence was committed. He was immediately committed to Lancaster to take his trial for the offence; and as the assizes were not held till the following March, he had abundant opportunity to prepare for his defence.

The evidence offered upon his trial was very singular. One person spoke with great positiveness to having seen him in Liverpool, and in the neighbourhood of the post-office, on the day preceding the robbery; while the coachman and guard of the mail, though they expressed themselves with greater caution, intimated their strong belief that he was one of the two passengers;—the very words of both of them were—“*I will not swear positively; but, to the very best of my judgment and belief, the prisoner is one of the men.*” The landlord of the inn at Knutsford stated his decided conviction of the identity of the prisoner; and there was also called a person who was in the kitchen there, and who heard both the men speak, and who, on hearing the prisoner’s voice, said that took away from his mind the only doubt he had entertained, and he was convinced the prisoner was the man. The female waiter at the inn at Congleton, who had detected the men in examining the letters, spoke with equal confidence; and, at the close of the case on the part of the prosecution, I believe scarcely any man entertained a doubt that the identity of the prisoner as one of the passengers by the mail, and, in consequence, as one of the robbers, was so firmly and satisfactorily established, as to leave scarce a chance of his escape.

The prisoner, on being called upon for his defence, handed in a written paper, which he desired to be read, as containing his answer to the charge made against him. The surprise of the whole audience may be better imagined than described, when I state that he opened a case, which, if true, rendered it absolutely impossible that he could have any connexion with, or concern in, the robbery in question. The judge, long accustomed to see defences of this nature attempted, listened with an incredulous smile to the statements made by the prisoner; while the jury seemed anxiously waiting to see the witnesses, whose testimony was

to overturn and annihilate a body of evidence so clear and so strong, as apparently to set contradiction at defiance

That contradiction, however, improbable and hopeless as it appeared, was perfectly and satisfactorily made out, and there was, I verily believe, not an individual in court, including even the learned judge himself, who did not depart with a firm persuasion that the witnesses on the part of the prosecution were mistaken in the opinion they had expressed of the prisoner having been one of the men who travelled by the mail on the night in question, which, it will be recollected, was the 26th of August. There was this peculiarity about his defence, which, independently of all other circumstances, stamped it with the appearance of truth,—that he did not, as is common in such cases, content himself with merely calling witnesses to show where he was at the very time at which the robbery was stated to have been committed, but he accounted for his time, and showed his movements, for several days previous and subsequent to that of the supposed offence. A clearer chain of evidence, and one less obvious to suspicion, scarcely ever, I will venture to say, was attempted and proved in a court of justice. The prisoner called no less than ten witnesses, most of them entirely unknown to him, and all of them perfectly unconnected with him, by whose testimony the following facts were proved.

It appeared that, in the latter part of the month of August, the prisoner and a man of the name of Simpson had been travelling in company in the counties of Bedford and Northampton, that, on the 22d of August, they arrived at Bedford, and went to an inn there, that, in the course of conversation with the landlord, mention was made of a race which was to take place in the town on the 25th, that the prisoner stated that he and his companion were going to call at different towns in the neighbourhood, but they would return and sleep at his house on the night of the race. On the morning of the 23d, they proceeded, by coach, from Bedford to Wellingborough, and having transacted their business at the latter place, they borrowed a horse and gig of an innkeeper in the town to take them to Northampton, where they arrived the same evening. They had returned the horse and gig to its owner at Wellingborough, with a message, that if he felt disposed to part with his horse, which they liked very much, and would meet them at Bedford on the morning of the 26th, they thought they should be able to purchase him. On the evening of the 25th, according to their previous agreement with the landlord at Bedford, they proceeded to his house, and slept there, and on the morning of the 26th, the man to whom the horse belonged came over from Wellingborough to Bedford, in consequence of the message he had received, and after a good deal of bargaining, the prisoner bought the horse of him for 20/, the landlord, as well as the ostler, being present at the bargain. The prisoner and Simpson hired a gig at Bedford, in which they drove the horse to two or three villages not far distant, and returned in the evening and slept at the same inn. On the next day, the 27th, they purchased some goods of two different tradesmen in the town, and in the evening took their departure for London, where they arrived on the following morning.

The witnesses to prove these facts were, the landlord of the inn at Bedford, the innkeeper from Wellingborough, the waiters and chambermaids at the places where they had slept, and the tradesmen of whom

they had made the purchases, whose books, containing the entries of goods sold, were produced, and to which no suspicion could by possibility attach. There was one circumstance upon which observation was made by the counsel for the prosecution, as militating against the truth of the prisoner's story,—that Simpson, his companion, was not called. The explanation which the prisoner gave of his not producing this man was, that he was in pecuniary difficulties, and therefore unwilling to be seen. Be that, however, as it might, his absence, which, in a doubtful case, might have been unfavourable to the prisoner, could not, in one so clear, produce any impression against him, and the jury, without hearing the learned judge sum up the case, intimated that they were satisfied, and pronounced a verdict of acquittal.

To say that the prisoner, who was a man of property, was indebted to that property for the successful termination of his trial, and that, had he been a poor man, he would have been convicted, is to advance a proposition startling in itself, and at variance with the boasted impartiality of our laws, and yet, at the same time, I fear, much nearer to truth than any one of us would desire that it should be. Very few, I think, will require much to convince them that if the prisoner's case had stood upon the evidence given on the part of the prosecution, and on that alone, without any of the testimony produced in answer to it, his chance of acquittal would have been slight indeed, and yet, to what, except to his property, was it owing that he was able to bring his own witnesses forward? Every man knows, or ought to know, that no witness can be compelled to appear and give evidence on behalf of a prisoner, unless a reasonable sum of money be tendered to him to provide for his expenses and his loss of time. Now here were ten witnesses, called upon to take a journey of between one and two hundred miles, and to support themselves while in attendance from day to day at Lancaster—a period of uncertain duration, but, in all probability, for several days. Many of them were in a station of life too humble to enable them, however desirous they might be, to undertake such a journey at their own risk, and unless the prisoner had been able to furnish them with money, it would have been impossible to procure their attendance. Is it too much, then, to assert that the rich man has an incomparable advantage over the poor man, even in our criminal courts, where our boast is, that all men are, and our hope, at least, that all men should be, equal, and alike protected?

To return, however, to my narrative. The acquittal of Harrison was hailed with delight, not merely by his friends, but by all who heard the trial. Congratulation was heaped upon congratulation, and he left the court, accompanied by his solicitor and some of his relatives, to proceed to the house of a friend, where, in anticipation of the favourable issue of the trial, the feast had already been prepared, and many an anxious eye was awaiting his arrival. He had advanced, however, but a short distance from the Castle, from whence he had just been liberated, when his progress was stopped by two police-officers, and he was arrested on a charge of having committed a most violent assault upon a man of the name of Winter, and robbed him of between three and four hundred pounds. The robbery was alleged to have been committed at Doncaster, not less than two years and a half before, and the charge was altogether of a most extraordinary character. It appeared that Winter and Harri-

son were both what is commonly called *sporting men*, and had both been present at the Doncaster races at the time above-mentioned. Winter had been a considerable loser upon the St Leger, and, after the race was over, had adjourned to the Bell Inn in the town with several of his friends, first of all to dine, and then to settle with each other their respective bets. Among the persons present on the occasion was the prisoner Harrison. After dinner, according to Winter's account, a dispute arose relative to a bet, alleged on the one side to have been made by him, but which he denied, with a man of the name of Vickers. High words ensued, and from words they proceeded to blows. Winter was knocked down by a tremendous blow given to him by Harrison, which rendered him insensible, and at this time he swore most positively that his pocket-book, containing notes to the amount of nearly four hundred pounds, was in his pocket. This account was confirmed by Vickers, who, together with an attorney of the name of Ross, of the very lowest grade and character, deposed, that while Winter lay on the ground, senseless from the blow, Harrison put his hand into his pocket, and took from it his pocket-book containing notes.

Upon this accusation, Harrison was fully committed to York gaol, to take his trial at the following summer assizes, which he accordingly did. The story told by the prosecutor and his witnesses upon the trial varied very little from the depositions made before the magistrates, upon which the prisoner had been committed, and the substance of which has been set forth above. The cross-examination, however, of these persons, and the evidence adduced on behalf of the prisoner, gave a very different colour to the transaction, and rendered it extremely doubtful whether the prosecutor had been robbed at all, and whether this was not a gross attempt to extort money from the prisoner, to prevent the charge from being brought forward against him. The length of time which had elapsed since the crime was stated to have been committed, of itself threw an air of improbability around the whole occurrence: this the prosecutor endeavoured to explain away, by a statement that he had never seen the prisoner from the day of the offence till the day on which he was tried at Lancaster. The explanation, however, failed in producing the desired effect, because it appeared that the prosecutor, as well as the prisoner, lived in London, where the latter had, for two years previous to his being apprehended for the post-office robbery, been ostensibly carrying on the business of an innkeeper, and it seemed next to an impossibility that Winter, whose associates were persons well known in "*the Fancy*," as it is termed, could have been ignorant of the place of Harrison's abode, whose house was described as being a place of resort for persons of that description. Another circumstance was proved, which Winter had positively denied, which was most important,—that he had, a few months after the alleged robbery, preferred a bill of indictment against two other persons for being concerned in the transaction, which bill the grand jury had *ignored*, and in the statement made by him on that occasion, he had not in any way implicated Harrison in the affair, or so much as mentioned his name. To crown the whole, the prosecutor, upon being pressed to give a more particular description of the notes of which he had been robbed, and to account for the mode in which they came into his possession, stated that which he had previously somewhat incautiously, on his examination before the magistrates, deposed to, and

from which, therefore, he dared not recede, that he had received about two hundred pounds from an individual, whom he named, the day before he was robbed, in payment of a bet lost to him. This person had been examined by the prisoner's attorney, who had, fortunately for the ends of justice, discovered his residence, and, on being called by the prisoner, most solemnly denied that he had paid the prosecutor the sum he had named, or any other sum, on the day mentioned by him, or at any time within some months of the transaction. The prisoner's case, however, did not rest even here. He called several witnesses, who proved that they had been in company with him from the time at which the race was run; that they had dined with him at a different inn, and that after dinner they had, it was true, gone to the Bell Inn for the purpose of settling their bets with some of the prosecutor's party. They proved, moreover, that on being shown into the room where Winter and his friends were, they found everything in confusion; and that, when they opened the door, Winter was sitting in a chair, bleeding copiously from a wound on the head, that he was exceedingly drunk, and was with difficulty held in his chair by two persons, that he was complaining loudly of having been assaulted and beaten, but said not a word of having been robbed, and that, at this time, it was utterly impossible that the prisoner could have robbed him, for he had not even been near him. It was shown, too, that the whole party remained at Doncaster the next day, but that no charge was made against the prisoner, nor had any complaint of the prisoner being concerned in the robbery, or even of the robbery itself, been heard till a considerable time after.

I need hardly say that Harrison was acquitted. The judge, indeed, put it to the counsel for the prosecution whether, after the evidence they had heard, he could expect a conviction, and upon this intimation from his lordship, he very prudently gave up the case, and consented that an acquittal should be taken.

Here, too, as in the former case, how obvious is the advantage which wealth possesses over poverty. The witnesses to a transaction which occurred between two and three years back, must of necessity become dispersed and scattered in various parts of the kingdom. How are they to be discovered, examined, and brought into court? It must be plain to the commonest understanding, that money, and to a considerable amount, is necessary to defend such a case with the slightest hope of success. The cross-examination of the prosecutor and his witnesses would, it is true, lay a sure foundation for giving credence to any testimony that might be adduced in opposition to them, but it could hardly be expected to do more, and the particularity with which Winter, Ross, and Vickers swore to the facts,—the deficiency in the evidence of one being so carefully supplied by the others,—renders it a matter almost of certainty, that, had no witnesses been called on behalf of the prisoner, conviction must have been the consequence. The very possibility of such an occurrence must affect every well-constituted mind with a feeling of dissatisfaction, as well as regret, that such a state of things should exist in a country whose boasted superiority over all other nations is said to consist especially in the equality and impartiality of its laws, and the certainty which exists, under their administration, that justice will be done indifferently to the rich and the poor.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH TURKEY?

It is a very remarkable circumstance that, exactly one hundred years ago, Cardinal Alberoni, who was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary men of his age, framed a project for reducing in the first place the Turkish empire within the circle which it now actually occupies, and then for placing on the throne of that empire one of the princes of Germany. "Heaven," he said, "clearly points out the subversion of the Mahometan power;" and impressed deeply with the truth of what he believed himself to have discerned through the mists of the future, he drew up a scheme for the partition of the Turkish territories among the states which then held conspicuous stations in Europe.

This celebrated cardinal was the son of a common gardener at Firuenzola in the Duchy of Parma, where he was born in the year 1664. He owed his subsequent distinctions to his aptitude for public business, in consequence of which he was appointed political agent of the Duke of Parma at Madrid. He there speedily gained the good opinion of Philip V., whose principal minister he became in 1715. He is truly described by one of his contemporaries as "a genius formed by nature for the greatest and most extensive enterprises." There was nothing too grand for the grasp of his conception—nothing too minute to escape his precaution. In the course of five years he effectually checked the incipient decline of Spain, and raised that country to a very high degree of prosperity and influence. An intrigue drove him from the helm of the state in 1720, at a moment when his brilliant combinations rendered him formidable to the other sovereigns of the continent. His adventures, in endeavouring to effect his escape from the foreign as well as the domestic enemies by whom he was pursued after his fall, would furnish the subject of a curious romance. He died in 1752, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. His scheme for the division of the Turkish dominions seems to have been matured in 1734, when he gave it in manuscript to the Sicilian ambassador at the court of Versailles. It was translated and published in 1736, in London, as a small pamphlet, which is of course now exceedingly rare, and little, if at all, known.

The hostile power by which Turkey was then peculiarly pressed was Persia—a power which, under the withering hand of Russia, has since become almost as feeble as Turkey herself. The inhabitants of Constantinople were then, as they are still, ripe for revolt. A congress of all the European powers was to be held at Ratisbon for the management of the new crusade, and for the decision of all questions that might arise out of it. An allied fleet and army were to expel the Turks from all their possessions, and these were then to be disposed of in the following manner. The Duke of Holstein Gottorp was to be declared emperor of Constantinople, and the new state was to be composed of the capital and all the Turkish provinces which would remain after the division of the spoil took place. Bosnia, Servia, Sclavonia, Macedonia, and Wallachia, were to be yielded to the Emperor of the Romans. "The dominions of her Czarish Majesty," says the sagacious cardinal, "being already of great extent, and that extraordinary princess having given the most shining proofs that public liberty is her principal view, together

with a sincere desire of propagating religion, we have the greatest reason to conclude that she will look upon the conquest of Asoph as a reasonable compensation for her pretensions to new conquests." France, he presumed, would be content with the cession of Tunis. It is odd that she has since got Algiers. Spain was to have Algiers; Portugal, Tripoli; Great Britain, the isle of Candia and the city of Smyrna; Holland, Rhodes and the city of Aleppo; Prussia, the Negropont; Poland, (then a kingdom) Moldavia; Venice, Dalmatia and the Morea; the Knights of Malta to have all they asked—the glory of aiding in so holy a cause; the Cantons of Switzerland and the Grisons to have all they could desire—double pay for their troops! The islands of the Archipelago were to be assigned as prizes for such young princes as should distinguish themselves in the war. A general tariff, placing the commercial intercourse between the new empire and all other nations upon the same footing of equality, was to be established. The castles of the Dardanelles were to be demolished; and the *dominium maris* of the Emperor of Constantinople was to be limited to the straits of Gallipoli.

"As all the Mahometan nations," adds the cardinal, "Turks, Persians, and Moors, have for several years been harassed and wasted by intestine wars and rebellions, it would seem as if the Divine hand were directing the Christian's sword to put a period to the dominion of the Infidels, and to accomplish a prophecy which is in several copies of their Alcoran—*That in the latter times, the sword of the Christians will rise and drive them from their empire*." The Cardinal makes another remark which applies with singular felicity to the relations subsisting at present between Russia and Turkey. "It is difficult to guarantee future events. There is a strange rotation in the course of sublunary affairs. Nothing is more variable than political systems. Princes that have been for several years at variance, are in a moment, through some new influences or speculations, running into one another's arms, and making compliments of what had before cost streams of blood!" Witness the clandestine treaty of the 8th of July, 1833, concluded between the Sultan and Count Orloff.

The principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia have been long since placed directly, or indirectly, under the government of Russia. Morea and the Greek isles are now formed into an independent Christian kingdom. Egypt, and recently Syria, though nominally subject to the Porte, are in truth as much separated from its power as the Morea itself. Algiers is lost, Tunis and Tripoli will soon go, to be followed by Candia and the other Turkish islands, and there is scarcely an Ottoman satrap, on either continent, who is not prepared for revolt at the first convenient opportunity. Thus the Sultan's real empire is at this moment restricted within almost the boundaries which Alberoni would have assigned to the new monarchy, and all those territories which he would have partitioned among the European states have been actually severed from it within the course of the last twenty-five years. The treaty of July, therefore, comes to crown the calculations of his vigorous and comprehensive intellect. It is manifestly one of those defined and pregnant occurrences in history, which mark the close of a system, and foretel the approach of a new order of things. The final expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the erasure of their very name, once so much

fear'd, from the catalogue of nations, are events so clearly announced, that we may already look upon them as facts simply waiting to be recorded in the marvellous annals of that people.

For what purpose those Asiatic Normans were permitted, in the sixth century, to abandon their native mountains in Tartary, to raise themselves to freedom from a state of slavery, to overrun and retain in subjugation some of the finest portions of that continent and of Africa, and ultimately, in the twelfth century, to establish the seat of their power in one of the principal capitals of Europe, it may be no difficult task for the future historian to conjecture. To us, with the information which we at present possess, and under the limited extent of reasoning to which we are confined by the darkness of the future, it appears as if those rude, though warlike, sons of the North found their way into Asia Minor and Europe, only to check the natural progress of civilization wherever they appeared. They came to destroy the fertility of the soil on which they trod, to root out from it every trace of the arts by which it was once embellish'd, to put down the system of Christianity for six long centuries, in nations where it had once flourish'd in peculiar splendour, and to substitute for all the refinements of Greek and Roman intellect and manners, the vice, the sloth, the grossness, and the foul stagnation of barbarism in its most repulsive form.

The Turkish empire may be said to have already ceased to exist; and we should be lost to every sense of dignity, and even of national interest, if we did not rejoice at such a consummation. If we look to our character at home or abroad, it must be confessed that we have not gain'd, indeed, never could gain, any respectability, or the slightest addition either to our moral or physical power, by our alliance with the Turks. Speaking commercially, they deprive us of more than ten times the trade which we actually carry on with the Levant, by the restrictions which their ignorance, their indolence, and their pride, have imposed upon the natural fertility of the districts which they occupy. By holding in their hands the Dardanelles, which they can shut against us whenever they please, they prevent us from undertaking commercial enterprises of consequence in the Black Sea, the shores of which offer so many prospects of successful adventure to our merchants. By their rashness and stupidity in the management of their affairs, they have brought the arms of Russia within a few days' march of Constantinople; after defying that power in the most insolent manner, they have at last plac'd themselves in the attitude of its most pusillanimous slaves, and have so shaped the course of events, that nothing at this moment prevents the Emperor from taking permanent possession of that capital, save an apprehension that the happy moment for a result, by him so much desired, by himself and his ancestors so elaborately prepar'd through a series of consistent and well-plann'd measures, is not yet arriv'd. Europe is not yet sufficiently accus'tom'd to such an idea; the moral rail-road on which his chariot is to pass the Balkan is not yet strong enough to bear the imperial equipage. But the day is even now mark'd in the Russian calendar to which the wily ministers of his cabinet look forward, as destin'd to behold him seated on the Byzantine throne—the great object to which the counsels of Russia have tend'd since the reign of Catherine II.

No official copy, indeed no copy in any shape, of the treaty in question has yet appear'd before the world. Its existence, however, is

admitted on all hands, and the expressed object of it seems to be to establish a system of mutual protection against foreign or domestic enemies. Therefore, if it should happen, and nothing is more likely to occur, that the subjects of the Sultan should revolt against him at Constantinople, the Emperor is bound, on receiving intelligence of such an event, to pour in his troops into that capital by land, and to *protect* it by his fleet at sea. Suppose such an insurrection to take place, and that the Sultan happens to be assassinated in the midst of the rebellion, there is then nobody to succeed him but an infant heir. It would be a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter of the treaty, to abandon the minor to the mercy of his enemies. The Russian troops would thus be obliged to remain at Constantinople for ten or fifteen years at the least, and, at the end of that time, we should like to know how they are to be got out of the garrisons on both sides of the Dardanelles!

If the infant son of the Sultan should be menaced also with assassination—and we all know how easily conspiracies are concocted by a little management on the part of the police—it will be the duty of the Emperor to remove him for safety to one of the imperial palaces at Moscow or Petersburg, where the child may be amused with a bauble crown and sceptre, and detained on a liberal pension until he dies. If he should perish, there will be no heir to the Ottoman throne, and there is no longer any recognized body in Turkey, accustomed either to exercise legitimately, or to usurp, the power of electing his successor. The janissaries, who had long acted in that capacity by dethroning or murdering Sultans at their good pleasure, have been dissolved. The chief men of the religious, military, and civil orders of the country have no power for such a purpose as that of settling the succession; and, even if they had, it is not very probable that they would be called upon, or permitted, to exercise it freely in the presence of a Russian army. It is impossible, therefore, not to see that this is a state of things contemplated on the Russian side of the contract. There being either an infant successor to the Sultan, or no successor at all, it will be perfectly natural that the Emperor should *protect* Constantinople from insubordination and pillage; and this protection must of necessity be converted into sovereignty. Then will come out a plausible manifesto from the Imperial cabinet, showing the spotless purity of motive with which the Emperor had acted throughout the whole affair; insisting that the presence of his troops was rendered inevitable by the treaty; that it was decreed by Providence that the Turkish power should fall; that he found himself compelled by the wishes of the people, and by the necessity of the case, to extend his dominions to the Bosphorus; that this event had long been foreseen by Europe, as the natural result of circumstances, over which he had no control; and that it would be henceforward his pride and his glory to render Constantinople, as it was destined to be, the emporium of the civilized nations of Europe. Vessels of all countries and of all classes will be allowed free passage through the Dardanelles, and the commerce of the Euxine will be thrown open to all the world—until it shall suit the policy of Russia to shut out the said world, and monopolize the whole trade to itself.

"We ask the reader, whether, if the Sultan and his son were no more, it is likely that any very great surprise would be felt even now, in this country, upon the publication of a manifesto of this description? It is

only four or five years ago since a Russian army marched as an enemy to Adrianople. It is about a year ago since the Russian squadron sailed into the Bosphorus, and landed 20,000 men on the Asiatic side of the strait, as the very best friend of the Sultan ' who came to his assistance at the seasonable moment when Ibrahim was about to march with his Egyptian soldiers upon Constantinople ' It is true, that the squadron and the Russian troops have since returned home, but the fact of their having been, we may say, at Constantinople, for the purpose of protecting it from the grasp of a revolted vassal of the Porte, tends of itself to accustom us to the idea of this novel species of intercourse between nations, which have hitherto been almost constantly at fierce-war with each other. It is a precedent for another and another visit of the same kind. If Ibrahim be restrained behind the chain of the Taurus, there are abundant chieftains in Asia Minor, who are ready, upon the slightest encouragement from Russian agency, to threaten the Sultan in the recesses of his seraglio, and thus to give birth to new petitions for the assistance of his faithful friend and ally the Emperor '

The positions of France and England, with relation to the sort of alchymical process now going on in the East, is, to say the least of it, singular and perplexing in the extreme. As soon as they hear of the conclusion of the secret treaty—they express themselves against it in the most indignant terms. The French Minister's note to Count Nesselrode, and the reply of that able diplomatist, have been published. The former declared that his sovereign protested against the treaty, and was determined to act as if that document had no existence. The Count replied, that the treaty simply changed the relations of war between Turkey and Russia into the intercourse of peace and friendship, with which no other country had any kind of concern, and that his Imperial Master would act as if the note of the French Minister had never been written. Lord Palmerston's protest was possibly conveyed and answered in similar terms, but our Foreign Office keeps its secrets better than the French, especially when they are not of an agreeable nature.

After the first sally of anger was over on both sides, it appears that certain explanations have been given both by Turkey and Russia, with reference to the treaty, from which it is to be understood that Russia gains nothing more than the other European nations already possess, as to the passage of the Dardanelles. It has been long the practice of Turkey not to allow ships of war, under any flag but her own, to pass the Dardanelles, in time of peace, without her special consent. This law is not altered by the treaty. But it is not denied that if there should be a war, for instance, between England and Russia, the ships of war belonging to the latter would be allowed free ingress and egress through the strait, while those of England would be altogether shut out. There is good reason, therefore, for our Ministers stating, that, although the explanations given with respect to the treaty have modified the impressions under which they at first regarded it, nevertheless it is a document which they do not like, and which they would be glad to hear was entirely rescinded. Negotiations, it seems, are going on between our Government and the two new allies for this purpose, the result of which may be easily foreseen. The treaty may be altered in letter, but in substance it will still remain the same, and what can we do to prevent it? Here are two independent nations—nominally independent, it is true,

so far as one of them is concerned—who choose to enter into a certain contract. What third party has a right to prevent them from doing so if they please? Our Ministers already content themselves with saying that the treaty makes no alteration in the navigation of the Bosphorus during peace, and that, in a time of war, our ships will be enabled to prevent it from being carried into execution. We can have no doubt upon this point; but then this does not at all counteract the real effect of the treaty, which is to place Constantinople in the power, and before long in the possession, of Russia.

France, we regret to say, has already backed out of the negotiations which she had begun with so much energy. When M. Bignon expressed, in eloquent and manly language, the insulted feeling with which his constituents and his countrymen in general viewed the clandestine manœuvres of Russia, the whole Chamber of Deputies applauded his sentiments, and the Duke de Broglie, in the capacity which he then held of minister for foreign affairs, declared, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that the ideas expressed by M. Bignon were those entertained by the cabinet. Some mysterious communication was immediately held between the Duke and the Count Pozzo di Borgo, in consequence of which M. de Broglie had the intrepidity to declare in the Chamber the next day, that his signification of adhesion to M. Bignon's remarks were intended to apply only to that particular part of his speech in which he recognized the approaching dissolution of the Turkish empire, and expressed his wish that it should not be dissolved *solely* for the benefit of Russia! What! then a plan for partitioning the Ottoman dominions is in agitation, it seems! Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli—perhaps even Egypt—are to be the prize of France. Doubtless, Austria and Prussia, who appear to look on with folded arms while the grand drama is in preparation, will also come in for their share; the lion's portion is of course destined for the Autocrat.

Besides his division of the spoil, Louis Philippe has something to gain from Russia. For example, the Emperor has scarcely yet recognized his throne—certainly has entered into no cordial intercourse with him. At one time the new regime was seriously threatened with opposition by the northern potentates; and, if Poland had not fortunately preoccupied the arms of Russia, they might have glistened once more in the capital of France, as the precursors of a third restoration of the Bourbons. The cause of Poland has been abandoned by the French Government. That was one step towards mitigating the wrath of Nicholas against the king of the barricades. Turkey is now sacrificed on the same altar of self-interest;—we have no doubt that Louis Philippe will be immediately hailed as one of the legitimate brothers of the northern monarchs. This will be a great thing for a new sovereign, who, though not quite a parvenu, like Bernadotte, nevertheless is the creature of a revolution, and therefore under a taint which nothing but the most submissive conduct on his part can remove.

What, then, is to be done with Turkey? How is the future condition of that country to be regulated with reference to its own permanent interests, and its independence of Russia? Are we to wait patiently until the Sultan shall consummate the course of clandestine negotiation which he has already commenced? Are we to wait until he shall actually deliver up to Count Orloff, or some other wily representative of the

Emperor, the keys of Constantinople? We know that the bargain is already concluded; we must presume that the price will soon be paid, and the assignment executed in due form—unless some decided measures be adopted for rescinding the transaction, and for providing against its repetition. If we are ever to take counsel from history, this is a crisis in which the active interposition of England may influence the destiny of the world.

It is no longer a question what could our Ministry have done to resist the march of events which thus, in different parts of the titular empire of the Sultan, have combined to produce the present state of things. We see nothing in that state to be lamented, except its tendency to facilitate the ambitious projects of Russia. If Ibrahim had crossed the chain of the Taurus, and marched upon Constantinople, it is probable that he might have taken possession of the scraggio, and expelled the Sultan. But this would be a mere change of names, not things. The fall of the Ottoman throne is an event that must inevitably happen; for the seeds of decay are too far advanced towards maturity throughout the whole system of its power to be checked by the rude energies of a warrior, however successful he may have been in the field. The conquest of Constantinople by Ibrahim might have postponed the ruin that awaits the sovereignty; but it could not have prevented a catastrophe which is clearly prefigured in all the modern annals of that country.

Alexander familiarly described Constantinople as the key of his own house. We look upon it also as the key of our house in India. It would enable Russia to become a formidable maritime state, to contend with us in the Mediterranean, to cut up our trade in the Levant, and to prepare those resources which may enable her to maintain a vast army on foot in India. Shut out from the Dardanelles, we should have no means of reaching her fleets in the Black Sea, whence provisions and stores might be supplied in abundance for her troops employed in the East. These are all serious consequences, against which it is our positive duty to guard in good time, even though that duty may be attended with difficulties of an extraordinary nature.

It has been suggested that the Roumeliotes, who have recently evinced some signs of civilization, should be substituted for the half military rabble who now occupy the capital, and that in this manner a new state should be gradually formed in confederacy with a number of others, somewhat upon the principle of the Ionian islands. This would, of necessity, be a work of time. It would be strenuously opposed by Russia and Austria. It would not be cordially supported by France; and we fear that even if it were strongly urged by France and England, there are not materials at present in the European or Asiatic provinces of Turkey, for the construction of solid federal governments, either monarchical or republican.

Let this be, however, as it may, no man can hesitate to declare, that whatever consequences are likely to follow, it is the interest of England to prevent Constantinople from ever becoming the capital of the Russian empire, or the seat of sovereignty for any prince connected either by family or political ties with the dynasty of the Czar. No art of diplomacy—and we may feel assured that Count Nesselrode will exhaust all the great resources of his talents on this occasion—can now veil the intentions of his government. The treaty of July, in every feature of

it, betrays forethought and preparation against the naval power of England, and therefore contemplates war. Of war we have the greatest horror. It is the most atrocious trait of savage life which still adheres to civilized society. The period will arrive—but probably not before the lapse of another century—when the great interests of powerful states will be regulated by legislation,—by a periodical congress composed of the representatives of all nations. But until that period shall arrive, the ambition of rulers is to be kept in check only by the alternative of war; and if we are destined to contend with Russia for the possession of India, before Hindostan shall start up as an independent empire, it will be much more advantageous to us to fight the battle in the Bosphorus than upon the confines of Persia.

It is perfectly manifest that resistance to the policy of Russia will be the task—the unavoidable duty of England alone. We had thought until lately that we could confidently look upon France as an ally in every cause that might be connected with the interests of liberty and civilization. But the expressions of the Duke de Broglie, who, although no longer minister for foreign affairs, must be supposed to have spoken the sentiments of Louis Philippe—he is said to be his own foreign minister at least, if not his own cabinet—betray the fact that the neutrality of France has been already purchased by Russia. But it is not the first time that England has had to contend single-handed against more than one of the great powers of Europe. If we can settle the matter by negotiation, so much the better. If Nicholas be really actuated by that generous and disinterested spirit for which his ministers and his journals give him so much credit, he can have no objection to place the settlement of this entire question in the hands of a congress. If he be actuated by no spirit of aggrandizement, he can further offer no solid objection to the proposal, that the negotiations should proceed upon a basis which admits, first, the cessation of Turkish power in Europe, and, secondly, the restoration of Constantinople, and an adequate portion of the Ottoman territory to the rule of a Christian sovereignty; its independence to be guaranteed in the same manner as that of Greece, by the leading states. All the world sees and acknowledges that there is no chance whatever of reconstituting the Turkish sovereignty, even if such a course were desirable to be pursued. The throne is fallen for ever. We should, therefore, act upon what we see going on before our eyes, and not permit ourselves to be deluded by diplomatic fictions and forms, at a moment especially when they are put forward for the purpose of cajoling us until the season shall be ripe for carrying into execution projects of the most extensive nature, by which all the great powers of Europe are to be benefited with the exception of England.

M. M.

AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA, IN MAY, 1816.

IT blew a gale and rained heavily: the Company's fleet, having threaded its passage safely through the numerous islands of the China Sea, the Straits of Banca and of Sunda, was lying-to, under shelter of the small desert isle of Crockatoo, waiting for a more favourable or less boisterous breeze.

"A sail, Sir!" said the very young chief officer of one of the finest of the Indiamen, to his captain, who had just come on deck after breakfast.

"A sail! hey! What do you make of her?"

"English, Sir; a queer one, I suspect—I am pretty sure; a free-trader."

"A free-trader! zounds!" cried the captain, with more of an oath than I choose to transcribe; for his ire was up at the thought of the "free-trade," which threatened to make such a terrible breach into the power, privileges and profit of the East India Company, his very good masters; and this was the first intruder that had ventured to show her nose on these hitherto forbidden seas.

"Let me have the cutter, Sir, if you please," resumed the officer, "and I shall be able to get near her; we shall know the truth, and we shall hear the news."

"The cutter! what, in such a sea as this!"

But the captain was prevailed upon, the cutter manned, and off went the chief.

As soon as the master of the free-trader observed that one of the fleet had dispatched a boat, he put on a clean shirt, and, with the sole addition of a pair of trowsers, stood on his deck to receive the Company's smart young officer.

"Good morning to you, Sir. Free-trader, I presume?"

The master bowed awkwardly, and smiled significantly.

"Where are you bound?"

"To Batavia, Sir. Tell me, if you please, where I am *now*?"

"That island is Crockatoo, uninhabited, but overrun with wild vegetation and wild animals. Some of us were on it yesterday, in the agreeable company of boa-constrictors and uncivilized hogs; one of the hogs, however, we made tame enough, for I have just breakfasted on part of him. Have you any newspapers on board?"

"Yes, I can give you some."

"Any particular news, Sir?"

"No, Sir; nothing particular since the *great battle*."

"The great battle! what great battle?"

The master stared and grinned.

"Why surely, Sir, you must know of the great battle of Waterloo, where the Duke of Wellington and Bonyparte met hand to hand, and fought in armour? Wellington beat, took Bouy prisoner, and there he is locked up safe and sound at St. Helena."

The newspapers were put into the hands of the astonished chief; down he slipped into his boat, set a sail in spite of wind and weather, and was soon among the fleet again; here it was comparatively calm, and he took good care to pass close by the commodore.

“How now, Mr. Madcap! where the——”

“News, Sir! great news!” bawled out the chief, as he held up the newspapers in one hand, and waved his hat with the other.

On dashed the cutter, and save and except the words, “Victory—Wellington—armour—Buonaparte—St. Helena”—(the last words shouted very powerfully)—nought met the ears of the attentive listeners. The fleet were watching his proceedings, and so expressive was his dumb show that no one mistook his meaning; and before he was on the deck of his own ship, she had fired a gun for joy, and hoisted a signal for her consorts to come like good gossips, and hear the news.

Although now sheltering in a nook of the distant China Sea, St. Helena was the very first land they were to visit: accordingly, in about fifty days after the little scene just sketched, on a beautiful morning in May, the China fleet was seen advancing towards the always interesting and now far-famed island of St. Helena.

The simple inhabitants had not yet recovered from their astonishment at the great and unwelcome event that had befallen them. Their imperial prisoner, their King’s military governor and his troops, the watchful, grim-looking vessels of war, the harassing interior regulations, the system of espionage, and the scarcity of provisions, were all great and crying evils that had fallen upon them unawares, without power to avert, or hope to escape. The arrival of the China fleet had hitherto been an event of the first importance, the signal for trade and business, for joy and festivity. Among the fair sex, too, an unusual degree of interest was excited, for marriages were sometimes made as well as bargains. But although its approach was welcomed now with as much warmth as ever, it could not dispel the effects, or ease the weight, of the huge night-mare that had settled on the island.

The shrouds and decks of the Company’s ships were alive with human beings, regarding with intense interest the isolated rock they were approaching; the variety of age, sex, colour, and condition, produced but little difference in the individual feeling of the moment. The listless and delicate female (scarcely to be recognized, from her long residence in voluptuous *India*, as belonging to the race of active and intelligent Englishwomen) raises herself from her couch, and, with unusual excitement of mind and body, ascends the poop-ladder without assistance, and, regardless of being jostled by the crowd, exclaims, “Is this *really* St. Helena, and is Buonaparte *really* here!” The spoiled, over-dressed, yet lovely children cling round their dark and turbaned attendants, and half-fearful, half-curious, learn from them that a *burrah-saib* of Europe, very powerful and very wicked, has been caught and chained down upon that rock.

An English sailor, perched on the yard-arm, calls to one of his mess-mates, (who he knew had been a fisherman at St. Helena for some time,) with—

“I say, Bill, this fishing-nook of yours makes a snug berth for old Nap, don’t it?”

“Aye, I warrant,” says Bill, “none of his French frogs will be for leaping up there after him; although, for the matter of that, if they knew as much about the place as I do, they might leap to some tunc.”

“Ha! ha!—we all know thou art a clever fellow in thine own con-

ceit, Bill; and I dare say thou thinkest thou could'st scud off with Nap stuck upon thy shoulder, waving his little cocked hat as a 'good bye to ye' to the governor, and all the ships and regiments that are here to guard him. Which way would'st thou go?—fly up into the air, or dive into the sea? on the back of an albatross, or in the belly of a whale?"

"In the belly of a good *whale-boat* would I do it. Give me a dark night, and little Nap on a certain nook that I could name; give me a whale-boat of my own choosing, and a trusty fellow or so like thee, Ned; fine weather, some water, grub, and tobacco, not forgetting a drop of the stuff, and if I did not land him in nine days on the coast of Brazil——"

"When! Bill, thy tongue travels fast—I'll pose thee at thy first starting: how is Nap ever to get to the *certain nook* thou talkest about? What becomes of all the soldiers and sentries, and all the ears and eyes on the island—hey, my friend?"

"Well, well," retorted Bill, "I dare to say *that* part of the business would not be found so hard to master as it looks. If it were a king of ours, or such like, instead of this little devil incarnate, what has set us all on a blaze, you would see what I would do." And so saying, Bill turned on his heel.

But among the captain and his officers, together with the military gentlemen and the civilians on board, scarcely a word was breathed: there they stood with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes; an occasional order, or the trying to make out the directions stuck up at different points of the island, in large white letters on black boards, alone broke their silence.

At last, under certain signals, directions, and cautions, the Indiamen anchored; and then, again, after certain permissions and limitations, they were visited by boats from the shore, and by those of the ships of war. A list of regulations for their conduct was given, and a gentle hint that the shorter their stay, the more agreeable it would be considered by the presiding powers. The answers to the questions with which every one who came on board was overpowered, the strange stories, the mysterious warnings, excited rather than allayed the intense curiosity felt by all.

"Pray, Sir," said the chief officer already mentioned, to a gentleman in office, "is it possible to pay a visit to Buonaparte—to see and to converse with him?"

"It *is* possible, if you can procure the necessary permission, passport, and guides. Mine is the passport-office, and I dare say I shall be able to manage it for you."

The young man thanked him most warmly, and continued—

"To-morrow I shall not be able to leave the ship; but if I call on you early the following morning——"

"One shall be ready for you," interrupted his new friend.

In the meantime a movement of the same nature was taking place among the captains of the China fleet: they received a promise from the admiral that passports should be ready for them on the next morning; and they agreed to go in a body and pay their respects to Napoleon.

Accordingly, the next morning the captains, in full dress, assembled on shore; passports, horses, and escorts were ready; everything was conducted in the strictest form, according to the regulations. They arrived at Longwood, and were ushered into the drawing-room, the cur-

tains of which were very much closed, and it was some time before they could see anything, after the dazzling light they had just emerged from. In a few minutes a door at the farther end was thrown open, and Napoleon entered. He advanced, they bowed—

“*Quel est votre plaisir?*” (that is, “What do you want?”)

“We are the captains of the China fleet which arrived yesterday, and are come, Sir, to pay you our respects.”

“Your ships are very large, are they not?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“How many guns do *you* carry?”

“Thirty.”

“And *you*?” (to a second.)

“And what ship do *you* command?” (to a third.)

And after one or two more abrupt, and not very pointed questions, he made a bow, and exit by the same way he entered. The captains moved off, mounted their horses, and had a very hot ride back.

During that day, too, many of the officers and passengers procured passports; some were received and some were not, but all appeared dissatisfied. Nothing, however, could damp the ardour of our friend, the chief. He had received that day, during the absence of his captain, amongst other visitors, the military officer in immediate attendance on the person of Napoleon, and had an opportunity of showing him some civilities. A young naval officer had settled to accompany him, and horses were to be ready for both at an appointed hour the following morning.

The morning rose most splendidly; and full of hope and animation, and ripe enough for frolic, our young friend landed, and meeting his expected companion, they went to the office for the promised passports. Alas! who can describe their consternation and disappointment on being informed that an order had just been received from head-quarters to grant no more passports, *except especially authorized*; as the privilege had been abused the preceding day, and had become a source of annoyance to the *general*. What was to be done? the case was hopeless; but as the horses were in readiness, it was decided they should ride up to the camp.

“At all events,” said the lieutenant, “you will have an interesting ride, and a good *tiffin*; and who knows but that you may, after all, get a *distant* view of the great little man?”

With this the chief was forced to be satisfied, and off they went. It was not without interest that the stranger, having reached by the zigzag road the top of the first hill, observed, by the indication of his companion, the residences of Bertrand and Montholon; from thence the road led strait to the encampment, a distance of about five miles from the town, at which they arrived between one and two o’clock. Here the naval officer, who was well known, and the stranger, met with a kind reception, and came in for a capital *tiffin*.

Our friend, however, soon slipped away, and amused himself with strolling in and about the encampment, looking with a longing eye to the summit of the opposite hill, where stood Longwood. The side of that hill, he remarked, was potato-ground. On descending towards it from the eminence on which he stood, he entered a garden where several Chinese were busily employed; they looked surprised at the entrance of

a stranger, but when he addressed them in their own language he quite won their hearts, and after a little *confab* he strolled unquestioned quietly along. He left the garden, and suddenly (without probably venturing to question himself as to his intentions) threw himself on his hands and knees, and began to climb the forbidden hill, under shelter of the large and thickly-sown potato plants. He reached the summit, and, creeping through a hole at the bottom of a hedge, found himself in an outer yard opposite the stable, where the horses were getting ready for the emperor's afternoon ride.

It so happened that the medical gentleman of his own ship had also taken tiffin at a friend's that day, and afterwards had, like our hero, strolled out to stare about him. His eye caught the figure of his young chief in the garden, and observed it disappear amongst the potato plants on the opposite side. From a knowledge of his disposition, and of his uncontrollable whim to have an interview with Napoleon, which he was aware the order at the passport-office had rendered it impossible for him lawfully to gratify, he felt convinced the young man was about getting himself into some serious scrape, and, without a moment's hesitation, down dived the good doctor into the ravine also, and was up the opposite side nearly as soon as the chief, but, instead of emerging by the stables, he had made his *sortie* at the other end of the house, *right through a hick* he boldly walked, (to his own utter astonishment, and that of everybody else *afterwards*,) and, without question or hindrance, reached the stable-yard, and confronted the astonished chief.

After a few ejaculations, explanations, and representations, the doctor was prevailed upon, as *they were there*, to stay and have a peep at the emperor, who, they were assured, would be out presently, to take a few turns upon the terrace with Las Casas, before he mounted. Accordingly they sheltered themselves by the raised bank of the terrace, from which, when they stooped or sat down, they were not likely to be observed. At last, while peeping over, they beheld two figures slowly advancing in earnest conversation from the farther end of the terrace, one was bare-headed, but the other wore that identical, small, plain, cocked-hat, never to be mistaken and never to be forgotten — this was Napoleon. He had on a green single-breasted coat, with steel buttons, each button having a sporting device and all different, white waistcoat, nankeen knee breeches with buckles, and handsome silk stockings, carefully put on, and showing to great advantage a leg and foot almost effeminately beautiful. Although short, Napoleon was well and strongly made, and was not then nearly so fat as he afterwards became, his appearance was far more striking and dignified than the two Englishmen expected, then eyes remained rivetted upon him until his nearer approach obliged them to *dip*, and they did not again look up until his back was turned, and there they waited patiently enough until the emperor and Las Casas had again reached the extremity of the terrace, and had again turned towards them.

"I tell you what," said the chief, "you may do as you please, doctor, but hang me if I stay here any longer skulking and playing at bo-peep! Come, doctor, follow me, and let us behave as men!"

So saying, he sprang upon the terrace, and the poor doctor, with a heavy sigh, and "I see how it will end!" scrambled up too.

The sudden appearance of the two intruders brought Napoleon and

Las Casas to stand; the latter, however, immediately advanced and met them.

"Do you wish to speak to the emperor, gentlemen?" he inquired, politely bowing.

"We wish it very much, indeed," said the chief.

"If we do not intrude," said the doctor.

"Permit me the honour of introducing you!"

They took off their hats and advanced—it was an interesting moment; the Count introduced them as two English gentlemen; the Emperor took off his hat, bowed very low and replaced it. A glance of surprise and inquiry was exchanged between him and Las Casas; but no questions as to how they had made their entry in that direction were asked. Napoleon, who was in high good-humour, immediately began his questioning mode of conversation; he spoke in French, which was interpreted by Las Casas, but he seemed perfectly to understand without interpretation their English replies.

"What ship do you belong to?"

"The —— East-Indiaman."

"What situation do you hold?"

"Chief officer."

"How many guns do you carry?"

"Thirty-six."

"What tonnage?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"How many men?"

"A hundred and eighty."

"Indeed! why, you could cope with a frigate!"

"We have already done so."

"How? where?"

"In the action against Admiral Lincoln."

"Were you in that action?"

"Yes, Sir."

His ex-Majesty looked *glum*, and turning to the doctor—

"What are you?"

"Surgeon on board the same ship."

"Where were you educated?"

"At Edinburgh."

"You could not have studied in a better school: have you observed much of the medical practice of the Chinese?"

"I have had occasional opportunities of doing so."

"They are very fond of blistering, are they not?"

"Yes, they have recourse to it in almost every complaint."

"How do they raise the blister?—by the use of cantharides or by friction?"

"By friction, mostly."

"What is your general opinion of Chinese medical practice?"

"That it is very indifferent—very far behind the European."

Napoleon again turned to the chief officer—

"What does your cargo principally consist of, besides tea?"

"Nankeens, silks, and drugs."

"What is the proportion of tea?"

"Four-fifths of the whole."

“ Can you name how many chests of tea you carry, and their average weight ? ”

“ Twenty-two thousand chests, weighing on the average ninety pounds each ”

This Napoleon repeated with a gesture of astonishment — “ And at how much do you value your cargo ? ”

“ At six hundred thousand pounds ”

The Emperor paused and took snuff

“ What other parts of the East have you yourself visited, besides China ? ”

“ Our Presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, beside various islands, and different parts of the coast ”

At this moment another party was observed advancing along the terrace, it consisted of General and Madame Montholon, General and Madame Bertrand, and a stranger, whom one of the generals introduced as a supercargo from China, he had obtained his special permission and had arrived with his passport. The two ladies were handsomely but not showily dressed, India shawls of great value, stylish Parisian bonnets, and very pretty well-dressed feet, were not lost upon our sea-faring gentlemen. Madame Montholon was dark, with fine black eyes, and a countenance of much intelligence, Madame Bertrand was fairer—she was lively and graceful.

Napoleon addressed the supercargo — “ You are going home from China ? ”

“ Yes, Sir ”

“ Then, I suppose, you have made a very large fortune ? ”

“ Not *very* large ”

“ Not a hundred thousand pounds ? ”

“ O no, Sir ! ”

“ Eighty thousand, then ? ”

“ Not so much ”

“ Fifty thousand ? ”

“ Not *more* than forty ”

“ Not more ! why, that is not much, a fortune. Are you married ? ”

“ Yes, Sir ”

“ Is your wife on board with you ”

“ No, she is not ”

“ Then where is she ? ”

“ She has already returned to England ”

“ Did you accompany her thither ? ”

“ No, I did not ”

“ What, did you allow her to go in a ship alone all that way ? ”

“ Ye—es,” said the supercargo, looking a little disconcerted

Napoleon shook his head, took snuff, and glanced round at the two ladies, the attention of both, however, was attracted by something on the ground, and Madame Bertrand, especially, was very busy making figures on the gravel with the point of her toe. The conversation was resumed

“ What is the opinion of the Chinese as to the English navy ? ”

“ Sir, I cannot exactly tell you, I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining ”

“ I fortunately have,” interrupted the young chief. Napoleon turned

towards him: "No nation can have a higher opinion of anything belonging to another, than the Chinese have of the English navy."

"It shows their good sense," said Napoleon; "I, too, have the highest opinion of the English navy. Of what," continued he, addressing the chief, "of what kind are the Chinese vessels of war?"

"They are large *junks*, carrying from three to five hundred men, and from twenty-five to thirty guns."

"Indeed! how many would it require to take an English frigate?"

"Thirty would *not* take her."

"How you talk! what, thirty, manned and armed as you have described, not take a single frigate!"

"In my opinion they would not take her."

"Why?"

"Because the Chinese are ignorant of even the first principles of the management of a vessel of war; crowds of men are jammed together on the decks of their *junks*, without order or discipline, appearing to serve no purpose but that of interrupting each other, or that of being swept away by the well-directed fire of their enemy. They have guns, always in wretched condition, and shot; but the latter of all sizes being mixed together, you will see the men running backwards and forwards until they can find a shot to fit——"

Napoleon interrupted him by laughing, and cried out—"Oh! enough, enough! I yield the point."

"Permit me, Sir," resumed the chief, "to relate an occurrence which will strongly confirm what I have stated. In the year 1803, an English eighteen-gun-brig was dismasted in a *typhoon*, and in much distress. The piratical fleet of *junks* lying off Macao observed her, and concluded she would become an easy prey. They made towards her; the brig, well knowing their character, prepared as well as she was able. They advanced, and fired—she gave them a broadside; and, notwithstanding the overpowering disadvantages under which she laboured, in a very short time several of the *junks* were sunk, and the rest made off disabled."

Napoleon appeared interested by this anecdote. He then asked whether the French missionaries in China were getting on in their vocation. The chief replied that, "as far as his information extended, those who could teach somewhat else beside their religion were doing well: those among them who were masters of languages, mathematics, astronomy, &c., were encouraged and permitted to teach; the others were rejected."

"Are there any Frenchmen in Canton?"

"Not any."

"No!—not one?"

"Oh! I recollect, there is one: the cook of the Factory is a Frenchman."

At this Napoleon laughed heartily, and the rest of the party joined in his mirth.

It was now time to think of departing. The supercargo took his leave, and, accompanied by the generals and their ladies, left the terrace. Our two gentlemen then made their bow. Napoleon parted from them with much cordiality, repeatedly waving his hand, and saying, "Bon voyage, Messieurs, bon voyage!" Down plunged the two culprits amongst their friends, the potatoes, under whose shelter they were ena-

bled to reach the bottom, as they had ascended, unperceived, although sentinels were pacing about in all directions. On looking up they perceived Napoleon and Las Casas observing them with great attention. They reached the encampment in safety, and, as their horses were put up in different directions, they parted, agreeing to waive all ceremony, and each to make the best of his way. The officers, who, when our friend had left them, had just finished tiffin, had now just began dinner (no wonder provisions were getting scarce in St Helena). The stranger was again hospitably invited in, but, for good reasons of his own, civilly declined, took leave of his friend, the naval lieutenant, and mounting his horse, galloped away.

He spurred not whip or spur, and about seven in the evening reached the town. He went to the house of the well known hospitable Jew of St Helena, and was not sorry to find him (as in his comfortable parlour, assisting his fair daughter in the duties of the tea-table. A thundering rap at the door!—a rap so loud and unusual, that the master of the house himself rose up to answer it. A pulcy

“Pray, Sir, can you give any information concerning an officer of one of the Company’s ships who has been riding about the country to-day—a very young man, dressed in a blue suit (not coat, minked trousers, and a blue velvet waistcoat, with smart gold dancing buttons on it?”

“No, Sir,” said the trembling Jew. “I really cannot.”

“You have neither seen nor heard of any such person?”

“No surely, Sir.”

“Have you any visitors this evening?”

“No, Sir, not at present. Would you like to walk in, Sir, and take a dish of tea?”

“No, I thank you. Good night.”

“I wish you a very good night, Sir,” and the Jew gently closed his door. “Shut up every window in the house and every door, and give me some tea, girl, for my tongue is dry and delicate I have been telling I say,” continued he, eyeing the culprit, “where have you been with your smart velvet waistcoat and your Miltose buttons? What have you been at to-day? Hark! don’t you hear they are going rapping at every door in the street. What hash been the matter?”

A candid explanation of the whole immediately ensued. The good Jew sighed, shook his head, and turned up his eyes, but his daughter, in spite of her filial sympathy, appeared vastly to enjoy the adventure.

At four o’clock the next morning our friend was disturbed from his sound sleep and comfortable bed by the Jew, who came literally to turn him out, and to get him on board without delay. He was just dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, and about taking leave of his worthy host, when the purser of one of the Company’s ships requested admittance. “I have come expressly to tell you,” said he, addressing the chief, “to slip off as fast as you possibly can, nets are lying for you in every direction.”

In a few minutes after this hint our friend was on the jetty. An Indiaman’s boat, but not belonging to his own ship, had just reached it, and landed the steward to look after his marketing.

“I say, my good fellows, give me a cast on board the —, will you?”

“Ay, ay, Sir—come along.” And in a very short time he drew

free breath on his own deck. Down he dived into his cabin, got rid of his *shore-traps*, and at his usual hour was demurely pacing the deck, and giving his accustomed orders. The doctor, who had got safe on board the preceding evening, and he, exchanged glances, but nothing more. A good breakfast, at which neither of their appetites seemed to fail them, succeeded, and immediately afterwards the usual signal announced the captain's boat. As he passed along the deck he beckoned to his conscious chief, and they went together into his cabin.

"Were you at Longwood yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Without a passport?"

"Yes."

And then came a little explosion on the part of the captain, concluding with—"And the worst of it is, I have been declaiming all the morning that you never left the ship the whole day, and that therefore it *could* not have been you. What's to be done?"—A pause—"I must get an order from our commodore to be off instantly with my consort, or they'll nab you to a certainty."

Away went the captain and got the desired order. The China fleet, when they leave St. Helena, always proceed home in pairs, not in a body. By the time the captain returned on board all was ready to weigh, and by noon they and their consort were gliding swiftly away from the spell-bound isle of St. Helena, in which as many strange spirits seemed to have been suddenly conjured up as ever unbolled in the "vexed Bermoothes."

The story began to be buzzed about the ship in all shapes, and with many curious and valuable additions, until it settled down into a regular and well-spun yarn. "I say," said Bill, the St. Helena fisherman, with a sly leer to his messmate, in reference to their former conversation, "what do you think of my scheme now,—no such difficult job hey?—when people can walk like spirits up to Longwood, and down from Longwood, and among the stables, and through the house, and then stand talking at their ease, as though they were bullet proof, on an open terrace. I say, what became that day of *all the eyes and ears on the island*?"

But after this time new and stricter regulations were enforced. The affair was not a little enjoyed when properly understood by the exile and his court, but we believe it was the first and last amusement of the kind which was afforded them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF KEAN.

HIS APPEARANCE IN LONDON (1814), AND ANECDOTES OF THE ACTOR AND THE MAN FROM THAT PERIOD TO HIS DEATH.

KEAN'S appearance in the metropolis, though generally attributed to Dr Drury, was, in fact, only indirectly effected by him. The tragedian was in early life a strange mixture of perseverance and carelessness. In 1804 or 1805, when he was strolling under the banners of Laycock, and acted at Weedon, he announced himself in his benefit bills—"Valcour, Mr Kean, his first appearance since his severe indisposition." It appears, therefore, that at the early age of seventeen, he knew, and practised all the little arts that in such a life create a temporary distinction. In the latter year, he was stage-manager for old Simpson (a strolling manager, of as much notoriety in his sphere, as even Tate Wilkinson was in his), and bills, still extant, show that Kean neglected nothing that could give weight to his exertions, or draw attention to his efforts. He applied continually to the London theatres, but his letters were, as unsupported applications generally are, answered by a polite negative. Dr Drury mentioned Kean's talent to Pascoe Grenfell, M P, then one of the committee of Drury Lane theatre, and to the latter gentleman's perseverance, it is that the London public are indebted for the delight Kean's genius so long afforded them. Mr Grenfell, however, only went as far as getting a competent judge appointed to witness the actor's efforts at Dorchester—still his influence must have been powerfully used, for those who know the routine of our national theatres will see that it is extremely rare that any manager can be induced to send 120 miles for the purpose of seeing one actor only. I would instance even the case of Miss F. Ficc, who had the recommendation of Mr Huley, and, of course, her sister Maria—it was known that had occurred in any definite arrangement, until the late Mr Culcutt could kill two birds with one stone, and by going to B—— witness at one journey the performances of the lady in question, her sister Anne, and a Mr S——, who was then in treaty for tragedy at Drury Lane. Kean, in applying for situations in London, referred to many persons besides Dr Drury, and at the period in question, the close of 1813, had written to Elliston* (Olympic theatre), Cunnithers (Royalty) and Brunscomb (Surrey). Thus, then, stands the account—to the fortunate circumstance of Dr Drury being acquainted with Mr Grenfell much was owing, but to the sound judgment of Mr Arnold, Kean's success was attributable—for so anxious was he to appear, and so confident of his powers, that he would have played Richard and Hamlet on the first night, if such an absurdity had been proposed to him. Among the persons to whom Kean had referred in many of his applications for engagement, may be mentioned the late General Sir James Doyle, Mr A. Cherry, Mr ——, and his relatives, a family then of much importance at Clonmel, and

* The time that had elapsed between his last application to Drury Lane and his appearance was many months for he wrote in, as it is termed, from Exeter about the early part of the summer of 1813, acted first in London, January 26th, 1814. His engagement at the Olympic was so nearly settled, that Elliston threatened him with an action for breach.

who were themselves engaged in the private theatricals at that time peculiar to the sister kingdom; Ann of Swansea, whose judgment, being herself of the Kemble family, might have been considered valuable, and, lastly, to Mrs. Jordan*.

The state of the theatre was such that anything promising a chance of even temporary or moderate attraction would have been caught at with eagerness. Comedy they found would not draw,—though they boasted that season of the names of Elliston, Munden, Bannister, Downton, Oxberry, Knight, Lovegrove, Irish Johnstone, Wrench, Decamp, Wallack, and Wewitzer, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Orger, Miss Mellon, and Mrs. Horn, (with many others;)—a phalanx of talent, that, though no Croaker, I fear our *two* theatres can never again hope to rival. With this comedy company Drury's benches were unfilled. Braham, T. Phillips, Bellamy, Smith, Master Barnett, Mrs. Dickons, and Mrs. Bland, could not attract them to an opera; nor Mrs. Bartley, Rac, Raymond, Pope, Wroughton, and Sowerby, to a tragedy—though one from the pen of Coleridge had been produced, with every aid that the theatre could afford it. Their greatest reliance immediately before Kean's appearance was on "Lodoiska"† and their Christmas pantomime.

Under these circumstances, it is hard to conceive why Kean should, after once having been engaged, have been treated in the manner generally supposed. The fact of his having acted with some duplicity as regarded his treaty with Elliston may have done somewhat, and certainly his own shrinking manner more: he loitered about the doors of the theatre or waited in the passage or ante-room, like one who had no right there; and though he endured many a heart pang, yet he was not *purposely* neglected. In this world, the powerful in any class do not (perhaps they cannot) walk out of the rail-road of custom to bring patient merit from the shade.

A stranger in the porter's-room of a theatre royal, gentle reader, is generally looked upon as a "suspicious person" and soon becomes subject of general inquiry amongst the gossips of the theatre; but Kean was not unknown, though his *purpose* was; he was known to Mrs. Bartley, for he had played Glenalvon to her Lady Randolph, &c., he was known to Rac, to Elliston, to T. Dibdin—to Hughes and Oxberry, intimately: the two latter actors knew his powers well, but Hughes, who had had the latest evidence of them, was himself but a novice in the theatre, having only appeared two months before Kean. Several ill-natured stories have been currently repeated respecting the insults Kean received, but his sensitiveness made him misconstrue much, and, humble as his manner was, it was truly a *proud* humility. It has been said that he had no dressing-room assigned him: this is untrue; he did not choose to dress in the place allotted him by Mr. Wroughton (then the stage-

* I believe it is true that Mrs. Jordan was exceedingly dissatisfied when she found that he (Kean) was cast as her Don Felix in a provincial theatre; but she afterwards spoke very flatteringly of his talents, and told him he might mention her name. Poor Kean, in telling this, said, with more vanity than good taste, "She did it because she hated the Kembles:" it does not appear, however, that any body ever took the trouble to ask her any questions.

† I have no record to refer to as to the number of nights; but this melodrama was repeated *ad nauseam*; and to the remonstrances of those who held free admissions, the reply was, it was the *only thing* that brought money.

manager), and in dudgeon went to the supernumeraries'-room and dressed there, but though, only the day previous to his appearance, he had received a letter from his theatrical friends advising him against his rash attempt though Mr Knight had volunteered his opinion that "Mr Kean had better pass his evenings in the front, trying to improve himself by witnessing the performance of good actors — though Mr. Rae had passed him in the Hall without recognising him—though the committee had said "*he could not do*" though a certain set of underlings had christened him, in their jocularity, "Mr Arnold's hard bur-gun, Kean was not *a tully* spiritless stung in heart and mind* he certainly was, but the night before his appearance he said, "Let me once set my foot before the float (*i. e.* the stage lights), and I'll let them see what I am" In fact, he had one great attribute of genius—its irrepressibility all real and all imagined slights (and he was always too apt to imagine the existence of neglect towards him, only confirmed his resolution, he did not come there merely to appear, he came there to succeed, he relied on his own powers and on the public judgment, and the little, submissive, meek, and frightened man that had rehearsed Shylock was wholly lost when he assumed the garb and beard. Very little interest appeared to be excited in the theatre, at the call of "last music," *i. e.* the commencement of the overture, the first peep through the curtain announced the fact of its being a "shy domus," which was replied to by "What did you expect? there'll be nothing till half price," intimating that the pantomime might attract, but the new tragedy would not. On went Rae as Biss mo, in an especially humour, and the early scenes of the play were altogether enacted with a listless and careless spirit. At last the prompter gave the word "No 3" to the call boy, and he went to the green room to call Shylock to his duty, but Shylock was not in the green room, and hadn't been there—the boy went up to the dressing room that had been allotted to the "new gentleman" he was not there. Somewhat alarmed at this irregularity, the call boy was hurrying back to report the fact, when he saw Shylock standing ready at the place at which he was to make his entrance, as in duty bound, the young functionary said "You recalled, Sir" "Thank you," was the reply, and these were the only words (*sic* those of Shakspeare) that Kean uttered that night, until the end of the fourth act, Shylock's last scene. Stage fright (which has been compared to sea sickness) he certainly did not suffer from, he dreaded the green-room more than a thousand audiences, the pent up hopes of years were now too near fulfilment for him to know the "taste of fear" Scene 3rd, Act 1. Shylock and Biss mo entered, his reception was cordial, not rapturous, he acknowledged it rather slightly, and because the wings (*i. e.* stage entrances) were not over crowded, though it is common for the actors to come to see a new one's first scene, however, "come one, come all,"—it mattered little then, "he *had* got his foot to the float"

* If it was worth while to name individuals who as Irish Johnstone said, are darkling in their refulgent obscurity what odd list of ladies and gentlemen could be given who did not remember him and wondered where he came from up to the 26th January, 1814, but who in the minds of Much amused their friends by the anecdotes of where they had first met Mr Kean, and to whom they had first addressed the advice under which he was ultimately engaged

Kean began to bestir himself the instant Bissanio left the stage, he was warmly applauded at the lines

“ If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.”

When he replied to Antonio’s sneer,

‘ Is your gold and silver crows and rams?
“ I cannot tell—I make it breed as fast, —

there was laughter and applause, the scene went well, and as the act fell, a comedian who had been looking on went into the green-room. A comedian who is himself, in his peculiar walk, an admirable actor and addressing some one who had just entered, said, “ I say! he’s got a *black wig* and *band*, did *you* ever see Shylock in a *black wig*?” This is not quoted as an instance of ill-manner, for it was not said in that spirit, but as a proof of what a slight impression had been made on the mind of the actor in question by the new tragedian. Shylock does not reappear until Scene 4 in the second act, and, of course it was expected Kean would have gone into the green-room. How low as the professions might have been, had he done so he would there have been congratulated on his success, for badly as the actors of the theatre royal, Drury lane, might be suspected of wishing towards the interloper, they would not have been wanting in such an outward mark of decency, but Kean prowled about behind the scenes, didn’t require the attention of the cull by, but was at his post when wanted. In his speech to Jessica (Mrs. Blod) he was much applauded, and the audience had become extremely attentive, which was particularly shown by their approbation at his exit in this scene, when their plaudits must be considered rather as a sign of their general satisfaction than as extorted by his delivery of

‘ Sure bind sure find,—

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.”

Act 3 commenced, Bissanio, Antonio, and Gratiano, and, in fact, all the characters save Shylock, Tubal, Salanio, and Solanio, were quietly seated in the green room, when the dread rattle of reiterated plaudits burst on their ears—“ *Adram!* as usual! *Whit* could it be?” not “ *Who* could it be?” for of that there was now no doubt. The green-room was cleared in an instant, and every character was at the wing to look at “ the little man in the *black wig*,” who was raging like a lion in the great scene with Tubal. The applause was, considering the scanty number of the audience, prodigious, as Osberry very drolly said, “ How the devil so few of them kicked up such a row was marvellous!” At the end of this scene Kean ran up stairs to the room where he had dressed to avoid his congratulators, and in the deep recesses of his own proud heart bury his joys. It appeared to those who were unused to Kean’s enunciation, that he had become hoarse from exertion, but in fact he was never in better voice. However, after him went Messrs. Raymond and Arnold, one bearing megas and the other oranges, and believe me, “ my pensive public,” the fact of those great functionaries having done this proves that the impression

* It was a bitterly cold night, the house not half full, and the galleries, which were almost empty until half-past eight, had been, as twenty years ago they generally were, rather noisy.

he had made was by no means a slight one. The trial scene (though highly applauded) was rather an anti-climax in effect—such, in fact, it always was, for his scene with Salanio and Tubal was so overwhelming, that nothing could exceed it. Shylock ends in the fourth act, and before the play was over, Kean had left the theatre.*

Mr. Arnold had long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best judges of acting in England, yet he was trammelled and not allowed to exercise his discretion at Drury-Lane—for, notwithstanding what in these days would have been termed Kean's "triumphant success," he was coldly announced to re-appear on that day week.

But what was the feeling at the rival theatre? for 'till it known in those days, previous to the union, or as it has been more poetically expressed,

"Before Covent Garden the critic had married Drury-Lane,"

there was generally as much anxiety displayed to know how a new performer succeeded at the other house as in his own. The persons deputed to report progress, "that it had *gone* very well, but that it could not do," one of the persons who delivered this judgment being a pantomimist, who never had, and up to this hour never has, *placé*—word upon the stage. Indeed, if more instances were needed of the infidelity of the members of the profession in judgment of one on their, it is afforded by that of —, an actor at Drury-Lane that then observed, but who rose indirectly to eulge Kean's appearance saying openly that the new tragedian had talent, but to name him in the same breath with such a man as Young, was ridiculous.

The only time I ever heard John Kemble speak of his great rival was before Columbus had seen Richard, he said "I must go myself, for I can't form an idea of what he is, they tell me that he's like John Bologna," a fact, that the writer of this article must confess he is amazed never to have heard mentioned in any other quarter. Yet those who have seen Bologna's *Juan* will own how striking the resemblance was, and that Kean was not dishonoured by the comparison—could Bologna have spoken as well as he acted no one I have ever seen could for a moment have competed with him.

Notwithstanding the effect produced by Shylock's unwillingly is the wreath of genius accorded to the brow of a stranger, that there was no general feeling in the critical circles of a master-mind having risen amongst them, until after his performance of Richard.

The anecdotes that follow have been thrown together to aid others hereafter in forming an estimate of his character as a man, or to trace the steps of the actor. From the January of 1811 to that of 1833, Edmund Kean was the star of the British stage, and what may be reckoned most noticeable in this nation of shopkeepers is that his individual talents drew more, and for the exertion of these talents he himself received more, than any *three* performers that co-existed with him. His books show a sum nearly averaging 10,000*l.* even for sixteen years. How with his active life so vast a sum could have been expended—for he never gambled—is one of the things that those who knew him best

* He walked to the theatre to play and carried his *unluggage*.

† I am not aware that any person of note in the profession was in the house on the night of his debut; very different was the feeling on the first appearance of Macready, among the persons present that night, (Oct. 1810) were Kean, Bannister, Betty, Rae, and Young.

can never cease to wonder at. He had some silly habits of display, — such as travelling on all occasions in a carriage and four, — but his household expenses were always on a moderate scale, yet, a few days before his death, he was in danger of an arrest for a sum not exceeding 100/.

Injury or insult struck deep into Kean's heart, and though he seldom, in words, betrayed his triumph when in after years he met those who had scoffed or scorned him, yet over his looks he did not hold equal mastery, and if once the *cup* went round, Kean could not always restrain his feelings from finding vent in language.

Some one or two years after his metropolitan debüt, he was engaged in the circuit of Mr J — C ——. His success was immense, and he received nightly half the receipts of the house, the amount varied of course according to the size of the theatres, but the average exceeded 50/ per night, Kean's share was brought to him each night, after the play, by Mr J — C —, to whom however nothing could induce him to speak one word, but with a doggedness that appeared pained, when the well-known knock came to the door of his dressing-room, he always said aloud to his attendant, "Mutt, see what *that man* wants." Years rolled on, and time, which generally strengthens our attachments and weakens our asperities, brought Mr J — C — and Kean in contact, (about 1827,) when the once flourishing manager, stricken by sorrows and by years, was feeling the pangs of poverty his own exertions could no longer avert, his theatres had passed into other hands, and as an actor his services were not required. Kean came into a town where Mr C — was sojourning, and he applied to the tragedian to play one night for his benefit. Kean consented, the night was fixed for the one after Kean's engagement. Some nights previous to its occurrence, he, with some of the actors of the company, met at a tavern in the town, the room was a public one, where the comedians and many of the patrons of the theatre occasionally assembled, there, on the occasion in question, was Mr C —, the jest went round, not unaccompanied with the bowl, of course, and the old-devil manager, thinking all former ill feeling buried, rose, made a speech allusive to Kean's generosity, and acquainted the company that Kean having known him in his prosperity, had consented to play gratuitously for his benefit. This was received with loud acclamations, amid which Kean rose, (and those who were present are as little likely to forget the expression of his countenance at that moment as in any of his dramatic triumphs,) and said, "Don't let us misunderstand one another, I am bound to you by no ties from former acquaintance, I don't play for you because you was once *my* manager, or *a* manager. If ever man deserved his destiny, it is you, if ever there was a family of tyrants, it is yours, I do *not* play for you from former friendship, but I play for you because you are a *fallen man*." The effect was electrical, but the person to whom it was addressed pocketed the affront and the receipts of the night in question, which were very great. Kean explained his conduct thus—I believe I may say exactly in these words. "I am sorry that to — I forgot myself, but when me and mine were *staring* that fellow refused to let a subscription for me be entertained in the theatre."

One of his greatest peculiarities was to disappoint expectation by acting, in some known instance, entirely at variance with his friends' anticipations. From his reputed generosity, many have imagined that he would, with ample largess, repay all favours conferred upon him in the

days of his obscurity, but where expectancy stood highest, he was most often found wanting. To the party who lent him *half-a-guinea* on his wedding-day, he some years afterwards returned that amount with "Mr Kean's compliments, yet he zealously exerted himself, and procured a three years engagement for one person (who was unrecommended by talent), enabled that person to proceed to the theatre properly equipped at his (Mr Kean's) expense, and lavished other kindnesses upon that individual—for what? take the tragedian's own words: "—— was it Richmond when I walked down to play there for one night, sent by Sims, I was to have *ten shillings* for playing, the rehearsal was called at ten, I sat up all night at the Harp, for I had no lodging, and started at six in the morning. About nine o'clock I was crossing Richmond Green, and was observed by ——, and invited to breakfast, hungry enough I was, and I had not one halfpenny about me, I breakfasted and dined with ——, acted like a Trojan, and then walked back to London with my earnings (*minus* a putting-glass at Richmond). I shall never forget the invitation or the inviter—*bis dat, qui cito dat*

Poor Kean, probably imagining that, with the multitude, it might favour the fiction of his Latin education, was prone to the quotation of classical commonplaces, and a story told of R. Phillips (his secretary) shows how much this weakness was remarked by his associates. Kean was at some nocturnal vigil, and Phillips waiting for him, when this colloquy arose:

Time: two in the morning

Phillips — "Water, what was Mr Kean doing when you left the room?"

Water — "Playing the piano, sir, and singing."

Phillips — "Oh, come, he's all right, then."

Quint: just two

Phillips — "What's Mr Kean doing now?"

Water — "Miming a speech, sir, about Shakspeare."

Phillips — "He's getting drunk, you'd better order the carriage."

Sext: just two

Phillips — "What's he at now?"

Water — "He's talking Latin, sir."

Phillips — "Then he is drunk. I must get him away."

Kean was uncertain in his temper, and the associates of his lower carousals were always doubtful whether he would be offended or pleased with their familiarity. Higman, a bass singer, who died some years since was in acquaintance of the tragedian's, he took a public-house in Villiers street, Strand, and changed the sign to "Richard the Third." At this house Kean at one time resorted much, and had on several occasions noticed one Fuller, a ventriloquist and mimic. Kean was told that Fuller imitated him among others admirably, but the mimic (bearing in mind probably the story of Henderson and Garrick) always omitted his portraiture when he saw the great original present. One evening, however, Kean came into the room after Fuller had commenced his imitations, which were announced, in a sort of concert-bill, to be of Mathews, Emery, Knight, Bannister, Young, Kemble, and Kean! The tragedian took his seat, and Fuller proceeded, Kean tapping the

table ever and anon in token of approbation. Fuller paused before he attempted the *last* imitation, but Kean *looked* approval, and he essayed. Before Fuller had enunciated five lines, Kean threw a glass of wine in his face; a scuffle ensued, in the course of which Kean said if he thought he was such a wretch as Fuller depicted, he would hang himself.

Another night, at the Harp, a set of country actors were assembled, and among them one Anderton, from Liverpool, a person who soon afterwards made his appearance as an imitator at the Coburg. Kean and some friends came in. Anderton, who had played Ratcliff to his Richard, at Manchester, addressed him, but Kean did not appear to recollect him, and sat apart with his friends, discussing "potations pottle deep." The society assembled at the Harp on this occasion delighted in the appellation of "The Screaming Lunatics," and every one present was expected, by "song or recitation," to prove his claim to the title of a brother of the order. Anderton, when called on, gave imitations, wisely omitting any attempt at the dramatic lord of the ascendant; the heroes of the Harp, however, were by no means satisfied—"Kean, give us Kean!" echoed from all sides. Stung by Kean's non-recognition, Anderton essayed and imitated him in *Bertram*: those who remembered the scene at Higman's anticipated a row, and one of the tragedian's friends said he should leave the room, for he would not sit and hear the greatest living genius degraded by a mountebank. Kean *looked* at his friend with the most profound contempt, and then, in the very tone with which he was wont to enunciate "*Winterton!*" from behind the scenes, in the "*Iron Chest,*" exclaimed, "Anderton!" adding, "I didn't see you; why didn't you speak to me when I came in?" and the imitator and the imitated finished the night in each other's company.

I know that for years he felt annoyed by Reeve's imitation, and he absolutely quarrelled with Oxberry for giving a burlesque of his last scene of *Sir Giles*, in "*Tereza Tomkins:*" yet, some months before Kean's death, Mrs. Yates's father (Mr. Brunton) took the Richmond Theatre for a benefit; Yates played *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and advertised and gave an imitation of Kean, who, on the night, was sitting as usual in his box, immediately over the stage, laughing, applauding, and apparently enjoying the performance.

For many years, whenever Kean met Anderton, he made him give his imitations, and was particularly delighted by the mimic's portrait of a distinguished provincial performer, whom the tragedian certainly

"Hated with a hate known only on the stage,"

and whom he only spoke of as "that *furthing-candle actor*, that the people like at —."

All this was weak and unworthy; but Rousseau, Byron, Bacon, and Buonaparte, have shown us that great genius and meanness, generosity and injustice, can co-exist. When the author of "*Childe Harold*" said he had been compared to Kean, he was perhaps unaware of the fact that Kean in many things aped him: unless, indeed, which is most probably the fact, they had the common nature of men who possess great powers, but not great souls, and who, acting continually on immediate impulses,

* It may be as well to state to those who have not heard these imitations, that Oxberry's and Reeve's have been allowed on all hands to be admirable, and that Mr. Yates's is generally considered a failure.

and ever mystifying their motives to the million, present a mass of incongruities, and, however they may profess the contrary, inwardly rejoice in doing so. Byron and Kean equally mistook notoriety for fame, they were neither of them so anxious to win the wise as to sway the many, in their ambition to be mob-leaders, they were, in fact, *mob led*—they pandered to the taste they wished to govern, and whilst in the aggregate, they succumbed to the opinions of the vulgar, they would occasionally diverge in detail, merely to show their independence of spirit. Kean cared less for delineating human nature than he did for making a point tell, and never asked what sort of a *character* he was to represent, but what sort of a *part* he was to play—not what individual he should delineate, but what effects he should produce. King Lear was to him only an admirable medium of obtaining applause, and valued in proportion to that applause. He is reported to have said (during the illness of George III., when that play was interdicted) that if the public had never seen what he could do, nor would they, until they saw him over the dead body of Cordelia. Yet, when the accession of George IV. enabled him to appear as Lear, he was content to play it according to Nahum Tate's version. Some years afterwards when Hazlitt's essays, and Hazlitt's advice and remonstrance had aroused him, he persuaded the Drury Lane management to restore the fifth act of Shakspeare, it was thus played a few nights, but the effect (') was not equal to his expectations, and he relinquished Shakspeare, and resumed Tate's tragedy. Had he really thought of the divine bard's dramas as 'the sacred page he was to expound' (his own powerful expression), and not as a means by which he should gain ephemeral applause, he would have insisted on the restoration of every line of that matchless and wonderful tragedy, above all, he would have made it a *in quâ non* that the part of the Fool should be restored, but no, that might may, could not add the individual effects to Keable, and from Cooke to Kean, the same story. You mere actor has no care for the fame of author, living or dead. Garrick had a volume of Shakspeare *bound* with him—Garrick, who had countenanced mutilations in all his acting dramas that will remain as monuments of his ignorance and chicanery, when all recollections of the excellence of the actor have faded.

Kean was so sensitive to ridicule, that he often said he could see a sneer across Salisbury Plain. On the night he played "The Admirable Crichton," an exhibition of which he was afterwards thoroughly ashamed, the house had been surfeited with the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" and the dulness of the afterpiece, and were willing to indulge in a laugh at any thing that offered a shadow of an excuse for risibility. Unluckily, the occasion arose during his performance, Edmund was then puffing and protuberant of stomach, a peculiarity that his tight white silk pantaloons made the more apparent, as he advanced, the front row tittered, his expression altered instantly, in another instant he drew up his leg, as if suddenly struck by cramp, and taking Miss Vallancy's hand limped off the stage. S. Russell came forward to say that he had striped the tendon Achilles' but that if the public would permit the omission of the dance, Mr Kean would give the imitations promised in the bills, and that would conclude the entertainment. This was acceded to, he reappeared and imitated Incedon, Braham, Bannister, &c, &c, and whilst

doing so, walked and stood with apparent ease,—the strain, D — remarked, was in his *head*, not in his heel

Satiety awaits upon enjoyment, and Kean had drank of the cup to the dregs. He became unhappy for the sake of change, was nervous, fancied he should expire on his birth-day, and gave way to a thousand sillinesses which he never would have dreamed of had not his equally-affected prototype, Byron, made "melancholy a fashion." When Sir John Sinclair presented the tragedian with a Highland sword as high as himself, he thought proper, in his reply, to say that "the difficulties of his art" were proved by "the variety and *instability* of success," and he sensibly felt how necessary "public *protection* was to *sustain* an actor even in his least chequered and unclouded career."

Again, in his farewell (1820), he spoke of "the public supporting him against the shafts of calumny," all mere imaginations, for he was peculiarly fortunate as regards the press, and the last thing he did previous to leaving England was to say to the Liverpool audience, "I have not experienced here that warmth of approbation, and that *alacrity of attention* with which I have been honoured in other large cities." This he said in the teeth of the acknowledged fact, that the Liverpool audience, who are generally stiltish and sceptical, had wished more applause on him than on any other favourite of the public.

His conduct induces the belief that he was more subject to aberrations of intellect than the generality of the sons of genius. After the trial Cox & Kean he was certainly insane, he went through the provinces talking in the course of his characters to the audiences on the subject of his private affairs. At Birmingham his benefit was a total failure, in the last scene of the play ("A New Way, &c I think) an allusion is made to the marriage of a lady, he suddenly said, "Take her, Sir, and—the Birmingham audience into the bargain.

At Cheltenham the editor of a journal inadvertently severely on his character. Kean played Sylvester Daggerwood for his benefit, and performed the part with a horsewhip in his hand, saying aloud, "I keep this little instrument to punish cheating aldermen and lying editors." At that time he sold his wardrobe, affirming that he did so from the pressure of absolute want.

About that period, too, whilst playing Daggerwood elsewhere, he threw somersets, handsprings, &c, exclaiming, "I may as well practice, for I suppose I must go back to this." And when he did not perform any of the evolutions to his own satisfaction, he cried, "I could do these things a few years ago, but I'm too fat and too old now."

He went to Manchester and Liverpool, behaving in the same erratic and incoherent manner, and then embarked for America, as he said, bankrupt alike in fortune and in reputation.

Kean, when in the full possession of his senses, was a very unassuming man, when excited by wine or liquor, he was noisy, quarrelsome, and overbearing. His manner, under such circumstances, so strongly resembled that of the late George Frederick Cooke, that, strange as it may seem, there is little doubt he had imbibed it from that unfortunate genius. George Morland, Cooke, and Kean resembled each other so much in their habits, that any anecdote told of the one might as readily be cited as a point in the character of the other. Each of them wanted a true friend. I do not say this invidiously. such a friend, perhaps, never

has existed, he must have exerted the power of a parent, and combined with it the drudgery of a slave,—indeed, the only way to have kept either of these men from the paths they trod would have required that friend to have merged his own happiness, nay, his own existence, in that of the creature he thus saved,—a sacrifice that no *man* who had mind enough to restrain their evil habits could ever have made.

Of the frays in which he was engaged, it would be equally impossible and useless to attempt any account, and respecting these adventures when he himself spoke, it was generally in that mysterious confidence in which he indulged to all his acquaintances. He at one time received a violent blow on the bridge of his nose*. The *danger* apprehended was disfigurement, however, in a short time, a slight bump was the only external relic of the injury. Of the affray in which he received this he for some time refused to speak, and I believe all he ever said was that, in a row at the Cock and Bottle, (Haymarket,) Thurtell struck him in the face with a candlestick. Of Thurtell's talents he generally spoke in high terms, and could hardly be brought to believe that Thurtell could have been guilty of the coldblooded and premeditated murder for which he was executed. The reader may recollect that, pending the trial and after the execution of that ill-fated man, dramas were announced and exhibited at some of the minor theatres on the subject, and a vehicle brought on the boards described as "the identical gig in which Weare was at the time he was murdered." One night Kean, in one of his fits of temporary insanity, for he was not drunk, got into the gig, instead of the actor who was to play Weare, and drove it round the Surrey stage. This act would be a heartless and brutal one if he really had the power of reasoning, at the moment of its commission, which I assuredly believe he had not.

Though avicious of praise, Kean would often fling back with contempt the adulation of sycophants, and sometimes even receive the approbation of friends. After his failure (for failure it certainly was) in *Kateley*, ("Every Man in his Humour,") one or two of his acquaintances were arguing very stoutly before his face that the failure of attraction was in the *play*, and arose from the alteration of public taste, it being a comedy of manners rather than of passions, and, lastly, that *his Kateley* was the greatest thing in nature, and that R. Palmer had said "it was better than *Gurick's*." Kean rose, his eyes quivered with that peculiar nervous excitement that it is so much easier to imitate than describe, and patting the head of Charles his child, who was in the room, he muttered—

"They flattered me like a dog
They told me I was everything
Is false— I am not *Kateley* proof

This occurred at his house in Clarges-street. Miss O'Neil lived nearly opposite to him, and as she was in treaty at Drury Lane theatre at the time he appeared, and afterwards became, in attraction, his most powerful rival, he was wont to watch her steps in public favour and not unnaturally contrast them with his own. When she played *Widow Cheery* even her best friends confessed "she was not all that could be wished."

* I think it was said that Kean suffered from *polyypus*, whether *subsequently* to this accident I do not recollect.

She passed down the street the following morning, and was, or appeared to be, much chagrined: some one remarked this to Kean; "Aye; poor soul," said he, with a quaintness which was really irresistible, "*she can't play Kately.*"

Little Knight wrote a song called "Kitty Clover," the melody of which Kean played over one day in the presence of his (Knight's) son; it was subsequently brought out as "composed by Mr. Kean." Knight was attempting to flatter the tragedian by talking *at* him of the beauty of the melody to Miss Stephens, whom he persuaded to sing a serious song that he had written to the air*. Kean turned away from Jerry Blossom, and said to a friend, "Don't mind that fellow; the truth is, I was out all night in Glasgow, and heard a soldier, who was as drunk as myself, whistling an air: my ear is quick, and I caught up something like the melody in question; but as no one has claimed it, I suppose it's *bad enough* to be mine."

The widow of Garrick, the morning after his second benefit, when he appeared in "The Tobacconist," wrote him this pithy note:—

"Dear Sir,—You can't play Abel Druggier. . . Yours, &c."

To which he replied as follows:—

"Dear Madam, I know it. . . Yours, &c.—E. KEAN."

Let me add one more instance of his willingness to confess his errors. A literary friend had replied to some aspersions cast on him for suffering a prologue to "The Jew of Malta" to be spoken which contained this line—

"Nor mourn an Alleyn whilst we boast a Kean."

"I thank you for your defence," said Kean; "but I deserve the attack; for my folly in not preventing was as great as my supposed vanity in causing it; but they know what a fool I am, and do as they please." On the same subject he is reported also to have made this splendid reply—"Alleyn was at least as good an actor, and certainly a better man,—he *acted better than me* at Dulwich."

He got into a quarrel with a powerful fellow one night at a house in Clare-market, and was at last stripped and fighting with one his superior in strength, size, and science. His friends got him away to the Bedford, and he sat down to supper; during which one of the party said, "I'm glad we were there: the fellow you was fighting with is ———, who had a hard contest with the Gas-light Man." Soon after Kean was missed, and it ultimately appeared that he had left the Bedford, sought out his antagonist, and fought with him in the streets, and that in consequence the guardians of the night conveyed them to St. Dunstan's watch-house, from whence they were bailed by Mrs. Butler, of Covent-garden-market. It is to be noted that Kean insisted on his adversary being bailed by *his* (Kean's) friends, with the express intent of going to fight it out in a room, to see if he could not beat this "terrible fellow from Oxford;" but he was at length pacified.

* This was announced thus:—"Where is my lover, oh! where is he gone, a new ballad. The *poetry* by Mr. Knight; the *melody* by Mr. Kean." Poor Kitty Stephens, through some mishap, got hissed, for the first and, I believe, the last time in her life, in this precious effusion.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.—NO. I.

- Dialogue 1. Lord Alvanley and Sir Andrew Agnew.*
 2. *Viscount Palmerston and the Prince Tallougrand.*
 3. *M. Persil, M. Guizot, General Lafayette, and M. Lafitte.*

Scene.—*Bellamy's—House of Commons.*

SIR ANDREW AGNEW AND LORD ALVANLEY.

Lord Alvanley. Well, Sir Andrew, here you are again—one down, t'other come on—so you have got another Bill for us.

Sir Andrew. Your Lordship is right.

Lord A. Gad! I have often heard of a distinction without a difference, but I never saw a case more clearly in point than your Bill of this year compared with that of last—the distinction may be in the date, but as for the difference, none can I discover.

Sir A. You read hastily. In a measure of this character, the minuteness of its provisions constitutes a considerable part of its importance; attention should be paid to the smallest circumstances.

Lord A. Why, to tell you the truth, I have no great turn for Bills, and still less for paying—attention; but to *me*—to be sure I don't profess to know a great deal of the matter—it appears that there is one sweeping objection to your proposed enactment, which may perhaps supersede the necessity of my descending to particulars; I mean, my dear fellow, that it is impracticable.

Sir A. Are you inclined to be serious?

Lord A. Not generally, I admit; but why?

Sir A. Will you hear my defence to any objections you may oppose to me?

Lord A. Oh certainly; only do me the kindness to pass the wine.

Sir A. Well, then; what possible objection can you have to the first clause of my Bill, prohibiting all manner of work on the Sabbath Day?

Lord A. Objection! none; only as one of the commandments most particularly points to the rest of all persons from labour on that day, it seems scarcely necessary for *you*, my dear Sir Andrew, to add your personal authority, or even that of Parliament, to such a decree. It seems to me to be about as essential as my endorsing a thousand pound note of the Bank of England, in order to ensure its negotiation.

Sir A. There you are wrong, my Lord. However important and potential Divine precepts or commands may be, such is the fallibility of human nature, that human power is generally necessary to enforce and maintain them.

Lord A. I can understand *that*, when the command is to labour; but to be idle, surely does not need so much exertion as to require an enforcement of leisure on people who have been working all the previous week.

Sir A. I assure you it does; however, as we go on, I will revert more particularly to this point, and convince you of the truth of what I say.

Lord A. Well, now, I will admit, for argument's sake, that your clause to close the shops, and to stop all buying and selling on Sundays, is unequivocally good and just; but the penal clause which follows appears to point to a circumstance almost beyond the probability of the case. After directing how much the people are to be fined for buying or selling on a Sunday, you put in this: "And in addition to such forfeitures, every sale, payment, settlement, contract or agreement, and every receipt or discharge for money given on that day shall be utterly void and of none effect."

Sir A. Well !

Lord A. Why, my dear Sir Andrew, who, upon the face of the earth, ever thought of paying anybody on Sunday? It is a thing men think of as little as possible any day in the week, but Sunday is the last day in the week that it would ever enter into any man's imagination; why it is a *dies non* in law. Nobody can *make a man pay* on Sunday; who the deuce do you suppose will volunteer?

Sir A. Jews might.

Lord A. Very convenient too, and not wrong on their parts; but do you mean your Bill to affect the Hebrews?

Sir A. Certainly; in return for the toleration they enjoy, they are bound to conform themselves to the laws of our country.

Lord A. So they are, as far as usury is concerned, but they try to evade even those: and I really must say, without meaning too seriously to impugn your proposition—your motives nobody can impugn—I scarcely think that the forcing a Jew to keep a Christian Sabbath is likely either to advance the morality of the Hebrews, or the prosperity of the Christians.

Sir A. That seems to be a matter of opinion. I deal with the Jews.

Lord A. So do I, my dear Sir Andrew; the wine is with you again. What! you pass it? Now, see, a case in point:—Here is your fifth clause, which fines a man ten to twenty shillings for being drunk on any part of the Sunday in addition to any other penalties against that sin which may already be in force. That's hard, Sir Andrew. Why, it takes a man more than thirty shillings to get drunk at all, like a gentleman, and only just conceive, sitting up accidentally on Saturday night, and not getting home till after twelve o'clock;—eh, don't you think that a cruel case?

Sir A. Not at all. I drink no wine myself.

Lord A. Ay; there it is; and you don't sell fruit, or meat at an early Sunday market for the convenience of your poor neighbours. Nor do you buy them for your own. I see you have not a turn for those prohibited vices. But what have we here? Your sixth clause enacts "that every person keeping a hotel, coffee house, tavern, inn, ale-house, beer-house, cook-shop, victualling-house, used or licensed for the sale of wine, beer, ale, cyder, porter, spirituous or other liquors by retail, who shall suffer any wine, beer, ale, porter, cyder, spirituous or other liquors, dressed meat or other provisions, to be drunk or consumed in or upon, or to be removed, delivered, or sold out of his or her premises, on any part of the Lord's Day, or any part thereof; and every person who shall be present on the Lord's Day, or any part thereof, at any news-room or club-room, shall forfeit, for the first offence," and here follow the penalties.

Sir A. And very proper, too, my Lord.

Lord A. Proper; it may be vastly proper: but you destroy not only the profession and calling of a vast number of respectable people who get their livelihood by selling all these articles on a day in which if men rest from working they cannot rest from eating.

Sir A. They must eat at home.

Lord A. That's easy to say, Sir Andrew, by a wealthy Baronet, with a fine house and a comfortable establishment; but of the vast population of this country and of this town especially who live by their labour, how many, or rather how few, have homes which afford them the means of cooking their dinners?

Sir A. Let them buy their meat on the Saturday.

Lord A. And so eat a cold dinner on the Sunday,—that being the day of rest on which alone, of all the seven in the week, they can find time or opportunity to enjoy a hot one;—and whatever *you* may think, Sir Andrew, the Sunday's dinner is that which, before you and I were born or thought of, and for ages before that, has been looked forward to, through the week, as

the reunion of family and friends who have laboured for six days to get it. What, I ask, then, are the poor people, because they are poor, to skulk and hide in their solitary bed-rooms and garrets to munch cold mutton by way of saving their souls?

Sir A. Poor or not, all are equal in the sight of heaven.

Lord A. So, it seems, you think; for here is your prohibition from entering a club-house on a Sunday. Look at clubs, as now constituted: they are men's homes. Look at the United Service Club, where the men who have been fighting our battles by land and sea at the risk of life and limb congregate;—look at the numerous members of Oxford and Cambridge, who make the University Clubs their place of sojourn. What, are these men, who occupy merely bed-rooms in the neighbourhood, and actually breakfast, dine, and sup in these clubs, to be shut out of their homes? to be “cribbed, cabined, and confined” in their dusky dormitories; and not permitted to take their natural food in the usual place?

Sir A. Why, I really—

Lord A. What! you have effectually barred them out of all taverns, eating-houses, cook-shops, &c., &c., which are, by the preceding clause, closed against them, - they cannot get food there.

Sir A. I have provided for that contingency in my twentieth clause.

Lord A. As how?

Sir A. Why, I there permit persons to consume victuals in inns, hotels, coffee-houses, &c., who shall have lodged and slept on the premises *during the preceding night*, or, without having done so, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon by any person or persons who shall *usually victual* at the same.

Lord A. This does not relieve my friends the clergy, the army, and the navy, any more than it does the tailors, and shoemakers, and painters, and paper hangers. There are five or six thousand members of the clubs of which I have spoken. In what hotels are they to get beds on the Saturday night to qualify them for eating their breakfast and dinner there the next day? And as for “usually victualling”—I don't like the phrase, Andrew: those men do *not* usually victual in such places, for they usually “victual” in the clubs, which are conducted exactly as private houses are, and are, in fact, the private residences of every individual who belongs to them.

Sir A. I belong to no club.

Lord A. Very right; but why do you insist on a man's “victualling” between two and four?

Sir A. Between the hours of divine service.

Lord A. Not a bit of it, those are between one and three; and why, if a man chose to “victual” at seven, when divine service is altogether over, may he not do so? Is salmon more sinful at seven, than turtle at two?

Sir A. My dear Lord, you can turn grave subjects into mirth. But these I consider necessary restrictions upon the irregularities of mankind, and as enactments tending to the maintenance of piety and religion.

Lord A. So far so good. But, my dear Sir Andrew, as Sunday is a day of rest—compulsorily as you make it—but for the purposes of relaxation and enjoyment—

Sir A. To keep holy, my Lord.

Lord A. Ay, but are there not two definitions of that word? are not all *holy-days* festivals?—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, are *holy-days*. Is there sin in Greenwich fair? condemnation in Sadler's-wells? or utter destruction in Astley's amphitheatre of arts?

May.—VOL. LXI. NO. CLXI.

Sir A. I confine myself merely to the Sabbath.

Lord A. Remember, I appreciate your motive, and applaud your principles: but tell me, just for one moment, without having the slightest leaning towards Popery or its superstitions, do you believe that the millions of Roman Catholics—the great majority of Christians in the world—are all rendered obnoxious to eternal punishment because they treat the Sabbath—observing it, remember, much more devoutly than *we* do, for all religious purposes—as a *holy-day* or festival? They dance, they sing, they even act plays and visit plays on the Sundays. Are they all—

Sir A. I do not argue about Roman Catholics. I am speaking of our church.

Lord A. Does this slight variation make so great a difference? But you speak of *our* church: you are, if I mistake not, a Scotch Presbyterian.

Sir A. Well; then, I will show you that in Scotland the very reverse of this frivolous indelicacy, with which you justly charge the Papists, is the case; no sound of gaiety is heard on the Sabbath; and as for music, not an instrument is used—

Lord A. —Always excepting that national one, the Scotch fiddle, I presume? However, I will not argue points which wiser men have set at rest before, but come to the next prohibition of moving about. Why, your ninth clause prohibits the travelling of coaches, omnibuses, vans, and carts from proceeding or continuing on their journey in any manner on the Sundays.

Sir A. And very properly, too. It was with the view to insure rest for man and beast that I concocted this clause.

Lord A. But don't you perceive that you stop the mails, upset the system of the post-office, derange the economy of all our mercantile interests, and paralyze the exertions of the manufacturing classes?

Sir A. As how?

Lord A. Why, thus: take the Edinburgh mail by way of example: if you stop the coaches on Sunday, the mail that leaves London on Friday night will be stopped at Catterick-bridge for a day; and that which leaves London on the Saturday night will be stopped for a day at Stevenage; while the Glasgow Friday mail will quietly take up its rest for four-and-twenty hours at Doncaster, and the Saturday mail come to a full stop till Monday morning at Elyanfoot bridge.

Sir A. I admit there may be some inconvenience.

Lord A. Some, my dear Andrew? Why, in addition to all the evils which will assail the great mass of the population, by the detention of all the correspondence of the nation, all the poor devils—

Sir A. I beg your Lordship's pardon; the—

Lord A. I beg yours—the poor unfortunate passengers by these conveyances will be starved; for while one clause of your Act stops them at places in which they have no business, for four-and-twenty hours, another clause prohibits the inn-keeper, tavern-keeper, and cook-shop-keeper from allowing them a room to sit down in, a breakfast, dinner, or supper to eat,—or a glass of wine, beer, ale, cider, mum, mead, or spirituous liquors to drink.

Sir A. Not so. If they arrive a little before twelve, they may be admitted into their inns, under another clause.

Lord A. And forced to incur an increased expense in a dirty alehouse, while in the agonies of suspense about a failing concern in Edinburgh, or a dying parent in London; and for this there is no remedy; for you have clogged the wheels of all the post chaises and glass-coaches in the empire.

Sir A. Unquestionably. Why should people go racketing about the country on Sundays?

Lord A. Greater men than *we* have done such things; but, as far as the mass of the people go, they have no other day to relax in.

Sir A. My dear Lord, in America they put chains across the streets on the Sabbath, to prevent the egress of the inhabitants.

Lord A. Ah! but that is a land of freedom. Did I ever tell you what happened to Montague;—I don't mean our agreeable friend Rokeby, but to a Montague of the last generation? He was a captain in the navy, and arrived off Boston on a Sunday, during divine service. He landed in his gig, which he sent back to his ship; and was proceeding to find the residence of one of the authorities, when he was accosted by two beadles, who laid violent hands upon him, and forced him into the stocks,—in uniform as he was,—and there kept him till church was over.

Sir A. Active officers!

Lord A. Yes: like the informers in your own Bill, who may labour in their vocation with unmitigated severity on the day of general rest. However, after he was released, Montague appealed to the mayor of the town, but could get no redress. All the answer he got to his remonstrances was

“It is the custom here: you should have inquired what our customs were, before you came amongst us. I calculate we can give you no redress.”

Sir A. Reasonably argued.

Lord A. Montague stayed there a fortnight—foraged upon the enemy—lived sumptuously amongst the barbarians—and, having completed his intended stay, resolved to repay the civility of his rigid, yet hospitable, friends, by inviting the mayor and corporation to dinner on board of his frigate.

Sir A. I admire his Christian-like spirit of forgiveness.

Lord A. They came, dined and drank, as mayors and aldermen always do; and a very pleasant day they had. The corporation barge was alongside, to convey them to the shore. The parting cup had been drained; and their worships were at the gangway, ready to step into their gilded gondola, when Montague, ordering the boatswain aft, directed the mayor to be seized and tied up; and having properly prepared his worship for the reception of his wholesome correction, gave him a couple of dozen, soundly laid on.

Sir A. What! flog him?

Lord A. Most soundly; and having seen him so seized, he administered a dozen a-piece to each of the aldermen, and a dozen and a half to the recorder. Never was such an uproar on the deck of a King's ship: they cursed and swore, and tore and stamped, and vowed vengeance against their treacherous host.

Sir A. And what did he say by way of explanation?

Lord A. “Gentlemen,” said Montague, “it is the custom here to flog mayors and aldermen. you should have inquired what our customs were before you came amongst us. I calculate I can give you no redress.”

Sir A. Heavy retaliation!

Lord A. But just. In half an hour after, they were over the side, his anchor was up, and he bowling away before a stiff breeze; after which period my friend Montague never visited the United States. So much for American customs.

Sir A. Please to remember that I did not advocate chaining up the streets—I merely mentioned it as the custom of another country—the prohibition from letting out horses and carriages will, I think, be sufficient.

Lord A. Yes, to keep everybody at home who happen to be unlike yourself—too poor to keep horses and carriages of their own. You never hire horses or carriages—you belong to no club—you never travel on business—*ergo*, nobody else must be permitted to do so. No, my dear Andrew, you live very snugly at home, and therefore, having all the rest of the week

to amuse yourself after your own fashion, you are content to "victual," as you call it, in your own house.

Sir A. And what then?

Lord A. Why, in order to meet the convenience of your own position, you exempt from rest and quiet all menial servants whose labour is necessary to send up your dinner, hand round your *entrées*, serve your wine, make your coffee, and give you your *chasse*—is it not so?

Sir A. It is an inevitable evil, and I see no remedy.

Lord A. And then, my dear simple, single-hearted fellow, while you keep your cook tied by his leg to the fire-place, your kitchen-maids dancing at his tail, your butler uncorking, your footman handing and serving, your coachman and grooms helping, your housekeeper attending, and your still-room woman on the *qui vive*, you set it down in your calendar that they are doing nothing incompatible with piety and religion; while you denounce to eternal condemnation and forty shillings penalty a hale, hearty cockney, who *for pleasure* hires a boat and rows himself and his wife and children to the Red House for a regale, or to Putney for pleasure, and afterwards smokes his pipe, sips his ale, and cracks his biscuit with his happy family in a bower on a bowling-green.

Sir A. Such things are insufferable!

Lord A. Was England less prosperous, or were the blessings vouchsafed by Providence less important, when Sunday was the acknowledged day of recreation and festivity, than she is now? The squire's hospitable board, graced by the presence of the parson of the parish, seemed to offer no forbidden fruit, and the gladdened hearts of the happy neighbours engendered no guile, because they were cheered with a horn of his honour's October. The religion of the Establishment has no gloom in its character, and I would advise you to confine your legislation to your own country and the church to which you belong. Your Bill of itself would create a rebellion in the country.

Sir A. I believe it will meet with unqualified support.

Lord A. Not it—the truly religious man sees in it nothing but cant and supererogation; the worldly man sees in it ruin and embarrassment to all our civil and political institutions; the working classes see in it a tyrannical effort to deprive them of the relief from labour which God himself has permitted them; the infidels, who scoff at all religion, will lay hold of it to expose the absurdity of what they will not hesitate to denounce as fanaticism; while the only people who will be found favourable to its enactments will be the Byers, and Simpsons, and Thompsons, and other public informers, who are encouraged to pursue the most venal possible system of *espionage* by its provisions, and who, like the menial servants, who are to be worked to death for *your* convenience, are to be permitted to pursue their infamous calling on the Sunday for *your* gratification.

Sir A. I see I have no hope of support from your Lordship, so there is no use in my defending my measure—I mean well, and——

Lord A. Nobody doubts *that*—so does a child who drinks boiling water out of the spout of a tea-kettle;—but, I tell you, the thing is incompatible with the usages of society or the habits of mankind, and utterly impracticable in the present civilized state of society, and so good night.—Are you for Crocky's?

Sir A. You are too bad, my Lord; but there is so much generous kindness and good nature about you that it is impossible even for *me* to be angry.

Lord A. Adieu!

Sir A. Salve!

Scene—*The F^oign Office.*

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

Viscount Palmerston. Well, Prince, I am glad a to-a have the pleasure of seeing you out-a.

Prince Talleyrand. The English people, I suspect, would be better pleased if they saw you I oldship out

Vis. P. What is your news from Paris ?

Prince T. (aside)—As if he fancied I should tell him—None. You have got I old Granville's despatch ?

Vis. P. Yes—it came last night to Downing street

Prince T. What do you think of it ?

Vis. P. Haven't read it—a I was at Lady Grey's, and forgot I had it in my pocket

Prince T. Things look angry—how is your friend, Leopold ?

Vis. P. As anxious for England as ever was Swiss for his own country

Prince T. Bad job for you, that Belgian affair—You'll never get over those infernal protocols—they'll stick to you through life. I say, Cupid, — why do they call you Cupid ? Eh ?

Vis. P. Miscalculations ! because a lady, who shall be nameless, gave me that name—a

Prince T. Well, then, Cupid be it—What the deuce have you been doing with Lord How and de Wulden at Lisbon ?

Vis. P. Doing ? What you have done a thousand times—playing a game

Prince T. Yes, but our play differs in this—you have had the misfortune to be found out—Have you burned the despatches that somebody will move for ?

Vis. P. I wish all the fellows were burned who move for anything in my department—a

Prince T. You are not fortunate, I own—your Princess Pumpkina is not a sure card—and Pedro is —

Vis. P. As bad as his brother

Prince T. In Spain you are botching it—that other little girl will fail you—you have too many queens on your hands

Vis. P. And too many knaves in the service

Prince T. Granville is sadly worried by your friend Durham, the Bear and the Bore don't suit his views

Vis. P. No, he wrote home about it, but Durham must have his way.

Prince T. We know what his Belgian scheme is. Does it meet with the sanction of the high contracting party herself ?

Vis. P. I cannot say, I believe I know as little of what is going on as any gentleman in the country

Prince T. You take it too easy—you ought to have kicked when old Grey wrote direct to the Belgian Minister without saying a word to you on the subject

Vis. P. Kick ! Gad ! two can play at kicking, and if I had said a word, old Grey, as you call him, would have had me out—and Durham in

Prince T. I don't know—I think we should not have permitted it

Vis. P. We—whom do you mean ?

Prince T. Why I mean myself and my King. We do what we like, don't we, Cupid ?

Vis. P. Egad ! I believe you do—Granville complains of Durham, but if I did what I really think I ought to do, I ought to complain of Granville. For my own part, I don't understand how your King of the Barricades could have the face to denounce the barricade-makers in that affair of Sunday se'n-night.

Prince T Don't you? What do you think of yourselves, after having encouraged the Unions, acknowledged them, corresponded with them, admitted them to consultations, and all the rest of it, bunging up all your guards and guns, arms and artillery, planting them round London, and then, with bayonets at their throats, rejecting their petition about the Dorchester unionists, and taking it in at the front door of Melbourne's office and sending it out at the back?

Vis P I am only answerable for my own department

Prince T I was there I left my carriage by Grey's Gate, in the Park, and saw the whole fun. I think you match me, my Cupid

Vis P Nobody can match you you are immutable Why you have sworn to thirteen constitutions

Prince T So would you have done, if they had changed in your country as often as they have in mine You were a Tory, were n't you? You wrote in the 'New Whig Guide,—ridiculed Duncannon,—bullied Brougham,—and lampooned Hobhouse yet here you are cooperating up the concern, more of a Whig than your neighbours

Vis P One is obliged to change with circumstances—a—

Prince T Granted! That, all I can have done, but my changes have been advantageous to me,—yours the reverse Upon my honour,—don't be angry,—I have buttered you over as long as I thought there was a chance of your keeping yourself up but it really is too ridiculous You are not fit for Foreign Secretary You do beautifully for a Vice-Chamberlain, like Bellast,—or a Captain of Bedchambers, like Clancarde,—or anything of that sort, where you might dress smartly, and curl those darling whiskers But for a Foreign Secretary, I—

Vis P. What, Sir?

Prince T You'll excuse me, I speak out—you are just as fit as your friend Dr Wade would be to be Archbishop of Canterbury, or Mr Baron Williams, that cockymeloppym-lawyer, commander in chief

Vis P Gad! this is rather a new turn you have taken.

Prince T I cannot help it. Constantinople was without a minister when the most important treaties were to be signed and the most serious business to be transacted Cousin Ponsonby could not get there because the north-easterly wind blew incessantly during six months of an Italian year, and you sent him the red riband because he was absent, and did nothing Stratford Canning, another of your red ribands, dare not go to Russia, Nicholas won't have him, and America laughs at you, and won't send you an ambassador We have got Ancona and Algiers,—that is to say, the Mediterranean Otho, your Greek King, costs you a million and a half of money, Leopold, your Belgian, costs you 50,000*l.* a-year, and is not worth his salt Howard de Walden botches your affairs in Portugal, George Villiers bemuddles them in Spain, and now I have wheedled you into a treaty by which France will in six months be in possession of the Peninsula, and England have to pay the expenses

Vis P I am not disposed to be twitted in this way by a man who has been all things by turns—a bishop—a—

Prince T Stop, don't be pert, Cupid. I have saved you many an exposure. I know that I manage you, but don't provoke me further. You are a very nice man, there's an end, so good day Perhaps we may meet in Arlington-street to-night Don't pout—I say, how did you like it, when, at the dinner of the Knights of the Bath, the King commanded the Speaker to return thanks for the Civil Grand Crosses, instead of you? Eh? Good bye. How did you like yourself in the evening? *Aurevoir*. Good bye. don't pout.

Vis P. Devil that he is, thank heaven, he has stumped off with his cloven foot!

Scene—A Chamber in the "Chamber" of Deputies.

Present—M. PERSIL, M. GUIZOT, GENERAL LAFAYETTE, M. LAFITTE.

M. Persil. I am about to present a communication to the Chamber from an individual who once held an illustrious station in the councils of this kingdom. It is from M. Polignac! who is also in attendance, by permission of the government, in order to give such explanations as may be required of him. He simply prays the Chamber to address the Crown for a remission of the remaining period of imprisonment to which he and his colleagues are subject under the sentence of the Chamber of Peers, on the ground that the recent proceedings of government, and the movement on the part of the people, have clearly proved that the ordonnances of July, 1830, were not only justifiable by the actual state of things, but altogether inevitable.

Gen. Lafayette. The next thing you will do, M. Persil, will be to send for Charles X., or at least for Henry V. I repeat it, that this is a most violent outrage upon the system of the barricades. M. Persil ought to be sent to Ham.

M. Lafitte. Before the Minister proceeds further in this important counter-revolution, I think that M. Polignac ought to be present. I have a few questions to put to him, which perhaps may throw some light upon this astonishing *coup d'état*.

M. Guizot. Such republican interruptions are not to be tolerated.

(M. Persil, who had withdrawn, returns with M. Polignac, who takes a seat beside the chairs of the Ministers.)

M. L. M. Polignac, although somewhat surprised to see you here, I wish to put a question to you. Have you not been lately frequently visited by the King, and by the Keeper of the Seals? and if so, I should be glad to hear what passed between you and them on those occasions.

M. Polignac. It is true I have recently had the honour of being consulted by some persons of the highest distinction, whose names I am not at liberty to disclose, and who have questioned me as to the substance of some ordonnances originally intended to have accompanied those about which so much clamour was made in 1830.

M. L. Those ordonnances, which you then kept back, were framed, I believe, for the purpose of authorizing the apprehension of myself, M. Lafayette, and other Honourable Deputies obnoxious to the King.

M. Pol. One of the ordonnances in question was to that effect, undoubtedly.

M. L. What was the purport of the others?

M. Per. It is highly inconvenient in the present state of the country, when the most alarming movements are going on at Lyons, Poitiers, and even in the capital itself, to question the illustrious prisoner as to any communications which he may have had with the Ministers.

M. Pol. I certainly conceived that, in coming here, my only duty was to defend myself against a sentence which the Chamber must now be fully convinced was in every way unjust. I demand my liberation; I appeal to the justice—to the honour of France!

Gen. L. I for one am most anxious to hear what the Prince has to say in his own behalf.

M. Pol. I have now before me a copy of the ordonnances which gave rise to the barricades, and I find that the existing government has not only re-issued them in another form, but has also carried them into execution. Our misfortune was, that we foresaw coming events too clearly, and at too great a distance. In our report to the King, we stated that "signs of disorganization and symptoms of anarchy manifest themselves at almost every point of the kingdom." Have not disorganization and anarchy

actually made their appearance since that period in almost every part of France?

M. G. Undoubtedly.

M. Pol. We declared that "pernicious and subversive doctrines were propagated amongst all classes of the people" Witness the declaration of adhesion to the principles of Robespierre published last year.

M. Per. But we have put it down

M. Pol. We merely endeavoured to prevent it from being made. We foresaw trouble and civil war, and perpetual commotions. All these things have since occurred.

Gen. L. It is because the Ministry have followed in your footsteps

M. Pol. Well, we said that the agitations of the day were produced by the press—the great focus of rebellion. We took measures for destroying it; have you not said and done the same thing? You prosecuted the "Tribune" newspaper ninety-six times, and then, when you found prosecution of no avail, you sent your officers to the bureau of that journal, sealed up its presses, seized its material, and expelled its compositors. An act of this description on our part brought about the revolution.

M. L. Wait a while; the revolution is not yet ended.

M. Per. What! does the Honourable Deputy mean that we are to have a revolution every year?

M. G. Or does he suppose that we are to stand by with indifference while a violent and disaffected press is endeavouring by constant, persevering, and malignant efforts to relax all the bonds of obedience and subordination, to weaken all the springs of public authority, to oppose and embarrass the Government, to raise citizen in arms against citizen, father against son, brother against brother, and to deluge the capital with blood?

M. Pol. Those very words, M. Guizot, you have borrowed from our report to the King

M. G. I should certainly never have consented to the suppression of the "Tribune," had it not uniformly laboured, by the anarchy of its doctrines, to produce anarchy in the state

M. Pol. You must have got my report by heart, for these are also my expressions. I find, moreover, that a law is now in discussion in the Chamber for removing prosecutions against the press from the cognizance of juries. This is another plagiarism from our ordonnances

M. L. The Prince is perfectly right.

M. Pol. But further, although we felt that a turbulent democracy was preparing to supersede all law, and although we abolished the freedom of the press, dissolved the new Chamber, repealed the existing law of elections, and ordained a new one, we did not go so far as this Chamber and the present Government have done in depriving France altogether of the power of associating for political purposes. We left the law of Napoleon on that subject untouched

M. G. Mon Dieu! what was to be done? In every street there was an association organized for the diffusion of Republican principles. Were we to suffer them to go on until they conquered us, or were we to put them down at once?

M. Pol. I do not, of course, mean to censure your policy. You have at this moment eight hundred individuals under arrest in Paris charged with political offences—your hospitals are crowded with citizens sabred by the Guards—there are nearly one hundred dead bodies waiting to be recognized, slain in your streets—more property and a greater number of lives have been lost lately in Lyons than during the most sanguinary scenes of the revolution—and you are expelling your subjects from all parts of the territory;—these are events which never could have occurred under the

reign of Charles X., for he abdicated his throne rather than attempt to keep it at the expense of French blood.

M. Per The Prince speaks the truth. It must be no longer concealed that he was well informed of the state of the kingdom when he presented his report to Charles X., and that we are now only taking the steps which he should have adopted at that period.

Gen L. Ah! if we had but again the opportunity of choosing between a republic and a monarchy! I protest I see no difference whatever between Charles X. and Louis Philippe—between Persil and Polignac.

M. Pol It will follow, therefore, that if I am to remain at Ham with my colleagues in misfortune, the present Ministers should participate in our punishment; but if the Chamber will not impeach the Government, we, who are guilty only in intention of what they have reduced to practice, should be restored to freedom.

THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

MOSCOW.

He comes—he comes—from the land of snows!
 The quaking Earth his footstep knows,
 And the Sun looks cold, and dim, and pale,
 Through the gathering tempest's murky veil
 He comes—the Winds, in numbers deep,
 Herald his march from steep to steep,
 And the voice of the Cataract, less remote,
 Welcomes his advent in louder note,
 And the Forest is doffing his leafy crown
 And the Mountain is casting his chaplet down;
 And the swallow is winging her way afar
 To the climes where the grape and the citron are.
 Ye may trace his steps by the cloud and shower,
 And the faded grass, and the fallen flower,
 And the ritted elm, and the scattered flock
 And the hovel crush'd by the loos'n'd rock
 He has swept the fields of their golden store,
 He has blacken'd with wicks the sandy shore
 Clamour, and Tumult, and Fear, and Pain,
 And Famine, and Death, are in his train
 Bind his brow with a chaplet sere,
 Crown ye the Victor of the Year!
 A louder shout! let it rend the sky—
 Proclaim a nobler victory!
 He has stricken a King in his hour of might,
 He has wither'd the arm that was strong in fight!
 He came, when the burning city's glare
 Stream'd through the dark and sulphurous air,
 When the lance and sword were black with gore,
 And the trumpet's clang, and the cannon's roar,
 And groan, and shout, and laugh, and yell,
 And shriek, and curse were likest Hell.
 In tempest, and in cloud, he came,
 Quell'd was the battle, quench'd the flame,
 Feeble the hands that never fail'd,
 And faint the hearts that never quail'd
 Crown ye the Victor!—bind his brow
 With the undying laurel bough!

AN ESSAY ON WONDERING.

I WONDER what sort of a place this world would be, if we had nothing to wonder at. I do not at all approve of the *nil admirari* system, for we cannot help wondering, and if we attempt to avoid it, we are sure to fail. Nay, if a man, by any effort of mind, has arrived at that pitch of perfection as to wonder at nothing, he must, of course, wonder at himself, that he is so much superior to the rest of the world. But show me the man who never wonders, and I will show you the man who never thinks. Everything was made to be wondered at, and we were made to wonder at everything. Asses never wonder, they take everything for granted, and seem to be complete fatalists. They receive the cudgel as patiently as if it were pre-ordained, and essential to the harmony of the universe. We intellectual folk, who are not asses, investigate, think, wonder, and cease to wonder, but we have no sooner ceased to wonder at one thing than we begin to wonder at another.

I am willing to grant that there is nothing new under the sun, but, for all that, we live in a very wonderful world, and are constantly surrounded by a world of wonders. In good sooth, I am inclined to think that everything is wonderful, and that the greatest wonder in the world would be to find anything not wonderful. We can scarcely take up a newspaper without finding something wonderful—such as a wonderful turnip, six feet in circumference, or a wonderful primrose, in a wonderful garden, in consequence of the wonderful mild weather. I remember that when I was at school, my master used to wonder at my assurance that I should dare to disobey, in any one particular, his high behests, and I, in turn, used to wonder at him for wondering at me, so I had my revenge in retaliation,—wonder for wonder—tit for tat,—only I did not tell him of my wonder. I kept that to myself, and I verily believe, now I come to think of it, that my wonder was much the sincerest of the two. If you wish to write an essay, or to begin a conversation, and are at a loss for something to write or talk about, only write or say “I wonder,” and something will be sure to follow.

Wondering is the peculiar faculty and privilege of human and intellectual beings. I have said above that asses do not wonder: they have not wit enough. I was going to say that wondering may be applied as a distinctive epithet of the human species, and that Plato might have amended his definition by this addition, but I fear I should be wrong. Plato, you must know, defined man as a featherless biped, upon which Diogenes, who was what the world calls a wicked wag, stripped the feathers from a poor, unfortunate bantam-cock, and exultingly exclaimed, “There is Plato’s man!” Now, if Plato, in order to render his definition more definite, had defined man to be a wondering, featherless biped, Diogenes would still have been down upon him, saying, “Look at Plato’s man—a featherless biped, *wondering* what has become of his feathers!”

If, however, wondering be not altogether and exclusively confined to the human species, it exists among them in its greatest perfection and delightful fulness. It is by wondering that we are kept awake all day. When cats and dogs have had their dinner they go to sleep; but man keeps awake, wondering what cats and dogs can find to dream about,

that they sleep so much. Man wonders at all he sees, and at all he hears. He wonders at the past, and he wonders at the present, and he wonders at the future. He wonders backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and all round about. He wonders at himself, and he wonders at his neighbours. He wonders at man's folly, and he wonders at man's wisdom. He wonders that he knows so much, and he wonders that he knows so little. He wonders at the regularity of the material world, and he wonders at the regularity of the moral world. He wonders at the regular return of the seasons, and he wonders at the infinite variety of them. Because he wonders, he seeks for knowledge that his wonder may abate, and yet the more he learns, and the more he knows, the more does his wonder increase. We do now and then meet with a poor witless ignoramus, who says, with a marvellously wise look, "I have learned to wonder at nothing." Now, with all due deference to this Master Wiseacre, we are compelled to say, that this very speech is a proof that he wonders at everything. For how has he learned to cease from wonder? By what process has he been led to leave off, or to fancy that he has left off, wondering? Why, simply because he has been so bothered and perplexed by the wonders around him, that he has ceased from thinking at all. He could see nothing which did not excite his wonder, and therefore has shut his mind's eye that he may cease from his perplexity. This ceasing to wonder is, therefore, mere talk. Thought itself is wonder. The more a man thinks, the more he wonders. Wonders increase in a geometrical ratio, the solution of one is the creation of two. The very beauty of wonder is our utter inextricability from it. Existence itself, which seems to be the simplest idea in the world, is an inscrutable wonder, and non-existence is a greater wonder. To be, is marvellous, and not to be, is more marvellous still. But we must not be metaphysical, and yet how can we avoid metaphysics when we are discoursing on wonders, for metaphysics are of all things the most wonderful. They are wonderful, because it is a wonder that, for so many centuries, so many books on the subject should have been read and written, and nobody should be a bit the wiser for them, and yet it would be more wonderful still, if people should have been wiser for books of metaphysics. It is wonderful that so many volumes of metaphysics should have been written, and it is more wonderful that they should have been read. We are sometimes wondering that the study of metaphysics should be out of fashion, and then, again, we wonder that it should ever have been in fashion. One cannot help wondering what the metaphysicians were thinking about when they wrote such books, and one wonders whether they expected that their books would ever be read. Indeed the world of letters is as full of wonders as any part of the universe. We wonder how people can find materials for writing so many books, and we wonder how the world can find time for reading them, and we wonder how the world can find patience to read some of them, and we wonder how the world can find money to buy them withal. To live without wondering is something like attempting to live without breathing, for is not wonder the breath of our intellectual life? It is said that extremes meet; and in this matter they certainly do, for if it were a supposable case that any mind could actually cease to wonder by surpassing all its difficulties, unravelling all its perplexities, and rising above all its clouds, fogs, and obscurities, it would have no motive to think, and its

mental powers would cease for want of exercise, and it would be even as no mind at all.

Truly, the most wonderful of all things is, that men are miserable because they cannot get rid of that which constitutes their happiness. Does not this last sentence sound like a most impudent paradox? Yet it is true as truth itself. It is true of every part of our being, and of every interest in life. We are miserable because we cannot get rid of our pains, sorrows, cares, and disappointments, and yet the very happiness of our lives, the very delightfulness of our being, consists in the ease which follows pain, in the joy that contrasts with sorrow, in the alleviation of our cares, and in the successes which so brightly and so beautifully alternate with our disappointments. We wish to have no pains, no sorrows, no cares, no disappointments, and what would life be without them? Even so is it with the wonders that perplex and bewilder the understanding, buffeting the mind different ways—now driving it to doubt, and now fixing it in faith. The ambitious and aspiring genius, which having learned its A, B, C, about ten minutes before the usual time, and having by its own unprompted sagacity discovered that the best way of seeing through a millstone is to look through the hole in the middle of it, thinks itself born to solve all perplexities, and to rise to an empyrean height of intellectual glory,—feels sadly disappointed that any mysteries should remain in nature, and that any knowledge should be above its reach, forgetting that the very use of mind is to grapple with difficulties, and that our knowledge would not be worth a straw were it not for our ignorance. Mind is of no use when it has ceased to wonder, even as life is of no use when its struggles are all over. All the charm and interest of reading consists in wondering what will come next. And as they who have no troubles made for them will be sure to make some for themselves, so they, if there could be any such, who could find no intellectual perplexities in nature, would be desirous of making some intellectual knots for themselves, in order that they might have the pleasure of untying them. In fact, we are so exceedingly fond of wondering, that we would go miles and miles to see anything wonderful—not that we need go far for that matter, seeing that we are surrounded with wonders; but let that pass—we are never so completely and heartily attracted by anything as by the cry of wonder. All the world ran wondering after the learned pig, forgetting, however, that it was equally wonderful that one pig was not as learned as another. The title of *Wonderful Magazine* did wonders for a periodical some years ago;—but it shall be said that of late years we are all grown wiser, and that we do not now run after such trash and trumpery as learned pigs and wonderful magazines. The truth is, that we are as fond of wonders as ever, only as the extraordinary has ceased to excite us from its want of novelty, we are now intent upon universal knowledge of the ordinary, that we may find food for our wonder in that which is common and quotidian. We are all wondering—some at ourselves and some at our neighbours. We are wondering at the march of intellect, but we are also wondering at the heavy, baggage of ignorance which hovers and hangs in its rear. We wonder how any one can be content to remain in ignorance; we wonder that people should give themselves so much trouble to acquire knowledge, which knowledge, after all, teaches them little more than their own ignorance—as the increase of lights, in a boundless cavern of darkness, only serves the more effectually to show how great that darkness is.

THE MACHINERY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

THERE is not, and never has been, a civilized country of modern Europe—nor was there ever a nation amongst the ancients, which had arrived at even a secondary stage of civilization, in which a man, or a body of men, could violate the laws, except by stealth, by cunning contrivances, and by all those expedients and resources which can be created by skilful and experienced criminals, desperate in vice and yet reckless of its consequences. In all countries, ancient and modern, professional or habitual law breakers have been obliged to hold their assemblies in private, and to contrive their depredations with the utmost secrecy. They have been driven to an exertion of astonishing ingenuity in manœuvres, in order to avoid suspicion, to elude discovery, to baffle pursuit, to escape conviction, or to propitiate mercy.

In England, however, the case is directly the reverse. Here, although we pride ourselves on our high degree of civilization and pre-eminence of humanity, though we boast that our institutions are superior to those of all other nations of the ancient or modern world, a set of individuals, of the vilest of all possible descriptions, will not only make law-breaking their trade, but will openly set the laws at defiance, beard all public functionaries, and outrage the feelings of all society,—and all this with the parade of every species of studied and even expensive publicity. They will advertise that they wish to break the laws, and that they want aiders and abettors. They will set forth in the newspapers that they intend to violate the law—that at certain places, and at certain times, they intend to assemble for that purpose—they will then announce when and where their offence is to be committed—they will next parade in the press where they are to share their plunder, and when they will repeat their crime.

After an extensive depredation, attended by some horrible murders, an Englishman saw the gang of bandits joyously making purchases and carousing on their plunder in an Italian city, and he expressed his abhorrence of a government and police so corrupt as to tolerate such a system. He was reminded that, in England, the most notorious criminals were not only seen every day and all day long in the metropolis, but that houses were licensed by the magistrates for their accommodation, and they were allowed to be, on a secret understanding with the police. The Englishman hung his head, and said no more.

Were the habit of giving publicity to anticipated crimes in England narrated to a foreigner of any nation, no confidence in the narrator could create belief. The foreigner would say, “Such practices, even such a system, might exist in some half-civilized parts of the world—it might be impossible to prevent such practices, for instance, in the new States of South America, where society is always in a vortex of revolution, where the magistrates are weak, timid, truckling, or corrupt, where jurisprudence is but little understood, or where, as far as it is understood, there is no machinery, and no force of public opinion, to coerce to an obedience of the law; but to say that such publicly-advertised defiances of the magistracy and breaches of the law can take place in a Christian country like England is to outrage the decency of narration. If the foreigner were to say, “You must surely speak of the violation of some obsolete laws, some laws of the barbarous ages, which now shock

the moral sense and outrage the improved reason of your country—laws of which the violation is a virtue and the observance is an infamy.” Were he to add, “this must be the case, for of all people, ancient or modern, the English are the most superstitious venerator of their ancestors, and they hold it a desecration to repeal laws, of which of all nations they would be the most prone to punish the observance”—were a foreigner to say this, what would be his surprise were the Englishman to reply, “So far from your doctrine being true, the laws that are thus violated by public advertisement are not Gothic, barbarous laws, that shock the finer feelings and higher moral sense of the present generation. They are, on the contrary, the laws of the present generation, that most especially are approved of by the intellect of the age; that are the most consonant to the existing state of society; and that fervidly excite the sympathy of all the religious, reflecting, and honest parts of every grade of social existence from one end of the kingdom to the other.” The foreigner would deem this to be impossible, and, above all, (if impossibility be a term of degree or limit,) he would say, that such things, casual, much less habitual, never could have been witnessed in a country like England for very many generations. We do not think that a foreigner’s incredulity would be lessened, if he were told that not only are these daring and criminal violations of the law publicly advertised in England, but the criminals, from the most humble to the most atrocious, are the favourites of the magistracy, and are actually licensed and specially protected in their trade.

Let this preliminary now be illustrated by recent facts

In the last Number of the “New Monthly,” we set forth how the public peace was broken, on the largest scale, by the practice of prize-fighting—how extensively these brutal and unmanly exhibitions demoralized the lower orders, and to what a degree they laid whole neighbourhoods open to the depredations of the immensely numerous gangs of thieves of every class that invariably get up and attend at every fight. We will now show the enormous folly, not to say the guilt, of our public functionaries, in actually licensing and specially protecting the chief agents of these disturbers of society. We will take five or six special cases, the first relating to the most respected, and, we believe, the most respectable of our prize-fighters. If these facts attach to the most respectable of the class, the public may imagine what are the characters and what the conduct of the less reputable of the pugilists: our object relates, however, not to persons, but to a system, and to society in general.

A man professes in the newspapers that he has no avocation, trade, or labour by which he can subsist, except that of prize-fighting, which is strictly prohibited by law. He accordingly fights eight principal battles, each being advertised for months before they take place, and each being a congregation of thieves, accompanied with every description of robbery. This same man, moreover, is constantly officiating as second, or in some other capacity, at all fights at which he is not an actual combatant. At one place, he and another man second a fellow named Martin, in a prize-fight with one Randal. The two seconds*, Martin, and his backer, a Captain E——, a man of fortune, enter the ring in exactly similar costume, all the funds being supplied by the Captain. Shortly after, this unfortunate gentleman is so swindled of his property

* Need we hesitate to name that one of these seconds was Thurtell.

by "the fancy," that in a fit of despair he commits suicide. Shortly after the fight, one of the seconds is hanged for a murder, so greatly exceeding in atrocity the usual character of this most atrocious of all human crimes, that it has almost effaced the recollection of previous murders.

Thus, of the two seconds and the gentleman backer, we have already one suicide and one execution; and what becomes of the other second? He afterwards seconds Byrne in a fight, in which Byrne is killed; he having just before killed in a prize-fight an unfortunate wretch named Mackay. Here then we have two murders or manslaughters, one suicide, and one execution. Does this pugilist now fly his vocation, crying, "My conscience is seared with blood, and I will sin no more; I will shun the paths of the law-breaker and the shedder of blood?" One would suppose that he did, for he is immediately taken in favour by the magistrates, and licensed to keep a public-house; and let us see how he uses his means of retracing his steps. Is his house as strictly watched as the police magistrates pretend to watch all public-houses? On one occasion this landlord fought on his own premises (in his great room) Jem Burn, another prize-fighter; and on another occasion, in this same room, he got up a fight between two prize-fighters named Ready and Dobell. On another occasion, a meeting of the swell mob, black-legs, pugilists, and desperate characters was held at this tavern, upon the subject of a recent fight between Dutch Sam and Ned O'Neil, and the chair was taken by a literary and sporting gentleman, one of the fancy. The room was crowded to excess, when Sampson, a resolute pugilist, accused the landlord of being a thief and swindler, by getting up crosses, and this of Sam's amongst the rest. The landlord would have taken summary vengeance, and he advanced with demonstrations of his design; but the feelings of the company were so much in unison with his accuser, that Hercules and champion as he was, he was obliged to fly the room. The accusation was then transferred to the chairman; the desperate and incensed company were on the point of assailing him with various weapons; four out of the six candles they extinguished, when a reporter seized the other two, jumped on the table, and held them up out of reach; whilst three or four persons seized the chairman and bore him out of the room, more dead than alive with terror. Had the intended murder been perpetrated, and it was on the very ace of perpetration, there would have been a stop put to licensing flash-houses and pugilists; for in this country all abuses are disregarded until some such catastrophe awakens the public senses*.

We will suppose that the magistrates are ignorant of such facts. Two prize-fights in a room crammed with desperate ruffians, habitual breakers of the law, and this at night, must have produced vociferation, riot, outrage, and torrents of abuse and oaths; but still, even the new police, with all their boasted vigilance and omniscience, may have been ignorant of it. When this meeting was ended, and the chairman had been rescued from assassination, the swell mob and thieves left the room, and assembling round the street-door, gave three cheers, with three vociferations that "all the b——y Peelers in London dared not attack them."

All this was sufficiently alarming to the neighbours and passengers; but still the police, old and new, may have been utterly ignorant of the scenes, or of all things relating to the persons and locality connected with such practices. We do not suspect the police of connivance or

* Cook-fighting and advertised sparring-matches take place in this house,—and at night.

bribery. So much for the *argumentum ad ignorantiam*—so much for a latitude to ignorance.

But in a weekly sporting paper, of very great circulation amongst all those classes to which the attention of a police ought to be directed, this house, and all similar houses kept by ex-pugilists, are the constant subjects of puffs, paragraphs, and advertisements.

In this paper, speaking of this house in particular, we find under date of 12th January last, an announcement that "*the fourth deposit for this MILL, between the veterans (Tom Oliver and Ben Burn), was made good on Tuesday evening, at the ——— Tavern, in the presence of a more numerous assemblage of the fancy than we have witnessed for some months. Even bets were made on first blood, first knock-down, and winning the battle,*" &c. &c. Under date of Jan. 19, the same paper says, "*The THIRD deposit for this match (Swift and Atkinson) was made at the ——— Tavern, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a numerous circle;*" and in another paragraph, "*The ——— Tavern was filled on Friday evening with the sons of song,*" a sporting character being in the chair. The next week, the fight between Tom Oliver and Ben Burn is described with atrocious ribaldry in this sporting paper, and the name of this keeper of the ——— Tavern, at which the fourth deposit was received, appears in the description. But in this paper of Feb. 9, we find, "*according to agreement, a meeting is to take place to-morrow evening, at the ——— Tavern, to enter into regular articles for this match,*" (between young Dutch Sam and Tom Gaynor.) We must here observe that this case is strongly aggravated by the fact, that during all the many public meetings advertised at this house on succeeding weeks, to get up this fight, this said Dutch Sam was under articles to keep the peace. What an impudent mockery of the law, what a scandalous defiance of the magistracy, is here publicly announced!

According to this paper of 2nd March, all the final arrangements of the fight between Swift and Atkinson were made at this ——— Tavern, on Wednesday night, the 26th February last. On Tuesday 4th, the fight took place, actually on the very site of a previous murder by fighting; and the sporting paper of Sunday, March 9, announces that the keeper of this said tavern figured in the ring, together with three fighters, one a felon just released from the hulks, and two other fighters who had been tried for the murder of the pugilist that had been killed on the same spot. Finally, the sporting paper of 16th March announces, that at this very tavern, on Tuesday, 11th March, at ten at night, "*THE BATTLE-MONEY, the reward of valour, was handed to the fortunate winner, and all bets were immediately paid; the house was crowded to an overflow, every room being a bumper.*" To come to a climax, this was immediately on the eve of the period for licensing such houses, and yet, from that day to this, not a week has elapsed without the sporting paper containing advertisements of the nights on which similar crowds of thieves, black-legs, and lawless ruffians are to assemble, in order to get up these illegal and most scandalous breaches of the peace, and contrivances of crimes.

This is only one, and perhaps the least guilty one, of these flash-houses. The sporting paper has many similar advertisements relating to each of the houses kept by ex-pugilists, and they amount to half a score in London alone.

We will now give a further brief illustration of the extremely barba-

rous and immoral notions which exist in this country upon the subject of police :—

At the height of the fashionable season of London, in the last year, it happened that a rivalry in trade took place between two of the fighting gang. A Jew fighter is a keeper of a brothel, and one of the fancy arrived from Manchester with a larger capital, and set up many houses of the same description. In order to suppress this competition, the Jew procured mobs of pickpockets and trulls, who assembled round his rival's houses all day, broke his windows, assailed him with shouts of the most disgusting language, paraded before the doors with infamous placards, and thus for weeks, even in the most fashionable promenade of our metropolis (Regent-street), the ears and eyes of modest females, the aged, and respectable parts of society, were insulted and disgusted with these scenes of infamy, the police not interfering, though the whole secret of these outrages upon decency was so well known to them.

One other case will suffice to establish our position. There is a Jew prize-fighter, who is notorious in police-reports for deeds of outrage committed by him in a brothel, which he keeps in one of the most dangerous cut-throat alleys leading out of the Strand. This man likewise keeps a gambling-house near Leicester-square, for the accommodation of trulls and juvenile pickpockets, at which the stakes played for may be as low as three-pence. In addition to this, he is the keeper of another gambling house, in Pickering-court, St. James's*. On one recent occasion, the neighbourhood is alarmed by cries of murder issuing from the house. They rush in, with the assistance of the police, and find an old man weltering in his blood. Among those apprehended is a man, we believe a stage-fighter, who confesses that he is hired as the bulley of the house, by its owner, a prize-fighter, and brother Jew. But the whole scene, as described in the police-report of a morning paper, is admirably illustrative of our wretched state of police, and of our most barbarous notions of justice, as well as of the means of protecting the public.

One would imagine that this man's gambling-house, his other gambling-house, and his brothels, would be suppressed after such scenes; but, so far from it, he is in triumph in all, and in the sporting paper before alluded to, dated 6th April, less than one month after, he is announced as having acted, in conjunction with the celebrated leader of a swell mob, as a second in a fight between Tom Smith and Barney Aaron,—all the contrivance and sequel of the fight having been got up by PUBLIC AND PERIODICAL ADVERTISEMENTS in the aforesaid ——— tavern, licensed by the magistrates, and kept by the pugilist, as we have before stated.

Let us further illustrate an ex-pugilist's flash-house. In a newspaper of January 19th, is a police-report, in which two men are remanded on a charge of robbery on the river Thames. The report says—

“ Soon after the prisoners were locked up, a tall stout Jew, whose face was almost covered with a large pair of bushy whiskers, and who is well known as a procurer of bail at several police-offices, accompanied by Joshua Hudson, the well-known pugilist, applied to the magistrates, and asked if

* And of a brothel near Long Acre, in which his son and wife were recently fined 15*l.* for a ferocious assault upon a woman, who attempted to rescue her niece, of twelve years old, from this haunt of infamy.

bail could not be taken for the prisoners, who were described by the Jew as very honest, respectable men. Mr Broderip asked who the applicant was?

“*The Jew* ‘I am a merchant, Sir, well known on ‘Change.’”

“*Mr B* ‘A merchant—That is a very general term. What merchant are you?’”

“*The Jew* ‘Why, Sir, a merchant. I am a wealthy merchant.’”

“*Mr B* ‘What merchandize do you export or import?’”

“*The Jew* ‘Oh, Sir, I am a merchant, I live in the city; a general dealer, a regular merchant, Sir, I trade in everything.’”

“*Mr B* ‘Oh, you do. What do you know of the prisoners?’”

“*The Jew* ‘I know them to be very industrious, respectable men. I can put in good bail for them. Will you liberate them?’”

“*Mr B* ‘No, indeed, I shall not, and you may take your bail elsewhere. I have done with you, Mr Merchant.’”

“*The Jew* ‘Will a good character next Saturday do them any service? I can bring plenty of witnesses.’”

“*Mr B* ‘I know you can. You may go, Sir.’”

Josh Hudson now stepped forward, and making a bow, said he knew one of the prisoners, who was an industrious young man, and he would give bail for him—said he was a publican.

“*Mr B* ‘Commonly called Josh Hudson, the John Bull fighter? Go your way, Sir.’”

Josh Hudson stated at this recognition, and taking up his hat made another bow, exclaiming, ‘I wish you a very good morning, Sir. He then left the office with the merchant.’

“*Mr B* ‘They are two of the “fancy,” and there is a strong muster of them in the street. Their impudence is really astonishing.’”

“Yesterday, the prisoners were again brought up, and sentenced to two months imprisonment and hard labour, for being on the Thames at an unseasonable hour for the purpose of committing felony.”

But this Hudson’s house is still licensed, and he is weekly advertised as holding meetings in his house, for the purpose of getting up fights.

We now dismiss the subject. Would it not seem, even from the few statements we have made, that our magistrates might almost be called a band of gentlemen employed in licensing flash-houses and patronizing prize-fighters, with a view to facilitate and multiply crimes, and to diffuse immorality and wretchedness amongst the lower orders? That such a system of police—that such an administration of the laws, cannot last much longer is obvious, but it must astonish every reflecting mind that it could have continued after any gleam of civilization had been infused amongst us. Either legalize prize-fighting, with all its attendant offences and crimes, or put the laws against it in force, for to hold up to example the open defiance of the law in one instance is the way to bring the laws in general—and all that administer them—into contempt. A foreigner, upon reading such things, would infallibly ask two questions—How can any man of honour and probity—how can any man of religious principles, act as a sworn, and even as a stipendiary, magistrate, and thus encourage the open violation of the law, which his oath and all his duties bind him to enforce? Secondly, if magistrates will act thus, is there no minister of the interior, no minister of justice, no secretary of state for the home department, no one public functionary whatever, to call the magistrates to account, to compel them to a performance of their duties, or even to punish them for a persevering dereliction?

The number of deaths that have recently been occasioned by prize-fights is really extraordinary. The sense of the country is roused upon

the subject, and it is but justice due to the great body of dissenters, to acknowledge that they have taken the lead in their efforts to suppress such detestable practices. Their great interests at stake in the manufacturing districts have made them well acquainted with the condition, habits, and feelings of the working-classes, and they feel deeply the demoralization and mischiefs produced, not only by prize-fighting, but by the crimes and criminals inseparably connected with it. The great prize-ring, or fancy of London, as long as it is allowed to exist, will have its awkward and humble imitators throughout the country, and a general depravity is thus diffused in all directions, but principally amongst the lowest classes, and amongst the worst disposed of those classes.

R.

THE FEATURES.

THAT mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,
 My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes;
 For the Features composing the visage one day
 Most cruelly fell to abusing the *Nose*.
 First the LIPS took it up, and their reason was this,—
 That the *Nose* was a bane both to beauty and love;
 And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,
 For that horrid protuberance jutting above!
 Then EYES, not behind in the matter to be,
 With a sparkle began, as I've oftentimes seen 'em,
 And vow'd it was perfectly shocking to see
 Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em.
 The CHEEKS, with a blush, said the flightiest shade
 By the *Nose* o'er then bloom and their beauty was thrown;
 And EARS couldn't bear the loud trumpeting made
 Whenever that troublesome member was blown!
 So 'twas moved and agreed, without dallying more,
 To thrust the intruder at once from the face;
 But *Nose*, hearing this, most indignantly swore,
 By the breath of his nostrils, he'd stick to his place!
 Then, addressing the EYES, he went learnedly through
 His defence, and inquired, when their vigour was gone,
 Pray what would their worships for spectacles do,
 If the Face had no *Nose* to hang spectacles on?
 Mankind, he observed, loved their scent as their sight;
 Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?
 And the charge of the LIPS was as frivolous quite;
 For if LIPS fancied kissing, pray why mightn't *Noses*?
 As for EARS, (and in speaking *Nose* scornfully call'd,)
 Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing;
 And not all the EARS, EYES, or LIPS in the world,
 Should keep him *unblown*, or prevent him from sneezing.
 To the CHEEKS, he contended, he acted as screen,
 And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather;
 And, but that he stood like a land-mark between,
 The FACE had been nothing but *cheek altogether!*
 With eloquence thus he repell'd their abuse,
 With logical clearness defining the case;
 And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use,
 That an argument's plain "as the nose on your face!"

L O N D O N I D Y L S.

No. II.

DAMON—SYLVIA.

Damon. SEE here, another day as bright as yesterday ; a little walk will not fatigue you, Sylvia.

Sylvia. No, my Damon. I have refreshed myself with three lamb-cutlets and a glass of Guinness's brown-stout as Dr. Granville ordered, and am equal now to any gentle exercise.

Damon. Again we'll range the town and view the streets St. James's yields, and let the carriage be at Hyde Park Corner Cross here, my Sylvia—this is Cleveland-row—there, on your right, lives Mrs. Bell, the milliner, whose lovely daughter is a *belle* indeed ; and next dwells Nussey, partner late with Walker, who is privileged to physic royalty and make up medicine for their Majesties, beyond lives Viscount Lowther, who was chosen for two counties in the present Parliament, although he stood for neither.

Sylvia. And those tall windows on the left ?

Damon. The apartments of the Duke of Cumberland ; that mansion on the right is now Lord Francis Egerton's, that is Tom Grenville's, and the next is Ellice's.

Sylvia. What, Henry Ellis of the Pells ?

Damon. Oh, no, my gentle Sylvia, quite another man, he spells his name *El-lis*—this one *El-luce*—He is of War the Secretary.

Sylvia. Of war—a soldier ?

Damon. Not he—he *was* a merchant—but times are altered, his tubs and firkins are exchanged for tape and boxes, and when the men of Westminster drove John Cam Hobhouse from his seat, and he resigned his office, the gentle Edward stepped into his shoes—

Sylvia. Tub and firkins, Damon—Why did *he* succeed to such high place ?

Damon. He married Lord Grey's sister—That yellow house beyond, up in the corner, is Lord Durham's, late Lord Privy Seal.

Sylvia. Why was he Privy Seal ?

Damon. He married Lord Grey's daughter. In other days, Lord Grenville (lately dead) dwelt there, after his Lordship, Andrews, once a Powder Merchant, to whom the ghost of Littleton appeared ; the wags of former years thus wrote him—Andrews, M P, P.M, P M, M P.

Sylvia. Explain me that conundrum, Damon

Damon. Miles Peter were his names—so far M.P. ; he was a Powder Merchant—so P M. ; he sat in Parliament for Bewdley—thus was M.P. ; and was besides a Prologue Maker for the Players—thus P.M.

Sylvia. Pleasing conceit !

Damon. That large square building is the Duke of Sutherland's, built for the late lamented Duke of York, but never lived in by him. This at the corner is Lord Fitzroy Somerset's, one of our bravest heroes, who well deserves the charming fair he won. So—through this passage, and we are in the Park.

Sylvia. This is a goodly prospect. What a noble range of buildings on the rising ground!

Damon. Soon will we visit those. Here is Lord Spencer's house, Lord Arden's, Burdett's, and Sam Rogers's, the fronts of which I showed you yesterday; that is Lord Suffield's, that Lord Bathurst's, and that the nautical Lord Yarborough's—amphibious Baron. Here grow the Holyoaks; and this is Lady Salisbury's, whose hospitable roof gives shelter to the world of fashion once or twice a week throughout the season. That is Lord Sefton's, whose cookery and carriages astound the world; his son, Lord Molyneux, marries next month Miss Hopwood, niece of the late Lord Torrington.

Sylvia. The next looks handsomely.

Damon. That is Lord Camden's, Sylvia; he who has given his country, from his private purse, more than two hundred thousand pounds, due to his Lordship as a teller.

Sylvia. What is a teller? tell me pray.

Damon. Why *not* a teller, taller is the word, so named because he keeps the tallies, which in the olden time were long white sticks, cut into notches. This is Lord Belfast's, the King's Vice-Chamberlain.

Sylvia. Does he keep tallies?

Damon. No—he has indeed a long white stick to bear before his Majesty, but *that* is a stick his Lordship does not mean to cut.

Sylvia. Here is a lovely sheet of water.

Damon. Sheet, my Sylvia?—'tis the basin—a favourite resort of nursery-maids, who hither bring the smoke-dried children of the narrow streets to sweeten them. These rails have lately been erected; for, while those careful guardians of the infant race were flirting with young lawyers' clerks, tailors' apprentices, or lofty grenadiers, (each to her taste,) scores of the gentle babies fell into the water.

Sylvia. Distressing thought! Whose house is that, with balls upon the walls?

Damon. It is his Grace the Duke of Devonshire's. The balls without are but the types of those within. His Grace's parties are the best in London; but pleasure oftentimes brings punishment: in practising a step, his Grace disordered much his knee, so that not e'en the staff he holds could bear him up, nor the blue garter which he wears support the joints. He is abroad bathing in brimstone, but 'tis hoped he soon will make St. James's glitter with his gaetics.

Sylvia. And that bow-window?

Damon. Is another Duke's—St. Alban's—Hereditary Falconer to the King—married to Miss Coutts, the banker's widow, erst Miss Mellon, of whom it may be said she plays her part in real life as well as those which she enacted on the mimic stage. Next is my Lady Guildford's, Mr. Coutts's daughter, sister to Lady Burdett.

Sylvia. That yellow house beyond?

Damon. Is Alexander Baring's; the wags of London call it the *loan* house, and yet 'tis gay enough within. That at the corner, just beyond, is Francis Const's, the able, upright magistrate, who has for many years presided at the sessions. Here is the Duke of Grafton's.

Sylvia. This street abounds in dukes.

Damon. Sprung from the same illustrious ancestry with him of whom I last was speaking—Beauclerks and Fitzroys, like the Lennoxes, are of King Charles's breed.

Sylvia. So 'is the little dog you bought for me on Thursday.

Damon. Sweet Sylvia, so he is. *Here* lives a duke descended truly from a king—the Duke of Cambridge, viceroy he of Hanover, where he resides great portion of the year. See, Keat and Jones are ringing at the bell. His Royal Highness, I should think, must be expected. Next dwells a lady with a name it takes much trouble to pronounce.

Sylvia. What is this quite deserted mansion?

Damon. Some thirty years ago, or more, it was begun by Barry, Earl of Barrymore—it was not then completed—Escudier next assailed it—made a hotel—finished the building, and eventually himself. Within its walls dwelt Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, in those days when England's fame and glory touched their highest point, and foreign monarchs flocked around the throne of George the Fourth, to do our king and country honour. It then became Lord Hertford's, who well nigh rebuilt it, but soon quitted it, and next a Club possessed it. That Club broke down, and then broke up—the speculation failed, and its conductors vanished. Since then it has remained untenanted.

Sylvia. And see what lovely flowers in yon window!

Damon. That is Lord Coventry's, there he sits, conning the world and making observations,—he is a shrewd and clever peer. Nay, do not look too long—those rural roses blooming on your cheeks already catch his eye. He reads, or seems to read, but 'tis in nature's book, and not the one he holds—This is the Baron Rothschild's.

Sylvia. The Jew of whom I heard my father speak?

Damon. A *jeu d'esprit*, if any. It is not now thought right to make distinctions in religion, nature, unerring nature, has done much for him and his. We will no more of this—Leave him *a loan*, and let's pass on to Fuller's handsome shop, where “pomp takes physic” to its special care.

Sylvia. These houses are but small

Damon. “The cabins are convenient”

Sylvia. Who lives in them?

Damon. Tupman and Saville, Dolphin and De Roos, Halford and Gunston, Sandilands and Dr Thompson

Sylvia. This is a goodly building

Damon. 'Tis the Duke of Gloucester's, a prince of gracious kindness,—married to his royal cousin Princess Mary, in whom such grace and dignity unite with elegance, and ease, and unaffected affability, as fill all those who may approach her with gratitude, affection, and respect. Beyond lives Primrose, Earl of Rosebery.

Sylvia. Oh! what a pretty name.

Damon. What's in a name, my Sylvia? “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet” *There* lives Lord Eldon, who for years adorned the judgment seat of Chancery, and did great service in the councils of his King. Beyond, the Lord Great Chamberlain resides, and further Lady Poulett, who, in other days, was called Smith Burgess; further you see Sir Edmund Antrobus, Cockerell, Sir Charles, and Admiral Tollemache.

Sylvia. And this, the last of all—

Damon. This?—this is the casket that contains the brightest gem our nation boasts,—the unconquered hero of a hundred fights,—our Wellington: he who in council can suggest, and in the field can execute his own conceptions.

Sylvia. Is this, indeed, the Duke of Wellington's? I venerate his name. What tasteful blinds those are to shade his windows from the sultry sun!

Damon. No, Sylvia, no; for no such purpose are they there. The Duke can face, with eagle firmness, all the blaze of sun as he can bear the brunt of battle-fire,—but not the dastardly assassin's missile, nor the coward reptile's hidden blow;—to shield the property, perhaps the person of the idol of his country, against whom the dirty hands of those whose freedom he has saved were lifted, were these defences raised I cannot speak of this with patience. Come, my Sylvia, come. here is the carriage waiting as we ordered.

Sylvia. You have told me much, but nothing yet which seems so strange as this.

Again did the fair-haired SYLVIA enter the pink-lined *vis-à-vis*. Again did Damon follow, and such delights had Kensington the day before afforded, that the happy pair retraced their steps, and sought its shady bowers, enlivened by the strains of music breathed to the ambient breezes by the *band of the Blues*.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Deaths and Marriages—The "Play-Houses"—Affairs Abroad—The 'Wooden Walls'—The "Grades" Profession—The recent "Cracks"—Promise of "Performance"—The 'Towl' Murder—Music without Harmony—The Artists—Ireland and Republic—The Queen's Deputation—The Literary Fund—A Martyr.

DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.—THE present season has been remarkable for the number of deaths of persons bequeathing vast properties; the stamp-duties upon which will have a considerable effect in swelling the receipts of revenue during the quarter. Lord Breadalbane has left a sum of nearly 500,000*l*. we are told, to his daughter, Lady Chandos, and his other daughter, Lady Elizabeth Pingle, all his unentailed estates; and to his son, the present Marquis, a rental of upwards of 70,000*l*. a year. Mr Samuel Smith, a brother of Lord Carrington, left behind him nearly 2,000,000*l*. sterling. Mr Alexander Adair has left his nephew, Sir something Roe, the Bow-street Magistrate, and two Mr. Barnings (strangers), equal shares of his fortune, amounting to upwards of 150,000*l*. a piece. Mr Mellish, the contractor, has left his daughters equal fortunes, and Lord Glengall, as residuary legatee, comes into something quite prodigious in amount. Mr Bridge, a partner of Mr Rundell's, has also left a vast sum behind him. The Duke of Sutherland, an enormous mass of property,—in fact, we cannot at the moment recal the names of all those who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," to the manifest advantage of the public revenue. The Marchioness of Hertford is to be numbered in this melancholy list, but we believe all her Ladyship's bequests are to her personal relations.

On the other hand, we have had some spiced marriages. Sir Charles Ogle has married for the third time, and taken to wife Lady Thorold,

who has taken to Sir Charles Ogle, her third husband. Colonel Westra, a son of Lord Rossmore's, has married Lady East, a lady of very extensive fortune—we have heard of the riches of the East before—but, in this case, the lady herself is the real treasure. Dr. Holland has united himself to Miss Saba Smyth, daughter of the Reverend Sidney, and has written, or caused to be written, a snappish paragraph in the newspapers, deteriorating from the claims of the aristocracy, in revenge for a mistake of some penny-a-line reporter, which we think beneath him—it sounds vain, and is, at all events, pre-eminently ridiculous. Miss Fanshaw is dead; and Lady Davy, the fascinating, is going abroad for two years.

The Duke of Devonshire is on his way home—so is Lord Hertford—Lord Mulgrave and his family have arrived, per Rhadamanthus steamer. We never could discover why Lord Mulgrave was recalled from his government; he certainly anticipated the Government at home, by his declaration of coming emancipation; but as they completely justified all his predictions, we cannot comprehend why he should have been removed.

Lord Nugent is also on the return—the *tale* of the White Horse has injured him in the *main*. Sir Dudley Hill, disappointed of Sir Thomas Clarges's fortune, left to Colonel Hare, just come home from Portugal, is appointed Governor of St. Lucie, which government had been offered to Colonel Leith Hay, in lieu of a seat at the Treasury Board, which, in a fit of rashness, Government had tendered to him, before they had heard him speak.

Sir Richard Keats has died; and before he was buried, Sir Thomas Hardy was gazetted into his office of Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Admiral Parker, who has commanded the *neutral* squadron in the Tagus, succeeds Sir Thomas Hardy at the Admiralty. Old Lord De Saumarez has got into a sad scrape at Court for not attending Sir Richard Keats's public funeral. His Lordship pleaded that he could not have been at the funeral, because, at the same hour, he was obliged to attend at the Trinity House, to be sworn in a brother. This is good—but not good enough; for Sir James Graham, who *was* sworn in at the Trinity House nearly an hour before the venerable Guernsey Lord arrived, *had been at the funeral*.

Honest John Woolmore, the Deputy Master of the said Trinity House, and an old acquaintance of the King, has received the Guelphic Order, and is now Sir John. Lord Errol has got the Thistle; and Lords Leitrim and Donoughmore, the two ribands of St. Patrick. There are two Grand Crosses of the Bath vacant by the death of Sir Richard Keats and Sir Edward Thornborough, so that patronage, in the millinery line, has recently flowed in most copiously upon his Majesty's Ministers.

THE "PLAY-HOUSES."—Pretty fun here! Lotteries and masquerades on the stage of Covent-garden. We really must give them up. We have always fought manfully for the privileges of the patentees; but upon what ground—except, indeed, that the concerns are on the verge of ruin—can such displays be defended in places maintained by monopoly for the support of the legitimate drama? It really is too bad.

Abbot and Egerton have been (we suppose by competition) forced to reduce their prices at the Victoria. If this is to do them good, we care

nothing for it they are most deserving actors, and ought to be encouraged. A new play-house, called the Royal Kent, has been opened in Kensington, which we are told is particularly successful. The English Opera House is to be roofed in, they say, next week, the rapidity with which this building has risen from its foundation is quite remarkable. We have no doubt that Mr. Beazley will give another proof of his skill in the construction of this theatre, and when he has finished it, add to the obligations he will have conferred upon the public and the proprietor, by writing a drama which shall fill it, and try its stability to the utmost. The last time we visited the old house there was an overflow,—but, alas! only from the engines pumping on the smoking embers. Arnold should call the new house *The Phoenix*.

AFFAIRS ABROAD—What we said last month about Portuguese affairs was pretty correct, in spite of all that had been said, and despatched, and published previous to our last publication, and for a month since. Affairs are, in fact, just as they were then, and have been for some time. The army of Don Miguel is at Santarem, strong and effective, but yet inactive. Don Pedro is at Lisbon, a constant attendant at the opera with his royal daughter. Lord Howard de Walden has succeeded Lord W. Russell, but by a precipitate movement yet unexplained, by which his Lordship meant to make very short of it, he has got himself into a sort of dilemma from which it is said he is to be rescued by a recall.

We do not pretend to know any of the facts, but it is represented to us that his *extra official* negotiations with Don Miguel to induce him to give up his claim to the throne have been carried on in a more abrupt and direct manner than is usual according to the established rules of diplomacy, and that we are not likely to be much further enlightened in any official way as to what really did occur, as that is the case, it would be extremely unwise to guess away his Lordship's diplomatic character, and we, poor humble folks as we are, shall wait patiently to see whether the obnoxious system is to be adopted, or whether we, in common with the rest of his Majesty's subjects, are to be illuminated upon the details of the affair.

In Spain, there has been a change of ministers, but from all we can learn from the very best sources, the Carlist party is daily gaining strength and influence. Still we do, as we last month advised our readers to do, receive with caution all intelligence from quarters in which those who present it are actuated either by political feeling, or feelings of personal interest in the humeral results of political questions.

In Belgium, there has been an agitation. The list of subscribers to purchase the race-horses of the Prince of Orange, advertised for sale by the Belgian government, for the purpose of presenting them to His Royal Highness, was made the ground of disturbance, and the houses of the principal persons in Brussels, whose names were appended to the subscriptions, suffered most severely,—furniture, pictures, statues, and everything destructible, fell a prey to the mob, who were watched in the proceedings by the police and soldiery, but who were not interfered with or checked in their work of spoliation.

In Paris, a day of barricades and bloodshed occurred on Sunday, the 13th,—exactly one week after the affair at Brussels. Forty thousand men were poured into Paris, and the sovereign-people were driven from

their places of refuge, and order restored, although many lives were lost both on the part of the mob and the troops. The King of the French has issued a violent manifesto against the *barricade* system, by which, as it appears, his Majesty has forgotten he was himself raised to the throne. Everything is now tranquil. At Lyons, upwards of seven thousand lives have been lost in the insurrection; and the same spirit has manifested itself at Grenoble, Marseilles, St. Etienne, &c. In fact, the light of liberalism seems to be shedding its beams over the whole face of civilized Europe.

Since writing the above, it appears that a treaty has been concluded between England and France and the existing Governments of Spain and Portugal, by which the two former powers undertake to take Portugal under their special protection, the first being bound to send a fleet, and the second an army to the Peninsula—the result of the last measure of *non-interference* on the part of this country, it requires no conjuration to anticipate

THE "WOODEN WALLS"—In an age like the present, when more attention is paid to art and science (the latter more particularly) than ever was given to such subjects before it, is extremely gratifying to find, that amongst the numerous discoveries made, some are of great practical utility. None, however, which have resulted from research or accident, have been more important than that which promises most decidedly and effectually to extirpate the dry-rot from our Navy, and our public and private buildings, by the application of a solution, secured by patent to Mr Kyan, who, if not altogether the inventor of the process, has improved upon some suggestions of Sir Humphry Davy, so as to render it available, and successfully available, to every description of timber now in use.

It is now six years since Mr Kyan communicated his principle to the Admiralty, who, having submitted various pieces of timber to the process, have received the most convincing proofs of its efficacy. In the meantime, the timber used in building King's College, the New Library in the Temple, the National Gallery, the London Docks, and the British Museum, has been prepared under Mr Kyan's directions, and in Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Glasgow, Mr K's process has also been most extensively adopted.

To those who are acquainted with the wear and tear of our Navy, and the astounding fact, that of eighteen frigates built in 1814, the average rate of duration was *three years*, the wonderful importance of this discovery will be evident. The charge of building and repairing ships from 1823 to 1833 amounted to nearly nine millions, and in order to prove how much the adoption of the process will save the nation, it may only be necessary to observe that his Majesty's ship *Benbow* was built at an expense of 45,000*l.*, in 1813, and having become infected with the dry-rot, was broken up in 1818, at Portsmouth, *without ever having been to sea.*

This, we say, is one of the advantageous results of those scientific experiments and combinations to which so much attention is given at this period. Of the value of the discovery we have no doubt, and as little doubt of its general application. We only hope that no bigoted disbelief in a cure for dry-rot, on the part of any influential persons,

may check its adoption in the Navy, where its importance to the country must be principally felt.

THE "TRADES" PROCESSION—London has, during the last month, seen a most extraordinary sight—if matters rest as they are, extraordinary without being mischievous. We mean a procession of between 20,000 and 30,000 members of the *Trades' Unions*, through the principal streets; organized and marshalled as regularly as the march of troops, and performed in the most perfect silence and good order.

The object of this display was, by the appearance of so numerous and, evidently well-drilled an assemblage of people, to enforce the weight and importance of a petition signed by 250,000 unionists, imploring the King to mitigate the punishment of the Dorchester brethren, who were sentenced to seven years' transportation by Mr Baron Williams, and who had been, for at least a fortnight before the display, sailing in the Surrey convict-ship to the place of their banishment. That object, however, failed of its effect, and what rendered the display the more ridiculous was the fact that Mr Owen and Dr. Wade, and the other worthy individuals who head the tail, knew—for they had been told by Lord Melbourne—that the very contrary result would be derived from the exhibition of all this physical force. The petition, hoisted upon a blue cotton covered horse, and borne by half a dozen zealous brothers, was carried into the Home Office by the deputation, who were received by Mr. Phillips, and told by him what they had been previously told by Lord Melbourne, that coming as the petition did, attended by this immense concourse of people, it would not be received. In consequence of this decision, the huge humbug was carried out at the back door of the Office, stuffed into a hackney-coach, and driven back to the place whence it came.

Meanwhile, the deluded unionists went marching on, covering themselves with dust and glory, and, crossing Westminster Bridge, proceeded—most appropriately to Bedlam, here they were not permitted to halt. They then continued their march to Kennington Common, where many a worthy patriot has received the honours of martyrdom on the gibbet; but there they were equally unfortunate, for just as they were doubting what they should do, the appearance of a few of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards decided the question; and under the orders of Dr. Wade, who was dressed in canonicals and had his hood on, the whole body, without a whisper or a murmur, commenced their march back to London, or to their respective lodges, as the case might be, having sacrificed a day's work and a day's wages to the consummation of a walk of ten miles, distinguished only from the sneering spectator by bits of different coloured ribbon tied round their necks, or dangling at the button-holes of their jackets and coats.

The Government deserve great credit for the manner in which the preparations for maintaining the public peace were made. No soldiers, no additional policemen, appeared in the streets through which the procession was to pass; troops had poured into London and its neighbourhood during the night; three brigades of guns arrived from Woolwich, and were posted, one in the Regent's-park barracks, one in the stables at Carlton-gardens, and another in the King's Mews; bodies of four hundred policemen each were stationed in St. James's-square, Cavendish-square, and Privy-gardens, out of sight of the marching operatives,

but ready, at an instant's notice, to act in the most decisive manner, if necessary;—nothing of the kind was required, and the day ended in perfect tranquillity. But we must say, seeing the control under which the Unions evidently are, and the military manner in which they manoeuvred, on quitting their first ground, we are not inclined to augur very favourably from their apparent acquiescence in the proceedings of the day. A body so organized, and so commanded, and so bound together by secret oaths—(which, however much, since the transportation of the Dorchester men, they may quibble, they ARE)—if it can be made to disperse when angry, disappointed, and defeated in its purpose, without a murmur of discontent—and separate quietly and readily to deliberate upon future proceedings—may, with equal certainty and silence, be assembled at an hour's notice, on a day or night when the troops are not in town, when the police are not embodied, and when the guns are yet in Woolwich.

What the Government has now done is what it ought to have done in the first instance, and to have trusted to the respectability of the country rather than the mob, they must do yet more if they mean to preserve us. While such combinations exist, no men, no property, are safe, and we trust that his Majesty's Ministers, who now appear to see the necessity of stopping somewhere, will be convinced that the time is come.

THE RECENT "CRACKS."—Gentlemen have taken to fighting duels during the last month—the practice has rather gone out of fashion of late—the new House of Commons have set an example of patience and forbearance which their constituents have very wisely followed. A man now bears a great deal more than he did; and if anybody reproaches him with unseemly tameness, he quotes a precedent from St Stephen's, where, as they said of one of the colleges at Cambridge, when they had pulled down a castellated wall, and substituted an iron palisade, "there was much *rail-ing* but no *battle-ment*"

Lord Bingham, who had a crack at Major Fitzgerald, returned, or rather did not return the compliment, by firing in the air. It was an old quarrel, and some hard words passed a year or two ago; however, the Major behaved as well as the Baron, and the thing has terminated satisfactorily to all parties.

The second scratch was between two surgeons of Bethnal-green, candidates for the surgeoncy of the workhouse. They quarrelled about collegiate honours, and went out to Tottenham to fight. One of these gentlemen rejoiceth in the name of B——, the other in that of G——. Each declared bleeding to be necessary to the other, and the powder and pills were consigned to the charge of their friends—one a brave surgeon, the other a Captain. It was imagined that they might have fought with mortars, but no, pistols were the weapons, and at the first fire Mr. B—— was hit hard in the thigh; he fell, exclaiming professionally—

"Non possum *sur gere*;"

but being picked up by his friends, was put under the best care, and is likely to recover from his wound, to the great satisfaction of his friends, who are determined, after what has happened, that he shall not be black-balled at the election.

The "Morning Chronicle," which first gave this account, has since

contradicted it. The parties never quarrelled, never fought, and so far from being rivals at an election for a surgeons'hip at an hospital, actually possess it conjointly. The newspaper men think it wise and prudent to state a falsehood merely to afford grounds for two or three more paragraphs to contradict it. It seems an approved plan—so we have here adopted it.

PROMISE OF "PERFORMANCE"—An actor, Sloman, has made a bet that he will perform in three different characters in the course of five hours, in one evening, at three different places—Maidstone, Rochester, and Canterbury. Each part is to occupy him forty minutes. The distance from Rochester to Maidstone is nine miles, and from Rochester to Canterbury twenty-seven. Now, considering that of the five hours allowed, two hours are to be expended in acting, and that he has to perform thirty-six miles in the other three, we will readily go halves with Mr Sloman's opponent in the bet, or if he wins it, we must beg he will never call himself *Sloman* again.

THE "FOWL" MURDER—We have been a good deal amused at a police report concerning the murder of a hen, which was investigated before the Hon George Norton, one of the Whitechapel magistrates.

It appears that a Mr William Vandersteen, living in the Mile-end Road, having one leg of flesh and one of timber, arrived at the police office, bearing in his hand the corpse of a favourite hen, called by himself and Mrs Vandersteen, Jenny,—a hen of extraordinary value and virtues,—most dearly prized by its master and mistress, who, having no chickens of their own, had in some sort adopted this pet pullet.

Next door to Mr William Vandersteen lives Mr Stanley,—not the Secretary of State for the Colonies—not the hero of Crockford's—not the son-in-law of Lady Dillon,—but a private gentleman of those parts, who, it seems, has a turn for flowers. At three o'clock on Friday morning, Stanley heard a noise, opened his window, and saw his neighbour Jenny scratching up his mignonette, which was leaving its bed by detachments at that early period in the morning. Down stairs he went, and, summoning up all his courage, went boldly up to the hen, and with a broomstick levelled a blow at her head, which terminated her earthly career.

At ten o'clock, Mrs Vandersteen, having thrown down the accustomed corn without seeing her darling Jenny come to eat it, and having repeated the well-known call of "Coop, coop, coop, coop," without its having been attended to, cast her eyes to Mr Stanley's garden, and beheld the gentle Jane stretched on the bed of death and mignonette. Instantly did she claim the body, and no sooner had she secured it, than it was hung up at Mr Vandersteen's door, with a label—or rather as Mr Stanley thought, a libel—round its neck, conceived in these words:—

"This is the hen wot clucked in the morn,
 And awakened the oilman ere it was dawn:
 In a fright he rose up, and jumped out of bed,
 And beat the poor hen until she were dead

And there she did lay, until ten in the day,
 When her mistress went in, and fetched her away :
 And when she had searched her, to her great surprise,
 Her back was all broken, and bruised likewise ;
 So, if this you call friendship, pray keep it from me,
 For friendship like this I ne'er want to see."

The magistrate adjudged this to be no libel, and desired the case to be dismissed, each party paying his costs. This vexed Mr. Vandersteen, who said that, after having lost Jenny, it was very hard he should have to pay anything : he then picked up the body, saying, as he went out, " Poor Jenny ! I heard her pray for her murderer to the very last ! " and Mrs. Vandersteen, who took the passionate turn, declared that " Mr. Stanley, *filman* as he was, was no gentleman, for he had committed a *fovl* murder, which he ought to have known was a *hen-house* offence."

MUSIC WITHOUT HARMONY.—We last month noticed the great service done, as we conceived, to the cause of religion and propriety by the interposition of the Bishop of London to stop the mummery of acted oratorios, set to German waltzes, and hooted out by second-rate singers, painted and tricked out in stage trumpery, over whose lips the words of the sacred scriptures were slavered for the edification of a play-house audience. Little did we suspect that this exemplary Prelate would have carried his animosity to sacred music and sacred places to an equal pitch of violence. That his first position was just, and his conduct most praiseworthy, nobody can deny ; but we must say that his Lordship, in giving expression to his feelings of hostility towards the musical festival to be holden in Westminster Abbey, has evinced a degree of puritanical principle, of which we have heard him accused, in relation to the proceedings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

That our present gracious Monarch, in commanding this sacred festival, if such be a proper term where the feast is purely intellectual, in aid of the most meritorious and deserving charities in the empire, is only following the example of the most moral and most pious of British Sovereigns, seems to us a sufficient justification of his mandate, even if the occasion itself did not completely bear it out. In all parts of the kingdom, musical festivals are held, from the receipts of which, large sums are derived for the charitable institutions of the counties in which they occur. We know, indeed, that the excellent and highly-talented Dr. Rennell, the Dean of Winchester, has a strong feeling upon the subject, and that during his long and highly-creditable dominion over the Cathedral, there has been no musical festival held at Winchester. But, then, we are sure from every other part of Dr. Rennell's conduct, that he acts conscientiously, and has no intention of " assuming a virtue if he have it not," and that his disinclination arose from principle—perhaps prejudice—unallied to any hope of making " an effect," or of linking himself to the cause of the dissenters from the church, of which he has been, and still is, one of the staunchest and most learned supporters.

It seems to us, that the Bishop of London, as Dean of the King's Chapel Royal, shows a very extraordinary disposition in speaking as he does of a festival commanded by the King himself. The Bishop must

know that the King is the head of the church, and is, therefore, supreme—(certainly above the Dean of his own little chapel at St. James's;)—and we must say, in contradicting a report which was circulated by a newspaper called the "Record," stating that the Bishop had withdrawn his name *indignantly* from the list of stewards of the festival, that the causes of the exclusion of his Lordship's name from the list, in the first instance, were not such as we could have wished to find suggested for the omission of the Bishop of the diocese, in which the charitable institutions to be benefited by the celebration are located.

THE ARTISTS.—Leslie, the American artist, is, we imagine, in England. He proceeded some months since to his native "States," with the intention of settling there—but the attempt was vain. After a long residence in this country, the contrast was too powerful, and he has announced his immediate return to London, and a decided naturalization for the rest of his life—at this we rejoice, for he is an admirable painter. Poor Newton is still in a sad state, but better; at times he has a consciousness of his identity, but this is by fits and starts; and as far as ultimate recovery goes, we apprehend the case to be hopeless. Mr. Haydon is still loose and about the streets, although, after an inspection of his picture of the "Reform Banquet," in any other country, we suspect he would be, as the Irish say, "put up." Some wag has called this immense absurdity one of the "*Signs* of the Times;" all we can say is, that whatever may be the deserts of the painter, the picture is not worth hanging.

IRELAND AND REPEAL.—It is with very great pain we have read, not only the public accounts, but many private letters from Ireland, relating to the state of affairs in that most unhappy country. All the horrible accounts which we see in print, appalling as they are, really and truly fall short of giving an adequate description of the actual state of the nation. Several counties have been declared in a state of insurrection. Mr. O'Connell's motion for the Repeal of the Union came on, on Tuesday evening the 21st., in the House of Commons, and continued, by adjournment, until too late a period in the month for us to notice its conclusion. We may, however, be permitted to say that it virtually terminated on Friday last, when Sir Robert Peel, in one of the most powerful, luminous, and statesmanlike speeches that ever was pronounced in Parliament, set at rest the merits of a question, the agitation of which had no other earthly object than the display of oratory by the O'Connell faction, who felt it necessary to show their activity to their deluded constituents.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE.—Our readers will before this have learned that it is the intention of her gracious Majesty to visit the Continent during the spring. The precise period for the Queen's departure is not yet fixed. Her Majesty will be attended by the Earl of Denbigh, her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, and his noble Countess; the Countess Howe, one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and her noble Earl; the Earl and Countess of Errol, (his Lordship being Master of the

Horse to her Majesty,) and several other members of the Royal household.

The Queen, in this excursion, will carry with her the affectionate and loyal regards of the British nation; and her return to our shores will be hailed with sincere pleasure by a people to whom her Majesty has endeared herself by her virtues, her benevolence, and her affability.

THE LITERARY FUND.—The anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund will take place early in May, and it is understood that the chair will be taken either by the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel. We trust it is unnecessary to explain to our readers the strong claims which this most excellent institution advances upon the assistance of all with whom literature is either a pursuit or an enjoyment; but it is a startling fact, that comparatively few of the many who live by the pen have their names enrolled among its subscribers. The charity—for such it is in the most emphatic, though not in the most unpleasing sense—is so constituted, that the good it does can rarely be made public. It is unable, like other institutions, to attract attention by the multiplicity of its benefactions, or command support by widely-spread statements of the evils it has prevented, or the miseries it has softened or relieved: the benefits it confers are kept secret from the world, because of the “peculiar people” it is its object to assist. Yet it would be easy to point to many whom its *seasonable* aid has rendered high, and eminent, and independent members of that society, to improve and gladden which they had long and ably laboured; and still more easy to name the many widows and orphans who have applied to the Fund, and obtained timely help from its resources. We trust the next anniversary will be a successful one.

A MARTYR.—One of the police-offices was “made merry” a few days ago by the appearance of a man of the name of Cleave and his supporters, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Wade. Cleave was fined for publishing an unstamped paper; of course, he refused to pay the fine, and surrendered to suffer imprisonment. Some friend of “the cause,” however, had previously paid it; and the worthy publisher was compelled, much against his will, to continue out of durance. He complained loudly and bitterly at this infringement of his rights,—that he was not permitted to be “a martyr;” of course, promised and vowed to qualify himself again for the privilege of incarceration; and “went away,” according to the report, “much out of humour.”

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Imaginative Biography.

THIS attempt at Imaginative Biography, by Sir Egerton Brydges, does not display any particular powers of imagination. "By imaginative biography I mean an imaginary superstructure on the known facts of the biography of eminent characters," says the author, in an ante-script to his book. No deception is, therefore, practised on the uninformed reader, as far as history is concerned, and the region of fiction has not been very fiercely invaded for the materials of this aforesaid "superstructure." But although not a work calculated, in our opinion, to elevate the present literary fame of the author, there is throughout such a generous vein of sentiment, such a liberality and kindness of feeling evident, that we reflect with pleasure upon what must be the amiable character of the man. The criticisms on our poets are not recondite, but they all show a just and proper appreciation of their merits. Milton is not underrated because he was a republican, nor Beattie over-lauded because he wrote against Hume. Still there is a bias in most of the sentiments of the author towards things as they are and were, and considerable veneration to rank and title; and, next to the aristocracy of the mind, Sir Egerton Brydges appears to do homage to the aristocracy of descent. The man who could boast of a long line of ancestors would meet from him with almost as much respect as the author of the "Fairy Queen." Thus he gives a biography of Sir George Vesey; he gives you his genealogy, he tells you what a very clever person was Sir George,—his acquirements how vast!—his intellect how comprehensive!—his sufferings how dignified!—and the only reason for conveying this information is that Sir George Vesey was a baronet, and that he succeeded to the family estate much incumbered. We would, however, recommend "Imaginative Biography" to our readers on one ground alone, though it has other claims, viz., it being the production of a richly stored and peculiar mind.

Appendix to the Third and Last Volume of Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works. By W. Brockedon.

Mr. Brockedon has performed his task with considerable ability. The appendix is written in a style of much elegance, and is distinguished by good taste. He has evidently consulted all the many writers who have made Byron their eternal theme, and his selections are at once judicious and just. Of the series of prints to accompany which this appendix is intended, we have often had occasion to speak. The work has deserved the very enormous patronage it has received. There is no instance of a publication better sustained from the commencement—indeed, its merit increased from number to number, the last being decidedly better than the first. The work now forms three magnificent volumes, at a price so exceedingly low as to surprise even now, when it is named in one sum, instead of being broken into small parts of half a crown each. Messrs. Finden merit the highest praise—they have already established their names among the most distinguished engravers of the country—the public confidence is with them—and if they do not permit success to relax their energies, they will find their exertions amply repaid by the public—the true patrons of art as well as literature.

Irish National Tales. The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys.
By Lady Morgan.

It is some years since we read one of Lady Morgan's novels. Of late, she has preferred publishing works of fiction under the title "history," and labouring to put upon the offspring of her own vivid imagination the
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borrowed, but ill-fitting garb of truth. Her Irish novels, however, will still be perused with exceeding delight, although her predecessor, Miss Edgeworth, and her successors, Baun and others, have outstripped her in the race, in which at one period she was second to none but the venerated lady whose name we have mentioned. If Lady Morgan held her course between the stern truth of the author of "The Absentee" and the rude eloquence of the author of "The Nowlans," she possessed advantages which both of them are without. She wrote with the vivacity of a woman of the world, anxious indeed to display her own wit and penetration, but thus at the same time amusing and interesting her readers; rendering the type of the printer subservient to her own likings or dislikings, and employing his ink to daub her adversaries; but still even thus—so skillfully did she work—commanding attention and exciting pleasure. Those who, like ourselves, have almost forgotten *Mi Luthi*, will do well to peruse the O'Brien and the O'Flahertys, the topics of which it treats are not all changed—the persons it attacks not all departed—and they will find in its descriptions of Irish manners, and in the arrangement of the wild and passionate story, sufficient to repay them for again taking up and proceeding through the volumes four.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man.

The "Old Man" is, it appears, not an old man. The book is said to be the production of Major Heid, whose "gallop over the Pampas" was so deservedly popular. The volume before us is full of pleasantness, neither very witty nor very deep, but one of the most "readable" publications of modern times. The writer professes not to go far beneath the surface of things; but what he sees and hears no one can describe better. There is a rich vein of humour running through every page. The reader may buy his book, and so obtain health, which is often born of enjoyment, without the trouble or expense of a trip to the Brunnens of Nassau.

La Peste.

This is a poem by Guido Sorelli, the author of "I Miei Pensieri," and an Italian translation of Milton. It is "done into English," and well done, by Miss Pardoe. Unfortunately, the adoption of blank verse, and the imitation of a Miltonian style of phraseology, have compelled the fair translator to express herself occasionally with a little diffuseness. But the great and the best merit—of feeling and understanding the author—it is but just to award to Miss Pardoe. The contagion that devastated the north of Europe, and destroyed with such fury the Polish and Russian army, is the unpoetic subject chosen by Sorelli. The city of Warsaw is the scene of action; and the tyranny of Russia, and the dispensations of Providence, the favourite and appropriate themes of the poet. With the exception of some few trite passages, the poem may be pronounced as a very beautiful production. Unfortunately, no opinion unillustrated by quotations can give an adequate view of a style, and limited space forbids that we should quote. The following, however, we cannot refrain from giving:—

"To forsake,
In our bright years, a valley gay with flowers,
Bosom'd in swelling hills, where sun and shade
Succeed each other like to pleasant thoughts."

This is true poetry, and there are a hundred passages of equal beauty.

Curiosities of Literature.

The veteran D. Israeli, who has garnered up the treasures of past centuries, and acted as the literary pioneer for future generations, is one of those unquestionable characters that it would seem almost presumptuous to say a word in his praise. Yet, on again looking through his works as they are now making their appearance in a new and ninth edition, we

cannot avoid expressing our admiration of such patient industry, such untiring research, and such a philosophical mind to apply their results as the work before us exhibits. But as the author himself elegantly and eloquently says in his preface—"The writer of half a century has outlived his critics, and alas! has survived those whom he once had in ambition to please. Praise cannot any longer extend his celebrity, and censure cannot condemn what has won the reward of public favour. Such a writer may venture to talk of himself as one of a former generation, and may be said to enjoy a sort of posthumous reputation. But still a new era has sprung up since Mr. D. Israel first wrote to instruct and to be admired. Such of those as have not yet read or do not possess (for it is not a book to be read and then shelved) the 'Curiosities of Literature' have now an opportunity of purchasing in monthly volumes, this necessary companion to all who are ambitious of extending their knowledge beyond the mere rudiments of letters. No subject is left untouched, and none touched that is not adorned. The volumes published are neatly bound and well printed.

Lays and Legends of various Nations. By W. I. Thoms. Part II,
France, Part III, Ireland

We have already adverted to the first of German collection of popular tales pertaining to this series, and have now to notice the progress of the interesting series they are intended to fulfil. The development of the plan shows no惝惝 resources on the part of the editor, who has been so fortunate in the Irish portion of his subject as to secure the co-operative aid of that superlative legendary hymn, Mr. Crofton Croker. In the same branch of the series it is also curious to observe the appearance of another champion, that of Thomas Steele, the most potent of agitators—the most disinterested of disquietists! This little gentleman appears to have furnished certain 'Tales of the Palatines,' a German colony established in the county of Limerick somewhat above a century ago, and still preserving various notable signs of their origin, while the hand of Croker is visible in many a specimen of humour or pathos throughout the *Hebrewum fasciculus*. It is vastly pleasant, by the by, to contemplate this changed aspect of worthy Tom, as he comes stealing on our vision—to admire this his metamorphosis from the "recitator acerbis" of noisy hustings and political meetings to the genial and hearty story-teller of these little fireside pages—and we owe some thanks to Mr. Thoms for having supplied the agent into which he has been drawn out so agreeably in a new character. We have no room to quote from this varied repository of traditionary stores, to which, therefore, we content ourselves with making a general reference.

National Lyrics and Songs for Music. By Mrs. Hemans.

A volume from the pen of Mrs. Hemans cannot fail to be a welcome guest at our table—but we are especially bound to notice this as a publication of the Irish press. The fact is as strange as true. Until within the last few years, we looked for nothing in the shape of literature from the sister kingdom, unless it assumed the form of party controversy or religious tract. Yet here we have a volume of delicious poetry from one of the greatest and most popular writers of the age—thanks to Messrs. Curry and Co., the active and enterprising publishers of Dublin, who have done more within ten or twelve years to rescue Ireland from the reproach of having no home literature than had been done during the previous century by all the Irish booksellers put together. The Dublin University Magazine, which is issued by the same house, would do honour to either England or Scotland, it cannot now be said that Ireland is unwilling or unable to support her proper station in the world of literature—thanks again, we

say, to Messrs Curry and Co. The greater proportion of the "National Lyrics" have already appeared in various periodical works—many of them have heretofore gratified the readers of the "New Monthly." Suffice it, then, that the volume is in every way worthy of its accomplished author, and is got up so as to vie with the most carefully printed of London works. We subjoin an extract

" *The Zegri Maid*

- " The summer leaves were sighing
 Around the Zegri maid,
 To her low sad song replying
 As it fill'd the olive shade
 ' Alas ! for her that loveth
 Her hand's her kindred's foe !
 Where a Christian Spaniard loveth,
 Should a Zegri's spirit go ?
- " From thy glance, my gentle mother !
 I sink, with shame oppress'd,
 And the dark eye of my brother
 Is an arrow to my breast
 Where summer leaves were sighing,
 Thus sang the Zegri maid
 While the crimson day was dying
 In the whispery olive shade
- " And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
 This woe, in secret borne,
 This flower of young life blasted
 Should I win bidd'nought but scorn ?
 By aught but daisy dying
 Would my lone truth be repaid
 Where the olive leaves were sighing
 Thus sang the Zegri maid

A Year at Hartlebury 2 vols. By CHERRY and FLEMING

Most pleasant Cherry's—most brilliant Fleming's. We had ye and welcome ye both agreeable and profitable will be the scenes you paint and the comments you offer upon them, through the present season beneath the shade of trees like your own or under the promised harvest of the pink and blossoming apple. Hartlebury must have been a very amusing place, particularly during the election which our authors describe in a way so quiet, so satirical, and so humorous, as to impress us with a veneration for their sharp "*Illicit*" talent. But with all their cleverness and fly-away wit, there are feelings and passions developed which prove them to be well acquainted with human nature. The *document* is skilfully managed, and we cannot be too thankful that the fun and yomonly Helen has escaped the toils which we could win her round her with a skill and a power it would (taking her predilections into the question) have been almost impossible for her to combat against. We love the two volumes well—we are not in dread of the termination lingering too long on its way for the sake of making weight to get out the third. The present tale has the advantage of being sufficiently long but not wearisome—there is nothing we would see omitted, and we cordially recommend "*Hartlebury*" to our friends, convinced they will be pleased and amused by its acuteness and variety.

The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands. By Robert Mudie. 2 vols.

The reason why Mr. Mudie,—certainly one of the most intelligent and useful of naturalists, combining, as he so successfully does, the poetry with the truth of whatever he descants upon, the reason *why* he undertook the present work cannot be better explained than by his own words. Speaking of his intention, he says,—

“ It is simply to entice my fellow Britons, of all ages, classes, and ranks, who are not too learned to relish the beauties of Nature as they stand displayed in nature itself,—into the fields, that they may know and feel the extent of delightful knowledge, rational, and even profound thinking and useful hints for every department of science and pursuit, to say nothing of well sinewed limbs, and hearts tuned for enjoyments that are to be met with there and met with in abundance by those who will only take the trouble of seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears. It has been my wish to produce a book upon which the reader could lay his hand and say—‘ Herein I shall find a notice of every feathered creature which I may meet with in the four seas or on their margins so expressed as to correspond with its appearance and habits in free nature, and by the help of which I shall not only know each bird when I see it but in some sort, borrow its wings soon with it, and survey the glories and the wonders of that creation of which it forms so lively and so enlivening a part.’ ”

The observer has fulfilled his intention, and many are they who, enticed by his pages will forget the dark and noisome street wherein they dwell, soar with his birds, and gather from his wisdom much that tells of the goodness and benevolence of nature. We have only to add to the congratulations we offer to the author our assurance that, had “ *Mudie's British Birds* ” consisted of *four* instead of *two* volumes, we should have exclaimed at the last page, “ What! finished so soon!”

The vignettes on the title page are specimens of what Mr Mudie calls “ *polychromatic printing* ”—printing, in fact many colours from wooden blocks. This is a novelty of which we should like to see further proofs before we make up our minds as to its fitness; it is however, most highly creditable to the ingenuity of Mr Baxter, and, we believe, would show to much greater advantage if exercised upon larger engravings. What will be the next invention—colouring by steam and printing by high pressure? Nothing impossible!

The other coloured prints introduced with much taste, render the volumes still more valuable; indeed, we feel highly gratified at recommending them to all classes of our readers.

The Bread-Tax Exposed.

In cheapness and utility, this little tract possesses more attractions than anything of the kind we have yet seen. The accuracy and solidity of its reasonings will render it acceptable to the most erudite on the subject of the coin laws, and its simplicity is peculiarly adapted to dissipate the crudities so prevalent among the partially informed. The intricacies of the theory of rent are elucidated with the happiest perspicuity—and the writer, without attempting to conciliate the prejudices of either manufacturers or agriculturists, demonstrates that the welfare of either is incompatible with the preservation of the present imposts on the necessaries of life. We could continue this eulogy *ad infinitum*—but feel quite assured that it needs not our laudations to enhance the estimation that this pamphlet must speedily attain. We have seen nothing on the same subject so well calculated to achieve the object attempted by the writer—and we are of opinion few will gainsay our praise who have read the ‘ *Bread-Tax Exposed*.’

Songs of the Loire.

The fact of this little manual of melodies having so speedily reached a second edition precludes the necessity of any remark from us, further than to observe, that all in its former shape that rendered it attractive is invested with many additional claims to the appreciation of its admirers in its present form.

LITERARY REPORT.

Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq., whose "Personal Memoirs and Reminiscences" have obtained a prominent character among works of their class, has committed to the press a new production to be entitled "Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Belgium and Holland." It will treat comprehensively of the two countries from their union in 1814 to their separation in 1830, including details of the Revolution, and a view of society and manners. The reputation already acquired by the author, and the experience derived from his long residence in Flanders, are advantages which claim for his work a larger share of attention than is generally due to the accounts of passing tourists.

Mr Montgomery Martin has in the press the second volume of the "History of the British Colonies," embracing our possessions in the West Indies, in which the actual state of these valuable islands will be fully developed, from official documents furnished by authority.

The novel of "Brother Tragedians," by **Isabel Hill**, will appear about the middle of the present month.

The May Number of the "Nival and Military Library of Entertainment" will consist of the Second Series of the "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean," and the May Number of the "Library of Irish Romance" will contain **Mr Crowe's** "To-day in Ireland" comprising four titles—the Carders, Connemara, Old and New Light, and the Poole's Warning.

Retzsch, the German artist, whose Shakespeare Illustrations have acquired for him a European reputation, has just consigned to English publishers some new designs which are to appear under the title of "Retzsch's Fancies."

Remains of the late Alexander Knox, Esq., of Dublin, containing Letters and Essays on the Doctrine and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive character of the Church of England, will shortly be published.

Preparing for publication, in occasional 8vo volumes, by **Isaac Cullimore, M.R.S.J.** "Archæography," being a Series of Papers on Antiquarian and Scientific Subjects connected with the History and Character of the Jews, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Chinese, and other ancient nations.

Lieut. Burnes's Journey by the Indus and Oxus, through Cabool and Tartary, is in a forward state of preparation.

An Universal History, by **Fraser Tytler**, Lord Woodhouselee, will form six volumes of the Family Library.

"Two Years at Sea, being the Narrative of a recent Voyage to the Swan River," by **Miss Jane Roberts**, is in the press.

The Rev Dr Wordsworth Maste of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preparing for publication, in three vols 8vo, "Sylloge Theologica," a Systematic Collection of Tracts in Divinity for the use of Students in the Universities, and of the Younger Clergy, revised and illustrated with Notes by the Editor.

Nearly ready, "Man, as known to us Theologically and Geologically," by the **Rev Dr Nares**.

The last Series of **Mr Theodore Hook's** "Sayings and Doings" will form the May Number of Colburn's Modern Novellists. The two tales composing it are illustrative, like his former amusing and lively stories, of two proverbs. The first tale, entitled "Cousin William," is a highly-wrought and dramatic illustration of the French saying, "C'est que le premier pas qui coûte," and the second "Gervase Skinner," which is a broad y humorous, but powerfully characteristic sketch turns on the English proverb of "Penny wise and pound foolish."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, by **Andrew Combe, M.D.**, post 8vo 6s.

First, a Tragedy, translated from the German of **Goethe**, by **David Syme**, 12mo 6

The Physiology, Pathology and Treatment of Asphyxia, by **James Phillips Kay, M.D.** 8vo. 10s 6

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol LIII (Europe during the Middle Ages Vol III) 12mo 6s.

Encyclopedia of Geography, by **Hugh Murray** Part II 8vo 5

Encyclopedia of Gardening Part V 8vo 2s 6

Architectural Magazine Part II 8vo 1s 6d

The Miscellaneous Works of **William Cwper** 1sq with a Life and Notes by **J S Mimes**, Vol I post 8vo 7s.

Public Record Commission Valor Ecclesiasticus of Henry VIII folio, Vol VI with Map of England and Wales, &c 1/ 10s.

Hunter's Introduction to the Valor Ecclesiasticus of Henry VIII with a new Map of England and Wales, royal 8vo 2s 6

The Judgment of the Flood a Poem by **J. A. Herauld** imp 8vo 2s.

The Book of Butterflies by **Capt Brown**, Vol. III, Part 7 Vol LXXX of Constable's Miscellany, 18mo 1s 6d cloth, 2s fine, fcp 8vo 6

The Language of Flowers, with coloured plates 18mo 1/ 6d

A Year at Heidelberg or the Election by **Chrysis** in 18 Fm Str, 2 vols post 8vo 21s.

Shelley's Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, 4 vols 8vo 3/ 12s.

Aldine Poets, Vol XXIX, Swift's Works, Vol III 5s.

Coleridge's Poetical Works, Vol II 12mo. 5s.

Clouet, a Life of Married Life, by **Mrs Leeman Grimstone**, 2 vols post 8vo 21s.

Howitt's History of Priestcraft, 3d edition, enlarged, 12mo 7s.

Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse, by **Richard Sharp**, post 8vo 9s.

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Vol II 12mo 5s.

The Revolutionary Pick, the work of **D'Israeli the Younger**, 8vo 9s. 6d.

Hooker's Journal of Botany, being a second series of the Botanical Miscellany Part II. 8vo 7s 6d

Public Record Commission Nicolas's Proceedings, &c. of the Privy Council of England, from Richard II to Henry V 2 vols royal 8vo, 1l 5s

A Sketch of the History of the Regium Donum, and Parliamentary Grant to Poor Dissenting Ministers of England and Wales, by Thomas Rees LL.D. F.S.A. 8vo 1s 6d

Narrative of a Journey to the North of India, overland from England, by way of Russia

Persia, and Affghaunstaun, by Lieut Conolly 2 vols 8vo 28s

The Natural History of Animals containing Descriptions of all the known Species Insects by A. Pritchard 8vo 8s 6d

A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa Asia Australia America &c. by James Holman R.N., I.R.S. Vol I 8vo 14s

Lectures on Political Economy, by Mountfort J. O. 8vo 1l 11d 8vo 6

Justice Conway or the Brother and Sister a Novel 3 vols post 8vo 31s 6d

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the works of British artists has been opened at the rooms in Suffolk street Pall mall East. It contains a large number of fine pictures mingled as usual with many of a very different class, but is on the whole equal to the exhibitions of former years. Mr. Tinton's most conspicuous production is 'Cæsar Marston among the ruins of Cuthbert'. It is a production of exceeding merit and we trust will make its way into the gallery of some collector by whom it will be appreciated although its size is that which is too generally considered ill calculated for sale. One of the richest and best paintings we have ever seen from the pencil of Mr. Holland is a view in Nightingale Lane, Kensington, we recommend it to the notice of Lord Holland as one of the ablest specimens of the accomplished master. Mr. Tennant exhibits a 'Coast Scene' of striking character and Mr. Paine a view on the coast of Cuba of a fine merit. Mr. Paine has grown greatly in public favour he has not we believe, been long an exhibitor in the metropolis but he has already achieved much of that excellence of which his earlier works gave promise. One of the Landscapes of Mr. Stark 'Scene near Yarmouth', is an alteration in but an improvement on his style. There are three 'bits'—for they are nothing more—by Mr. Creswell to which public attention should be directed one is a view of Chelsea Old Church, another a scene in Warwickshire, and the other a view in North Wales. Mr. Roberts exhibits a noble picture—one of the fruits of his recent residence in Spain, it is the Moorish tower called the Giralda at Seville. This accomplished artist has not travelled to find all barren. He has evidently enriched his mind as well as added to the power of his pencil. Mr. Hatfield has one work of considerable merit—a monument in Exeter Cathedral, in which he has skilfully introduced a procession of monks. Several of Mr. Shryvers Landscapes, with figures are highly attractive—the artist has evidently studied nature both minute and minute. Hyde Park Corner—as it is to be, we presume for as yet it is not quite so splendid in reality as upon canvas,—is a fine picture by Mr. Holland. A Storm at Sea by Mr. Priest to whose promising talents we endeavoured to do justice last year two magnificent interiors, by Mr. S. Davis. Boats waiting for a Flood Tide by Mr. Chambers, the 'Devil's Bridge', by Mr. Parker and 'A Timber Ship on Shore', by Mr. Fulmer among the other more remarkable Landscapes in the exhibition which in this department of art is unusually rich. The rooms abound, however, in admirable pictures of the domestic class. Mr. Inskipp's 'Lace-maker' is one of the happiest productions of this always excellent and natural artist. It is we understand, to be added to the collection of Lord Lansdowne, and it is worthy to have been selected

by one of the most liberal and judicious patrons of the country. A cabinet picture, "Children's Play," by Mr. Webster, is of high merit. We know of no painter who so greatly excels in quiet humour. There is no effort at effect; nothing broad, or in the remotest degree allied to caricature, in aught that he produces; his evident aim is to succeed by truth. Two or three works by Mr. Pientis, although the subjects are painful, deserve a very high encomium. His style is cold, and but for the mind which he throws into his works, would be most unpleasing. The "Jockeys' Booth at a Country Fair," and some of the "sporting pictures" of Mr. R. B. Davis—one especially, "Stags alarmed at a distant view of Hunters"—are admirable. There is no other living artist who truly understands the chase and its accompaniments: we recommend him to publish illustrations to Somerville's fine and joyous poem; there are squares enough left of the old English stock to buy up a large edition, although modern manners have ruined ancient manors, and hares and pheasants are unprivileged in wood or field. Mr. Derby exhibits a work unsurpassed in the class to which it belongs. He has pleasantly christened it "Turkey in Europe: ' our readers who cannot fathom his pun must see the picture. We scarcely think that Mr. Hurlstone will add to his reputation this year, although he has done well with "Haidee," and some portraits of children. His tone is altogether too low: he has either worked in bad spirits or in a smoky room.

One of the most delicious pictures in the collection is "The White Mouse," by Mr. Edmonstone; the picture of a poor Italian boy with a group of juvenile wonderers, at the steps of a mansion. Miss Fanny Colbaux exhibits two or three excellent works, one—"Thoughts on Flowers"—is of high merit, and cannot fail to add to the reputation of this young but accomplished lady. Mr. Hancock's picture of "An old Squire bargaining with Gipsies for a Dog," is a noble picture: full of deep interest, and carrying the observer at once to the rugged lane in which the rugged race have made their dwelling for a night. Mr. Clater has three or four works that do him exceeding credit. He is, also, one of those who worship Nature, and seek not to "paint the lily." "Greeks taking coffee in a Kiosk," is a fine picture by Mr. E. F. Green, who has admirably caught the character of the country, both within and without. There is a capital picture, full of humour, by Mr. H. Pidding—"A Native"—the native being an oyster. We have been able to notice but few of the many excellent works with which the exhibition abounds. We rejoice to say that a considerable portion have already received the agreeable mark "sold; and according to Mr. Myall, the attentive superintendent of the Society, the British Artists may anticipate a prosperous season.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of this society, and must defer our notice until next month, when both the old and new will be open to us. We would merely hint that the new owes its origin to the charge of illiberality on the part of the old, and that already several complaints have reached us, that, with the "new," the "old" system is continued. We shall look into this.

PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

Cabinet Illustrations of Pocket Editions of the Bible and Common Prayer.

Illustrations of the Bible, from Drawings by Westall and Martin.

We have classed these three publications under one head, although the character and claims of the three are by no means alike. Competition is at all times justifiable; but it is otherwise when a work of inferior merit is

palmed upon the public, in the place of one, the popularity of which has been earned and deserved. The two first-named of the above differ but little in external appearance;—one is somewhat larger than the other; the tints of the two covers differ, inasmuch as one is a little darker shade of lilac than the other, and the one is surrounded by a border not quite so broad as the other. These distinctions are on the outside; but Mr. John Van Voorst (the publisher of No. 2 on the list) has not been able to make the character quite so similar within. It is indeed a very poor and paltry imitation of Finden's work—to which the one is to the other as "Hyperion to a satyr." It is the duty of those who direct the public press to point out for reprehension all such attempts to pass off counterfeit coin—the base nature of which may not be immediately seen, until comparison with the true renders the relative value of both apparent.

The other publication—"Illustrations of the Bible, from Drawings by Westall and Martin"—contains eight wood-cuts, with corresponding letter-press, for the sum of one shilling—*i. e.* three halfpence each, and paper and print for nothing. The work has been sent into the world with a vast deal of pomp and parade. It has been puffed on every wall of the metropolis, and is not worth the paste that has been spent upon the placards. The idea of re-engraving Martin's print of the Deluge on wood—size about three inches by two—was certainly an original one; but it is unfortunate for a painter like Mr. Martin, that he has fallen into the hands of those who will render his genius a mockery. The cuts from Mr. Westall's drawings have not, as Mr. Martin's have, the advantage of being good in conception; for them the tool of the engraver may amply suffice. The descriptions of the plates are pleasant specimens of prose run mad—just such as we hear at a country fan, "Now, gemmen, look to the right and you shall see—now, ladies, cast your eye to the left, and then you shall see." We dismiss this publication, regretting that a speculation which so sadly tends to deteriorate art, and render sacred subjects laughable, should ever have been engaged in by a publisher of enterprising and liberal spirit, who will waste his energies in a worse than idle purpose. Had it proceeded from some small shop in Wych-street, we should have passed it by unnoticed. Under present circumstances such is impossible.

We shall refer next month to the publication which stands at the head of the list of three. It is, in every sense of the term, "quite another thing."

Statue to Dr. Babington.—This memorial, by public subscription, has been awarded to Mr. Behnes by the committee; and that distinguished artist is engaged to erect it in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was much competition, and of the highest order; but Mr. Behnes' model obtained the preference by a considerable majority of votes.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

LORD Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus* has been produced at last. The attendance on the first night was great, the applause very loud and general, and at the close the tribute which is usual in cases of perfect success was courteously and cordially paid—paid, however, as it appeared to us, rather in right of the just respect due to the memory of distinguished genius, than in present obedience to its power. The truth is (whatever may have been of late started to the contrary) that the intellectual mastery of Lord Byron lay not in the sphere of the drama. That was still to him a magic circle, and when he strove to approach it his wand broke and his hand withered. When he grappled with will or fate, he rose to "the height of his great argu-

ment;" when he ventured into the region of sympathy—the home and the life of the drama—he fell comparatively powerless. Secretly he knew this well—he knew his own nature too well to be ignorant of it. Hence his abuse of those great men, the old English dramatists, whose power was more various than his; for *they* could escape out of the prison of their individual passions, and throw themselves into the great heart of the world. All that his Lordship could not drag to himself—to the test or to the level of his own splendid egotism, he straightway trampled beneath his feet. Even Shakspeare, though an "extraordinary" writer, was a writer for "barbarous times." Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Webster, Fletcher, Beaumont, and the rest of that immortal brotherhood, were, with his Lordship, "old mad dramatists," "turbid mountebanks," or anything else his spleen suggested. With the same inner consciousness of his own defects, he conceited and proclaimed a violent passion for the unities. He knew that their uniform and unbending severity was more admirably fitted to the singleness of his own power than the richness and variety of the natural school. He announced himself devoted, therefore, to the Greek model; the tragic writers of Greece were to be his prototypes; his tragedies were to be "writ according to Aristotle;" they were to be "as opposite to the English drama as one thing could be to another, place and time were to be respected; and, "save in the chorus in fact, Æschylus and his great associates were to have one fellow-labourer more (Had his Lordship read Æschylus? or did he observe in reading some of his finest tragedies, as *Agamemnon* or the *Eumenedes*, that before the ardent imagination of the true poet both time and place had vanished?) The result of this labour was pretty plainly hinted at—we were to have a real drama at last for the noble poet "denied that the English had hitherto had a drama at all." Next minute, however, in a fit of modest pettishness, he withdrew from us all hope of this, with all the expectations that his fine theories of the stage-effect and excellence of the unities had awakened in play goers, by proclaiming that, as to *acting* one of his plays, "they might as well act the *Prometheus* of Æschylus."

For a somewhat different reason, we think the noble poet right. His *Sardanapalus* seems to us singularly unfitted for the stage. It wants action, incident, and passion. It wants utterly the finer characteristics of dialogue—"the old quick talk of the stage." It has numberless fine passages undoubtedly, decided and dainty things, stretchings back into the dim and majestic past, things of intensity as well as of gorgeous beauty, but it has no relief of character or passion, nothing of that various abundance of thought, of those "winged faucis," of that moral sweetness, sympathy, and truth, which are in the great productions of our stage, and which are indispensable for the purposes of the theatre in its only high and endearing characteristics—as a school of humanity. People do not go there as to a prison, to be cooped up within the range of an individual passion however stately, to be caged and confined there with the glare around them of one fixed and inveterate light, they go to the theatre to expand their thoughts, to relieve the "tightened breast," to wander in a freer world than their own, and to have light around them there as glancing, vivid, and various as that which is reflected from the face of heaven. Now, in *Sardanapalus*, the sentiment and passion is individualized throughout. The silken Prince of Nineveh and his Ioni in Myrrha are but different versions of the same selfish picture. He loves her out of the sense of superiority and possession—she loves him out of a certain feeling of dignity it imparts to her slavery, and to be able to tell her greatly-vaunted Ionian ancestors, when she may elsewhere meet them, that she had influence over the Assyrian Monarch. They are always either kissing or complimenting each other, but the real truth of love, the flower of the passion, is wanting utterly. It was strange to observe the test to which this was brought in acting, when, immediately after the interview of the wronged wife with her

husband, Myrrha enters. The effect was gross in the extreme—a City case of *crim. con.* could not be worse in all absence of decency and sentiment. The only characters, in short, meant to be of independent contrast in the play, (for Salamenes is only an ordinary, honest, bluff-spoken person,) are Arbaces and Beleses, and these are utter failures. Arbaces scorns and laughs at Beleses, yet is ruled by him against reason and honour; Beleses is as poor and inconsistent a pretender.

All that could be done for the play, however, under what have seemed to us such circumstances of disadvantage, was well nigh done at Drury-lane. The alteration was originally the work of Mr. Reynolds, but during the rehearsals, it received from Mr. Macready numberless changes and restorations, with touches (as that exquisite one at the close of the third act) suggested by his accomplished skill as an artist. As an actor, he mastered many of his personal disadvantages for the part by force of mind, but he could not master all. Yet the performance was unquestionably a fine one, if not one of the happiest. His true perception of graceful comedy—his gaiety and elevation of style—his rich and earnest action—the fine tones of his manly and melodious voice, as they tremble under a sweet excess of tenderness, or bring upon our hearts their ideal sense of beauty, or come laden with the sentiment of old romance—were all more or less thrown into the scene, and lent their generous grace to *Sardanapalus*. But Mr. Macready wanted more suffering, more passion, that he might have struggled with it and been shaken more. Miss Tree's Myrrha was very beautiful in the more delicate and gentle passages of pathos; Miss Phillips's Zarina was a slight but touching performance; and Mr. Cooper's Salamenes was very effective. Of the rest we shall say nothing, but of Mr. Stanfield's last scene, that it is very great indeed, and that the burning of the pile is excellently managed. But why does Mr. Macready, before ascending it, omit one of the best and most characteristic passages in the play?

Myrrha (who has brought with the lighted torch a cup, answers the question of the King).

'Tis my country's custom to
Make a libation to the Gods.

Sardanapalus.

And mine
To make libations amongst men. I've not
Forgot the custom; and although alone,
Will drain one draught in memory of many
A joyous banquet past.

COVENT GARDEN.

Some theories of the philosophers, in regard to comets, say, if we recollect them rightly, that these eccentric bodies supply the suns of the celestial mechanic with the subject-matter of light and heat. Truly, in the dramatic system, the theatres of Paris fulfil the same functions in respect to Covent Garden, with this little difference in the arrangement, that the borrower of the golden radiance here is erratic, while the contributor is stationary. It is an easy and pleasant way of management, this, of waiting upon the enterprise of our neighbours, and sharing in their successes without any participation in their failures and anxieties. This is a sucking of other people's brains to some purpose. *Gustave*, having received the stamp of Parisian popularity, was transferred to our boards, with all its glories about it, and at once commanded enthusiastic admiration here. Having run a glorious career, it is, naturally enough, succeeded by another triumphant novelty from the same quarter. Herold's Opera of *Le Prè aux Clercs* is wafted across the Channel, the great breath of the French dilettanti bearing it along, and innumerable light and playful zephyrs of puff circling about it.

Well, we have it now—(under the title of *The Challenge*); and, to “let simile cease,” we have nothing very amazing, or in which a sober-minded person can find just grounds for the “tremendous success which it experienced at the other side of the water. In plot, without the singularity of *Gustave*, it is neither powerfully nor ingeniously put together. The music, however, is better than any we had heard of Herold’s. His *Zampa*, it is true, was a more ambitious effort, but an opera of less interest than *Zampa*, in proportion to its pretensions, one could scarcely have without a general publication and performance of the contents of the portfolios of all the chapel masters of Germany. In that production, there was a din of instrumentation which left the ear too much stunned to appreciate nicely the melody with which it was sparingly interspersed. In *Le Pri aux Clerics* Herold is evidently much happier. He had learnt some wisdom. He turned to the feeling and elegancies of Italian music, and strove to combine them with the sparkling, spirit-stirring strains of the Auber school of France.

We find in consequence, in this opera, much and various melody, full of character and expression, but yet, on the whole, much more pithy than powerful. Some of his chorusses are striking and singular, but none of them present a very rich tissue of harmony. We should say, in fact, that there is very little general design in the whole composition. It is a combination of parts without much natural connexion, or such judicious contrast as tends to an effective result. It is moderately well sustained—in charity, at least, we may go the length to say so. We must express it the same time an irresistible and pretty strong contempt for our native operatic company. Take them as singers and actors, and the Gods know, they are little credit to the land that owns them. From this remark, however, we unequivocally except Phillips, whose Count de Commence is a bold and picturesque performance—nor would we subject Miss Shuff to the entire reproach.

[We find ourselves obliged to defer some notices of the other theatres until next month.]

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

At the anniversary meeting of this Society, among other points of less interest, the report of the council stated that the planetary Ephemeris, computed under the direction of Lieut. Stratford, and presented by him to the Society, was printed. This Ephemeris will be distributed among such persons as may be possessed of observatories, or who may be desirous of obtaining it for the purpose of any astronomical inquiry. The council congratulated the Society on the prospect of the reduction of the observations made by Bradley, Maskelyne, Pond, and others. A plan was suggested at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, in June last, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Lord Althorp to point out the expediency and propriety of such a measure. His lordship, with the approbation of Earl Grey, immediately granted the sum of 500*l*. for that purpose, and the execution of the plan has been undertaken by Professor Airy, from which arrangement the most beneficial effects to science may be expected. The report announced the appearance of the Nautical Almanac for 1834-5, which may be considered as forming a new era in practical astronomy. This work is framed on the model proposed by the Society in 1830, under the superintendance of Lieut. Stratford, one of the most active Fellows of the Society, and well known for his great accuracy and ability. The Nautical Almanac affords every facility that the astronomer or navigator can require. The council further announced that the new standard scale, with

its stand and apparatus, for comparative measures, was at length completed under the direction of the committee. Numerous comparisons had been made with the Parliamentary standard in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, (which, by the permission of the Speaker, has been appropriated to that purpose,) by Lieut. Murphy, R.E., and several other Fellows of the Society conversant with the subject. After the relative values of these two standards have been satisfactorily ascertained, comparisons will be made with the standard bars connected with the trigonometrical survey in this country and in India, and also with other standards that are about to be made for different governments in Europe. Although several subjects were discussed in the council as deserving the medal this year, yet as only one subject was formally proposed, but not afterwards followed up, no medal was awarded at this anniversary. The council viewed with pleasure the active exertions which were being made in Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the promotion of astronomy, and regretted that no steps had been taken in America to encourage that science; and that the hope which the council had indulged, from the tenor of the President's speech in 1825, has been hitherto disappointed. In no part of the world, perhaps, would the establishment of a public observatory be attended with so much additional advantage to astronomy as in some portion of that vast continent, where various phenomena, not visible in these quarters of the globe, might be observed, and by means of which numerous data might be furnished for the improvement of navigation and geography.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Fellows of the Society and visitors had the gratification, at a recent meeting, of hearing Lieut. Burnes give a *vivid voce* account of a portion of his interesting travels in India. The narrative was descriptive of some of the countries beyond the north-western frontier of the Bombay presidency, and was illustrated by reference to a capital map, constructed by Lieutenant Burnes himself, under the fostering auspices of Sir J. Malcolm. Our traveller started from Cutch in 1829-30, and went up the Runn, a strange region, which he describes as entering the territories of the Rajpoot princes, whose ancestors had possession of the country 400 years ago. They hold it to be incestuous for relatives, however distant, to marry; hence they seek husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons, among the neighbouring tribes; hence, also, the frequency of infanticide; the moment the infant female is ushered into the world, it is smothered in milk, in order to preserve the honour of the family. Some years ago, a treaty was concluded between these princes and the British government, a binding clause of which was, that this horrible practice should be abandoned. Thirteen years after this treaty was agreed to, when Lieut. B. visited their territories, he found the ratio of population in some of the villages to be 800 males to 140 females, or about one-sixth; showing clearly, that whatever might have been the humane feelings of the British government, the terms of the treaty were not adhered to. Leaving the Runn, Lieut. B. proceeded to Parkur, a country which he describes as differing from every other in the world. For six months it is impassable from water; the other six months of the year it is covered with an incrustation of salt, which forms an article of considerable traffic. The mountains of Parkur are composed of granite, while the neighbouring ones of Cutch are of sandstone. The chiefs of Parkur carry on a profitable speculation in idolatry, at a certain season of the year; the idol, a bit of marble resembling the human shape, is taken by the priests and buried amongst the sand of the desert, whence, at carnival time, it is only to be brought for the worship of its devotees by earnest entreaties and large sums of money. The married women of Parkur are called *soda wives*, and are as much esteemed as those of Cutch are despised, though both territories are within sight of each other. From Parkur he proceeded into the

desert, which, though so called, spontaneously produces vegetation sufficient for sustenance, and has wells of water at the depth of sixty feet. It is characterized throughout by a succession of sand-hills, frowning one upon another. In many of these Lieut. B. found quantities of round quartz pebbles—a curious geological fact. The chiefs of this part of the Indian territory are descended from the sun; those of Cutch from the moon. One of the former was visited by our traveller, who was kindly received by him. His castle had 175 towers: the water used by his household was drawn from a depth of eighteen fathoms. The castle and surrounding buildings conveyed a good idea of the capital of a desert king. The floors of the palace were covered with rich cloth. The betel-nut, in a golden vessel, was presented to Lieut. B., and 300 chiefs supported the dignity of the monarch, who appeared exceedingly anxious to cultivate an intercourse with the British government. After detailing some horrid cruelties practised by some of these chiefs, Lieut. B. proceeded to the river Loonee; then to the capital of Joodpoor, the most flourishing principality in Rajast'han. Threatened with the hostilities of the Mahiatta princes a few years ago, the ruler of Joodpoor put on the garb of religious insanity, kept to his house, and had communication only with his monks. For ten years he pursued this course; as soon, however, as the storm blew over, he threw off his insanity, resumed the reins of government, slew those chiefs who had been opposed to him during the above period, and now governs Joodpoor with a vigour unequalled in any other part of India. Proceeding to Ajmeer, the only place in the Indian territory where the *Creator* is worshipped,—for the Hindoos only worship the *Preserver*,—Lieut. Buines visited the sacred stream, in which whosoever bathes has not only all his own sins washed away, but those likewise of his relations. He was solicited for alms by some of the natives who were in the stream. They assured him that his being an infidel signified nothing; only give them a little money, bathe, and his sins would be forgiven. He, however, declined to bathe, though he might have been glad to get rid of his sins at so cheap a rate. After some other interesting observations, Lieut. B. returned to Cutch; and finished his narrative by pronouncing a well-merited eulogy upon the encouragement afforded by the Geographical Society to such travellers as are willing to devote their science and their energies towards obtaining a more perfect knowledge of the globe we inhabit.

VARIETIES.

The Niger Expedition.—ACCOUNTS of this expedition, up to the 5th of January, have been received. At that date, Lander was on board the Curlew ship-of-war, on his way to Cape Coast Castle, for the purpose of procuring a particular species of goods for the markets in the interior, of which he had not previously taken a sufficient supply. If successful in this object, it was his intention to return to the mouth of the Nun, thence to re-ascend the Niger for a third time, and endeavour to penetrate as far up the river as Boussa. Previous to his last return to the coast, Lander and Lieutenant Allen had fortunately reached Rabbah, or Rabba, (a Falatah town,) in the non steam-boat; and, for the space of thirteen or fourteen days, had maintained a friendly intercourse, and carried on an advantageous trade, with its inhabitants. The depth of the water at that place was between two and three fathoms; and, as far as could be seen beyond it, the Niger was free from rocks and other obstructions, and assumed a majestic and very encouraging appearance. This important town is inhabited by Falatahs and negroes, and realizes the expectations that had been formed of it, as regards its extent, its wealth, and its population. A few Tuaricks,

from the borders of the desert, and other Arabs, were observed by our countrymen in the streets of Rabbah.

Another important feature is, our travellers ascended the river Tshadda as high as one hundred and fifty miles from its junction with the Niger. At that point, and at some distance below and above it, the river was found to be intersected with islands, and comparatively shallow, alternately becoming broad and narrow, in proportion as its channel was free from, or obstructed by, these islands. No traces of inhabitants appeared on the banks of this river; and Lander and his valuable coadjutor were compelled to return to the Niger for want of provisions. All the natives in this part of the country agree in the assertion that the Tshadda communicates with Lake Tshad, the inland sea of Africa. They do not hazard this as a mere conjecture, but state it with confidence as a well-known and undisputed fact. On a small island near Atta, Lander has erected a kind of mud fort, which will also answer the purpose of a depôt for British goods. This place has been named English Island: it possesses peculiar facilities for trading purposes in that part of the country. The King of Atta, who seems to have formed an attachment to Lander, had presented him with four small, but very beautiful horses, which he succeeded in conveying to Fernando Po. Poor old Pasko, the black who buried Belzoni, is dead. He had joined the present expedition at Cape Coast Castle, and expired up the Niger, after a short illness. Lieutenant Allen has rendered an important service to the cause of science by the observations he made while on the Niger and Tshadda; he is expected to arrive shortly from the coast of Africa. Lander has lost every symptom of his late severe indisposition, and looks as hardy as an Arab. He wears a luxuriant beard, which extends to his waist.

Rhinoceros.—One of these animals has just been domiciled at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is young (about sixteen months old), and very tame, with all the characteristics of the race; it looks, indeed, like a miniature rhinoceros, being about the height of the largest hog, but more bulky. It is a curious object, and attracts much attention, even in these scenes of attraction, from birds and beasts of so many interesting kinds.

It appears by a Parliamentary return that, during the last year, 920 soldiers were committed to the different gaols in England, by sentences of courts-martial, for various periods of imprisonment, instead of subjecting them to flogging, as formerly: that 36 were sent to Canterbury, from the Dover garrison; 147 to Maidstone, which would take in the Chatham and Woolwich garrisons; 145 to Buxton, principally from the London garrison; 149 to Gosport and Portsmouth from the garrisons of these towns; and only *five* to Exeter.

It appears from a Parliamentary return that 148 captains and commanders were appointed from half-pay to the command of ships between the 1st of July, 1830, and the 1st of July, 1833. Of these, eight had been in the service 50 years, 10 more than 45 years, nine above 40 years, 50 above 30 years, and 48 above 20 years. Captain Charles Bullen, C.B., has been the longest, and the Hon. G. Grey the shortest period in the navy. In the same official return, we observe there are now only seven midshipmen in the service who have passed their examination for lieutenants prior to 1823.

We are happy to announce that Sir John Herschel arrived safe at the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th of January last, and that he has succeeded in landing all his instruments in good order. His first object was to seek out for a convenient place where he might erect an observatory, and he has happily succeeded in finding one which combines all the advantages required for such an establishment with all the beauties of the most picturesque country; and he is in hopes that, before the summer months are

over, he shall have commenced his astronomical observations. His voyage out was extremely favourable; not one day of adverse wind, nor anything like boisterous weather. We trust that his exertions in the cause of science will be crowned with success. Sir J. Herschel left England on the 13th of November last, in the Catherine Stewart Forbes, along with Sir B. d'Urban, the new Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope, and left Portsmouth only about ten days before the commencement of that series of destructive gales whose effects were so much felt in every part of Europe: we have, therefore, peculiar pleasure in communicating to the public this earliest announcement of his safe arrival; and cannot too warmly congratulate the friends of science that instruments, whose magnitude and space-penetrating power have been so long duly appreciated in our own country, should be about to be directed to the splendid celestial canopy of a southern hemisphere by the illustrious philosopher himself, who has been so long accustomed to their use, and whose devotion to astronomical science, and self-expatriation in its cause, cannot, we think, receive from his countrymen too much of their admiration and applause.—*Athenæum*.

An account of the total amount of money which, on the 5th of January, 1834, was in the Exchequer, or remained to be received on account of Ways and Means; also, of the several sums of money which would probably remain to be defrayed on account of the Supplies of the undermentioned years respectively, and the surplus of the Ways and Means at the disposition of Parliament:—

Ways and Means applicable to the Outstanding Supplies of the undermentioned years		£7,838,412 2 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
OUTSTANDING SUPPLIES.		
1825—1826	£2,027 6 3	
1827	85 1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1828	20 8 3	
1829	3 10 2	
1830	7,318 5 7 $\frac{3}{4}$	
1831	417,382 2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1832—33	419,233 18 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1833—34	6,430,158 19 0	
	7,276,249 11 2 $\frac{1}{4}$	

Surplus Ways and Means (424,225 <i>l</i> 6 <i>s</i> . 11 <i>d</i> . included, being the unappropriated balance of the Navy Grant, 1832—33) at the disposition of Parliament	£562,162 11 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>Whitehall Treasury Chambers</i> March 24, 1834.	T. SPRING RICE.

State of Crime in the Metropolis.—The official criminal returns for 1833 have been printed, from which it appears that the whole number of charges brought before the metropolitan Magistrates by the new police during the year amounted to 69,959, showing a decrease, compared with the previous year, of 7584 offences. The analysis of the returns shows, however, that a very large proportion of the charges are of a very serious character. Out of the whole number, it appears that no less than 27,000 have been dismissed by the Magistrates as unsupported by proper evidence. The largest items in the catalogue of the offences appear to be—

Drunken charges brought before the Magistrates	11,393
Ditto discharged by the Superintendent	18,487
Disorderly characters	5,721
Prostitutes	3,427
Assaults	5,721
Larcenies	7,858
Suspicious characters	3,201
Vagrants	6,757

Out of the large number of 29,890 drunken charges, no less than 12,000 appear to have been females.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Improvements in Paris.—The reproach which has so long rested on England, that she is the only nation whose monuments require protection, is passing away—at least, so far as France is concerned; for the Parisian government has found it necessary, not only to surround the Exchange with an iron palisade, but also to defend the *ci-devant* Temple of Glory, the Madeleine, and the approaches to the Pantheon by similar barricades. The works at the Madeleine, which, it is now decided, is to be a church instead of a temple, are advancing very fast; and it is said that M. Paul Delaroché is commissioned to execute eight large pictures for its interior. A new prison, which is to be finished in two years, is about to be erected in the Rue de la Roquette, to supply the place of the Bicêtre. Roland's statue of Napoleon, in white marble, seven feet high, is to be replaced in the public hall of the Institute, for which it was originally executed.—*London's Architectural Magazine*

Baron Hagel, the Austrian botanist, who lately visited the Neilgherry Hills, in India, declares that the unknown varieties of trees and shrubs existing there alone exceed ten thousand. The wild-rose runs up to the top of the highest trees, and grows to the thickness of four or five inches. A delicious specimen of orange, but not exceeding a filbert in size, is also found there. In the orange valley below Kotagherry, about 4500 feet above the level of the sea, numerous fruit-trees are found, amongst which are the wild fig and lemon tree, the latter bearing fruit little inferior, in size and flavour, to that of Spain.

Fall of a Meteoric Stone in North America.—“On the 10th of February, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, I heard an explosion, as I supposed, of a cannon, but somewhat sharper. I immediately advanced with a quick step about twenty paces, when my attention was arrested by a buzzing noise, which increased to a much louder sound, as if something was rushing over my head, and in a few seconds I heard something fall: the time which elapsed from my first hearing the explosion, to the falling, might have been fifteen seconds. I then went with some of my servants to find where it had fallen, but did not at first succeed. However, in a short time the place was found by my cook, who dug down to it, and a stone was discovered about two feet beneath the surface; it was sensibly warm, and had a strong sulphureous smell. It was of an oblong shape, weighing sixteen pounds and seven ounces. It has a hard, vitreous surface. I have conversed with many persons, living over an extent of perhaps fifty miles square: some heard the explosion: while others heard only the subsequent whizzing noise in the air. All agree in stating that the noise appeared directly over their heads. The day was perfectly fine and clear. There was but one report heard, and but one stone fell to my knowledge. There was no peculiar smell in the air. It fell within 250 yards of my house. —*Nanjenoy, Maryland.*—*From the American Journal of Science.*

An analysis of this aërolite gave the following results:

Oxide of iron	24.00
of nickel	1.25
Silicia, with earthy matter	3.46
Sulphur, a trace	

2871

A letter from Kertch (Russia), of the 2d of January, gives the following particulars:—“In a tumulus near Mont d'Or was lately discovered an ancient tomb, and a great variety of very curious articles—such as ornaments in gold, cloths, also in gold, with some heads in relief of women and

oxen, bracelets in bronze, with rams heads at the end; a metal mirror, a sponge, a small cup covered with black varnish a piece of linen cloth of a very fine tissue, with which the woman's body was covered. The whole of the garments appeared, on the opening of the tomb, to be in a perfect state of preservation, but when touched, it fell into small fragments. A portion of it, more resisting than another, was retained for the museum of Kertch. The whole were contained in a box of juniper-wood.

Professor Doberner, at Jena, has discovered another most remarkable property in platinum and iridium. He found that either of these metals, in its extreme state of fine division, (such as may be obtained by its solution in sulphuric acid, being mixed with certain organic matters, and excluded from the influence of light,) on drying in the air, absorbed from 200 to 250 times its volume of oxygen gas, without combining with it chemically, and compresses it with a power which is equal to the pressure of from 800 to 1000 atmospheres. Such a great mechanical attraction in a metal for oxygen gas is hitherto without any example, and at once explains all the previous discoveries made by Doberner of the extraordinary chemical effect of those two metals in connexion with various oxidated substances and atmospheric air. Doberner supposes that this attractive power, properly used, will lead to greater discoveries than have yet been made. Another interesting discovery made by Doberner is, that ether, at the temperature of 90° of Reaumur, burns gradually, and with a pale blue flame, which is only perceptible in the dark, and which will not set anything on fire, but which is itself so inflammable, that, on being approached by a lighted taper, it instantly changes into a high spreading, brilliant flame — *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

The Jews—The Jews in Saxony are petitioning the State for a participation in the civil and political rights of the rest of the community. At present, only protected Jews are suffered in Saxony, and the protection only extends to a man and wife, and the children yet dependent on them. On every marriage, and for every family which is established, a separate protection must be obtained at great expense. They are allowed to have only two Jewish servants, and only to engage in particular trades. From all trades which have guilds, from all public offices, from the army, and from the law, they are excluded. They may only in Leipsic and Dresden dwell within the city, and at Dresden they must, on every fire in the town, pay a fine of ten thalers.

Captain Salaun of the ship *Melayo*, lately arrived from Sumatra, has brought with him a living tapir, a very curious animal, which had never yet been seen alive in Europe. The height of the tapir is three feet and a half, its size that of a cow. It has the head and snout of the hog. Its upper lip is elongated, like the elephant's trunk, but it is much shorter, it uses this trunk to take up its food. Its legs are thick and short, and resemble those of the elephant. Its fore feet have each four toes, with nails, the hind-feet have only three. It has the back curved, and is without a tail. Its colour, from the shoulder to the haunches, is white, and the rest of the body—that is, the fore part and the hinder part, black, except the ears, which are tipped with white. Its hair is very short, and its eyes small, like those of a hog. In the day it sleeps, and eats little, in the night it is awake, and continually eating. It is good natured. It is not carnivorous, but feeds upon the bark and sprouts of trees, plants, and especially fruit that has fallen from the trees.—*French Paper*.

AGRICULTURE.

WHEN, during the discussion on the taxation of the country on the development of the outlines of the Minister's scheme of finance for the coming year, Lord Althorp stated his determination to take off the house tax in preference to the duty, or any portion of the duty on malt, the boon to the landed interest, the tub thrown out to the whale, his Lordship anticipated, would be found in the relief that interest would obtain from certain measures about to be passed—commuting tithes and amending the poor laws. The Minister's plans touching both these great questions have been just submitted to Parliament.

The project for commuting the tithes may be reduced to these simple heads. The total of the cost of each county of the kingdom is to be ascertained by the actual sum paid, where it is found the value of the land and the amount paid for its hire are upon a fair equality, but where any doubt exists, the land is to be valued. The amount of tithe is to be estimated in a similar way. These two sums being known, the ratio the one bears to the other is always to be considered as the basis of the future amount of tithe. For instance, if a farm let for 100*l*. per annum, the tithe now paid upon it, taken upon an average of the last five years, being 20*l*., the tithe in future will be a fifth of the rent. Arable land is to be charged with double the amount of tithe paid by pasture. The tithe to be paid by the landlord, and not by the tenant. A power of redemption at twenty-five years purchase is to be allowed the proprietors of land.

But that the church may not be injured the land is to be subject to a valuation every seven years. Hop grounds are to be subjected to an additional charge. Lay impropriations to be dealt with in the same manner as the property of the church.

This measure has been so short a time before the public, and its details have a seeming obscurity in them so unfavourable to the formation of any decided opinion, that the general sentiment has hardly yet begun to be formed. Yet it does not seem to be satisfactory. As a measure of relief, it appears to be confined to two particulars—first the establishment of a fixed ratio of charge and secondly, removing all collision between the occupier and the clergyman. Into its political merits it is not our place to enter, but it must be obvious that it falls infinitely (altogether, indeed) short of that adjustment of church matters for which the country is ripe. Nor do we perceive that its foundations are laid in equity. The complaint of the landed interest, in so far as the charge upon their property is concerned, has always been that the clergyman derives a portion of the benefit from the capital and skill of the cultivator, to which he has no title. His tithe is of the land not of either of the accessories above mentioned. Now, in what way, and to what extent does Lord Althorp's proposal obviate this, *the difficulty*? Not at all. Because the occasional valuation at the expiration of every seven years will give the church precisely the same advantage (a little of the command is taken away) she now enjoys. Another unshunned consequence is, that it will limit the duration of leases to that period. For it is obvious that no landlord after this has become law will let his estate for a longer term and for this reason—He finds a substantial tenant,—a person of capital, intelligence, and industry. This is the main object what follows? The farmer sets to work to get his land into the highest state of cultivation, into the most productive condition, under, say, a fourteen or twenty-one years lease. If the farm happens to be let down, as is the case with nine out of ten just now, at the expiration of the first seven years of the lease it will have become much more valuable. And this probability is enhanced by the amendment of the poor-laws, which, if carried into effect according to the design, must cause much more effective employment of labour and much more productive tillage. The

consequences, then, are clear. Either the landowner must let his land under the certainty of an indefinite addition to his tithe, which will be an abstraction of so much from his rent in the exact proportion of its rise, or he must limit his lease to the period the existing tithe valuation has to run, —which is in effect to limit to that duration the efforts of the farmer. Nothing we conceive can be less calculated to meet and obviate the postulate, or what is worse, be more injurious, because it imposes a direct check to the exertions of the agriculturist. It will do nothing more nor less than unsettle the whole system of leases. When time shall be given for the cool examination of the point, this will be clearly discerned. Unless, therefore, the landowner is prepared to admit that the rewards of ecclesiastical service are to rise with the rise of the value of his land, derived from the skill, capital, and industry of his tenant—the last thing, we imagine, he will be inclined to admit—the scheme is to him worse than useless, for it takes the thorn out of the side of his tenant to fix it in his own.

The ratio tithe bears to rent is certainly much above a fifth. For example —The average rent of the county of Norfolk, which we select as being the most highly cultivated, and the most indebted, perhaps, to capital and skill, barely reaches for its arable, and perhaps does not quite reach, a pound per acre. The average of the tithe is about (perhaps a few fractional pence under) seven shillings per acre. One third, therefore, is nearer the relation of value than one-fifth.

We come next to the measure for amending the poor laws,—the subject by far the most important to the morals, property, and safety of the country that can present itself for consideration to the legislature. Ministers have adopted (so far as the plan is at present developed) the report of their Commissioners to the letter. The proposal is in its greater bearings as follows —

All out-door allowances, as they are called, to paupers are to cease, and when a man cannot find work he is to be sent to a workhouse. Parishes are to unite to build and endow (so to speak) workhouses. The entire regulation of the conduct of parishes is to be referred to a central board sitting in London,—who are the only hands where any discretion is to be lodged, and the discretionary power delegated to them is vast indeed. Settlements are to be reduced to one or two heads,—birth and occupancy of houses or lands to a given amount. All charge for illegitimate children is to devolve upon the mother: the imputed father is to go free: thus the *gravamen* of the offence is to be thrown entirely on the female, —an oppressive enactment which necessity alone can excuse, for it is, to all intents and purposes, the victory of the man over the lion, of which the noble beast very justly remarked, the man was the painter. How far it may be politic to envision the chastity of the female with the fear of incurring all the evil and all the punishment of her transgression, we are not prepared to say, but it appears to us that the vice is encouraged on the one side exactly in the same degree as it is repressed on the other. The terror may operate more strongly on the softer nature, yet, since the child must be maintained by the parish if not by the father, the poor mother will stand much in the same position. But we have reversed the order in which we ought to have taken the matter.

The first and most momentous question is—whether the scheme be practicable? It takes for granted, observe, that there is sufficient employment, if it were honestly sought. It assumes that there is no redundant population, and that, by the simple magic of withholding allowance, the idle man will find work. So absolute and entire a contradiction of received opinions,—confirmed by a parish-rate of seven millions annually, by the increase of private alms and of plunder in an almost equal ratio, by the complaints of the whole kingdom,—must be received, by whatever evidence supported, with great hesitation. For the inquiries of the Commissioners, wide as they have been, must necessarily be incomplete, and not less pro-

bably partial; since those persons who have supplied their testimony are, in general, those who have succeeded in lowering the rates,—the bulk of the kingdom is silent, if not unexamined. Now, we ask, is it to be conceived that the whole agricultural interest,—owners and occupiers alike—men with capital as well as men without,—should concur in permitting so vast an expense, if it be only estimated at one half the amount of poor s-rate—say three millions and a half—to be wasted upon idleness, when they might employ the same amount (for they pay it chiefly) upon productive labour? Again, if we look at the facts which everywhere surround us. In the village in which we are now writing there is a population of twelve hundred, where, thirty years ago, there was not five hundred, yet not one acre has been added to the area of employment, nor any kind of manufacture. Twenty-eight men are now on the roads, and if the wives and children of them be taken into computation, not less than from sixty to seventy persons must be sent to the district workhouse the first day the allowances are discontinued, to say nothing of much allowance granted in aid of wages. Every village near is in the same state—some of them not to the same extent, but all overpopled.

It has been urged that the fund now dissipated in poor s-rates will be set loose for the wages of labour. Is not the same fund, we ask, in the hands, and at the command of, those who now pay it, and do they not prefer to pay it for idleness? What but a strong conviction, or some stronger preventive, should thus operate? Are not the numbers of the people calculated to increase, by Mr. Senior himself (one of the Commission), at one thousand per day? How, then, is employment to be found, unless the area be increased? It seems to us that the scheme will turn out impracticable unless this be done, and that its chief results will be but new burthens, thus to be laid on the present sufferers, to the amount of all the cost of the new workhouses, central board, and, indeed, of the entire and vast machinery thus to be created.

Still the principle of the measure is, we are persuaded, the right principle—namely, to make every man dependent, so far as is possible and practicable, upon his own exertions. So long as allowances eke out wages, pauperism must increase, but the excruciating difficulty is not encountered by these propositions of the Report, nor by the calculations of the Ministers. When Lord Althorp computes upon the rise of wages, he forgets that wages, like everything else, are subject, and fluctuate according, to the law of demand and supply; he forgets the severity of the present competition in the labour-market—a severity which will be augmented indefinitely, by forcing—literally forcing—so much more labour into that market. At present, these points have not been discussed in Parliament. The object of all parties seems to have been not to excite or inflame. But they must be met, if not, they will be discovered when too late—when the practice is to begin, and when the whole labouring population will be exasperated by the suddenness of the change, and the peril of the prospect. The lesser consideration, though it would have appalled a former generation of Englishmen, and shows how one great evil deadens or hardens the mind against another, is the delegation of so enormous a power as the management, distribution, and appropriation (virtually, at least) of so vast a fund and so vast a power as the whole parochial management of the country to a Board of Commissioners. There have been times when the bare proposition would have seemed so monstrous, that it would have provoked rebellion, but the necessity—the obvious necessity—has created a fearful impression, which leaves no room for constitutional objections. Yet, though the uncertainty in the introduction of the measure was complete, the work is yet to be done. The difficulty may, we think, be met by provisions (of which a general enclosure might be a main and most effectual agent) for employing those who cannot find work, without caging them in prisons, under the name of workhouses. It is a proposition in morals by

no means established, that, to break down the industrious man, who may, by any chance, be left without employment, into the inmate of one of those abodes of intentionally-inflicted privation, will be to improve the condition of society: indeed, we are bold to consider it a complete *non sequitur*; and we even doubt whether it can be justified on any ground of expediency.

The depression of the price of wheat, hitherto considered not easily to be accounted for, has, in a good degree, been cleared up by the publication of tables, which show the comparative quantities brought into the port of London in each year, between September and March, from 1829 to 1834. These tables are as under:—

29th Sept. to 31st March.	ENGLISH.		SCOTCH.		IRISH.	
	Wheat. Qrs.	Flour. Sacks.	Wheat. Qrs.	Flour. Sacks.	Wheat. Qrs.	Flour. Sacks.
1829—1830	122,746	214,344	3,847	246	5,301	9,192
1830—1831	90,158	201,641	3,080	1,026	60	6,430
1831—1832	119,753	163,309	42,982	1,907	72,142	48,113
1832—1833	159,853	191,055	4,194	1,237	11,619	13,117
1833—1834	169,945	212,717	6,461	1,143	11,997	16,093

The excess of 1831—1832 was caused by the influx of Scotch and Irish corn; the increase is in the wheat, the decrease in the flour. The increase observable in London has been accompanied by a corresponding augmentation at all, or nearly all, the country markets. The stock in Ireland and Scotland is still large: speculation is therefore at a stand; and the weather being so fine, the wheats looking so well, and the season so forward, there is little probability (we must always speak cautiously in predicting the state of markets) of any rise on this side harvest. The wheat trade continues pretty nearly in the same state, varying from 44s. to 52s., according to qualities; flour rather steadier—the last price of the best town-made ranges from 45s. to 48s., according to the buyer; ship-marks from 34s. to 38s.; barley 24s. to 45s.

It is impossible for the farmer to have better weather. The barley is coming up beautifully; and the wheats, though a little yellow, from the long-continued and sharp north and north-easterly winds, are exceedingly flourishing. Hoing is begun, and yet not too early: for the plants are getting high and rank. The general progress of vegetation has been retarded by the drought, as well as by the cold blasts; and there is little more grass now than at the date of our last report. Some warm rains would make "the country kindle round" in a very few hours, and Nature put on her brightest livery of green, leaving the colour of the earth only visible where the soil is preparing for turneps.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Grapes.—A variety of causes have been assigned for that disease in forced grapes which produces a shrivelled appearance in the foot-stalks of the bunches, and also a want of size and colour in the berries, more especially in the Frontignans and Muscats. Some consider that it proceeds from the roots being too deep in the ground; others think that it is occasioned by the temperature of the earth in which the root grows (when planted outside the house) being so much lower than that of the atmosphere within; and some attribute the disease to a want of air. Having observed that early forced grapes are in general free from this disease, and that it never occurs

to grapes grown in the open air, and having found that some bunches immediately over a steam-pipe were free from it, I have come to the conclusion that the cause is stagnation of cold moist air, and the remedy the application of heat to such an extent (even in summer when the weather is cloudy) as to admit every warm day of opening the windows sufficiently to occasion a free circulation of air. This plan has been practised with complete success.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Chevalier Barley.—At a meeting of the United East Lothian Agricultural Society, the committee was authorized to offer a premium for the most satisfactory report of the comparative value of Chevalier barley, as compared with other varieties. This premium has been awarded to Messrs. George Dunlop and Co., Linton, for barley grown on their farm of Knowes, when they produced an account of the comparative trial made between two kinds of barley, sown on the 6th of April, 1833, after a crop of rutabaga turnips; one-third of which was eaten off by sheep, the other two-thirds carted off the field; the soil a light gravel, the produce as follows:—Chevalier, per Scots acre,—82 bushels 3 lippies; ditto straw, 241 stones 12½lb., or 5314lb. Common, per Scots acre, 77 bushels; ditto straw, 212 stones 2½lb., or 4666lb.

The Average Price of Wheat during the last 19 Years.—By order of the House of Commons, an official account has been published of the average price of *Wheat* and the *Funds*. The following is a copy of that relative to wheat, and is headed—"A return of the Annual Average Money Price of Wheat, as quoted in the Gazette, published by authority, from 1815 to 1834."

Years.	Average Price.		Years.	Average Price.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
1815	63	8	1825	66	6
1816	76	2	1826	56	11
1817	94	0	1827	56	9
1818	83	8	1828	60	5
1819	72	3	1829	66	3
1820	65	10	1830	64	3
1821	54	5	1831	66	4
1822	43	3	1832	58	8
1823	51	9	1833	52	11
1824	62	0			

By the above, it seems that 52s. 11d. was the average of last year, whilst 64s. is the average of the whole nineteen years.

Skinless Oats.—At a late meeting of the Warwickshire Agricultural Society, a specimen of the *Avenaica Farina*, or skinless oat, was produced by the Rev. Mr. Knott, which had been plucked that morning out of a piece of ground belonging to that gentleman, at Wormleighton. It was produced from seed furnished to him by Mr. Trucker, of Heanton, Punchardon, near Barnstaple, Devonshire. According to the account furnished by that gentleman, it was grown in the season of 1830, for the first time it was ever produced in Great Britain, by Thomas Drenzy, Esq., of Clehemon Hall, who obtained the seed through a friend of his at Rotterdam, whither it was imported from Shantag, a remote district in China, and was quite unknown to Europeans till within these three years. The advantages which this extraordinary and valuable grain possesses over all other kinds of oats are numerous, namely:—When threshed from the sheaf, it is exactly like oatmeal, and it is fit for immediate use for culinary purposes, and every other sort which oatmeal is consumed for, the grain being quite free from every particle of rind or husk. The flavour is delicious, and it contains much more farinaceous matter. There is, of course, considerable saving of oats, and of expense of kiln-drying, &c.; and one peck contains more nutritious food for a horse than three pecks of common oats. The produce is most astonishing, the average being twenty-

six barrels, of fourteen stones to the Irish acre, the exact quantity grown by Mr Drenzy on one acre. It was not sown till the 4th of May, 1830, and was reaped early in August in the same year. It is remarkably hardy, and well adapted for this climate.

Iefebure's Improved Plough—A very ingenious improvement in this important implement has been added to the collection at the Museum of National Manufactures. The formation of the throat and mould-boards give to it a very light and easy appearance, whilst it requires far less strength of team in the management. It is much lighter and more contracted than the old turn wrest, or Kentish plough, and is not only less costly in the first instance, but also in the subsequent expense of the repairs, as the friction on all its parts is greatly lessened. It may be easily managed by any boy who is capable of conducting the horses, as it does not require to be held or changed, but at the ends of furrows, when the bottom of the mould boards can be shifted by the simple alteration of the pins at the handles, and leaning the plough on the heel while the horses are turning round. It is capable of acting as a double mould-board, by changing the stay which runs through the sole, or heel, for a longer one, so as to keep the bottom of the mould boards at the same distance as the immoveable upper parts, and it will work as well as a furrow-plough, by taking away the stay altogether.

USEFUL ARTS

Medicinal application of Mineral Magnetism—A new remedial agent, in the form of Mineral Magnetism, is now exciting a great degree of attention amongst the medical profession, the mode of administration consisting merely in the passing of a powerful magnet over the affected parts, in those local or constitutional diseases in which it is efficacious. From the results of its successful applications, which have been made known through the medium of "The Lancet," it must unquestionably soon attain a high rank amongst medical auxiliaries. It has been very successfully and extensively applied by Dr E. J. Blundell, a physician who held a high official situation in the Belgian forces, and who also enjoys considerable reputation as an eminent and scientific practitioner at home, and the results of whose practice are sufficient to establish its efficacy as a powerful and specific agent in all diseases connected with the nervous system. In a recent number of "The Lancet," the Editor announces a case treated by Dr Blundell, at St. Thomas Hospital, one of tic doloieux, in the middle fingers of the left hand, in which the whole phalanx of medical remedies, morphine, strychnine, prussic acid, the lobelia inflata, and carbonate of iron, to the amount of *sixteen ounces a day*, had been employed, but without the slightest influence in diminishing the intense suffering of the patient, who, with the expectation of relief, had three times applied for the amputation of the affected arm as constituting his sole hopes of providing effectual mitigation from the severe inveteracy of his disorder, which otherwise could only be subdued by death. Every application of the magnet was attended with the most decided symptoms of relief, and in the course of a few applications the signs of a permanent recovery were very apparent. Several other cases of recovery, in confirmed gout, anomalous rheumatic affections, neuralgia, toothache, tic doloieux, hysteria, &c., have been published in that Journal, sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the undoubted efficacy of the remedy in the alleviation and cure of nervous disorders. A recent number of this Journal contains a description of three cases: one was an anomalous form of tic doloieux, a second was a rheumatic affection of the hand and arm, the severity of which had been much aggravated by the previous remedies employed; and a third was that of a

constant throbbing and burning sensation of the left side of the face, as though hot needles were thrust into the flesh. This last was attended with permanent deafness in one ear, occasioned by a pistol having been incautiously fired too near the face. The patient was admitted into St Bartholomew's Hospital, where carbonate of iron was administered in large doses, combined with large doses of opium. The patient observed, "This always made me very dizzy and stupid, and I always felt as though I was drunk," I was, in fact, at a loss to say whether the pain was not preferable to the queer and uncomfortable sensation produced by the large doses of opium. After I had remained in the hospital for one month, I was discharged by the physician as incurable. This unhappy man next became an inmate of St George's Hospital, where, however the ability of the distinguished physicians was exerted, but with no better success. Having been advised to make trial of magnetism, within twelve applications on the affected part, the pain was entirely removed, and the patient was enabled to resume his usual avocations.

We are aware that the singular effects induced by the application of the magnet have not been suffered to pass by without meeting some objections. Confined as these have been merely to doubts respecting the probable action of the remedy, and by those who have never had opportunity to investigate the proofs of its success is thus established, and as such opposed to the common productive principles of philosophical analogy, the futility of objections which would deny the evidence of the senses, because they are not tangible to the comprehension, might easily be proved. It is, however, impossible, in a popular notice of its success, to enter into an elucidation of the *modus operandi* of causes, the effects of which we as novel in a pathological as in a physiological point of view. These will form the subject of a work which Dr Blundell is preparing for the press, being an "Inquiry into the Medical Applications of Magnetism," in which some curious views will be elucidated on the identity of this agent with various other natural agents, and even with the vital principle.

Slate — Experiments have lately been made to ascertain the applicability of slate to other uses than the covering of houses. The result has been the discovery that, as material for paving the floors of the warehouses, cellars, wash-houses, bins, &c, where great strength and durability are required, it is far superior to any other known material. In the extensive warehouses of the London Docks it has been used on a large scale. The stones forming several of the old floors, being broken and decayed, have been replaced with slate two inches thick. And one wooden floor, which must otherwise have been relaid, has been covered with slate one inch thick, and the whole have been found to answer very completely. The trucks used in removing the heaviest weights are worked with fewer hands. The slabs being sawn, and cemented closely together as they are laid down, unite so perfectly, that the molasses, oil, turpentine, or other commodity which is spilt upon the floor, is all saved, and, as slate is non-absorbent, it is so easily cleaned, and dries so soon, that a floor upon which sugar in a moist condition has been placed may be made ready for the reception of the most delicate goods in a few hours. Waggon or carts, containing four or five tons of goods, pass over truckways of two inch slate without making the slightest impression. In no one instance has it been found that a floor made of sawn slate has given way, in point of durability, therefore, it may be considered superior to every other commodity applied to such uses. The consequences of this discovery have been that full employment is found in the quarries which produce the best descriptions of slates, and that additional employment has been given to the British shipping engaged in the coasting trade.

New Process of Engraving, and new Process of Blasting — The frequent and useful application of science to practical purposes is one of the distin-

guishing features of our age. Electricity has been employed in engraving from steel plates; and we learn that the experiments are likely to lead to great improvements in that branch of art! On the other hand, the galvanic battery is turned with success to the instantaneous ignition of charges of gunpowder in blasting stones and rocks. In cases where large blocks are wanted, it is important that the different charges should explode at the same moment; and by the new arrangement, invented, we believe, by Professor Hare, in America, this is accurately accomplished. It also combines another great recommendation, namely, far more safety to the workmen. The proprietors of our quarries at home will no doubt speedily avail themselves of so valuable a process.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 25, 1834, TO APRIL 22, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

March 25.—J. PAUL, late of Paternoster-row, bookseller. C. F. GRASSMAN, Wells-street, Hackney, merchant. R. CHAMBERS, Chirk Bank, Shropshire, shopkeeper. C. DICKENSON, Metcalf, Birmingham, grocer. T. WHALLEY, Stafford, shoe-manufacturer. J. TWIST, Rhyddlan, Flintshire, timber-merchant. E. MOUSLEY, Haunton, Staffordshire, maltster. T. MORRIS, Derby, draper. B. H. BULLOCK, Bath, wine-merchant. J. BAINBRIDGE, Richmond, Yorkshire, ironmonger.

March 28.—J. J. DAVIS, Newbury, Berkshire, upholsterer. D. GOOD, Albany-road, Camberwell, Surrey, timber-merchant. E. A. BEERCRAFT, Curzon-street, May Fair, embroiderer. F. GOIDRING, Brighton, builder. M. MARCH, sen, Gosport, Southampton. F. T. JEVES, Wootton, Northamptonshire, maltster. J. JONES, Penllwyn Mill, Monmouthshire, miller.

April 1.—C. O. ROOKS, Eagle-wharf, Montague-close, Southwark, coal-merchant. B. and H. JOSEPH, Bristol, jewellers. H. BRETARON, Manchester, hat-manufacturer. G. BAILEY, Rudge, Salop, victualler.

April 4.—J. and C. H. MÉRIVIER, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothiers. P. YOUNGMAN, Chatham, bookseller. R. BLACKBURN, Basinghall-street, surgeon. G. STATHAM, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, tailor. J. POYNTON, Covent-garden-market, victualler. S. HARRIS and D. REKVE, Minorities, linen-draper. J. HICKLING, Warwick, brickmaker. M. SNEELSON, New Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturer. G. WRABO, Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer. D. STEBER, Dover, watchmaker. J. GLOVER, Wigan, Lancashire, draper. J. DOUGHTY, Bristol, tavern-keeper.

April 8.—J. BRIGGS, Lawrence-lane, City, dealer in French goods and jewellery. W. BOYS, Eastbourne, Sussex, wine-merchant. G. W. ROHRS and F. W. JACOB, Mark-lane, corn-factors. D. MORPHEW, Dover, chemist. R. GOOD, Birmingham, grocer. J. A. RICHARDSON, Cannon-row, Westminster, bill-broker. R. MOFFITS, Horsleydown-lane, and Shad Thames, mealman. I. SMART, Brydges-street, Covent-garden, shell-

fishmonger. E. SHARP, Lincoln, merchant. T. PADLEY, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, victualler. W. BATTIE, Sheffield, Yorkshire, silver-plater. D. PINCAS, Devonport, silversmith.

April 11.—W. HARDCASTLE, Beaufort place, Chelsea, ironmonger. T. ASKEY, Leadenhall-street, City, jeweller. T. C. DAVIES, Wrexham, Denbighshire, grocer. T. BARNETT, Barford, Warwickshire, butcher. W. PHILPOT, Penmain, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. T. HARDING, Worcester, glove-manufacturer. D. HADDEN, Liverpool, iron-manufacturer.

April 15.—R. MERRY, jun., Norwich, corn-merchant. S. HUCKERBY, Scalford, Leicestershire, fellmonger. W. COOKE, Liberties of the City of Hereford, coal-merchant. P. BRETHERTON, Liverpool, stage-coach-proprietor.

April 18.—D. SHEPHERD, Hereford-place, Commercial-road, haberdasher. H. BINSTED, Southampton-buildings, Holborn, cigar-dealer. J. HUNTER, Cheapside, shoemaker. J. NATION, Birmingham, turner. W. A. JARRIN, Quadrant, Regent-street, confectioner. M. WERTHEIM, Friday-street, City, foreign warehouseman. W. BATTIE, Sheffield, silver-plater. J. TREGONING, Manchester, dealer. S. WEST, Swathling, Southamptonsire, fellmonger. A. WEST, Wilton, Wiltshire, fellmonger.

April 22.—J. BATTY, Ware, Hertfordshire, victualler. A. SCHLOSS, Strand, bookseller. G. ADNAM, Brighton, Sussex, commission-agent. J. EVE, Fleet-street, City, ironmonger. G. WILLIAMSON, Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire, baker. J. HARDING, Kensington, timber-merchant. W. THOMPSON, Witney, Oxfordshire, coach-maker. E. LEDGARD, Mirfield, Yorkshire, oil-merchant. J. THOMPSON, Sheffield, grocer. W. SWANWICK, Nottingham, inn-keeper. C. OVERTON, Monk Fryston, Yorkshire, miller. W. BAKER, Thirsk, Yorkshire, grocer. W. BRAITHWAITE, jun., Middlewich, Cheshire. J. J. and T. HALLAM, Nottingham, builders. T. HAMER, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, woolstapler. H. COMBS, Liberty of the Close of Sarum, Wiltshire, money-scrivener.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE state of trade, particularly as relates to the staple manufactures of the country, is far from being satisfactory at present; but the causes of depression are not of a nature likely to render their operation of long continuance. The branch of manufactures in which the greatest distress exists among the operatives is in that of Woollens, in which the masters have been compelled, by the high prices of the raw material and limited extent of orders, to contract their workings and discharge a great number of hands. The Silk Trade is nearly as dull as the Woollen; and the Cotton Manufacture, though by no means depressed to the same extent, is not in that state of brisk activity which characterized it lately. The Iron trade presents a similar aspect. The evils of this state of things, if not absolutely induced by the proceedings of the various Trades' Unions, are certainly aggravated by them inasmuch as they check that feeling of confidence and security which so largely promotes and fosters commercial enterprise.

The Markets for Colonial produce, both here and on the Continent, have been dull of late, particularly in the article of Coffee.

In British Plantation Sugar, the transactions have lately been very limited in extent. The stock in the first hands being now reduced to a trifling quantity, the holders are tenacious for higher prices, to which the grocers are unwilling to submit, as, with a change of wind, considerable arrivals may be expected, good and fine grocery descriptions bring 58s to 60s, middling, 54s to 57s, strong grey, 54s to 56s, and brown, 51s to 53s per cwt.

Mauritius Sugar, which had gone off heavily in the early part of the month, received latterly an impulse from the scarcity of West Indian Muscovados, and has sold freely at a trifling advance, low to fine yellow selling at 53s to 57s. 6d, very ordinary and soft to good brown, 46s 6d to 52s per cwt.

In East India Sugar the purchases are still more limited; occasionally small parcels of low to good white Bengal are taken up by the grocers at 26s to 31s; for Manilla, 23s 6d. is offered, but 24s. is required; in Siam and Java full prices are asked, but little or nothing is doing.

There has been more business done within the last few days in Foreign Sugars; by public sale, about 500 boxes,

good to fine white Havannah, nearly all sold at 28s to 30s.; and 700 boxes yellow at 24s 6d to 26s 6d. Of a small parcel of Brazil, white soft Petramas brought 23s 6d to 25s. 6d; Bahia, yellow, 22s 6d. to 23s 6d; brown, 21s to 23s.

The stock of Refined Sugars is low, and small purchases made for the immediate wants of the consumer are consequently at full prices, for export sales of fine crushed have been made at 30s. to 30s 3d, but it is now held at 31s 6d, the refiners being indisposed to enter into contracts, owing to the limited supply of raw sugar.

West India Molasses, of fair quality, is quoted at 25s to 26s; but the market is heavy.

In the Coffee Market, as we stated above, there has been considerable depression of late, and a reduction of not less than 3s to 4s per cwt. The British Plantation Coffee lately offered by public sale has been for the greater part taken in, of that which was sold, fine ordinary Barbice brought 73s 6d to 74s; good ordinary Demerara, not clean, 67s. to 67s 6d; fine ordinary, 71s to 75s. 1221 bags of good ordinary and good ordinary coloury Brazil sold for 52s 6d. to 53s; 538 bags of good ordinary St. Domingo were all taken in at 53s. The demand for East India Coffee has been almost exclusively limited to Ceylon, principally bought for the French market, at 52s to 52s 6d for good ordinary. Mocha is higher in price, though the transactions are limited, 493 bags, offered by public sale, were taken in at 54s to 65s for ordinary to good.

Rum has lately suffered a reduction of 1d per gallon, proof Leewards have sold at 2s 2l, and five per cent over at 2s 3d. There has lately been a brisk demand for Brandy at an advance of 1d. to 2d per gallon. It being stated that the vines in France have suffered from the frost, Geneva is dull of sale.

The Cotton Market is in a very languid state of 1400 bales of Surak recently put up for sale, 1000 were bought in, the remainder brought fair prices, say 57d for very middling, 6s 4d for middling fair, and 7d for good fair.

The anticipations of the dealers in Tea have been completely contradicted in the advance of 1d to 2d. per lb, which has taken place in the finer qualities, while the ordinary descriptions are heavy at sale prices, thus, Boheas, in large chests, barely maintain those prices,

while common Congous make a profit of $\frac{1}{2}d$ to $\frac{3}{4}d$ per lb, and finer Congous and Hysons $1\frac{1}{2}d$ to $2d$ per lb

Some considerable sales have lately been made in Brazil Cocoa at $23s$ and $23s 6d$, and holders now ask $24s$

There is not much doing in Spices, Pimento, from its continued scarcity, brings $4\frac{5}{8}d$ to $4\frac{7}{8}d$ for secondary qualities, Pepper has lately advanced about $\frac{3}{4}d$ per lb, good half heavy, $3\frac{3}{8}d$ to $3\frac{1}{2}d$

Cochineal is lower, by public sale of eighty nine bags, twelve bags block brought $8s$ to $8s 9d$ per lb the remainder, silver, $7s 2d$ to $8s 4d$, being in the former description a reduction of about $6d$, and in the latter of about $4d$ per lb

The Company's Indigo sale commenced on the 15th ult and finished on the 18th, the quantity declared was 3,866 chests, of which 654 chests were withdrawn, leaving 3,212 chests of the following descriptions —

52	chests	Bengal,	very fine shipping qualities
525	„	„	good to fine do
938	„	„	low to good consums
1585	„	„	good consuming to good shipping qualities.
112	„	Madras	

The Company's Indigo came on for sale first, and was readily disposed of at prices fully equal to those of the January sale and in some instances $2d$ to $3d$ per lb higher, but as the sale proceeded an increased competition arose and the advance upon the former prices was from $3d$ to $6d$, averaging an advance of $4d$ on the whole of the Bengal sold, in Madras, however, there was a decline from the January prices of $3l$ to $4d$ per lb in the finer qualities. Since the sale the Market has become brisk, and a considerable portion of that which had been withdrawn or taken in at former sales has been sold privately at prices

equal to those obtained at the India House.

The Tallow Market is dull, and prices are declining; by public sale of Yellow Candle Tallow, sixty-five casks of first sort brought $42s 3d$. to $42s 6d$, and sixty casks second sort $41s$ to $41s 3d$

The Market for British Securities, notwithstanding the temporary effects produced by the disturbances in Lyons and Paris, and by the apprehensions of the consequences of the meeting of the Trades' Unions in London, has presented no great extent of fluctuation during the past month, the lowest quotations for Money having been $90\frac{1}{2}$, and the highest $91\frac{1}{2}$ for Consols

In the Foreign Market, a vast deal of excitement continues to prevail with reference to Portuguese and Spanish Securities which, with repeated and violent oscillations, have advanced during the month, the former full 7 per cent, the latter $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the other descriptions of Foreign Funds have remained with scarcely any variation

The closing prices on the 25th are subjoined —

BRITISH FUNDS

Three per Cent Consols $91\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto for the Account, $91\frac{3}{4}$ —Exchequer Bills, $48s$, $49s$, prem—Bank Stock, $213\frac{1}{2}$, $14\frac{1}{2}$ —India do, $261 2$

FOREIGN FUNDS

Belgian Five per Cent $99\frac{1}{2}$ 100—Brazilian, $72\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian, $26\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish Three per Cent, $73\frac{3}{4}$ $4\frac{1}{4}$ —Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, $50\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Ditto Five per Cent, $95\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Anglo-Greek 112—Mexican $41\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese, $73\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto Regency $73\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Russian, $104\frac{1}{2}$ 5—Spanish, $34\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, $8\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$ —Bolanos, 127 $\frac{1}{2}$, 132 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Imperial Brazilian, 61 2—Real del Monte, 33 4—United Mexican, $7\frac{1}{2}$, $8\frac{1}{4}$ —Canada, $48\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{4}$

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Revenue—We subjoin a satisfactory account, on the whole, of the state of the Public Revenue for the year and the quarter ending the 5th April, particularly for the quarter, as compared with the produce of the national income for the corresponding period of the preceding year. On the whole of the year, as compared with the preceding twelve months, ending the 5th April, there has, it will be observed, been no marked increase. The

proceeds of the Customs for the quarters ending October 1833, and January 1834, are less than the corresponding quarters of 1832 and 1833 by the sum of 716,699*l.*; but in the quarter ending 5th April current, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, the improvement is considerable. The Customs show an increase of 186,017*l.*, the Excise of 102,986*l.*, and the Stamps of 87,412*l.* The falling off in the Assessed Taxes and the Post-Office is trifling—leaving augmented resources for the quarter of nearly 400,000*l.*

The "Times" says, that "the great cause of the defalcation in the Revenue, or rather of those deductions which prevented its increase, is to be found in the remission of taxes. In the Excise, which may be reckoned a test of the resources and means of consumption among the great body of the people, very considerable reductions had been effected in 1831 and 1832, the full effect of which could only be felt in the succeeding period. Thus, as mentioned by Lord Althorp, in his financial statement on the 14th of February last, taxes had been repealed in 1831 and 1832, which had produced to the Revenue 1,790,000*l.*; and in 1833, a farther repeal took place of imposts, amounting to 1,545,000*l.*; making a total in the course of three years of remitted taxation to the extent of 3,335,000*l.* This great reduction, it will be remembered, occurred immediately after the year 1830, when the Duke of Wellington's Administration had repealed the beer duties, producing upwards of 3,000,000*l.* more. The consequence of these multiplied reductions was, that in the year ending April, 1832, there had been an excess of expenditure over income to the extent of nearly a million and a quarter."

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the

	Qrs. ended		In- crease.	De- crease.	Yrs. ended		In- crease.	De- crease.
	Apr 5, 1833	1834.			Apr. 5, 1833.	1834.		
Customs...£	3,417,250	2,603,263	186,017	15,516,254	15,133,005	383,249
Excise....	2,600,575	2,703,561	102,903	14,623,576	14,943,948	320,372	
Stamps....	1,584,038	1,671,450	87,412	6,453,268	6,586,098	152,830	
Taxes.....	509,563	483,351	26,212	5,003,855	4,865,846	138,009
Post-Office..	346,000	334,000	12,000	1,321,000	1,371,000	53,000	
Miscellan....	16,478	11,285	5,193	69,190	51,940	17,250
	8,473,904	8,806,910	376,332	43,405	42,967,143	42,954,837	526,202	538,508
Repayments of Advances for Public Works.....	77,364	128,461	51,097	319,776	366,115	46,339	
Total. £	8,551,268	8,935,375	427,512	43,405	43,286,919	43,320,952	572,541	538,508
				43,405				538,508
				387,107				34,033

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

March 26.—Several petitions from dissenters were presented, and among them one from the dissenters of Edinburgh and Leith, by the Lord Chancellor, who took occasion to dissent from some of the allegations, and from that part of the prayer which contemplated the separation of the Church and State. He fully agreed in that part of the prayer of the petition which called upon the Legislature "to take such steps as were necessary to put an end to all differences which exist between citizens, as regards their religious opinion affecting their civil rights," and he had no doubt "that the amendment of the existing law will be set about promptly and rationally, and that the rights of the constitution will be extended to the dissenters, to the utter extinction of all those civil disabilities of which they complain."—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a measure of great utility and importance, the object of which is to remove the chief inconveniences which at present attend the administration of justice in the metropolis. Its

principal provisions are the increase of the Old Bailey sessions from eight to twelve annually, and the extension of the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey all over Middlesex, over a part of Surrey and Kent, and over a small portion of Essex, thus vesting the administration of the law in the King's Justices instead of in mere Justices of the Peace, and getting rid of a number of very ill-constituted tribunals for the trial of criminal offences, especially that most unsatisfactory one at the Sessions-house on Clerkenwell-green, composed of Middlesex magistrates. The bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The House adjourned till the 14th of April.

April 14.—Their Lordships re-assembled.—The Duke of Wellington presented some petitions in favour of the Church Establishment, and others complaining of agricultural distress.

April 15.—The Lord Chancellor entered into an explanation of his views on the new Beer Act. He considered that by improving the superintendence of beer-shops, and only permitting them in towns and villages, a great portion of the evils complained of might be overcome.—Lord Kenyon said he should bring forward a measure for the correction of the existing evils.

April 18.—The Duke of Newcastle, not seeing the Right Rev. Bishop of London in his place, begged to put a question to Earl Grey, with respect to a subject in which he felt deep interest, viz. the approaching Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey. There could be no objection to the coronation being solemnized in Westminster Abbey, but he never could consent to a musical festival being held there.—Earl Grey said, he considered the question one of a peculiar nature, and one that he doubted whether he was called upon to answer; he begged, however, to say that the intended festival was of a similar nature to those that had been formerly held in Westminster Abbey. A further answer he could not give to the Noble Duke.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 24.—On the presentation of the Report of the Committee of Supply on the Ordnance Estimates, Major Beauclerk (Surrey) objected to the grant for Nova Scotia, Mauritius, and North America, and moved their omission. The House divided on the whole reduction proposed, 26,000*l*. The numbers were: for the amendment, 22; against it, 76. Majority, 54.—Mr. S. Rice presented a petition from 63 resident members of the University of Cambridge, in favour of admitting all dissenters to be eligible to gain the honours of that University. He went into details similar to those made by Earl Grey in the House of Lords on Friday, adding, that however the restrictions had been imposed, the time had come when they ought to cease to exist. Mr. Goulburn admitted the respectability of the petitioners, but contended that even they did not desire to disturb the private statutes of the University. Mr. Pryme proceeded to defend the prayer of the petition, but the debate was adjourned.

March 26.—Mr. Ramsbottom and Sir J. Pechell presented petitions from Windsor against the proposed line of the great Western Railway, and praying that it might be so arranged as to pass through that borough. Referred to the Committee on the Bill. - The debate on the Cambridge petition was again renewed, and adjourned to the first sitting after the recess.—Mr. Buckingham gave notice, that, on the 24th of April, he should move an address to the Crown, praying for relief for the distressed Poles residing in this country.—The House then adjourned till Monday the 14th of April.

April 14.—The House went into a Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates. From the introductory statement of the Right Hon. the Secretary for the Treasury, it appeared that the saving in their amount, as compared with 1833, was 234,000*l*.; with 1832, 726,000*l*.; and with 1821,

1,322,000*l.* There was some discussion on a portion of the grants, all of which were agreed to without any going into a division, and the House resumed.

April 15.—Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the means of remedying the evils which exist in the form of the Governments now existing in Upper and Lower Canada—Mr. Hume seconded the motion—Mr. Stanley moved an amendment, which, while it altered the terms of the motion, conceded the appointment of the Committee—After some discussion, the motion, as amended, was agreed to—The Chancellor of the Exchequer afterwards entered into a statement of his plan for effecting the commutation of tithes. The following are the propositions moved by his Lordship—That all tithes in England and Wales do cease and determine from—That, in future, all land liable to tithe shall pay an average rate in proportion to its value in the different counties. That all land liable to tithe may have such tithe redeemed, by the payment of twenty-five years' purchase—After a speech of some length from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Baring, Sir R. Peel, Sir R. Inglis, and other Members, made a few remarks, expressly reserving their opinions on the plan itself until they saw it detailed in the printed bill.

April 17—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his motion on the subject of the Poor-laws. After dwelling for some time on the importance of the subject, the difficulty of dealing with it, and the ill-success which attended many of the endeavours of the legislature to do so, he referred to the appointment and labours of the Commission from which the valuable body of evidence had emanated, on the statements of which he rested the necessity of an immediate change. As regards the law of settlement, his Lordship observed that every mode ought to be abolished except that of birth and right acquired by marriage. He proposed that every one should follow the settlement of his parents till the age of 16, and then to have recourse to his own, which was to be the place of his birth—Colonel Williams moved an Address to the King, requesting his Majesty “to signify his pleasure to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, that their bodies no longer act under the edicts or letters of James the First, 1616, which required subscription to certain articles of faith, &c.—Mr. G. Wood proposed “an amendment for leave to bring in a Bill to grant to his Majesty's subjects generally the right of admission to the English Universities, and of equal eligibility to degrees therein, notwithstanding their diversities of religious opinion, degrees in Divinity alone excepted. A long discussion followed, which terminated in a division, when the amendment was carried by a majority of 185 to 44.

April 18—Mr. Secretary Stanley, in a Committee on the King's Message, moved that compensation be granted to the officers of the Order of the Bath, in lieu of fees—Mr. Hume objected to this course, and wished inquiry to be made into the fees, before the public should be burdened with fresh costs. With the view of effecting such inquiry, he should move that the Chairman report progress. Sir S. Whalley seconded the amendment—Mr. Secretary Stanley was ready to submit the whole question to a Committee, but he hoped the amendment would not be pressed, as there ought to be some answer to the message—The original motion was agreed to.

THE COLONIES.

ACCORDING to an official document published at the Cape, it appears that the value of colonial produce exported to Great Britain during the months of October, November, and December, 1833, amounted to 24,916*l.*; to St. Helena, 2,953*l.*; to the Mauritius, 8,443*l.*, to the East Indies, 663*l.*; to South America, 2,208*l.*; to New South Wales, 5,137*l.*, to Hamburg, 240*l.*;

to Java, 1,467*l.*; and to the Island of Ascension, 200*l.*—making altogether a total value of 46,217*l.* of goods exported during the quarter. Besides the goods of colonial produce so disposed of, it appears that articles not of colonial produce were exported during the same period to Great Britain to the amount of 915*l.*; to St. Helena, 406*l.*; to the East Indies, 175*l.*; to the Mauritius, 1,822*l.*; to South America, 188*l.*; to New South Wales, 1,969*l.*; and to Java, 237*l.*—making altogether 5,712*l.*; and showing the export of goods generally to have amounted during the quarter to 52,129*l.*

CANADA.

The accounts from Canada are highly important. The Governor-General, Lord Aylmer, has been impeached. Mr. Papineau, the Speaker of the Parliament of Lower Canada, moved the articles of impeachment against his Lordship, and on the 15th Feb. a call was made of both Houses, for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of the province, when the members, with few exceptions, appeared in their seats. A series of resolutions, about seventy in number, had been introduced, the terms of which seemed to indicate a formidable revolutionary tendency. The principal of these resolutions declared that, "by reason of the defects which exist in the laws and constitution of this province, and the manner in which those laws and that constitution have been administered, the people of the province are not sufficiently protected in their lives, their property, and their honour; and that the long series of acts of injustice and oppression of which they have to complain, have increased with alarming rapidity, in violence and number, under the present administration;" and, moreover, "that the style of the extracts of despatches from the Colonial Secretary, as communicated to this House, is insulting, and inconsiderate to such a degree, that no legally constituted body, although its functions were infinitely subordinate to those of legislation, could or ought to tolerate them; that the tenor of the said despatches is incompatible with the rights and privileges of this House, which ought not to be called in question or defined by the Colonial Secretary." By further advices from Canada, it appears that the proceedings of impeachment against Lord Aylmer were in progress. In nine supplementary resolutions the Governor-General is directly and formally impeached, conventions of the people called, and the despatches of Mr. Secretary Stanley are indignantly struck from the journals. Twenty-three of the resolutions had already been adopted; and an amendment, to moderate their tone, was negatived by a large majority. Amongst those interested in the trade to Canada, the proceedings have created much conversation; and the stand made by the Assembly, in opposition to the despatch of the Colonial Secretary relative to the Supply Bill, it is fully expected will bring matters to a crisis, as it cannot fail to draw down the serious animadversion of the home government. In the ninety-two resolutions which had been passed by the Lower Assembly, chiefly in relation to the grievances under which the colonists allege that they at present suffer, very strong expressions are made use of relative to the policy pursued by his Majesty's Government towards the province, and the result of this opposition it is fully expected will be the junction of the legislative powers in Lower Canada, and the establishment of one legislation for both provinces.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte has published a letter to the subscribers of the petitions addressed to the Chamber of Deputies, calling for the repeal of the law of banishment, enacted in 1815, against the family of Napoleon. In the course of it he says, "Had Napoleon been alive at this day, he would have concurred with us—he would have recognized the sovereignty of

the French people, who alone have the right to give that government which seems most to their interest, or according to their pleasure, nay, even according to its caprice. The dictatorship too long maintained by Napoleon has made him an object of contempt with some persons. This dictatorship was prolonged by the perverseness of the foes of the Revolution, who affected to obliterate in his person the principle of national sovereignty, of which he was but the emanation. But, at the general peace, universal suffrage, the liberty of the press, and all the guarantees of enduring prosperity of a great nation which he contemplated, must have wholly unveiled him to France, and must have enabled all his contemporaries to form the same judgment of him, as posterity will entertain. His whole thoughts were known to me, and my duty is to proclaim them loudly.

Royal Ordinances have been promulgated, by which, M Persil, Deputy, Procureur-General of the Royal Court, is appointed Keeper of the Seals, and Minister of Justice and of Worship, in the room of M Barthe, who is created a Peer of France, and made First President of the Court of Accounts, in the room of M Barbe Marbois, who resigns, but who is vested with the dignity of Honorary First President of the Court of Accounts.—M Thiers, Deputy, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, is appointed Minister of the Interior, in the room of Count D Argout, who is made Governor of the Bank of France in the place of the Duke de Gaete.—M Duchatel, Deputy, is nominated Minister of Commerce, in the room of M Thiers.—The separation of the attributes of the Ministers of the Interior and of Commerce will be hereafter determined by a special ordinance.—Vice Admiral Count de Rigny, Deputy, and Minister of the Marine and Colonies, is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the room of the Duke de Broglie.—Vice Admiral Baron Roussin, Ambassador at Constantinople, is named Minister of Marine in the room of Admiral de Rigny, who, however, will continue to exercise the functions of his late office till the arrival of Admiral Roussin.—M Martin du Nord, Deputy, and Advocate General of the Court of Cassation, is appointed Procureur General of the Royal Court in the room of M Persil. The Ministers who retain their previous offices are Marshal Soult, President of the Council and Minister of War, M Humann, Minister of Finance, and M Guigot, Minister of Public Instruction.

The general strike amongst the silk weavers of Lyons, that produced the ordinary results of strikes—the ruin of the masters, and the increased sufferings of the labourers who joined in the combination—has been for some months a matter of notoriety. It is not, perhaps, equally notorious that the poor fellows have been tools in the hands of a political union calling themselves by one of those names in which the vocabulary of French sedition has always been rich, that of *Mutuellistes*. At their instigation, chiefly, the weavers were induced to hold meetings deemed by the magistrates illegal, and certainly exceeding the number allowed by the pre-existing law—we mean the old law against public meetings, which permitted a greater numerical attendance than the law recently enacted. The leaders of these meetings were prosecuted by the Procureur du Roi, and whilst the trials were going on at the Palais de Justice, the weavers, who had been formed into regular companies, meditated a joint act of retaliation, by marching to the public hall, with the avowed purpose, as they professed, of protecting the members of their own body from the troops with which it had unfortunately been found expedient to surround the court of justice. The proceedings were necessarily suspended, and symptoms of a more systematic insurrection were displayed in the streets. The prosecutors and witnesses were insulted and marked for future vengeance, and the King's Procureur with difficulty rescued. An officer of the gend armee was shot, whilst he was in the act of dispersing the rioters.

The military force being too feeble, more troops were sent for, the trials in the meanwhile being suspended till Wednesday the 9th. Then began the

systematic warfare of the streets, in which the French have of late had so much practice. Barricades were thrown up after the memorable fashion of 1830, nor was it till the garrison troops had driven the insurgents into the narrow streets, the mouths of which they blockaded, that the victory remained with the law. But it was not till the 11th that tranquillity was completely restored.

PORTUGAL.

The Pope has excommunicated Don Pedro; and, in order to counteract the effects of this awful denunciation of his Holiness, Don Pedro has issued a decree, depriving the King, his brother, of all his titles, honours, privileges, and pre-eminence, and confiscating to the State all the property of the Infantado.

POLAND.

A Russian paper gives the following statement of the Polish army during the war, and of its wreck at the present time. There is, however, a manifest desire to lessen the numbers of those who were really engaged in that glorious struggle — At the commencement of the struggle, the Polish army had in actual service 30 generals, 224 superior officers, 1,898 officers, and 388 divers officers attached to the army as medical officers, commissaries, &c — total, 2,540. During its progress there were killed, or died of their wounds, or of disease, in all 263. After the triumph of Russia, there remained in Poland, or have since returned, 1,811, including 17 generals, and 153 superior officers — 40 (of whom 7 are generals) entered the Conqueror's service. Of those who passed the frontier with detachments of Poles, and did not accept the amnesty, there went from Austria to France 50, from France to Switzerland 46. There remain 4 generals, 17 superior officers, 290 officers, and 19 *employes*, in all 330, whose residence is unknown. Thus, of the total of 2,540 officers and *employes* of the *ci devant* Polish army, 1,811 are in Poland, 40 in Russia, and on service, 263 are killed or died; 96, according to certain information, are in France or Switzerland, and it is not known what has become of the 330 others. Among the latter are included those who disappeared during the war, as well as those who were killed, or who died in the ranks of the Polish army since the attack of Warsaw, respecting whom no official information can be obtained.

BELGIUM.

Some serious riots, arising out of the following circumstance, have taken place at Brussels. At the period of the revolution, among other things taken possession of by the new Government, were several horses belonging to the Prince of Orange, which, until recently, were kept in possession of the Belgian authorities. It was, however, resolved to dispose of them, which was done publicly, by auction, a short time since, and they were bought by a subscription entered into by several of the Flemish *noblesse*, for the purpose of being presented to the Prince of Orange. The horses, four in number, we are informed, were bought for 7000 francs, and they have been sent to the Hague. Among the principal Orange nobility who took part in this proceeding, were the Prince de Ligne, the Duc de Chermay, and others, and they subsequently issued an advertisement, calling upon the adherents of the House of Nassau to join in the subscription, in order to make the amount up for which the horses had been purchased. The populace having thus obtained information as to the individuals who had taken part in this proceeding, on the 5th instant commenced an attack upon the houses of the Prince de Ligne, the Duc d'Ursal, and several other individuals of the Orange party. The destruction of furniture and other property was continued during the next day, but little interference having taken place on the part of the government. An attempt was subsequently made by the troops, headed by King Leopold, with an escort of several officers, to quell the disturbances, his Majesty being received with the loudest acclamations by the people. At length, after the riots and pillage had lasted two days, the populace were appeased, and something like order restored.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.

THIS nobleman died at Taymouth Castle, after a short illness. His Lordship was Marquis of Breadalbane, Earl of Ormelie, and Baron Breadalbane in the peerage of the United Kingdom; also Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount of Tay and Pentland, Lord Glenorchy Benedearalock, Ormehe, and Wick in the Scottish peerage, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He was also a Lieut.-General in the army, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He married, in 1793, Mary Turner, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late David Gavin, Esq., by Lady Elizabeth Maitland, of Lauderdale, by whom, besides the present Marquis, he has left two daughters, Lady Elizabeth, married to Sir John Pringle, Bart., and Lady Mary, the Marchioness of Chandos. His Lordship, who was in his 72d year, was of retired and unostentatious habits, devoting much time to the improvement of his princely estates, which, together with the titles, devolve upon his eldest son, John, Earl of Ormelie.

THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

Admiral, the Earl of Galloway, entered the naval service at an early period of life, and, at his decease, was an Admiral of the Blue, which rank he attained 22d of July, 1830. His Lordship traced his family to Alexander the Steward, great grandfather of Robert II., King of Scotland. The Scotch honours go back, the Barony to 1607, the Earldom to 1623. The English Barony was conferred on the late Earl in 1796. He formed a matrimonial alliance, 1797, with Lady Jane Paget, second daughter of Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, and sister of the Marquis of Anglesea, by whom he has left a surviving family of two sons and three daughters, one of whom, the eldest, married the Marquis of Blandford, her first cousin. His Lordship was in his 67th year.

SIR EDWARD THORNBROUGH.

At his seat in Devonshire, of which county he was a native, Admiral Sir Edward Thornbrough, in the 80th year of his age, being born in 1754.

Having entered the navy at the usual period, he became lieutenant of the Falcon sloop, one of the ships appointed to cover the attack on Bunker's-hill in 1775. He was wounded in an attempt to bring out a schooner from Cape Ann Harbour, and assisted in taking *La Nymphé*, by the *Flora* frigate, in 1780. He was made commander for his bravery on this occasion, and promoted to the rank of post-captain in 1781.

Being chief officer of the *Blonde* frigate, he was wrecked while endeavouring to take a captured ship to Halifax. The crews, having reached a desolate island on a raft, underwent great privations, but were fortunately picked up by some American cruisers, who landed them at New York, in return for Captain Thornbrough's kindness to his prisoners. He was next appointed to the *Hebe*, one of the finest frigates in the service, on board of which ship Prince William Henry (his present Majesty) served for some time as lieutenant. Captain Thornbrough afterwards commanded the *Scipio*, 64.

At the beginning of the war with France, in 1793, Captain Thornbrough was appointed to the *Latona* frigate, in which he made several captures. On the glorious 1st of June, 1794, the *Latona* was one of the repeating frigates in that memorable conflict; and on the autumn following he removed to the *Robust*, 74, then attached to the Channel fleet. He was placed under Sir J. B. Warren, to intercept the French fleet destined to invade Ireland, in 1798; and on the 12th of October they fell in with the enemy off Loch Swill, and after an engagement of four hours, *L'Hoche*, 76, (now called the *Donegal*,) struck to the *Robust*. In 1799, he had the *Formidable*, 98, which

he commandèd until January, 1801, when he received his flag, which he hoisted on board the *Mars*, 74. He subsequently served in the North Seas, off Rochfort, and on the coast of Sicily. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Irish station in 1810, and to that of Portsmouth in 1815. In the same year he was constituted a K.C.B.; and has since been made K.G.C., Admiral of the Red, and Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom.

Sir Edward was twice married, and had several children by his first wife. His second, to whom he was united in 1802, and who died in December, 1813, was the daughter of Sir Edwin Jacques, of Gloucester.

FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ.

This respected antiquarian died at his house in Gower-street. Few men wrote so much, and published so little. With the exception of "Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of Ancient Manners; with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare:" on the collection of popular tales, entitled "Gesta Romanorum;" and on the "English Morris Dance;" the exquisitely beautiful volume, published a few months back by Pickering, in Chancery-lane, illustrating the "Dance of Death, exhibited in elegant engravings on wood; with a dissertation on the several representations on that subject, but more particularly on those ascribed to Macaber and Hans Holbein," we are not aware of any other work to which he has prefixed his name. He was a contributor to the volumes published by the Society of Antiquaries, and, during many years, an active correspondent of his old friend, Sylvanus Urban, in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

Mr. Douce was, we believe, once in the Six Clerks' Office; subsequently he was appointed a curator in the British Museum, from which situation he retired rather in disgust, in consequence of some extra demands made upon his time by the late Lord Colchester, who was one of the trustees. In politics, Mr. Douce was a determined Whig of the old school: in manners and appearance he was singular and strange; rough to strangers, but gentle and kind to those who knew him intimately. In appearance, he was of the old school, wearing a little flaxen wig, an old-fashioned, square-cut coat, with what Mr. Jacob calls "quarto pockets." He was short and stout, somewhat near-sighted, not fond of public society, but very heartily enjoying the private and unreserved conversation of select literary friends. The late Mr. Douce, accompanied by his wife, visited Oxford about the year 1830, on which occasion many of the heads of Colleges and learned Professors, especially the curators of the libraries, paid the renowned bibliographer and antiquary marked attention. This incident is supposed to have produced the magnificent bequest of his extremely curious library to the Bodleian.

MRS. BURNS.

On the 26th of March, died Jean Armour, the venerable relict of the poet Burns. She was born at Mauchline in February, 1765, and had thus entered the 70th year of her age. The alleged circumstances attending Mrs. Burns' union with the bard are well known. To the poet, Jean Armour bore a family of five sons and four daughters. The whole of the latter died in early life, and were interred in the cemetery of their maternal grandfather in Mauchline churchyard. Of the sons two died very young—viz., Francis Wallace and Maxwell Burns, the last of whom was a posthumous child, born the very day his father was buried. Of the said family of nine, three sons still survive, Robert, the eldest, a retired officer of the Accountant-General's department, Stamp Office, London, now in Dumfries, and William and James Glencairn Burns, captains in the honourable the East-India Company's service.

For sixteen years at the least, Mrs. Burns enjoyed an income of 200*l.* per annum—a change of fortune which enabled her to add many comforts to her decent domicile, watch over the education of a favourite grandchild, and exercise on a broader scale the christian duty of charity, which she did the more efficiently by acting in most cases as her own almoner.

The term of Mrs Burns widowhood extended to thirty-eight years, in itself rather an unusual occurrence—and, in July, 1796, when the bereavement occurred, she was but little beyond the age at which the majority of females marry

When young, she must have been a handsome, comely woman, if not indeed a beauty, when the poet saw her for the first time on a bleach-green at Mauchline, engaged, like Peggy and Jenny, at Habbie's Howe Her limbs were cast in the finest mould, and up to middle life her jet black eyes were clear and sparkling, her carriage easy, and her step light The writer of the present sketch, (we extract this notice from the 'Dumfries Courier') never saw Mrs Burns dance, nor heard her sing, but he has learnt from others that she moved with great grace on the floor, and chanted her "woodnotes wild" in a style but rarely equalled by unprofessional singers Her voice was a brilliant treble, and in singing 'Coollen,' 'I gaed a waelu gate yestreen,' and other songs, she rose without effort as high as B natural In ballad poetry her taste was good, and range of reading rather extensive Her memory, too, was strong, and she could quote, when she chose, at considerable length, and with great aptitude Of these powers the bard was so well aware, that he read to her almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed to own that he had profited by her judgment In fact, none save relations, neighbours, and friends, could form a proper estimate of the character of Mrs Burns In the presence of strangers she was shy and silent, and required to be drawn out, or, as some would say, shown off to advantage, by persons who possessed her confidence, and knew her intimately—Peace to the manes, and honour to the memory, of bonny Jean!

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

Married]—At her house in Green street Grosvenor square, Lady Last to the Hon John Craven Westcra third son of Lord Rossmore Capt and Lieut Col in the Scots Fusileer Guards

At Woburn the Lord Charles James Fox Russell, sixth son of the Duke of Bedford, M P for the county of Bedford, to Isabella Clarissa, daughter of the late Wm Davies Esq of Penylan, county of Carmarthen and granddaughter to the late Lord Robert Seymour

At Rome the Baron de Lepel Major Gen in the Prussian service and Aid de Camp to his Royal Highness the Prince Henry of Prussia, to Frances, daughter of the late Wm Agnew, Esq, of the East India Company's service

At St Luke's, Chelsea Lieut Col Gummer, Madras Army, to Elizabeth, daughter of H Woodfall Esq, of Chelsea

At Marylebone Church, Samuel Marinlin, Esq, of the 2d Life Guards, to Isabella daughter of Andrew Colville Esq, and niece of Lord Auckland

Vice Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart to Mary Anne, relict of Sir John Hayford Throld, Bart, of Syston Park, in the county of Lincoln

Lieut-Col Kelly of the Hon East India Company's service, to Mrs Charlotte Gray

Died]—In St. Christopher's, the Hon R W Pickwood, late Chief Justice, and Speaker of the House of Assembly.

At Exeter, Lady Jane Hope, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Hopetoun.

At Fetteresso Castle, N B, Colonel Duff of Fetteresso Vice Lieut and Convener of Kin cardineshire

At York place Chelsea, Mary Ann, wife of P M Huist Esq and granddaughter of George first Viscount Torrington

At the Deanery Lichfield Hugh Dyke Acland Esq, second son of the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland of Killerton Devon, Bart, and son in law of the late Dean of Lichfield

At Wormington Grange Josiah Gist, Esq, High Sheriff of Gloucester

At Clifton aged 91 Ann, widow of the late George Home, Esq R N and aunt to Powell Buxton Esq M P

At Port Antonio Jamaica, the Rev P Humphreys, rector of Portland nephew of the late celebrated Dr Doddridge

At Brussels the Right Hon Lady Charlotte A C Fitzgerald

At Brussels in his 70th year, the Rev C Powlett rector of High Roding, Essex

At Cheltenham the Very Rev Sir George Bisshopp, Bart, Dean of Lismore

At Laveno in Italy the Rev Sir Harry Tre lawn, in his 78th year

At Rome the Rev Augustus W Hare, Rector of Alton Barnes

Lieut Gen Calcraft half brother of the late Right Hon J Calcraft M P

At Lisbon, the Chevallier Francisco Oliveira, of London, and Penha da Franca in the island of Madeira eldest son of the late Dominick Oliveira, Esq of Great Cumberland street, and nephew of the Marechal Oliveira, of Gloucester-place.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Royal College of Surgeons.—The College of Surgeons in Lincoln's-inn-fields is to undergo forthwith very important alterations and improvements, for the purpose of being enlarged. Mr. Pollock's house, which adjoined the building, has been taken down. The College will be extended several feet on the east side, and to preserve its uniformity, by having the portico still in the centre of the edifice, two of the columns at the west side will be also removed, and placed at the east side, and the emblematical figures by which they are surmounted will be also removed to a central situation, while the improvements and room acquired in the interior, will be of great advantage to the faculty, and to the establishment. The estimated expense of the alterations and improvements is 20,000*l.*

Regent's-Park Improvements.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are employing a number of workmen in throwing open the interior of the Park as a public promenade, commencing from the entrance of Park-square, and extending to the Zoological Gardens. The serpentine walks which front Cambridge, Chester, and Gloucester terraces are completed. The thick plantations of underwood are now removed. The Commissioners have also given directions for the whole space extending from Gloucester-gate to the termination of the plantations of the Earl of Dundonald, a distance of nearly a mile and a half, to be thrown open to the public.

New Quay at Blackwall.—An extensive quay, intended for the accommodation of steam-vessels of the largest class, has been formed at Blackwall, upon the wharf or river frontage of the East-India export dock, having been carried considerably beyond the breadth of the former wharf, so that its edge stands in deep water, and the whole has been faced upon the improved plan of using cast-iron plates, in the room of brick or stone; a spacious building for a hotel has been erected on the quay itself, while a direct communication has been opened between it and the East India-road, by which passengers will proceed to town without passing through

Blackwall. The improvements, it is said, will not end here; it is reported among the coasters that their vessels will be admitted to the docks at a low rate, and that, by means of a railway, their cargoes will be conveyed to the city, and be delivered at the same charges and freight as at present, while on their part the puzzling and expensive navigation through the Pool will be altogether avoided.

New Cattle Market.—A very splendid market has been built near the Lower-road, Islington, covering an area of 21 acres. When completed, it will be the largest in England, and must go far to supersede that great metropolitan nuisance, Smithfield, which is only four acres in extent. There is a spacious market-house, with an extensive range of covered sheds, with large open lairs in front, surrounding an area of fifteen acres, affording accommodation for upwards of 10,000 beasts, either tied up or loose in distinct sheds or lairs; commodious ranges of sheep-pens for 40,000 sheep; distinct markets for pigs and hay and straw. In the centre of the market there are eight banking-houses and money-offices, with an exchange for the graziers, salesmen, and others. The ready access which the situation affords for cattle coming from the northern and western parts of England, without passing through our crowded streets, is of itself sufficient to recommend the market to the legislature; and when its establishment can obviate the profanation of the Sabbath, the support of the right-minded portion of the public must be secured. The abominable nuisance of a live cattle-market in the centre of the metropolis has been permitted too long; and although the Bill which is requisite to establish this new undertaking does not contain any coercive clause, either to prevent cattle going to Smithfield, or to compel butchers to slaughter at the abattoirs, which we forgot to enumerate amongst its advantages, yet public opinion will put it down. The fatal accidents detailed in the daily journals, the brutal exhibitions of cruelty, will be, in a great measure, heard of no more; whilst we shall not be poisoned by eating meat that has been goaded into a state of fever, and then killed for the use of the King's leges.

DEVONSHIRE.

The "Western Luminary" publishes a statement of the comparative subscriptions of Churchmen and Dissenters to the charitable institutions of Exeter, which stands thus:—

CHARITIES.	Number of Subscribers.	Amount of Subscriptions.	Number of Dissenters.	Dissenters' Subscriptions.
Hospital	696	£2147 5 0	51	£131 1 0
Dispensary	225	250 19 0	37	36 4 6
Humane Society	43	48 6 0	10	8 8 0
Lunatic Asylum (Benefac)	340	8908 16 4	41	936 7 0
Deaf and Dumb Institution	330	339 14 0	38	42 3 0
Lying-in Charity	52	67 14 6	5	4 14 6
Coal Charity	178	257 15 6	35	43 11 6
Blanket Society	315	88 19 0	50	18 5 0
Eye Infirmary	129	147 1 0	9	9 9 0
Penitentiary	197	203 7 0	37	40 5 0
Totals	2475	£12,409 17 4	313	£1270 8 6

HAMPSHIRE.

We copy the following from the Portsmouth Paper:—"A new line of road has been proposed to the projectors of the Southampton Railway, which, as far as can be judged by a lithographic section and estimate (which have been sent to us), appears to be worthy of attentive consideration. This proposed line would pass from London, by Epsom, Horsham, and Arundel, to Portsmouth, and thence to Southampton; whilst that at present intended would pass through Basingstoke and Winchester. The distance from London to Southampton through Sussex would be 85½ miles; through Basingstoke it is only 77 miles; but on the Basingstoke line it has to rise 382 feet, and by the Sussex line less than 200 feet would be needful. The Basingstoke line will serve a population of 50,000 persons, while the Horsham, Chichester, and Portsmouth line would embrace 400,000 inhabitants. With regard to the summit levels of a rail-road, it is ascertained, upon just calculations, that upon a level road, the power of 9lbs. will propel a ton 30 miles an hour, at the expense of one farthing per mile; if it rises eight feet per mile, 14lbs. is required to move a ton 12 miles an hour, at the expense of one penny per mile; if it rises 20 feet per mile, the power required to move a ton 6½ miles per hour is 26lbs. at the expense of 3d. a mile; and if it rises 24 feet per mile (as it will do in some parts of the Southampton Railway, to get to the summit of Popham Hill), 30lbs. per ton will only move it 5½ miles an hour, at an expense of 4½d. per mile. It results, therefore, that to move a ton of goods from London to Southampton by the intended rail-road (the Bill for which is now before Parliament), it will require the power of 156lbs. for the 77

miles, at the cost of 7s. 2d., and occupying five hours and seventeen minutes; whilst, if the same ton of goods were conveyed from London by Horsham, Chichester, and Cosham, to Southampton, it would require only the power of 65lbs. for the 85½ miles, at a cost of only 3s. 0½d. and occupy only three hours and a half."

KENT.

Southborough Cottage Allotments.—The experiment of granting portions of land to the labouring poor, at a small rent, appears to have fully realised the expectation of those gentlemen who have acted as a committee of management. It has been in operation four years, and there are at present fifty tenants upon seventeen acres of land, a few of the occupiers cultivate half an acre, the majority a quarter of an acre. The land, with only two or three exceptions, has been well tilled; and the produce (considering the quality of the soil) has amply repaid the labour bestowed upon it. The whole of the land rented of James Alexander, Esq., is now under cultivation; and there is every reason to believe that the labourers are well satisfied, as they are desirous of retaining their allotments. * Considering the experiment in a moral point of view, there is strong ground to hope that the labourer has not merely ameliorated his domestic comforts, but that, in many instances, his general conduct has been improved, and habits of industry and independence excited and encouraged. This, we conceive, has been effected by advantageously employing their leisure hours, which, in all probability, might have been spent at the beer-shop or wasted in idle sports. It must be very gratifying to those ladies and gentlemen who promoted the undertaking, to hear

of its success; and we strongly recommend the adoption of similar measures in the neighbouring districts.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Wages of the Somersetshire Silk Labourers.—In the supplementary Report of the Factory Commissioners, recently laid before Parliament, there are some statistical returns of the highest value with relation to the condition of the manufacturing population. The returns from the factories in various parts of the kingdom as to the wages paid to the operatives engaged in them were referred to Dr. Jas. Mitchell, the actuary, to exhibit the results in a tabular form. The following is a portion of his report with relation weekly to the wages of the female silk manufacturers of Somerset: Below 11 years of age, 10*d.*; between 11 and 16, 2*s.* 6*d.*; from 16 to 21, 4*s.* 10½*d.*; from 21 to 26, 5*s.* 2½*d.*; 26 to 31, 5*s.* 1*d.*; 31 to 36, 5*s.* 11½*d.*; 36 to 41, 6*s.*; 41 to 46, 4*s.* 10*d.*; 46 to 51, 5*s.* 10½*d.*; 56 to 61, 5*s.* 6*d.*; 61 to 66, 3*s.* 6*d.*; 66 to 71, 6*s.* 1*d.*; 71 to 76, 5*s.*

SUFFOLK.

Poaching and Beer-Houses.—At the Suffolk Lent Assizes, at the conclusion of their labours, the Grand Jury made the following presentment, which ought to be generally known:—"We, the Grand Jury (of Suffolk), cannot separate without expressing our serious alarm at the number of prisoners on the present calendar, for the body of this county, against whom bills have been found for *poaching by night*, amounting to *one-half!* It has been proved in evidence before us, that poaching is systematically carried on by night, and by large bodies of men armed with guns and dangerous weapons, to the intimidation and risk of many of his Majesty's subjects. And it further appears to us, that the offence of poaching has *greatly increased since the passing of the late Act* relating to game; and that crimes and misdemeanours have been much augmented by the licensing of BEER-HOUSES, which tends to the general demoralization of the labouring classes."

SURREY.

New Terrace in Richmond Park.—The property of the late Lord Huntingtower, at Petersham, has been recently purchased by the Crown, and is now in progress of being added to Richmond Park. By the removal of an extensive plantation, a view as beautiful as the one seen from Richmond-hill, will be thrown into sight, and the public will

be gratified with a walk along the brow of the hill, which cannot fail to delight them, in which clumps of cedars, perhaps the finest in Europe, form a prominent feature. This admirable improvement has been effected by the good taste and perseverance of the Surveyor of his Majesty's park.

WALES.

More iron is manufactured at the Dowlais Works, Merthyr, than in any other establishment in Europe. Upwards of 34,000 tons were made in 1833. The proprietors pay 13,000*l.* per month for wages alone.

SCOTLAND.

New Harbour at Edinburgh.—Messrs. Grainger and Miller, and Mr. Gibb, of Aberdeen, the eminent engineers, have drawn up a report for the formation of a harbour and dock in Trinity Bay, on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth. The works will consist of a wet dock containing 43 acres, affording inner wharfage to the extent of 12,000 feet. This dock will be entered by a lock 200 feet in length and 55 in width. The entrance will be protected by a break-water parallel to the channel of the Firth, 1,100 feet long, founded in 11 feet water at low ebb of spring tide, and which, at the same time, with two check piers built on arches, will secure an outer harbour, 900 feet long by 300 feet wide, where there will be a low-water landing place for the accommodation of the steam-vessel trade of the Firth. The harbour will afford a depth of water for ships of every size, even the largest in the King's service, and it will be accessible at all times of the tide and in all weathers. The estimated cost of this great undertaking is the comparatively trifling sum of 250,000*l.*

IRELAND

The new plan of National Education in Ireland has so far succeeded, that there are now 1000 schools and 140,000 scholars in connexion with the Board.

Lord Melbourne has addressed a circular to the Lords-Lieutenants of counties, informing them that "none of the corps of yeomanry cavalry are intended to be placed on permanent duty, or to be inspected in the present year; but that such corps as may wish to be trained and exercised according to the provisions of the 46th and ensuing sections of the Volunteer Act, will be allowed to assemble for that purpose for a period not exceeding eight days."

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MISS MARTINEAU AND HER "ILLUSTRATIONS OF TAXATION." *

Few writers have been rewarded with more praise and profit, few loaded with more censure and calumny, than the authoress of "Illustrations of Political Economy." Perhaps both those who so much exalt her efforts, and those who would so deeply abase them, are equally wrong. Their strength, however, is proved by the sensation they have occasioned, which may be truly said to have been universal. While the Quarterly Reviewers have esteemed her publications sufficiently important, both morally and nationally, to call forth their bitterest opprobrium, not unmixed with much that is personal rather than critical, the "Edinburgh" have extolled the genius that originated and produced these works. The "Journal of Education" has temperately admitted their ability, and leniently demonstrated some of the errors, in an article which, but for a bias (obviously external) given to the writer, would have been severe. Some periodicals have lauded, and others have forgotten both their own self-respect, and a due regard to decency in their condemnation of Miss Martineau and her opinions. The newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, have bepraised or bespattered her; she has been deified in prose, and ridiculed in verse—nay, at more than one Radical meeting, her name has been invoked as the only oracle competent to decide the mighty questions there agitated. After all these demonstrations, there can be no doubt that much power must be inherent in works which could awaken so universal an interest, even though that interest should be short-lived; and this is the fact which induces us to make the few observations that follow upon the first of a new series of tales just commenced by the same active and strong mind. The power is granted—the effects indefinite and undetermined.

But the summary of Miss Martineau's qualifications may, perhaps, be thus drawn. A fearless courage; a patient industry in collecting information; an intellect clear and capable in reducing the elements of the knowledge thus acquired to order, and perspicuity in setting it forth; keen observation of character and incident, and an extraordinary assimilation which teaches her to turn even the most trivial circumstances to present account; a large acquaintance with life in its middle and lower stages; enough of book-learning to

* "Illustrations of Taxation. No. I. The Park and the Paddock. A Tale, by Harriet Martineau."

enable her to inform herself with considerable accuracy upon the subjects she treats, and to illustrate by general views local scenery, national characteristics and individual mannerisms; strong, but not intense sensibility; a talent in combining all these attributes which bears the nearest approach and resemblance to invention and imagination, without actually reaching them; a most philosophical contempt for practice whenever it militates against theory, impeded and darkened, yet precipitated by vehement prejudices of education, society, and habits, and by a disclaim of the commonly-felt delicacies of sex and station; and last, not least, an energy of purpose and of action, fed, stimulated, and pampered by an ambition to serve the cause and enjoy the worship of that portion of the community she designates the people, perfectly indomitable and unwearying. Such we take to be the true portraiture of the mind, which, advantaged by the impulse of the time, has succeeded in moving the whole kingdom through a succession of stories, that, under any other circumstances, would probably have obtained for the writer little more applause or distinction than was awarded, about forty years ago, to the excellent Lady Fenn, for her amiable project of "teaching in sport." Miss Martineau's plan stands intrinsically in the same relation to political economy, that the scheme of this good matron bore to education; *but* Miss Martineau had the good fortune to find the tide of opinion and enthusiasm at the flood, whilst her wide-spreading family, political and Unitarian connexions, afforded an immense lever to raise her works into notice. We mean not in the least to derogate from their just estimation by this statement, for without great merit in themselves, no recommendation, no patronage could have given them such extensive circulation.

Had our authoress been content to make her tales the vehicle of her "Illustrations of Political Economy" only, we should have left them without disturbing the opinions formerly expressed in our miscellany concerning them. Enough, and more than enough, has been said by others upon her contempt of the wholesome restraints which, in decent society, are taken to forbid certain subjects to females. We allow Miss Martineau the fullest credit for not having trespassed beyond the intention to give force and effect to the moral rectitude of abstaining from marriage, till warranted by the possession of sufficient means to maintain the children that are supposed to be a necessary consequence of matrimony. The topic was unfortunate—the set phraseology of the topic more so. We steadfastly believe that, in recommending the abandonment of poverty to its own efforts, she has been misled by that earnestness of conviction, the controversial support of a theory which, being true, ought to be, though it is found not to be practicable, is liable to engender. Hence the apparent dogmatism of manner, which those who best know the lady assure us is the effect of an intellectual decision honestly made, and never to be moved when once made, but by absolute and abstract demonstration. Like the lawyer who insisted to the convict under sentence of death, that it was impossible he should be hanged, against the positive proofs of condemnation, warrant, and gallows,—*tenet ad extremum*,—she holds to the last that it ought not to be, and cannot be; but if it be, it shall be the worse for those who cause it to be.

But Miss Martineau has of late converted her tales to other purposes; they have been employed in insidious attacks, not against Church

and State in the contemptuous sense she probably would use the phrase, but against the fabric and the honest intention of the Constitution. Miss Martineau is a dissenter of Unitarian principles; nor ought there to be the slightest objection taken to her advocating her sentiments by any and every open and fair means. There can be as little doubt, without charging her with republicanism, that she would introduce as much of democracy into our commonwealth as our mixed forms (so long as they can be held together) will endure. In short, we must designate her as belonging in the most inveterate sense to the party of the *movement*, though we dislike a phrase so un-English and indefinite; but its adoption must be excused, because there is no other that will convey its no-meaning meaning. Well, be it so. If Church and State—if the Constitution be not able to stand by their own strength, let them fall. The lady has a full right to her principles and the assertion of them. All we say is, let it be a fair and open assertion; let her not endeavour to introduce a band of destroyers into the citadel, under the semblance of a convoy of provisions. Now then, to the proofs of this *mala fides*.

Her illustrations are not of “political economy” alone. The old adage, *materiam superabat opus*, is perhaps true of the tales which form the woof, while the political axioms are little more than the larger figures of the pattern. With these fictions, however, much instruction is interwoven, and much of the morbid action of society is demonstrated. It is a part of the attempt that great and sweeping generalizations are to be conveyed by individual instances—*e. g.* the practice and consequences of impressment in one of her former Numbers (“A Tale of the Tyne”)—in another, the Polish injustice (“The Charmed Sea”);—indeed, in most of them, single examples are made to stand for generalities. It is, therefore, a matter of honesty that these examples be fairly selected and truly stated. In the tale which opens her series upon taxation, two, however, occur, which are neither the one nor the other; they constitute the rare exception and not the rule, and we feel confidently will be thought to be but too palpably wilful as well as gross exaggerations when connected with former indications.

It is Miss Martineau’s boast that she writes to the people and for the people—meaning always the inferior members of the middle classes, and more particularly the operatives. It therefore demands an especial prudence, and becomes doubly imperative upon one who addresses such an audience, not to aggravate or inflame their prejudices or passions against other and better provided orders. For while we are not about to pretend that the industrious classes are without injury or injustice from imperfect legislation, or from the negligences, omissions, and commissions of those above them, we assert that these are most commonly of accident, not design—they arise out of the ordinary constitution of the human mind, and the ordinary frame of society. Nothing, then, can be more erroneous or more dangerous than to pamper that disposition, not alone to envy, but to hate, superiors, which is but too often the attendant of inferiority, soured by comparative or positive privation. To exasperate the sufferers is the way neither to soothe nor to redress—the latter being, we potently believe, Miss Martineau’s sole object and end.

To this tale (“The Park and the Paddock”) no Summary of Principles is appended. Its apparent object is to illustrate the effects of the house and window taxes as direct taxation, and indeed of the assessed

taxes generally, in preference to taxes that bear indirectly. But our author has also an indirect as well as a direct meaning in the construction of her tale. She purposes to illustrate indirectly the influence of the Squirearchy upon rural morals, and the negligence of the Clergy of the Established Church. If the instances were fairly chosen, or if they were described to be exceptions, selected merely to show that such things do exist,—that where they exist they are productive of infinite mischief, and that they ought not to be suffered to exist,—there could be no objection, except in so far as they are manifest exaggerations. But we must repeat, these single and distorted representations are given as generalities, and, could they live, would go down to posterity for actual portraits of the times.

The story of "The Park and the Paddock" is simply this:—A large mansion, the property of the lord of the manor, has been uninhabited for many years. The owner dies; his three sons and one daughter come down to take possession, and fit it for their abode. The eldest son (the heir of the estate) is an indolent, listless, desultory being, addicted to books, who regards nothing but his own ease and quiet; the second is a clergyman, the rector of a living at some distance, upon which he purposes to build a residence; the youngest is a mischievous youth, fond, like the clergyman, of field sports; the daughter is a natural, kind, and somewhat romantic girl. The reckless indifference of the heir throws the management of his estate into the hands of the two younger brothers, and their care is addressed only to a war against poachers, an assault against the affections of a horse-dealer's daughter (by the parson), and to false information under the assessed taxes, insinuated through anonymous letters by the youngest brother to the tax-gatherer, which operates vexatiously upon the whole parish. Out of this, and a choice of a site for the parsonage, arise the disquisitions upon the branches of taxation illustrated.

We are now brought to the manner in which all these matters are developed, and in which lies the offence.

Does such an incident as the abandonment of an estate from caprice occur in one case in a thousand?—certainly not. Are the landed proprietors of this dull and apathetic nature?—certainly not. Estates are now and then deserted, and from a variety of causes; rarely if ever wholly, or for a series of years, and then commonly from the misfortune or the public employment of the proprietor. But when the owner of an estate comes down, expressly to repair the injuries brought upon his property by an absentee ancestor, the last things he can be charged with are disregard and indifference. The probabilities of the case are wholly violated. A man of such a character as Miss Martineau selects would not have come at all. He would have issued his orders that all he required be done, not have plunged himself into the disagreeables attending the restoration of a dilapidated mansion, and a ruined demesne. The authoress, therefore, has gone out of the course of nature, to exhibit things so unlikely to happen as barely to stand within the reach of possibility. It is neither more nor less than a libel upon the gentlemen of the country, who, whether rightfully or wrongfully, are amongst the most active superintendents, not alone of their own affairs, but of the business of the district in which they reside. It is either this or it is nothing.

But the attack upon the clergy is infinitely more flagrant. The boy-

parson is represented as totally without principle, entering the sacred profession wholly from pecuniary motives—if such a wretch can be said to have motives at all—to be alike destitute of all incentives to good or evil, save animal impulse, and of all distinction between either. He meets two girls upon the road in going to his professional duty—the twin-daughters of a horse-dealer, who are employed in *collecting poached game*, under the pretence of buying fowls, which they carry in panniers on their ponies. He is first attracted by the beauty of one, but suddenly fixes upon the other, whose affections he engages, after daily visits and attentions, under the strongest impression that he purposes to marry her—carries on this fruitless intrigue (for Miss Martineau stops short of the only conceivable purpose and almost inevitable end of such a commerce) till he destroys her happiness, the gamekeeper’s son has been her nearly betrothed lover, he is killed in a night excursion against the poachers, and the affair ends in the clergyman’s transferring his regards to a young lady visitor, (after his sister has communicated with the poor deserted girl, learned the state of her heart, and remonstrated with her brother,) and marries her to the gamekeeper himself, within a few weeks of the murder.

This forms the catastrophe, beautifully and artfully wrought as we shall soon show it to be. The poor man esteems it a high honour to have the ceremony performed by his young master. But in the middle of it the cry of the hounds is heard, the bridegroom whispers his master, “it is a pity he should lose the hunt” on their account. The curate happens to be present, he takes the rector’s place at the altar, and “James,” the divine, leaps upon his horse at the church-door, hark forward! away he gallops—and this is an illustration of taxation!

That Miss Martineau might have fallen upon this wretched farrago of partial and barely possible verisimilitudes would only be matter of regret, and scarcely of wonder, considering the high-pressure velocity at which she works. Homer nods, women doze between their pains, and our authoress might be pardoned an occasional fit of somnolency under the fatigue of such severe travail. But not so. We shall prove the *animus*—the constant malice prepense—the only just ground for the pointed reprehension which it is a duty to bestow upon such misrepresentation.

In her twenty-first Number, “A Tale of the Tyne,” Miss Martineau has introduced two clergymen, a rector and a curate. The rector is rich, proud, and unprincipled, he opposes a public work, of great general advantage, for private ends, the curate supports it. The rector is married, and his bridal party passes through the town. A surgeon, who wishes to toady the principal persons in the progress, is thrown from his pony in his endeavours to get up and pay his respects. He enters the house of a patient, where he finds the curate, and the following dialogue takes place.—

“ Mr. Milford gravely accepted both the gin and the advice. It was a great object with him to make himself popular with the people, even when the curate was by. He protested that he did not regard the misadventure as it gave him the opportunity of paying his respects to the bridegroom, whom he honoured for his public spirit about the Deep Cut.

“ ‘ When he was a lad at school—and none of the brightest, Sir—how little anybody thought what a great man he would be in the Church! It was his father’s being ruined that destined him to the Church. Nobody would have thought of it else.’ ”

“ ‘ Indeed ! I should have supposed the long and expensive education, necessary to a learned profession, would have been the last a ruined man would have thought of for his son.’

“ ‘ If he had had to pay the expenses himself, certainly, Sir. *But so much is provided already for a church education, that if a gentleman has interest, it is one of the cheapest ways that he can dispose of his sons, they say.** But for this they would never have thought of making Master Miles a clergyman, to judge by what I used to see of him as a boy. The big boys used to plague him, as he plagued the little ones; and the master and he plagued each other equally. If Miss Vivian had seen what I saw once, she would hardly have married him, altered as he is. The boys had buried him up to his chin in the middle of the play-ground, and when he screeched and roared, they let him have one arm out to beat the ground with. He did not then look much like a youth thinking of giving himself up to holy things.’

“ ‘ Nor many another school-boy, who has yet turned out a good clergyman,’ observed Mr. Severn, gravely. ‘ I have often thought that much harm is done by expecting ministers of the gospel to be different from others when they are men; but I never before heard that they must be a separate race as boys.’

“ ‘ Nor I, Sir; I only mean that one would not expect a stupid boy, with a bad temper, to choose the Church, if left to himself; and its being all settled just when his father fell into difficulties, makes one doubt the more whether it was pure choice.’

“ ‘ Certainly,’ observed the surgeon, ‘ there are helps to a clerical education which we, in other learned professions, should be very glad of; a great many pensions and exhibitions, and bursaries, and such things, which we poor surgeons never hear of.’

“ ‘ These are all evidently designed,’ Mr. Severn observed, ‘ to provide for religion being abundantly administered in the land. It is piety which founded all these helps to a clerical education.’

“ ‘ No doubt, Sir; but that does not lessen the temptation to enter a profession where so much is ready to one’s hand. It is plain to me, Sir, that many are drawn into this department who would not otherwise think of it: and nothing will persuade me that they do not, so far, stand in the way of those whose hearts incline them to make the gospel their portion. I do not scruple saying this to you, Mr. Severn, because you are one of those who have not profited, but lost, by the plan. You will hardly deny, Sir, that after all your toil and expense at college, one that cares less about his business than you has stepped into the living which you might have had, if there had been no other rule of judging than fitness for the work.’

“ Mr. Severn could not allow this kind of remark, even from an old friend of his family.”

More of the same sort follows; and though the remarks are, many of them, truisms, it is the manner of the introduction that is objectionable, and as we deem it unfair, we quote them to show the intention, the settled intention, of degrading the order by the exception of the individual. Again, in a dialogue on impressment, which diverges into the law of settlement, and falls in, as it were, *forte fortunã*—

“ ‘ The thought of it chafes me as much as seeing Mr. Severn still no more than Otley the rector’s poor curate, when I know that, if each had their deserts, if the people were allowed to interest themselves in choosing the pastor that would do his duty best, Mr. Severn would be one of the first in honour and in place, and Otley (if he had been anywhere but in the Church) would have had to wait for a flock till he grew as wise as the children that

* Miss Martineau would be puzzled to prove this assertion.

are now under him, and as sober as our Adam,—and that is not supposing much.

“ ‘ And what does Mr. Severn himself say? Nothing about Otley.’ ”

This commonplace is ranged under the head “ Loyalty Preventives,” applied indiscriminately to impressment, the law of settlement, to these exceptions to the rule of Church preferment, and the conduct of the clergy. Can anything be more unfair?

In the twenty-second Number of the “ Illustrations of Political Economy ” (“ Briery Creek ”) we find another portrait of a clergyman and his wife, contrasted, too, with a lay-lecturer, sketched probably after a beau ideal of Dr. Priestley. They are thus introduced—

“ Dr. Sneyd stepped out of his low window into the garden, and met them near the gate, where he was introduced to the Rev. Ralph Hesselden, pastor of Briery Creek, and Mrs. Hesselden.

“ *The picturesque clergyman and his showy lady* testified all outward respect to the venerable old man before them. They forgot for a moment what they had been told of his politics being ‘ sad, very sad, quite deplorable ; ’ and remembered only that he was the father of their hostess. It was not till a full half-hour after that they became duly shocked at a man of his powers having been given over to the delusions of human reason, and at his profaneness in having dared to set up for a guide to others, while he was himself blinded in the darkness of error. There was so little that told of delusion in the calm simplicity of the doctor’s countenance, and something so unlike profaneness and presumption in his mild and serious manners, that it was not surprising that his guests were so long in discovering the evil that was in him.”

A conversation ensues, in which are the following passages :—

“ The ladies were left to themselves while Temple was grimacing (as he did in certain states of nervousness) and whipping the shining toe of his right boot, and the other gentlemen making the plunge into science and literature, in which the Doctor always led the way when he could lay hold of a man of education. One shade of disappointment after another passed over his countenance when he was met with questions whether one philosopher was not pursuing his researches into regions whence many had returned infidels,—with conjectures whether an eminent patriot was not living without God in the world,—and with doubts whether a venerable philanthropist might still be confided in, since he had gone hand in hand in a good work with a man of doubtful seriousness. At last his patience seemed to be put to the proof, for his daughter heard him say,

“ ‘ Well, Sir, as neither you nor I are infidels, nor likely to become so, suppose we let that matter pass. Our part is with the good tidings of great deeds doing on the other side of the world. The faith of the doers is between themselves and their God.’ ”

“ ‘ But, Sir, consider the value of a lost soul.’ ”

“ ‘ I have so much hope of many souls being saved by every measure of wise policy and true philanthropy, that I cannot mar my satisfaction by groundless doubts of the safety of the movers. Let us take advantage of the permission to judge them by their fruits, and then, it seems to me, we may make ourselves very easy respecting them. Can you satisfy me about this new method,—it is of immense importance,—of grinding lenses?’ ”

“ Mr. Hesselden could scarcely listen further, so shocked was he with the Doctor’s levity and laxity in being eager about bringing new worlds within human ken, while there seemed to the pious a doubt whether the agents of divine wisdom and benignity would be cared for by him who sent them. Mr. Hesselden solemnly elevated his eyebrows as he looked towards his wife, and the glance took effect.’ ”

“ At length, Mrs. Hesselden turning the fullest aspect of her enormous white chip bonnet on Mrs. Sneyd, supposed that as the neighbourhood was so very moral, there were no public amusements in Briery Creek.

“ ‘ I am sorry to say there are none at present. Dr. Sneyd and my son begin, next week, a humble attempt at a place of evening resort ; and now that Mr. Hesselden will be here to assist them, I hope our people will soon be provided with a sufficiency of harmless amusement.’

“ ‘ You begin next week ? A prayer-meeting ? ’ asked the lady, turning to Mrs. Temple. Mrs. Temple believed not.”

The contrast to the lax and dissolute James, of “ The Park and the Paddock,” exhibited by the serious and evangelical Mr. and Mrs. Hesselden is worked up in still stronger colours, till at last occurs the death of Dr. Sneyd’s son, to whose religious aid Mr. Hesselden had not been summoned, and who is in consequence made to ask, in the following passage,

“ Why he had not been sent for to the patient’s bed-side ? urging that it was dreadful to think what might become of him hereafter, if it should please God to remove him in his present feeble condition of mind. Of all strange things it seemed the strangest that any one should dare to add to such trouble as the grey-haired father must be suffering, and that Mr. Hesselden should fancy himself better qualified than Dr. Sneyd to watch over the religious state of this virtuous son of a pious parent. *Even Jemmy could understand enough to be disgusted, and to venerate the humble dignity with which Mr. Hesselden’s officiousness was checked.*”

The young man dies, and the rooted bigotry of the clergyman is thus characterized :—

“ The snow was all melted before the morning when the funeral train set forth from Dr. Sneyd’s door. On leaving the gate, the party turned, not in the direction of the chapel, but towards the forest. As Mr. Hesselden could not in conscience countenance such a departure as that of Arthur, —lost in unbelief, and unrelieved of his sins, as he believed the sufferer to have been, —it was thought better that the interment should take place as if no Mr. Hesselden had been there, and no chapel built : and the whole was conducted as on one former occasion since the establishment of the settlement.”

Such things, we fear, have been, though of rare and almost singular occurrence ; we give them, not as false or true, but simply as proofs of the animus of the author towards the Church, and of not very fair representation.

In “ The Park and the Paddock ” the manner is far more undisguised. Under the title “ Clerical Duty,” emblazoned at the head of every page, is the following dialogue :—

“ ‘ Who is going to ride ? ’ she asked, seeing that a groom was leading a saddled horse. ‘ Who wants Diamond this morning, James ? ’

“ ‘ I do. Ah ! it is a great plague that anybody should want to be buried this morning, of all mornings. But I put the people off before, and I cannot do it again. I can get it over, with what else I have to do, before you have finished your sport, if you will only make me sure where I may find you. That is what I am settling now, and then I am off.’

“ ‘ But what else have you to do ? A marriage or two, perhaps ? ’

“ ‘ Very likely ; and three or four more funerals. They find they must make the most of me when they can catch me. But the business I mean is, looking about to see where I shall build my house. You ought to be with me for that.’ ”

Under the same recurring head is described his first attack on the twin sisters, and in the hope of again meeting them he is made to hurry over a funeral service, to refuse the hospitality of his parishioners, and especially “ of the mourners, who had hoped to receive at home a confirmation of the words of solace which had been spoken at the grave ; all this he had declined on the plea of extreme haste ;” and whom he had wounded by a falsehood not less disgraceful in its origin than its commission. Now, is this, in any honest sense, “ clerical duty,” as performed by the clergy of the Church of England ?

Next, we come to “ Clerical Recreations,” which consist in the conduct of the intrigue above alluded to, and urging the caption of poachers. Are these, we ask, the recreations of the clergy ?

We shall add only two more passages, which are the very climax of the substitution of the exception for the rule.

“ ‘ Now you just show, at this moment, the folly of meddling in other people’s affairs and preaching about other people’s consciences,’ said James, turning round from the window ‘ I can tell you that Sarah Swallow is going to be married. I know it for fact. For her intended told me of it himself. Indeed, he asked me to marry them. What do you think of this, Fanny ?’

“ ‘ I think just as I did before. If Sarah proved herself as light-minded and fickle as you yourself—if she so injured and betrayed the interests of her sex,—how does that excuse your treachery to—’

“ ‘ Now if you say another word about the sanctity of the Church, and the dignity of the clerical character, and all that, I will never set foot in my living again to the end of my days.’

“ ‘ I was not going to make any appeal to you, which I know to be so useless. The clerical character has no dignity in your keeping, and you take care that the Church shall have no sanctity in the eyes of your people.’

“ ‘ That is not my fault.’

“ ‘ I know it. You can no more be a clergyman than you can be a musician or a sculptor. Your misfortune and that of your people is that you are called a clergyman.’

“ ‘ Ah ! I saw two old women dreadfully scandalized, the last time I came from a hunt. They thought I was over the ears in a pitcher of ale ; but I heard them say, There’s our parson, with not a thread of black on him but his neckcloth. The sin of the case lies with the Church, that makes a point of a black coat, while *she tempts in—*’

“ ‘ Black hearts ! Hearts that must needs come out black from being steeped in the hypocrisy of a professed sanctity.’

“ ‘ I am sure I never professed sanctity.’

“ ‘ Therefore your heart is not of the deepest black of all. But what has been your only alternative ? Leading your people to think that no sanctity exists.’

“ ‘ That is the fault of the system,—not mine. The system made it a matter of course that I should be a clergyman. Here I am. I must either set my face at its full length, and play a damned deep part when I talk of righteousness, and temperance, and—and all that—’

“ ‘ And judgment to come,’ said Richard, gravely.

“ ‘ Or if the people see I am thinking of anything but what I am saying, they can hardly believe that such threats signify much. You should lay the blame on those that put me into the Church.’

“ ‘ They would plead that you were put there as a matter of course ;—that you were born to it. They would refer the blame farther back ; where indeed, it ought to rest. The day must come when faithless parents must

be arraigned by their injured children ; and then will your people, among a countless multitude besides, rise up in judgment against *Mother Church*, for having made an elaborate provision for not only desecrating the gospel, but generating infidelity towards both God and man.*

“ That may be all very true : but I cannot help my share of it now .’

“ You can stop the spread of the mischief which has sprung up through you . Come out of the Church . You look more astonished than there is any occasion for . Remember——’

“ Remember, sister, how it is with other professions . A bad physician does not give up practice ; nor does an ignorant lawyer, because of incapacity .’

“ Remember that the physician and lawyer, who are as well known to be as unfit for their business as you are for your’s, are not employed . *In the profession of the Church alone are the incapable sure of their occupation and its recompense .* But no one is more aware than you that the days are coming when, if the unqualified do not step out of the Church, *they will be plucked out ; or, if time be promised them to die out, it will be a chance whether the impatience of the long-betrayed people will not unroof the sanctuary from over their heads .’*”

We now arrive at the climax of misrepresentation, and should really be ashamed of citing such a passage, were it not that the reader could scarcely believe so strong an understanding could be so perverted by the pursuit of a favourite theory .

“ James put as little sanctity into the service [the marriage ceremony] as could be desired by the strongest foe to hypocrisy, or lamented by his astonished curate . Why Morse should be so proud as he was of being married by anybody who could marry him in such a manner as this was more than a stranger could comprehend . In the midst, the cry of hounds was heard, the clergyman stopped a moment, and went on uneasily . Another cry followed, and he halted again . Morse made bold to step forward and whisper,—

“ If there had been no other clergyman here, I don’t know that I should have suffered such a thing as to put our affair off till to-morrow ; but, perhaps, that gent.—I think it is a pity, Sir, you should lose the hunt, Sir, on our account ; that’s all . But you are the best judge, Sir .’

“ In another minute James had leaped upon his horse at the church-door, and his curate had taken his place at the altar,—so discomposed as to find it difficult to proceed as if nothing had happened . When all was done, Sarah was still pale with the sense of insult, while her husband was congratulating himself on his own good breeding in not standing in the way of his young master’s pleasure .”

That a person of Miss Martineau’s talents should have the bad taste to attack the Church by such stale stuff, we repeat, would be wonderful, were it not apparent that her hostility to the Establishment misleads her judgment ? To prove that we do not undervalue this threadbare story, we will trespass so far upon attention as to show in what way Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, had employed the very same twenty-times-told tradition Miss Martineau has impressed into her service . It is thus that he brings it into a conversation between an old seaman and his captain, in the “ Water-Witch .”

* By such sweeping assertions Miss Martineau shows that she is not very careful, nor very conscientious, in marking the wide distinction between the intended use, and the unforeseen abuse, of endowments . This distinction taken, the greater part of the censure vanishes . Confound the two things, and a palpable hit is made at “ *Mother Church* .”

“ Mr. Luff was of opinion that by altering the slings of the main-yard we should give a better set to the top-sail sheets; but it was little that could be done with the stick aloft; and I am ready to pay her Majesty the difference between the wear of the sheets as they stand now, and as Mr. Luff would have them, out of my pocket, though it is often as empty as a parish church, in which a fox-hunting parson preaches. I was present once when a real tally-ho was reading the service, and one of your godless squires got in the wake of a fox with his hounds, within hail of the church-windows! The cries had some such effect on my roarer as a puff of wind would have on this ship; that is to say, he sprang his luff, and though he kept on muttering something, I never knew what, his eyes were in the fields the whole time the pack was in view. But this wasn't the worst of it, for when he got fairly back to his work again, the wind had been blowing the leaves of his book about, and he plumped us into the middle of the marriage ceremony. I am no great lawyer, but there were those who said it was a godsend that half the young men in the parish weren't married to their own grandmothers.”

“ ‘ I hope the match was agreeable to the family,’ said Ludlow, relieving one elbow, by resting the weight of his head on the other.

“ ‘ Why, as to that, I will not take upon me to say, since the clerk corrected the parson's reckoning before the mischief was entirely done.’ ”

Enough of this; it is alike disgraceful to principle and ability.

Miss Martineau has represented with some, but not half enough, force, the vexation and the crime arising out of the system of surcharges under the assessed taxes. The bribe which is offered to the assessor in the division of all sums thus recovered between himself and the Government, at once incites and enables him to summon on the merest suspicion—(hundreds of such notices are served in every division)—in which he is still further countenanced by the abominable violation of the very foundations of British jurisprudence—making the defendant prove a negative, or criminate himself,—a license allowed in no other courts. A person is surcharged for a horse, dog, or any other article. Does the assessor prove he had the thing in his possession during the period?—by no means. The Gospels are thrust into the hand of the summoned, and he is sworn to answer all questions. The consequence is they *do* swear. Only yesterday a man was surcharged for a game license, who had been convicted of being on lands in search of game with three others; and it was deposed by two witnesses at the hearing before the justices, that a gun was handed to one of his party, who fled with it. Before the tax-commissioners the assessor did not produce the depositions—the poacher swore there was no gun, and further that he had not kept a lurcher, though it was well known to all the village in which he lived that he had kept such a dog, and used it nightly during the whole season: but the man swore hardily, and was believed. Three instances of similar gross perjury, in one small town, have occurred under the eye of the writer of this article within the last ten days.

Touching the game-laws and their operation, our authoress lies under the error of attributing the effects of the former and repealed principles to the statute now in operation. She does not probably mean to authorize indiscriminate trespass upon landed property, because game is to be found thereon? If not, all that justice demands is given under the existing laws. 1. The right of his property to the landowner—2. The power of selling and buying game to him and to the public—3. The pleasure of

sporting, whenever permission of the proprietor of the land can be obtained. These are all the rights that ought to be, or can be, respected; for even if the diversions of the field were an universal right, conferred by Nature, that right has been merged in the security of property, established by social laws. What estate would be of any value, if the whole community could pass over it, on any pretence, at will? Yet to such an extent does the assumption of the extinction of the game-laws proceed. Miss Martineau has obviously been very ill instructed in all that relates to those very important disturbers of rural morality—game and poaching. And when it is considered that almost every man who comes to the gallows, or is sentenced to transportation, confesses that his first steps to crime are induced by this, according to Miss Martineau, very venial offence, her misrepresentations can but be productive of great mischief, if taken for admitted truths.

Here, then, we close our exposition. The errors are invested with the more importance, because Miss Martineau has of late been employed by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to illustrate the poor-laws. Even the high name and countenance of the Lord Chancellor has been industriously put forth, to propagate, adorn, and dignify her labours. It is not easy to draw the line between the sanction thus impressed on one set of fables, and another which does not enjoy the same authority. Will the Society, or will Lord Brougham, justify either the principle or the manner of the assaults we have arraigned? It is to be hoped they will not. Indeed there is strong reason to suspect that the bustle and stir made by these publications are subsiding—their very frequency destroys their power. And, moreover, all thinking people perceive how little knowledge is gained. They have been read as amusing tales, constructed with ingenuity and feeling; but, as illustrations of political economy, their only end has been to give to those who look no farther the information contained in the lucid summaries at the close of the volumes; while those who really desire to obtain an adequate insight into this yet infant subject are but the more imperatively convinced that such knowledge is only to be gained by serious and sedulous reading of the best authors; by abstracting, comparing, and arranging their matter, and by sufficient reflection to digest and commit the few really established axioms of the science to memory.

The small and compact but admirable treatises of Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Montgomery Martin contain not only a sound knowledge of the principles of taxation, but convey much more information, in respect to minute details, than could be learned from dozens of such illustrations by any mind capable to entertain such questions.

THE DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE.
PART III.—MY PRISON ASSOCIATES.

THE reader having accompanied me thus far in my "experience," I shall now proceed with a few portraits of characters with whom I was condemned to associate during my incarceration, which may perhaps more amusingly, if not more forcibly, illustrate the uselessness and cruelty of the law of imprisonment for debt, alike unavailing as it is to the interests of the creditor, and destructive of all principle in the debtor. And here I must take the opportunity of expressing my hope, in common with all philosophers who combine causes and effects together, that the Bill introduced into Parliament last session for its abolition, by his Majesty's present Attorney-General, may not be suffered to remain in abeyance in consequence of that gentleman's immediate absence from the House of Commons; persuaded as I am that a subject of more deep domestic importance never engaged the attention of its Honourable Members, nor one involving more seriously the best moral feelings and interests of a community, than that under consideration.

My table companions formed a grotesque medley. The one, however, to whom I was first introduced by my initiator*, a publican by trade, was a respectable, intelligent, and agreeable person, and had formerly been servant to a British officer, who had fought in the Peninsular war, ultimately "bringing up" at Waterloo. He frequently amused his hearers with anecdotes of the French and Bruxellois, having reference to that eventful period. At the termination of hostilities he accompanied his master to France, who remained in the "army of occupation" during the period of its stay in that country.

In a town in the province of Normandy my table companion accidentally fell in with a French officer, of a Bourbon regiment, which was also stationed there, who had formerly been a prisoner in England, and in the very town of which my "spirituous" hero was a native, where the latter had sundry opportunities of showing little civilities to the Gallic prisoners; and, amongst others, in an especial degree, to one who was exceedingly fond of sweetmeats, by sharing with him his own portions, and receiving in return various presents, specimens of the ingenuity of those clever persons with which the kingdom at that period abounded.

Years passed away; the French prisons were cleared—their inmates departed with joy "pour la belle France;" the donor and recipient of raspberry-tarts and plum-pudding were alike removed to other scenes, there to enact the parts allotted to them by Providence in the great drama of human life.

It was in the year 1818 that my fellow-prisoner chanced to meet his quondam friend, the Lieutenant de la Garde Napoléon, by whom, upon making himself known, he was received with the warmest affection, and immediately presented to the other officers of the regiment; these, desirous of testifying their reconnaissance for civilities shown to their brother during his "captivity in a strange land," overwhelmed the future dispenser of "cordials" with the most obliging attentions. He frequently dined and passed much of his leisure time with them, to the great surprise of the Colonel, his master, who had more than once met his servant in

* The steward of the ward.

company with these gentlemen, and desired to be informed in what manner he had contrived to make their acquaintance; the whole particulars of which being related, afforded the Colonel considerable amusement, and he expressed a wish to know the gentleman of the sword whose passion *pour les douceurs* had brought him into such close communion with his own valet—a desire somewhat embarrassing to the latter, as he had carefully concealed his *métier* from his grateful and generous friends. By a little evasion and some delay he hoped to escape the ordeal to which the introduction of his master to these gentlemen would subject him. Days passed on for a time quite happily, and he began to hope the circumstance was forgotten, when he accidentally stumbled upon the Colonel at the theatre, whither he had gone one evening with three French officers to witness the inimitable acting of Mademoiselle Mars, who was, what our English players term, starring it in the provinces.

Colonel M—— passed and saluted his servant with a profound bow, that produced in the gentleman of the *garderobe* the utmost embarrassment. At his accustomed hour the Colonel summoned his tire-man, and, with well-affected humility, begged to ask when he was to have the honour of being made known to his military friends?

After an awful pause, the poor valet mustered courage to state, in humble and submissive tones, that he felt some difficulty upon this point, as the French gentlemen were not aware that he was a servant.

“You have then *passed yourself off* as a gentleman,” said the Colonel, “have you?”

“Not *exactly*, Sir,” meekly replied he; “but they *took me for one*, Sir, and I didn’t like to tell them as I wasn’t”—an acknowledgment which pleased the master, who was now more desirous than ever to see them, and required his man to devise some plan to effect this object.

The bewildered valet at length very respectfully murmured a hope that his master would have the kindness to excuse and forgive the liberty he was about to take, but “it can only be done, Sir,” said he, “by your condescending to be introduced as my friend; I am certain you will then have a kind and hearty reception.”

“Very well, be it so, and the earlier the better,” answered the Colonel.

These preliminaries settled, our hero marched forthwith to the Caserne, saw the officers, and stated his desire to introduce an English Colonel to them, *his* friend, who wished to make their acquaintance. Colonel M—— was presented, and received with great courtesy; an invitation to dine was given and accepted upon the instant; and the latter has often been heard to declare that he never passed a more agreeable evening, and complimented his valet upon the modest ease and perfect propriety of his behaviour, which endeared him in so singular a manner to the Gallic soldiers, who declared their *ami Anglois* was a “*garçon bien aimable, et fort gentil*.”

The allied army, in process of time, quitted France, and returned to England, where a far different destiny awaited this good-natured “gentleman’s gentleman.” He became enamoured of, and joined his person and fortunes to those of, a pretty lady’s maid; quitted service, and was established, partly by the gains each had made and saved during their servitude, and partly by the kind assistance of the Colonel, in a respectable public-house at the west end of the town, where he continued for some years in a prosperous condition; other speculations and bad debts

plunged him into difficulties, in the midst of which his kind and amiable patron was called to "that bourn from whence no traveller returns." His misfortunes accumulated, and ultimately drove him into "Barrett's Hotel," where he remained until Mr. Commissioner Law was kind enough to order his discharge, after a due purgation through the Insolvent Court; and he is now, I hope, in a fair way of regaining that position in life, which, as a respectable and well-conducted tradesman, he most justly merits. I have great pleasure in paying this tribute to one who was obliging, courteous, and unassuming in his manners, and greatly esteemed by all his fellow-"knights." During his sojourn, the good-humoured smiles of his wife, and the dark, expressive, *Gulnare* eyes of a very pretty daughter, cheered and imparted an interest to many of the dreary hours of wretchedness peculiar to "Barrett's Hotel," that I shall ever remember with feelings of pleasure; but as the parent took flight, a bright constellation disappeared from our hemisphere.

We had another publican at the same table, but of a totally different class to the one whom I have just introduced. This latter was a "sinner" of no ordinary degree; he recounted his misdeeds with the most shameless effrontery, and boasted with savage delight of the numberless dupes he had made during a lengthened experience in iniquity. Of *three* butts of beer he declared he invariably made *four*; that of common porter, and a little "intermediate ale," he manufactured *excellent stout*; that whenever, as not unfrequently happened, he received one of bad porter, he kept it a few days, drew off a certain portion of it, which he mixed with other liquor, then filled the cask with "small beer," notified the brewers of its infamous quality, and desired them to fetch it away: thus he cheated sellers and buyers, and gloried in the tricks he played those great monopolizing manufacturers of malt, quassia, and treacle, denominated "brewers," which thus enabled him to undersell and ruin his more honest neighbours in the trade. To the small, still voice of conscience, this vender of "heavy" had long since turned a deaf ear; his rule and practice in obtaining money being in accordance with those of Iago in his advice to Rodrigo—"Put money in thy purse; get it honestly if thou canst, but put money in thy purse." This barbarian was an original in his way; the unblushing insolence and sarcastic humour with which he related his abominable practices excited mingled feelings of scorn and astonishment in the mind of the listener.

My third associate, a very demon in human shape, requires more than an ordinary pen to describe. Never, in all my previous eventful life, (and I have met with some strange creatures,) had I been placed in contact with such a monster of a man! To fulfil the command of loving such a being as one's own dear self was an utter impossibility! Nature herself, one would imagine, had taken peculiar pains to manufacture for him a countenance that could but inspire his fellows with sentiments of hatred! Judge, readers, for yourselves. To a face indelibly stamped in deep cavities, by a disease called the small-pox, and a complexion in which might be traced all the "rainbow's varied hues," one blind eye, the other askant, resembling in colour and appearance a pale, dim chrysolite, low, deeply-wrinkled forehead, small, broken-bridged, turned-up nose, a spacious and almost toothless mouth, and say if I am not right in making the dame herself responsible for the feelings this man's appearance at first sight created in all beholders, and which,

upon an acquaintance, increased to the greatest possible height. Seated near the person to whom I was first introduced, this fiend-like looking man, who was a bargeman, in the slang peculiar to the "gentles" of his class, accosted me with—

"I say, my covey, you ar no bisness up there—ere ve be all ekals, you know, and no man mun show no hairs ere, thof you may appear to ave a decent coat on yer back, I'll vager a pot I can show more money nor any on you"

Regarding the wretch with uncontrollable contempt, and shrinking from any further communion with one towards whom I felt such unconquerable disgust, I resigned my seat forthwith, and placed myself at the bottom of the table.

This rnan kept the ward in an everlasting uproar from his constant habits of thieving, and contrived to make a good living out of the articles he was in the daily habit of abstracting from others, and although such offences are punishable by heavy fines, few persons had sufficient nerve to encounter the torrents of abuse with which they were certain of being assailed if they ventured to bring him to the bar of justice, and with which he was charged to overflowing. He defied all rules, and triumphed over all authority. Whilst upon delinquents less turbulent, and infinitely less flagrant, the vials of wrath were poured to the very dregs, this hated brute escaped unpunished. What rejoicings took place when he quitted the "hotel!"

Loud shouts issuing one morning from the court-yard, †, amongst others, was attracted to that part of it allotted to the game of "fives." Two persons upon a side were playing for a leg of mutton and a gallon of beer, the winners gaining by one ball only, which was disputed, the matter was referred to an umpire, whose decision in their favour called forth these noisy manifestations of approval. The beaten party, haunted by the wandering ghost of a sheep's "understanding," quitted the ground, for that day, somewhat crest-fallen, but recovered upon the following morning, when they were declared conquerors for the beverage, victory being proclaimed by repeated crowings from a strange little Hibernian, yclept "Bantam," whose perfect imitations of the shrill sounds of "bright chanticleer" would have startled St. Peter himself had he been within hearing.

"Hollo, you wagabone of a tailor, what do you mane by kicking up sich a rumpuss here?" cried a toothless old fellow, as he was munching bacon and bread, to another of diminutive stature, but most important air, and some years younger than himself. "You a'nt fit to be amongst respectable gentlemen, you concated old fool—you are benathe my notice. Mr. Chairman, I insist upon that old viln's being fined."

The self-important little Schneider (for he was just five feet two inches, and one of those creatures of whom, it is said, nine are required to form a man) rose, with an air of tragi-comic solemnity, displayed his bald head, pursed-up mouth, vicious eyes, a brow upon which sat unutterable rage, and thus began—"Mr. Chairman, I am a man of sinse, extraordinary, refined sinse, Sir; and am not to be spoke to, or insulted by sich as *he*, mire and dirt!" looking scornfully at the last speaker. "Hould *your* blackguard tongue—keep in *your* dirty wagger, I'll hae none on't, you mane, thieving, hould publican."

At this, the old fellow with the bacon taking instantaneous fire, rose,

flung away his commestibles, with his clenched fist violeptly thumped the table, and in a voice of thunder roared—

“ Mr. Chairman, that old, obstropolous, sneaking, tenth-part of an Irishman——”

“ Order, order !” from the chair, interrupting him

“ Well, then, that M^cTwiss—ah ! you may grin at me, I don’t care for you nor a hundred sich,” addressing the little tailor, who was making grimaces at him, “ I beg pardon, Mr. Chairman, but I say as how I can prove the waggabone to be a spy, an informer, a mischief-maker, a common nuisance, and we shall not never be unanimous any more, so long as the willin’s amongst us, I propose, therefore, that he shall be fined, and well pumped upon as a spy ”

This proposition being seconded, and unaniously agreed to by the whole ward, the offender was declared fined in the amount of five shillings, to be levied forthwith The uproar in some degree subsiding, at the sound of the chairman’s hammer, inflated with anger, his nose pointed sharp as one of his own needles, the man of shreds raised himself to his highest possible altitude, made a profound bow to the chair, and thus brok silence—

“ Mr Chairman, I defy ye all you, your committee, and all the dirty members of the ward may go to the d—l Am I to be insulted and bearded by a set of scoundrels of insolvents ? do I care for any of ye ?—ye trumpcry, paltry poltroons ! ye robbers of children, creditors, and churches ! I can buy all o’ ye, I trate ye with contempt, (spitting violently upon the floor,) ye mane mongrels ! Mr Chairman, I am a man of sense ! a man of *extended, beautiful sense*, Sir ! of *refined excellence*, Sir ! If I was inclined to stoop to *common* language, Sir, I would till that ou’d sinner—that ould, murdering sojer—that ould, poisoning beer-drugger—that he’s——but, no, (drawing up with great dignity,) I will not damane myself so low, but I tell you, Sir, that he’s a horrid, sanguinary, violator of truth. You think to fine *me*, do you ? I till you what, I’ll see ye all particularly and eternally well roasted and burnt before ye’ll get anything from Mr Patrick M^cTwist ”

The man of cabbage, thus wrought into a tremendous passion, half mad with frenzy, mounted one of the tables, and sawing the air in most undignified rage, invoked the wrath of his Satanic majesty upon the whole party This circumstance created so much uproar, that the chairman’s voice and call for order were overwhelmed, the hammer lost its effect, and grim disorder, with all its concomitant blackguardisms, reared its head in frightful glory Blows succeeding this oration, the members rose, *en masse*, and carrying off this reptile of his own idolatry, forcibly expelled him then, and for ever, from the ward, to preserve order in which, and to prevent breaches of King William’s peace in his hotel, Mr. Barrett considered it prudent to place this snarling snip in another apartment He was of a most quarrelsome disposition, and the general impression against him was that he endeavoured to curry favour with the governor by a system of espionage over his brother knights He frequently made application to be permitted to return to his old ward, but the feelings of the members being so entirely against him, the governor did not consider it prudent to grant his request

A half worn-out dandy, one Sunday morning, accosted a May-pole young gentleman from the land of “ Green Erin,” and in a languishing tone inquired—

"O'Flanagan, are you going to chapel to-day?"

"Is it me you mane?" said Pat; "why, sure, and I am bred and born a Catholic, and did you ever hear of a good 'Roman' going to a Protestant conventicle? Sure, and your own silf's not going to be bothered in that place, any how?"

"I cannot absent myself," replied dandy with a sigh, "although I should not be *very* sorry if Mr Carver did not preach *quite* so long, with him it is sermon *versus* patience and I call him 'the time-borer,' because he invariably lodges his watch by his side when he ascends the pulpit, which is rather good for me, isn't it? he! he! he!"

This question was succeeded by a loud, unmeaning laugh

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Flan, "you *mustn't* go, I want you, I can't spare you."

After a pause and a sigh the other answered—

"Ah! my dear friend, *you* are fortunate in being a Catholic, I almost wish I had been one too, as I could then have received my weekly allowance of beef without being compelled to show myself every Sunday at the chapel *"

"Faith, now," quoth the Hibernian, "and do they make *you*, a *gentleman*, do that same thing?"

"It is a duty," drawled out the other, "to which all are compelled to submit who would feed, no sermon, no beef"

"By Jassus, and that's droll now," replied Mr O'Flanagan "So a poor prisoner can't get no mate for his hungry maw until he gets his certificate that he's been to church? That's very amusing, by holy St Patrick! This same religious bribery wants reform"

"Ah!" said dandy, "this is only one of the thousand vexations to which persons like you and I, Flan, are perpetually doomed in this dreadful den. What a place for *gentlemen*! It is a little consolation to know that none of the plebeians with whom one is condemned to herd so much beneath us, can possibly be aware of the rank of those who condescend to associate with them, and therefore one may hope never to be appalled by the sight of any of their visages hereafter. For my part, I am extremely particular in everything, but in my dress most especially upon a Sunday, when I doff my dressing-gown and seal-skin cap for a coat and hat, in order that strangers coming in may suppose me to be a visiter. Don't you give me credit for this contrivance, eh?"

"By my soul," said Erin's own boy, "and it's one that no person but your swate darling self would have thought of. Now, for me, I care for nobody, not I, be he as big as Goliath himself, haven't I got the grate liberator, the member of Parliament for all Ireland, for my uncle? Why need I care?"

The chapel-bell (summoning the gentle dandy to his devotions and his beef) abruptly broke the dialogue.

* Two pounds of coarse beef are served to each prisoner who can produce a voucher for his attendance at chapel upon the previous Sunday. Whether this sort of religious fraud be wise or politic, I will leave to the decision of others, tending, as it so eminently does, to the growth of hypocrisy, the attendants' thoughts being generally more occupied in speculations upon the probable chances of getting either a piece of lean or fat meat, according to their respective tastes upon the succeeding Wednesday, and the best method of making it sufficiently tender for mastication.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.—NO. II.

- Dialogue 1. Lord Grey and Mr. O'Connell.*
 2. *Don Pedro and Don Miguel.*
 3. *Mr. Bunn and Mr. Yates.*
 4. *Earl Grey and Lord Brougham.*

LORD GREY AND MR. O'CONNELL.

Mr. O'Connell. Come, Grey, here we are, face to face, and foot to foot. How can you in your own person, and in those of your wooden-headed colleagues, oppose the Repeal of the Union?

Lord Grey. Because I am convinced that it would be a measure fraught with the worst possible consequences to the country.

Mr. O' C. Is that it? Why, then, what a pretty fellow you must have been when you pledged your whole soul to the question, and told me and the rest of my countrymen that union with England was destruction to Ireland. Why animate us with sentiments in our younger days, which now you attempt to exterminate?

Lord G. I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, I am wiser *now* than I was *then*.

Mr. O' C. So that's what you are thinking! And pray, my Lord, when did you make your political reputation? Why, when you were forty years younger than you are now, and when you had the credit of being a friend of the people, and a leader of patriots. What your feelings toward Ireland were, your recorded speeches, and your intimacy with Arthur O'Connor, sufficiently proclaim; and to show that you are not altogether changed, I need only just remind you that your old friend is, under your special sanction, come back to his native land.

Lord G. I admit my intimacy with Mr. O'Connor, my feeling in his favour, and my readiness to bear testimony to his candour and loyalty.

Mr. O' C. And yet his candour soon after took the unfortunate turn of making him confess himself a rebel; so that you and your friends who admired the openness of his heart, as well as the loyalty of his principles, must either have upheld the politics of the traitor, or been the dupes of his superior adroitness and hypocrisy.

Lord G. I do not connect the questions of the Irish Rebellion and the union of the countries.

Mr. O' C. Well, then, for the Union—Here, the other night, you make a blarneying speech as minister, to which you were encouraged just because Peel condescended to support you in the House of Commons, in which you praise the Union up to the skies. Just let me put it to you, thus: on the 21st April, 1800, you said, in the House of Commons, that you had “the strongest and most insuperable objections to the Union—that the petitions in favour of it were sent up to the English House of Commons under the dictation of a chief magistrate, who, besides commanding an army of 170,000 men, was able to proclaim martial law when he pleased, and could subject whom he pleased to the arbitrary trial of a court-martial——”

Lord G. Well, I *did* say so.

Mr. O' C. By the virtue of my oath, then, that's a noble admission; just considering that you now support the Union, and have just given Lord Wellesley the identical power you then denounced. Never mind—wait a while—what did you say in the same speech? that the Union would not unite Englishmen and Irishmen, and that the dangers to Ireland accrued from the manner in which she was governed. “Let the system be changed,” said you, “and the dangers will disappear.” My Lord, that's just what I

say now, and which you contradict. In the same speech you denied that Catholic Emancipation would ever be granted. You tried for it all through your Whig life, and never could carry it. The Tories gave us that, and small thanks to you for your support of it. And what did you say, moreover, that, "till the grievances of Ireland are done away with, till the disabilities under which the Catholics labour are taken off, *no progress will be made in securing the public tranquillity, or in promoting the extension of commerce and wealth.*"

Lord G. I said so, because I conscientiously believed so.

Mr. O'C. Upon your honour did you? Why, then, that is all of a piece with the rest of it. I once thought you wicked; I am sure now you are only weak. Do you suppose that I ever believed that Catholic Emancipation would secure public tranquillity, or promote the national prosperity?—not I. I knew it was the first step to gain, but that was all; and if you were ever sincere in your advocacy of the question, I consider you a small man entirely.

Lord G. I confess myself somewhat indifferent to your censure or approbation, Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'C. So you say, my Lord; but that won't do. It seems a little too late to treat me with indifference, and what, I dare say, you fancy contempt, after having made me figure in the King's Speech in company with all the kings and emperors of Europe. So, just listen; you opposed the Union—you concluded that very speech by moving an address to the King to suspend all proceedings relative to it.

Lord G. Admitted.

Mr. O'C. And now you uphold that Union, because you say experience has taught you your error; not a change in your own circumstances, or in your position in the country, but experience! Why, then, let me ask you, coeval with your hatred of the Union, was your love for Parliamentary Reform? What has your experience taught you about that?

Lord G. Time enough has not yet elapsed since the passing of the Reform Bill to judge of its working.

Mr. O'C. It has walked at a tolerable pace, too. Without its assistance I don't think I and my blood relations would have been able to beat up your quarters in Parliament. But it seems to me that men who confess themselves to have been disappointed in the expectations which they at first formed on any great measure, should be extremely careful how they attempt to begin to legislate. Your experience has taught you that every opinion you had formed upon the Union was erroneous, and you tell the Irish nation, whose champion you then affected to be, that if Parliament would give you the power to put them down you would wield it fearlessly. That is just like Anglesey, who told us to "agitate," having previously talked of riding over us with his dragoons.

Lord G. Lord Anglesey's administration I am not going to discuss.

Mr. O'C. Now the letter Hume read—that was a pretty job: first Althorp's denying it, and your not recollecting it, and then your admitting it, and then our publishing it. I think you might guess how *that* came out. When *we* managed the castle, and Father Doyle, and Blake, and Cloncurry, and I had the "ear," we had it all our own way. I could do anything with Anglesey if I did but admire his boot.

Lord G. And you reconciled it to your conscience, Sir, to take advantage of a nobleman's personal vanity to obtain his confidence.

Mr. O'C. Why we could not frighten *our* governor—so we took the wheedling line. Your Lordship is said to try both systems; and this I can say with safety, the devil a bit of good I ever did for myself by my exertions.

Lord G. You surprise me. Did not we give you a silk gown, and a

patent of precedency, which puts you over the head of the whole bar, save one?

Mr. O'C. Small thanks to you for that; and whose fault was it that I had not something better still? No. I have my ends in view. I have my object in sight; but I scorn all personal considerations.

Lord G. What do you think of the tribute, Mr. O'Connell? What do you think of draining from the pockets of a population, which, by your own account, is starving, a vast and splendid income?

Mr. O'C. There's just this difference between us, my Lord: you get your splendid income by law, I receive mine voluntarily from those who have faith in my sincerity. I believe, if your Lordship's pay as Premier was to be furnished under similar circumstances, it would not buy you shoe-strings.

Lord G. There can be no analogy in the cases. To live upon the hard-earned pennies of a paupered people—

Mr. O'C. Tut, tut, my dear Lord, less of that now. What difference does it make whether the pennies come to me in copper as they are, or made up into the shape of gold cups, and presented by a lord mayor? You took that tribute—I take mine. The difference between us is, that your virtues and integrity were valued at about fifty pounds, and mine at fifteen thousand a-year.

Lord G. I admit that Sir John Key disappointed me.

Mr. O'C. Another bit of ill luck. So did the electors of Dudley, I suppose, when they turned out your Attorney-General—so did the electors of Gloucester, when they turned out your Lord of the Admiralty—so did the electors of Perthshire, when they would not have your Lord of the Treasury,—they will all disappoint you in time, old gentleman.

Lord G. I would rather admit all these disappointments than unblushingly declare my conviction that things which I had supported were to be injurious to the country, and that those which, for party purposes, I opposed, were advantageous. I always advocated Parliamentary Reform, and was one of the Society of the Friends of the People.

Mr. O'C. Yes, and as soon as you had carried your Reform, by means of similar societies, with whom your Government corresponded, and to whom letters were addressed under your cover (at least), you bring in a Bill to put them down, and the moment the smallest indication of popular feeling manifests itself, all your troops, horse and foot, his guards and foot guards, police and artillery, are prepared.

Lord G. It is the duty of every government to take proper precautions for preserving the public peace.

Mr. O'C. Is it the duty of *any* government to encourage any persons to disturb the public peace?

Lord G. I am not here to contend with you upon any such points. You have desired to see and speak with me. Here you are, and as yet I have heard nothing to justify the request.

Mr. O'C. I have disappointed you then.

Lord G. Not much. Placed, as you have chosen to place yourself, in a position of irresponsibility, I should as much regret using language adequate to my feelings towards you, as I feel ashamed when I find you indulging in vituperation and abuse, for which you impudently declare a resolution not to atone. The resolution to which you have come is a Christian resolution, and unimpeachable in itself, but you should couple with it a determination not to assail men's reputations, which you refuse to permit them to vindicate—or attack their honour, which you decline to satisfy.

Mr. O'C. I have said nothing offensive to you, my Lord Grey. I have recalled a few of your early words upon a subject close to my heart; and

as for offending me—your Lordship may say whatever you please about me—I glory in the cause I have undertaken, and will never flinch from any responsibility I may incur.

Lord G. I hope there will be no occasion for putting you to the test.

Mr. O'C. You are vastly obliging. If it had not been for Peel's support of you on that division, I am thinking you would have been civiller still—that division, I must say, cropped my comb, and is likely enough to moult my tail.

Lord G. It has shown the country the estimation in which you are held, at least in England, and developed the extent of your power in Parliament.

Mr. O'C. I tell you what, my Lord Grey, I know my place, and I'll not flinch—but I'm not deaf to negotiation—bid high, and you may have me yet; you paid dearer for Brougham than you meant, and a nice life he leads you; you thought him mad, and yet you offered him your Attorney-Generalship—he was not so mad as to take that, when he could frighten you out of the Seals. What do you think of the Irish Rolls, and provision for my sons? You can't object to that—the comfortable settler of thirty-seven near relations. Plunkett cannot object; his Hannibals are all filled—at least as much as they may be, after the blow-up about the Deanery; and yet to see you get up and pat Plunkett's back, and cheer him up in his explanation in the Lords——

Lord G. Mr. O'Connell, if this offer is the object of your visit, I can only say that I can give no answer to your proposition until I have had a little talk with Mr. Stanley. Lord Duncannon and Sir Henry Parnell have already prepared me for some such event. I confess *I have* an opinion, Sir, upon the subject.

Mr. O'C. So you had upon the Irish Union, and the Political Unions, and upon Brougham, and upon the Pension List, and upon the French Revolution, and upon various other topics—but you have changed them all; perhaps you will alter that which you have formed of me.

Lord G. When I have, Mr. O'Connell, I'll send for you. Good morn-
ing. [Exit.

Mr. O'C. Devil fly away with him—who cares? If he does not come up to my price, I'll join the Dissenters and Radicals, and blow him out of the water. [Exit.

DON PEDRO AND DON MIGUEL.

Don Pedro. My dear Miguel, what are you at? I call you dear, because you are my brother; and I call you dear, because, as I told your friend Strangford in Brazil, I'll be hanged if I know a more gentlemanly, high-spirited fellow than yourself, only of course I must not say so; but I repeat, nevertheless and notwithstanding, my dear Miguel, what are you at?

Don Miguel. At my post, Pedro. I am here by right, by law, and by election.

Don P. What an English punster would call a *trine* situation for you, Mig.

Don M. So it may be; for I comprehend the joke, although it is almost as bad as the best your friend Don Stupido Cupido Pummicestono, in Downing-street, ever made. But joking won't do: I am ready to discuss the point with you, and would rather do so in amity than in action; "as the sword is the worst argument, so it should be the last."

Don P. Then will you go, and leave me in quiet possession of the kingdom?

Don M. You?—you forget what you came here about. You? you have no claim upon Portugal, except, as you pretend, in right of your daughter.

Don P. I admit that; but I have been lately in communication with those to whom I speak more confidently than to the *canaille*, whom I hate and despise; and I forgot what was to appear to be my object. As for my girl, Maria, she is a noodle; no more fit to govern a country than Leopold of Belgium.

Don M. Do you speak so of *your* daughter and *my* niece?

Don P. I cannot help it. She has disappointed me sadly. She has no idea of politics; and as for an opera, she has no more ear than a jackass.

Don M. A pretty moderate allowance *that*, for a lady of high rank; and yet, Pedro, she was destined to be my wife.

Don P. True, policy prompted that. You rejected the scheme, and blew up the arrangement. You have nobody to blame but yourself as things are: go—put an end to these intestine feuds, and restore universal tranquillity.

Don M. I repeat the words to you, brother;—go, put an end to these intestine feuds, and restore universal tranquillity. Ask yourself why you are here. Had you relied upon the popular feeling of the country, and had attempted to hoist your liberal standard on our shores, unassisted by foreigners and mercenaries, you would have been in the sea before you could have muttered an Ave.

Don P. You sneer at liberality,—you deride the march of intellect,—you are what the English call a Tory—a man of Church and State.

Don M. I admit myself devoted to the religion in which I was bred up. I believe that the union of Church and State is essential to the well being of a country. Our illustrious forefathers thought so before us, and Portugal, before she was overrun by the greatest tyrant that ever existed, who drove our family from the throne, was happy, prosperous and important.

Don P. Ridiculous, Mig. No, no, Portugal never can be truly great till she is blest with a constitution.

Don M. Such a one, my dear Pedro, as that which it cost you three days and a half to make, and which you sent here by our friend Stuart, who presented it for acceptance on the security of his own endorsement.

Don P. It was a good constitution, and must have worked well.

Don M. No doubt of it. When you write an opera, Pedro, how do you judge of its effects? You rehearse it, don't you, before you perform it?

Don P. To be sure.

Don M. You did the same, luckily for us, with your new constitution. The rehearsal took place in Brazil, where you played the hero. The part you intended for me in Portugal—the first two acts or so—went off remarkably well, but, if you recollect, the audience dunned it in the third, and you, my dear hero, were kicked out of your management, and obliged to decamp in double quick time, leaving behind you all your scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.

Don P. You have a knack of talking, Mig, and I admit your mode of adapting the story of the opera-house, to which I am avowedly very partial, is not a bad bit of fun. but, in point of fact, I left Brazil not altogether compulsorily. While I was *there*, I meant my little Maria to reign *here*. As that did not seem to go smooth, I thought I would come *here*, and leave my little Johnny to reign *there*,—nice little fellow he is, too, and never cries but when he is hurt, which for an emperor of his age is something.

Don M. Come, come; none of your nonsense. It may be all very true that you had an eye to us, but I don't believe you would ever have run away if you had not been deucedly frightened.

Don P. That is not fair: we know each other. No man can charge you with cowardice, Miguel. Why should you allege it against me?

Don M. We won't quarrel about trifles while we have so great a stake to contend for. What is the real object of your visit to me?

Don P. To induce you, by fair means, to give up all your pretensions to the throne, and retire, like the Buonapartes, from a throne you have no right to, and enjoy your *otium cum dignitate* in your favourite England.

Don M. England was my favourite, and I never can forget my feelings towards a country which had so long been in strict alliance with our house; but England has never acted towards me in a manner to attach me more particularly to her. If I had received from the Tory government one-tenth part of the support you have received from the Whigs, I should not have had the pleasure of your call this morning.

Don P. The assistance I have received has been from individuals, not from the government.

Don M. Certainly. Your regiments have been recruited under the eyes of the Ministers with English soldiers; your fleet manned and commanded by English sailors, and after I was forced from my capital by their aid, and that of the French and Belgians,—happy combination!—my niece is acknowledged and a minister is sent out to her, who, instead of observing strict neutrality towards me, puts himself personally forward in your service,—for you know it is *yours*, and not hers, after all,—and openly encourages those who are my acknowledged enemies.

Don P. The fact is, Miguel, you have no right to the throne of Portugal.

Don M. Supposing I have not, Maria has none. You must be the legitimate monarch.

Don P. I cannot contend that; for when I became Emperor of Brazil, I made myself a denizen of that country, and publicly renounced thus, I became, to all intents and purposes, a Brazilian.

Don M. Then whose daughter is my niece Maria?

Don P. Mine.

Don M. Then she is to all intents and purposes a Brazilian by birth. By what mental reservation did you contrive to make her a Portuguese, being the daughter of a man who, in order to be Emperor of Brazil, swore himself to be a native of that country?

Don P. As to oaths, my dear brother, the less said the sooner mended. What do you think of your coming here, hot from England, accepting the regency on behalf of this very niece whose title you now dispute, and swearing fidelity to the constitution; and then, in a few days after, assuming the regal power in defiance of that constitution, and in violation of your solemn obligation to maintain it?

Don M. My answer is plain and clear. I was kept away from my country and my countrymen. I was inclosed with a wall of flesh; and if not actually a prisoner in body, was fettered in mind, by the assiduity and activity of those who, ignorant of the feelings and prejudices of our nation, fancied, because the English constitution had lasted for ages, that a constitution here would be equally advantageous, quoting, moreover, as an instance of its value, that which you had been good enough to give the Brazilians, and which had not then broken down.

Don P. I do not know that it has broken down altogether yet.

Don M. In England I remained under the impression which had been made upon me on the continent, and I went to Lisbon determined to do that which I had been told it was right for me and advantageous for the Portuguese nation to do. When I arrived, all my anticipations were realised; and I found that the constitution which you were kind enough to make in three days and a half was in accordance with the wishes of those who were placed about me. Without doubt or hesitation I fulfilled

the pledge I had given, and took the oath with which you are now pleased to upbraid me.

Don P. Well; let me hear how you got out of the scrape.

Don M. I took the oath, and proceeded to make those arrangements which I considered necessary; but, simple and silly as you may reckon me, I felt indignant at the idea of having a large English force quartered in the capital for the purpose of instilling British liberality into the minds of the Portuguese at the point of the bayonet. I stipulated, before I left London, that these men should be withdrawn.

Don P. And they were withdrawn.

Don M. They were. I needed no foreign aid to support me; so would I not submit to foreign force to coerce me. What was the effect of the removal of this force sent out from England with disastrous waste in a moment of Mr Canning's zeal for something which he did not comprehend? The moment this foreign force was withdrawn, the natural feelings of the people were in action, and I was called upon to assume the only government which they felt disposed to obey,—not upon any principle of usurpation,—not at any desire of my own,—but because they refused to recognize the constitution, and because they told me that I could govern them only in my own right as king.

Don P. That right—even admitting it for argument sake—had been annihilated by the terms of the constitution.

Don M. What then? The people refused to accept the constitution—*ergo*, the right which, if they had accepted it, would have been destroyed, when they rejected it, remained uninjured and unprejudiced.

Don P. But you had accepted it, and had sworn to it.

Don M. So had thousands of others. What then? A man who swears to what he conscientiously believes to be true is no perjurer, because time proves him to have been in error. Perjury must be wilful and corrupt. In what point did my oath involve such a crime? I swore to a constitution, which eventually the three estates of the kingdom told me I could not legally maintain and the moment they were left to their free will they called me to the throne, which the laws of the land have distinctly expressed to be mine.

Don P. Then it all turns upon the popular feeling towards the constitution?

Don M. You know it does; and if the popular feeling had been let to take its course, and my countrymen been permitted to act for themselves; and had I, the king of their choice by election, as well as their king of right, been acknowledged four years ago, Portugal would have been happy and at peace.

Don P. And where should I have been?

Don M. In all probability you would, like the Buonapartes, have retired from a throne which you could no longer occupy, and have been enjoying your *otium cum dignitate* in your favourite England.

Don P. No—that won't do—don't call England a favourite of mine. My influence in France, and Talleyrand's humbugging Palmerston, has secured me a formal treaty of assistance and support against you, and Palmerston thinks he has done a mighty fine and splendid thing. Poor devil, he did not know that one of the conditions Louis Philippe made with me for granting his aid, and getting the English fleet to back him, was the immediate equalization of all the import duties, which just puts England and her manufactures upon a footing with the rest of the world—and then the old dandy gets up in their House of Commons, and, like a simpleton, with tears in his eyes, complains that I did not tell him what I was going to do. Did he fancy I wanted any of his protocols, and be hanged to him?

Don M. When they altered their wine-duties, they gave me no notice. I was quite aware of their shabbiness—they hoped, by doing an unfair thing in an unhandsome manner, to provoke me into the actual commission of some enormities, like those with which their lying newspaper correspondents charge me; but no, I bore with calmness and philosophy an injury which the English Ministers would not have dared to inflict upon a power sufficiently strong to vindicate her rights.

Don P. Poor devils, it is no fault of theirs—French influence did it then, as it has worked a just retaliation now.

Don M. Have you heard what they mean to do with your friend, Lord Howard de Walden?

Don P. Save him, by all means.

Don M. Do they know in England all the particulars of his Lordship's peculiar style of negotiation?

Don P. My dear Miguel, you'll excuse me there; there are secrets in all families, and I did not call here to day with any view of descending to particulars. Now the long and the short of the story is, will you go, or will you not?

Don M. Certainly not—send away your mercenaries, and let me try the question fairly.

Don P. Egad, they are sending themselves away pretty fast, the privates are bolting, and the non-commissioned officers squabbling the generals fighting, or seeming as if they would—I have already discarded my Doyle, and very much fear I shall not be able to save my Bacon.

Don M. Let them go, trust to the feelings of our countrymen.

Don P. I would rather not, I believe the discontents arise from non-payment, and yet I get plenty of money from England—how, I must not tell anybody, and least of all you. It may come out some day like Howard de Walden's dispatches, but I don't think it will. I coerce, and punish, and imprison, and put in chains, and do—

Don M. Everything that I am charged with doing. Look, then, at the difference of our positions—that will speak volumes. My army—you may go look at it—is a native force—a volunteer force, high in courage and condition, bound to me by no compulsion. Their loyalty is, as the English poet says—

“ True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon ”

They have faith in Providence, which taketh care of “ the shorn lamb.”

Don P. As for Providence, I have left off saying anything about it since old Infalible at Rome has excommunicated me.

Don M. The irreverent manner in which you speak of his Holiness shocks me, I trust you feel the horror of the infiction, as I feel the advantages of the absolution which has been granted to me for what you, some of the London newspapers, and Lord Palmerston, your particular friend, have been pleased to call my perjury.

Don P. Well, comparisons are odious, and we won't waste time upon this. What you have said to day has had its effect upon me in a certain degree. I will come to see you again. And now, at parting, let me just tell you one thing. I have my doubts about ratifying the treaty of which we have been talking. I remember when we were boys old Doctor Flogorrius teaching us the fable of the litigious cats and the monkey; and I am not quite sure if I let my worthy friend, Louis Philippe, send his friendly air my here, he mayn't, as the monkey did, eat up all our cheese. Keep yourself quiet, for go, I see, you won't. Talleyrand won't get round me, we have not quite forgot the affairs of the Peninsula when we were little boys; and, to tell you the truth, I think my friends are getting somewhat over civil.

Don M. Hear reason and do justice—so will you live happy and die contented. So far as I am concerned here, I stay, prepared to fight my ground, inch by inch; or, if it might be, to be the means of restoring tranquillity by returning to the throne from which your doubtful friends have expelled me. Rely upon this—if Palmerston hates *me*, he hates *you* just as much; and the only reason why he falls into your aid so readily is because Talleyrand bids him. Why should old Machiavel interest himself about you more than me, if it was not to answer a purpose?

Don P. By St. Michael, you are a sharp fellow; and as I told Strangford at Brazil, as good a fellow as ever lived—although it is not my policy to say so. We must see what can be done—I am heartily sick of the contest.

Don M. Good day, then—remember me to Maria—how is she?

Don P. Uncommonly well in health—fat as an ortolan, but fond of music.

Don M. That's something. If any new circumstances should turn up, and I should send you any overtures—

Don P. I'll have them played at the Opera the next night. Good day.

MR. BUNN AND MR. YATES.

Mr. Bunn. WELL, my teetotum, so you have whisked yourself over the water; not satisfied with playing tragedies, comedies, operas, and pantomimes in the Strand, you must pack off, bag and baggage, and “saddle *White Surrey* for the field.” I still hope to put a stop to such proceedings. It is the deuce and all, that we patentees are to have our undoubted privileges broken in upon, by such shameful innovations.

Mr. Yates. Live and let live, my friend. Why shouldn't I get my bread by my talents as well as you or Lord Brougham, or any other person of that sort?

Mr. B. I have no objection to that. Lord Brougham, like myself, acts under a patent; there is but one Lord Chancellor—nobody interferes with *him*—to be sure, the Master of the Rolls and the Vice-Chancellor are minors, but they only relieve him of work.

Mr. Y. There you are wrong, my Bunny. Brougham pays the Vice-Chancellor out of his salary.

Mr. B. What then?—he has plenty left, and not overworked either—only one change of dress all through, as your friend Mathews says; but I care nothing for Lord Chancellors or Masters of the Rolls. I am talking of much more important matters—the state of the drama—the legitimate drama; and, I contend, that after all our excursions, and all the expense the Captain has gone to, it is too bad to have our pieces anticipated, and regular plays acted at your infernal little theatres.

Mr. Y. Why, Mathews and I are under just as good a license as yours, as long as it lasts; you have no authority beyond what the Chamberlain gives you, and we have as much.

Mr. B. I consider myself the possessor, as lessee, of Fleetwood's patent, Sir.

Mr. Y. You may as well fancy yourself proprietor of Chatsworth. Did you ever see it?

Mr. B. I cannot say I ever did.

Mr. Y. Do you know anybody now living who *has* seen it?

Mr. B. I cannot say I do; but—

Mr. Y. I tell you what, that patent is like a ghost, you never can get hold of the man to whom it actually appeared; a friend of his always knows another man who told him what a fourth person heard a fifth say, which had been related to him of an eighth by a seventh; so with Fleet-

wood's patent, it is invisible to mortal eyes; however, at the Surrey we defy you; we are without the circle described by the magical wand of the Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. B. All I know is, it is a grievance. They are acting "Hamlet" at Sadler's Wells!

Mr. Y. Where, I presume, they drown Ophelia in real water—their best chance for an overflow.

Mr. B. You don't drown *your* women, and yet you have overflows.

Mr. Y. I tipped them a shower at the end of my "Lurline."

Mr. B. Hang your "Lurline." You anticipated us there; stretched your stage to double its natural width, and showed the town what they had never seen before—a female Chapter of the Bath.

Mr. Y. True—in the costume of Knight Companions.

Mr. B. Then you had a comedy to follow it, as regular as Dundas's manœuvres, and acted better than I could have got it acted by the theatrical union.

Mr. Y. You flatter me, Bunny—you do, upon my life.

Mr. B. Then as for your "domestic stories," as you call them, "Wreck Ashore," and "Victorine," and all the rest of the "agitators,"—those Adelphi rainbows, half sunshine, half showers—dramatic onions, which tickle the palate and bring tears into the eyes alternately—how am I to compete with them?

Mr. Y. Why you have all the strength of your legitimate drama.

Mr. B. So I have.

Mr. Y. But, like Hudibras's wit,—

"You're vastly shy of using it."

"Gustavus," "The Revolt of the Harem," with all its *etceteras*, "St. George and the Dragon," and the Italian dancers, and the German singers, and the French riders and tumblers, and Lotteries and Masquerades, and all the rest of the devilries—these are your legitimates—these are the exhibitions upon the merits of which you stickle for exclusive rights.

Mr. B. Go on, my little fellow—fire away—if it had not been for those admirably palpable hits, I think the Captain would have been between the two houses, as a gentleman is said to be between two stools: the fact is, the day is gone by; the people have too much to annoy them in reality to like tragedy, and they are too much enlightened to be amused with comedy; and as for mere opera—your "Duenna," or "Love in a Village," or "Maid of the Mill"—why, the half-finished miss of fifteen sneers at the music, and, ten to one, can sing it better than the gentle Patty or the lovely Rosetta of the Lane or the Garden.

Mr. Y. I admit a great deal of that to be true; and we found at our shop that show was necessary. But you have more extensive resources.

Mr. B. Yes, and more extensive premises, and more expensive ones. Those large houses take a deal of filling. I have never had a crammer yet, except when the door-keepers turned parsons.

Mr. Y. How d'ye mean?

Mr. B. Took orders. Why, there is that heavy pet of Macready's—Byron's play, which the Pats in the gallery call *Sir Dan Repale us*. It won't do. Shakspeare it is hard to cast; Congreve and Farquhar are too licentious; Dryden utterly shelved; Murphy and Colman out of date; and when we act any of George Colman's best pieces, or those once popular plays of Morton and Reynolds, the newspaper critics fall foul of them as absurdities and monstrosities; and we never can have a revival without something being immediately scribbled to vex the veterans.

Mr. Y. I like your talking about Shakspeare. Why, it is not a fortnight

ago that you got up "King Henry the Fourth," with "two additional scenes;" everybody supposed that you had got Peake, or Planche, or Mr. Monerieff to add a bit to the Immortal Billy.

Mr. B. "Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken." There was no sacrilege committed.

Mr. Y. I think there was—a coronation—the interior of Westminster Abbey; that, I think, with all deference to the Duke of Newcastle and the Bishop of London, was rather worse than performing the "Messiah" in the Abbey itself; and after that came a "Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music," with some of your Italian squallers, dressed after the fashion of tavern waiters, or the professional gentlemen who warble after dinner, representing the great vocalists of "Henry the Fourth," only by screaming in an unknown tongue.

Mr. B. None of your sneers. The Captain got 600*l.* by that experiment. We shall try it again and again; the oftener we can get *Giù*, the better.

Mr. Y. With this hot weather, I think you need not despair. I wish those Italians had better names—*Tosi* and *Giù*, and all the rest of them, sound very uncomfortable just at this season.

Mr. B. You are so infernally fastidious; but you always were so. I remember hearing that when you were at Cambrai.

Mr. Y. Bunny, if you love me, be quiet. Recollect, I then was a boy.

Mr. B. And a pretty boy, too.

Mr. Y. Umph! pretty well for that—those days are past. I have sown my wild oats.

Mr. B. So have we at Drury Lane since poor Elliston's death.

Mr. Y. Abbott and Egerton, you see, began legitimately, patronized, too, by royalty; but neither that, nor Sheridan Knowles, with his new play, would tell, and they have been forced to lower their prices.

Mr. B. Merely because you and your company came into the neighbourhood to act at a lower rate. By the way, Fred, that was a severe cut upon your locality which the Vice Chancellor made, when he declared in his Court that he did not know where the Surrey Theatre was.

Mr. Y. Poor man—

"Your worship's friend, and Lancelot."

I pity him; but I am even with his Honour, for I don't know where his court is; and I think it quite as creditable to a man to keep out of Chancery, as his Honour seems to consider it dignified to deny any knowledge of a popular place of public amusement.

Mr. B. Vestris beats you, Fred, in the season.

Mr. Y. In welcome—a hive never thrives without a Queen Bee; let her range the fields of fashion and cull the choicest flowers for her store.

Mr. B. I see—while you have the Honey in yours; but Vestris seems to improve upon it—gets fat.

Mr. Y. Do you think so? It struck me she had got *thin*; however, she has a host of talent with her—Jack Liston, and—

Mr. B. You have Jack Reeve.

Mr. Y. Both dry comedians and broad by turns—spirited—eh?

Mr. B. I know what you mean. It is a failing, but justified in their particular cases by the proverb, which says, "Every *Jack* must have his *gill*."

Mr. Y. Good, Bunny! they are both trumps, notwithstanding.

Mr. B. I believe you, Fred. But there's a tragic trump coming to town—Vandenhoff, from Liverpool.

Mr. Y. The deuce he is; where—to you—or the Kent, at Kensington?

Mr. B. Neither—to the Haymarket.

Mr. Y. Oh! then *he* is the wonder of whom my admirable Jack of all trades, little Buckstone, told me. Bucky is so deaf, one cannot speak confidentially, and I could not make out what he meant. Vandenhoff sounds well.

Mr. B. I have seen him.

Mr. Y. What is he, good, bad, or indifferent?

Mr. B. I have my reasons for not committing myself. If he is good now, he must be better than he was; and if he is as good as they say he is, we'll have him at the Union. Does Mrs. Y. go to the Haymarket this season?

Mr. Y. Not while we do so well on the other side of the water.

Mr. B. I know you will pardon my warmth, but I am as sincere as old Cumberland in his purst days—that woman is a treasure.

Mr. Y. Sir, you do me honour. I find her so. However, we won't talk of these things, for I really came upon business, and to ask you whether you would lend me a few properties for the—

Mr. B. My dear friend, excuse me. You have heard of the tree that lent a handle to the axe. A chop *with* me I shall be most glad if you will stay and take—but a chop *at* me I must prevent—No!

Mr. Y. I beg your pardon. I thought as you were great, you might be liberal.

Mr. B. In my position, liberality is out of the question. The only chance of our success is derived from rigid economy; everybody does double work, and the only way of keeping them at it, is by borrowing the Bow-street van to fetch and carry them from one house to another. So it is, the Captain pays but one company and has two.

Mr. Y. I should think, Bunny, there might be a strike in your union some day.

Mr. B. Let them go. In these times, if our Prima Donna falls hoarse, I send and hire a French dancer—if *he* breaks his leg, I get a German one—and if all these fail, I send circulars to my friends to come and put on masks to make toils of themselves gratis.

Mr. Y. It has struck me, that if we go on as we *have* done this season, everybody who comes to the theatre must wear masks.

Mr. B. Delicate fellow. You first set light to the house and then cry fire.

Mr. Y. And *you* cry for the legitimate drama, and live upon pantomime.

Mr. B. There is no arguing with a man in your situation, so I must wish you good morning. I have an infinity of things to do, and besides have to get my hair cut. So fare you well, and, in spite of your cavilling, success attend you,—but compliments to Mrs. Y.

Mr. Y. Adieu, my dear fellow. I'm obliged to you for your good wishes. Nothing can give me greater pleasure than hearing of your prosperity—
(*They shake hands cordially and part*)

Mr. B. (aside) Ass!

Mr. Y. (aside) Beast!

[*Exeunt.*]

LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM AND EARL GREY.

Lord Grey. My dear Lord Brougham, I do assure you it is most painful to me to complain, or even exposulate with you; but I must say your conduct in introducing that Church Bill of yours after all of us and all the Bishops were gone, does seem most extraordinary, and I assure you that I have had some difficulty in keeping the thing together.

Lord Brougham. Why the fact is, that it seemed to me to be a capital

opportunity of "forwarding it a stage;" and if Bishops will go and dine with Lord Mayors, I think they deserve to be jockeyed.

Lord G. I think it quite right in the Bishops to dine with the Chief Magistrate; and I know this, that they would not have done so, had they not felt perfectly convinced that their attendance in the Lords would not be required.

Lord B. No man has a right to assume that he may not be wanted; nor are matters of great public importance to be delayed to suit private convenience.

Lord G. But I myself had given my written assuance to them that no steps should be taken in the Church Bill without their privity.

Lord B. I had not; so far as concerns myself, I was free to do as I pleased, and I did so.

Lord G. But you are reported to have said that you did so with the concurrence of your colleagues, now that— if you did say it—is surely not borne out by the fact. As the Duke of Wellington told you in the case of the King of Oude, the thing not only did not happen, but it was morally impossible it could have happened.

Lord B. What thing?

Lord G. The thing that you asserted.

Lord B. I acted upon my own judgment, and I am willing to take the whole responsibility.

Lord G. Yes, but your colleagues are neither desirous that you should do any such thing, nor would it satisfy their feelings to hear such an avowal. I repeat that I have had great difficulty in keeping things together, and really expected to have seen the Government broken up upon it.

Lord B. Break up the Government! Come, come, my Lord Grey, don't try that sort of expedient with me, you dare no more move a Member of the Cabinet than you dare fly, unless you could fill up their places with Peers. Where are you to get the new men returned for—Pittshue, d'ye think—or Gloucester—or Dudley? No, no, you are a fine old fellow in your way, but you must not think to frighten me.

Lord G. I have no such intention, Lord Brougham, but I am quite sure your good sense must tell you that things cannot go on as they are—there's Palmerston demented, as the Scotch say—John Russell kicking one way—Graham and Stanley pulling another—and then, in order to expose our disagreements, which ought to be kept sacred, there's Edward Ellice, and Duncannon, and three or four others, voting against us, and that fellow Poulett Thomson staying away from a division upon which we had declared our determination to stand or fall.

Lord B. Why, your new Lord-Advocate, Murray, voted against us! Did not I manage that flourish about the Clerk of the Pipe for you?

Lord G. I tell you what I wish you had not managed—to bring forward that Mr. Whittle Harvey—your familiar good nature to that man has forced us to bolster up a case that, upon my honour and soul, I am ashamed of.

Lord B. He'll come out of the Committee as pure as—

Lord G. "Unsunned snow." But what has his case to do with a Parliamentary Committee at all? Then, as to poor Lord Wynford, I must say,—although I dislike the man for his infernal politics—you do treat him most ungentlely. He sits for you—hears appeals for you—does all the work you require, and yet you never lose an opportunity of sneering at him or affronting him.

Lord B. I admit I do a little in that way; but then it is only at particular times; and I don't forgive him for his remark that night last year, when I was so much excited that I went out and took a comfortable nap, and

came back into the House with Gosford, who was rather fresh from dinner.

Lord G. Why, what did Wynford say then ?

Lord B. Why, looking at us very facetiously, he said, "Well, my Lords, I'm glad you take it by turns." Now, that was pert, and I owe him a grudge.

Lord G. As Palmerston owes Don Miguel a grudge for calling him a coxcomb, which Palmerston happened to overhear one evening at poor Dudley's. What does Wynford mean by his Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath ?

Lord B. It is the oddest fancy in the world ; but he swears he'll be d—d if he gives it up. My protest, I think, is a tickler—there I worked him !

Lord G. Yes ; but you see the papers have got hold of one of your objections, which they make out to be particularly unfortunate. I mean the 12th.

Lord B. The papers !—psha, who cares ? See how I treat the papers in my articles in the "Times, —slash at them, call them contemptible ruffs, and all the rest of it

Lord G. It was late in the evening, I think, when you entered that protest ?

Lord B. 'Pon my life, I don't very distinctly recollect when I did it. I know it was strong.

Lord G. Yes, and long. However, never mind, *literæ scriptæ manent* ; the thing is done and it cannot be undone, and there's an end. Pray will you tell me one thing while we are upon this subject—did you ever promise Dr. Buckland a living ?

Lord B. Buckland ? the professor, do you mean ?

Lord G. Yes, the professor.

Lord B. Why, I have a faintish recollection that I did, but I thought no more about it, if I did—*that I know.* He is a Tory, I believe.

Lord G. That does not always regulate your preferments.

Lord B. But he is an unbuyable one, I believe.

Lord G. I only asked the question. I rather think Wynford must have taken up the Sabbath question in order to mark his opinion of your hunt after Denman at Bedford.

Lord B. Perhaps so. We were obliged to serve Denman, in making him a lord, as Mrs Glasse directs her pupil to serve a dolphin in dressing it—first catch your dolphin. To be sure, it was an absurd enough thing ; and the fellows at Bedford wanting to escort me to church as Lord Chancellor—I in my rough brown great coat and black stock.

Lord G. I pay what I consider a more proper regard to dress.

Lord B. Ah, but you are a "gallant Grey Lothario ! By-the-bye, I wish that painter of yours, Mr. Haydon, had been smothered before he contrived that abominable reform picture.

Lord G. Don't talk of it. Conceive having a thousand pounds to pay for being handed down to posterity fraternizing with Aldermen.

Lord B. To be sure, we *did* stoop to conquer.

Lord G. Yes—and a pretty conquest after all.

Lord B. I think the man painting the people in the picture who were invited and did not come, and expostulating in his book with one or two who did not choose to be painted at table, because they were not there, added to the authentic portraits of poor King and Calvert, whom he had never seen ; and his explanation that, after having been assigned a place in Guildhall for the purpose of making a correct view of the scene, he did not

use that sketch, but made another totally unlike the thing, in order to bring you into the middle of the picture, is capital.

Lord G. Well, well—never mind—he is a great genius——

Lord B. Mad —

Lord G. As all great geniuses are, more or less.

Lord B. You never told me you were going to make Miss Wykeham a peccress.

Lord G. Didn't I? Well, it is not of much importance. Nicholas will not have Stratford Canning, and what we are to do I cannot imagine. Mulgrave don't seem to like the idea of Russia, and Canning still less the idea of not going there.

Lord B. I think you were incautious in telling Mulgrave that he might command anything he chose. I never could make out why he was recalled.

Lord G. I cannot tell you, as you know I know as little of the departments of my colleagues as if I were in Russia myself. Howick tells me, now and then, things that are going on in Stanley's office, but that's all. Nugent, I suppose, must come home.

Lord B. Well, thank God, I have nothing to do with those affairs.

Lord G. No, but you have been making your Judges dance a curious sort of quadrille.

Lord B. Why, what could I do about Williams? Do you recollect how I ridiculed Lyndhurst for even proposing to make him a Judge?—to be sure, what strange things I do. Vaughan, however, must be got into the Privy Council some time or other, for he has—unless he has destroyed it—my written promise——

Lord G. So have the Bishops mine about the Church Bill — -

Lord B. Then the Sergeants are all as mad as devils with my opening their count. I gave them the privileges of silk gowns, by way of a sop; and I believe, considering the hold Wilde has upon the common bench, it is not so absurd a measure as most people think; besides, it is a law reform.

Lord G. I cannot understand that legislating to effect particular objects connected with particular individuals can be advantageous: to be sure, I don't profess to be a competent judge of the professional qualifications of a lawyer.

Lord B. You need not trouble yourself to mention *that*, my dear Lord. I believe I had the honour of being selected by you as Attorney-General. I flatter myself I knew my own powers better than you did. Only conceive me at this moment dancing all over the country, from Dudley to Edinburgh, to get returned to Parliament, or else remain the laughing-stock of the whole bar.

Lord G. As you have contrived to make Hoare.

Lord B. Faith, I don't think that is exactly his position; they espouse his cause too warmly for that—sympathize with him—to be sure, he is infernally angry, and I don't wonder. However, my opinion is, he ought to have taken the Barony, and have made some better arrangement afterwards, he never could have remained Attorney-General, and popular Member for Marylebone too.

Lord G. No—that is just the way this infernal Reform Bill acts. I am seriously anxious about Edinburgh and Leith—we shall see. What title will Jeffrey take as Lord of Session?

Lord B. Lord Yellow and Blue, I suppose, or perhaps he will call himself plain Lord Jeffrey—everybody else will, I am sure. Pray, what has Palmerston settled about his treaty?

Lord G. Don't ask me; he has turned so pert and pettish that I never enquire one way or another. He begins to find out that Talleyrand laughs

at him, and that he cannot bear, but, between ourselves, this last cajoleiy about the Portuguese duties is enough to open the eyes of everybody—the people most interested cannot conceal their feelings; and while the English merchants at Lisbon send home a petition of remonstrance, the French merchants there give a ball and supper to celebrate the event.

Lord B. Yes, and now it seems as if Pedro began to suspect too much good nature and kind assistance on the part of France—

Lord G. Let them go on as they can, I have enough to do to keep my temper in the House of Lords.

Lord B. There you have the whip-hand of me—not but I have seen you once or twice rather peppery.

Lord G. Why, it is very disagreeable to go down to the House to be bullied—and that Duke of Wellington is always right in his facts. He comes at you with facts and dates, and a plausibility which baffles all fencing, I do get angry at that. And that Bishop of Exeter, too, that man is my aversion.

Lord B. I cannot say I like him myself—he is a great deal too clever for his station, old Norwich is just the sort of man for a Bishop.

Lord G. Aye, ye, you of course have no great affection for Episcopacy.

Lord B. Haven't I? haven't I more Church preferment in my own personal gift than the whole Bench of Bishops put together? Can a man be indifferent to a Church which gives him such opportunities of doing good? I am sure I spoke *episcopally* enough upon the Glasgow petition.

Lord G. Yes, you astonished your northern friends there.

Lord B. I did say I did, but I spoke as Lord Chancellor of England, not as Henry Brougham—and therein lies all the difference. Better do that than let the cat out of the bag as Johnny Russell has done.

Lord G. What, touching the internal 147th clause?

Lord B. Exactly—that was showing the cloven foot somewhat rather prematurely, it is something like Durham's going about and saying what he is to be when we get Palmerston out.

Lord G. If we could but get Peel in I would say that something might be done—but he has unluckily for us, placed himself in so distinguished a position in the country that we have no chance of getting him, his support as an opponent is most humiliating.

Lord B. I admit it—but my maxim is, that the end always justifies the means, and—but I am called, my dinner is just arrived in the carriage from Stanhope street.

Lord G. And the wine?

Lord B. To be sure.

Lord G. Then I'll not detain you longer now.

Lord B. I am infinitely obliged to you. [*Exeunt different ways*]

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

NO IV — THE DISSIMULATING MINISTER

BY MISS MILFORD

“ No, Victor ! we shall never meet again. I feel that conviction burnt in upon my very heart. We part now for the last time. You are returning to your own beautiful France, to your family, to your home—a captive released from his prison, in exile restored to his country, free, fortunate, and happy—what leisure will you have to think of the poor Jane ? ”

“ You forget, Jane, that I am the soldier of a chief at war with all Europe—and that, in leaving England I shall be constantly to fight fresh battles against some other nation. It is my only consolation that the conditions of my exchange forbid my being arrayed opposed to your countrymen. I go, dearest, not to encounter the temptations of peace, but the hardships of war.”

“ The heroic hardships, the exciting dangers that you love so well ! Be it so. Battle, victory, peril, or death, on the one hand—on the other, the grace and the blushing cheek, the talents and the beauty of your lovely countrywomen ! What chance is there that I should be remembered either in the turmoil of a campaign or the quietude of a court ? You will think of me (if Heaven ever should ever think of me at all) but as a part of the gloomy scenes and the most cloudy days of your existence. As Belford contrasted with Paris, so shall I seem when placed in competition with some fair Parisian. No, Victor ! we part, and I feel that we part for ever.”

“ Cruel and unjust ! Shall *you* forget *me* ? ”

“ No ! To remember when hope is gone is the melancholy privilege of woman. Forget you ! Oh that I could ! ”

“ Well then, Jane, my own fate put an end at once to these doubts to these suspicions. Come with me to France, to my home. My mother is not rich, I am one of Napoleon's poorest Captains, but he has deigned to notice me,—my promotion, if life be spared to me, is assured, and in the meantime, we have enough for competence, for happiness. Come with me, my own Jane, your whose affection has been my only comfort during two years of captivity, come and share the joys of my release ! Nothing can be easier than your flight. No one suspects our attachment. Your father sleeps—”

“ And you would have me abandon him ! me, his only child ! Ah ! Victor, if I were to desert him in his old age, could I ever sleep again ? Go, I am rightly punished for a love which, prejudiced as he is against your nation, I knew that he would condemn. It is fit that a clandestine attachment should end in desolation and misery. Go, but, oh dearest ! talk no more of my accompanying you, say no more that you will return to claim me at the peace. Both are alike impossible. Go and be happy with some younger, fairer woman ! Go and forget the poor Jane ! ” And so saying, she gently disengaged her hand, which was clasped in both his, and passed quickly from the little garden where they stood into the house, where, for fear of discovery, Victor dared not follow her.

This dialogue, which, by the way, was held not as I have given it, in English, but in rapid and passionate French, took place at the close of a November evening in the autumn of 1808, between a young officer of the Imperial Army, on parole in Belford, and Jane Lanham, the only daughter, the only surviving child of old John Lanham, a coin-chandler in the town.

Victor d'Auberval, the officer in question, was a young man of good education, considerable talent, and a lively and ardent character. He had been sent as a favour to Belford, together with four or five naval officers, with whom our *jeune militaire* had little in common besides his country and his misfortunes, and although incomparably better off than those of his compatriots at Norman Cross and elsewhere, who solaced their leisure and relieved their necessities by cutting, dommos and other knick knacks out of bone, and ornamenting baskets and boxes with flowers and landscapes composed of coloured straw, yet, being wholly unnoticed by the inhabitants of the town, and obliged, from the difficulty of obtaining remittances, to practise occasionally a very severe economy, he would certainly have become a victim to the English malady with a French name, styled *ennui*, had he not been preserved from that calamity by falling into the disease of all climates, called love.

Judging merely from outward circumstances, no one would seem less likely to captivate the handsome and brilliant Frenchman than Jane Lanham. Full four or five and twenty, and looking more, of a common height, common size, and, but for her beautiful dark eyes, common features, her person attired, as it always was, with perfect plainness and simplicity, had nothing to attract observation, and her station, as the daughter of a man in trade, himself a rigid dissenter, and living in frugal retirement, rendered their meeting at all any thing but probable. And she, grave, orderly, staid, demure, she that eschewed pink ribbons as if she had been a female Friend, and would have thought some sin to wear a bow of any hue in her straw bonnet, who would ever have dreamed of Jane Lanham's being smitten with a tri-coloured cockade?

So the matter fell out.

John Lanham was, as we have said, a coin-chandler in Belford, and one who, in spite of his living in a small dark gloomy house, in a dirty narrow lane leading from one great street to another, with no larger establishment than one maid of all work and a lad to take care of his horse and chaise, was yet reputed to possess considerable wealth. He was a dissenter of a sect rigid and respectable rather than numerous, and it was quoted in proof of his opulence, that, in rebuilding the chapel which he attended, he had himself contributed the magnificent sum of three thousand pounds. He had lost several children in their infancy and his wife had died in bringing Jane into the world, so that the father, grave, stern, and severe to others, was yet bound by the tenderest of ties, that of her entire helplessness and dependence, to his motherless girl, and spared nothing that, under his peculiar views of the world could conduce to her happiness and well-being.

His chief adviser and assistant in the little girl's education was his old friend Mr Fenton, the minister of the congregation to which he belonged—a man shrewd, upright, conscientious, and learned, but unfit for his present post by two very important disqualifications. first, as a old bachelor who knew no more of the bringing up of children than c

the training of race-horses, secondly, as having a complete and thorough contempt for the sex, whom he considered as so many animated dolls, or ornamented monkeys, frivolous and mischievous, and capable of nothing better than the fulfilment of the lowest household duties. "Teach her to read and to write," quoth Mr Fenton, "to keep accounts, to cut out a shirt, to mend stockings, to make a pudding, and to stay within doors, and you will have done your duty."

According to this scale June's education seemed likely to be conducted, when a short visit from her mother's sister, just as she had entered her thirteenth year, made a slight addition to her studies. Her aunt, a sensible and cultivated woman, assuming that the young person who was bringing up with ideas so limited was likely to inherit considerable property, would fain have converted Mr Lunham to her own more enlarged and liberal views, have sent her to a good school, or have engaged in accomplished governess, but this attempt ended in a dispute that produced a total estrangement between the parties, and the only fruit of her remonstrances was the attendance of the good Abb Villaret as a French master,—the study of French being, in the eyes both of Mr Lunham and Mr Fenton, a considerably less abomination than that of music, drawing, or dancing. "She'll make nothing of it," thought Mr Fenton, "I myself did not, though I was at the expense of a grammar and a dictionary, and worked it in hour a day for a month." She'll make nothing of it, so she may as well try as not. And the Abb was sent for, and the lessons begun.

This was a new era in the life of June Lunham. L'abbé Villaret soon discovered, through the veil of shyness, awkwardness, ignorance, and modesty, the great powers of his pupil. The difficulties of the language disappeared as by magic, and she whose English reading had been restricted to the commonest elementary books, with a few volumes of sectarian devotion, and 'Watts's Hymns' (for poetry she had never known, except the magnificent poetry of the Scriptures, and the homely but heart stirring imaginations of the 'Pilgrims Progress'), was now eagerly devouring the choicest and purest *meccas* of French literature. Mr Fenton having interdicted to the Abb the use of any works likely to convert the young Protestant to the Catholic faith, and Mr Lunham (who had never read one in his life) having added a caution against novels, June and her kind instructor were left in other respects free. Her father, who passed almost every day in the pursuit of his business in the neighbouring towns, and his pastor, who only visited him of an evening, having no suspicion of the many, many hours which she devoted to the new-born delight of poring over books, and the Abb knew so well how to buy books cheaply, and Mr Lunham gave him money for her use with so little inquiry as to its destination, that she soon accumulated a very respectable French library.

What a new world for the young recluse!—Racine, Corneille, Crébillon, the tragedies and histories of Voltaire, the picturesque revolutions of Vertôt, the enchanting letters of Madame de Sevigné, the Causes Célèbres (more interesting than any novels), the Mémoires de Sully (most striking and most naïf of histories), Télémaque, the Young Anacharsis, the purest comedies of Molière and Regnard, the 'Fables de la Fontaine, the poems of Delille and of Boileau, the Vert-Vert of Gresset, Le Père Brumoy's Théâtre des Grecs, Madame Dacier's

Homer;—these, and a hundred books like these, burst as a freshly acquired sense upon the shy yet ardent girl. It was like the recovery of sight to one become blind in infancy; and the kindness of the Abbé, who delighted in answering her inquiries and directing her taste, increased a thousand-fold the profit and the pleasure which she derived from her favourite authors.

Excepting her good old instructor, she had no confidant. Certain that they would feel no sympathy in her gratification, she never spoke of her books either to her father or Mr. Fenton; and they, satisfied with M. l'Abbé's calm report of her attention to his lessons, made no further inquiries. Her French studies were, she felt, for herself, and herself alone; and when his tragical death deprived her of the friend and tutor whom she had so entirely loved and respected, reading became more and more a solitary pleasure. Outwardly calm, silent, and retiring, an affectionate daughter, an excellent housewife, and an attentive hostess, she was Mr. Fenton's *beau idéal* of a young woman. Little did he suspect the glowing, enthusiastic, and concentrated character that lurked under that cold exterior—the fire that was hidden under that white and virgin snow. Purer than she really was he could not fancy her, but never would he have divined how much of tenderness and firmness was mingled with that youthful purity, or how completely he had himself, by a life of restraint and seclusion prepared her mind to yield to an engrossing and lasting passion.

Amongst her beloved French books, those which she pretended were undoubtedly the tragedies, the only dramas which had ever fallen in her way, and which exercised over her imagination the full power of that most striking and delightful of any species of literature. We who know Shakspeare,—who have known him from our childhood, and are, as it were, “to his manner born,”—feel at once that, compared with that greatest of poets, the “belles tragédies” of Racine and of Corneille are cold, and false, and wearisome; but to one who had no such standard by which to measure the tragic dramatists of France, the mysterious and thrilling horrors of the old Greek stories which their tragedies so frequently embodied,—the woes of Thebes, the fated line of Pelops, the passion of Phædra, and the desolation of Antigone,—were full of a strange and fearful power. Nor was the spell confined to the classical plays. The “Tragédies Chrétiennes,”—Esther and Athalie, Polyucte and Alzire,—excited at least equal interest, while the contest between love and “la force du sang,” in the Cid and Zaire, struck upon her with all the power of a predestined sympathy. She felt that she herself was born to such a trial; and the presentiment was, perhaps, as so often happens, in no small degree the cause of its own accomplishment.

The accident by which she became acquainted with Victor d'Auberval may be told in a very few words.

The nurse who had taken to her on the death of her mother, and who still retained for her the strong affection so often inspired by foster children, was the wife of a respectable publican in Queen-street, and being of excellent private character, and one of Mr. Fenton's congregation, was admitted to see Jane whenever she liked, in a somewhat equivocal capacity between a visiter and a dependant.

One evening she came in great haste to say that a Bristol coach,

which inned at the Red Lion, had just dropped there two foreigners, a man and a woman, one of whom seemed to her fancy dying, whilst both appeared miserably poor, and neither could speak a word to be understood—Would her dear child come and interpret for the sick lady?

Jane went immediately—They were German musicians, on their way to Bristol, where they hoped to meet a friend, and to procure employment—In the meanwhile, the illness of the wife had stopped them on their journey, and their slender funds were, as the husband modestly confessed, little calculated to encounter the expenses of medical assistance and an English inn.

Jane promised to represent the matter to her father, who, although hating Frenchmen and papists (both of which he assumed the foreigners to be) with a hatred eminently British and Protestant, was yet too good a Christian to refuse moderate relief to fellow creatures in distress, and between Mr. Lanham's contributions and the good landlady's kindness, and what Jane could spare from her own frugally supplied purse, the poor Austrians (for they were singers from Vienna) were enabled to be up during a detention of many days.

Before they resumed their journey, their kind interpreter had heard from the good hostess that they had found another friend, almost as poor as themselves, and previously unacquainted with them, in a French officer on parole in the town—to whom the simple fact of their being foreigners in distress in a strange land had supplied the place of recommendation or introduction, and when going the next day laden with a few comforts for Madame, to bid them farewell, and to see them off, she met, for the first time, the young officer, who had been drawn by similar feelings to the door of the Red Lion.

It was a bitter December day—one of those north-east winds which seem to blow through you, and which hardly any strength can stand, and as the poor German, in a thin summer waistcoat and a threadbare coat, took his seat on the top of the coach, shivering from head to foot, and his teeth already chattering, amidst the sneers of the bear-skinned coachman, muffled up to his ears, and his warmly clad fellow passengers, Victor took off his own great coat, tossed it smilingly to the freezing musician, and walked rapidly away as the coach drove off, uttering an exclamation somewhat similar to Sir Philip Sidney's at Zutphen—"He wants it more than I do."

My friend, Mr. Serle, has said, in one of the finest plays of this century, richer in great plays, let the critics rail as they will, than any age since the time of Elizabeth and her immediate successor, Mr. Serle, speaking of the master-passion, has said, in "The Merchant of London,"—

"How many doors or entrances hath love
Into the heart?—
As many as the senses
All are love's portals—though, when the proudest comes,
He comes as conquerors use, by his own path—
And sympathies that breach

And this single instance of sympathy and fellow feeling (for the grate-

* St. Martin was canonized for an act altogether similar to that of Victor d'Auberval.

ful Germans had spoken to Mr d Auberville of Miss Lanham's kindness) sealed the destiny of two warm hearts.

Victor soon contrived to get introduced to Jane, by their mutual friend, the Landlady of the Red Lion, and, after that introduction, he managed to meet her accidentally whenever there was no danger of interruption or discovery, which, as Jane had always been in the habit of taking long, solitary walks, happened, it must be confessed, pretty often. He was charmed at the piquant contrast between her shy, retiring manners and her ardent and enthusiastic character, and his national vanity found a high gratification in her proficiency in, and fondness for, his language and literature, whilst she (so full of contradictions is love) found no less attraction in his ignorance of English. She liked to have something to teach her quick and lively pupil, and he repaid her instructions by enlarging her knowledge of French authors, by introducing to her the beautiful, though dangerous, pages of Rousseau, the light and brilliant writers of memoirs, and the higher devotional eloquence of Bossuet, Massillon and Bourdaloue, the *Lettres Spirituelles* of Fenelon, and the equally beautiful, though very different, works of Le Pere Pascal.

So time wore on. The declaration of love had been made by one party, and the confession that that love was returned had been reluctantly extorted from the other. Of what use was that confession? Never, as Jane declared, would she marry to displeasè her father, — and how, knowing as she well did all his prejudices, could she hope for his consent to an union with a prisoner, a soldier, a Frenchman, a Catholic? Even Victor felt the impossibility.

Still neither could forego the troubled happiness of these stolen interviews, chequered as they were with present alarms and future fears. Jane had no confidant. The reserve and perhaps the pride of her character prevented her confessing even to her affectionate nurse a clandestine attachment. But she half feared that her secret was suspected at least, if not wholly known, by Mr Lenton, and if known to him, as surely it would be disclosed to her father, and the manner in which a worthy, wealthy, and disagreeable London suitor was pressed on her by both (for hitherto Mr Lanham had seemed averse to her marrying) confirmed her in the apprehension.

Still, however, they continued to meet, until suddenly, and without any warning, the exchange that restored him to his country, and tore him from her who had been his consolation in captivity, burst on them like a thunderclap, and then Jane, with all the inconsistency of a woman's heart, forgot her own vows never to marry him without the consent of her father, forgot how impossible it appeared that that consent should ever be obtained, and dwelt wholly on the fear of his inconstancy, on the chance of his meeting some fair, and young, and fascinating Frenchwoman, and forgetting his own Jane, whilst he again and again pledged himself, when peace should come, to return to Belford and arrivè home in triumph the only woman he could ever love. Until that happy day, they agreed, in the absence of any safe medium of communication, that it would be better not to write, and so, in the midst of dependency on the one side, and ardent and sincere protestations on the other, they parted.

Who shall describe Jane's desolation during the long and dreary winter that succeeded their separation? That her secret was known, or, at least, strongly suspected, appeared to her certain, and she more than guessed that her father's forbearance in not putting into words the grieved displeasure which he evidently felt, was owing to the kind, but crabbed old bachelor, Mr. Fenton, whose conduct towards herself, or rather whose opinion of her powers appeared to have undergone a considerable change, and who, giving her credit for strength of mind, seemed chiefly bent on spurring her on to exert that strength to the utmost. He gave proof of that knowledge of human nature which the dissenting ministers so frequently possess, by seeking to turn her thoughts into a different channel, and by bringing her Milton and Cowper, and supplying her with English books of history and the *Days*, together with the lives of many pious and eminent men of his own persuasion, succeeded not only in leading her into an interesting and profitable course of reading, but in bringing her into an unexpected frankness of discussion on the subject of her new studies.

In these discussions, he soon found the talent of the young person whom he had so long undervalued, and constant to his contempt for the sex (a bias from which a man who has fallen into it seldom recovers) began to consider her as a splendid exception to the general minority of women, and an opinion which received further confirmation from her devoted attention to her father, who was seized with a lingering illness about a twelvemonth after the departure of Victor, of which he finally died, after long wishing for nearly two years to part, not only by the tender and incessant cares of his daughter, and the sympathizing visits of his friend

On opening the will his beloved daughter Jane, was found sole heiress to a fortune of 70,000*l.*, unless she should intermarry with a soldier, a papist, or a foreigner, in which case the entire property was bequeathed unconditionally to the late Samuel Fenton, to be disposed of by him according to his sex, will and pleasure.

Miss Latham was less affected by the clause than might have been expected. Three years had now elapsed from the period of separation, and she had been so well beloved as never to have received one line from Victor d'Aubervil. She feared that he was dead, she tried to hope that he was unfaithful, and the tremendous number of officers that had fallen in Napoleon's last battle rendered the former by far the more probable catastrophe, even if he had not previously fallen, the Russian campaign threatened confirmation to the French army, and poor Jane, in whose bosom hope had long lain dormant, hardly regarded this fresh obstacle to her unhappy love. She felt that he was a widowed heart, and that her future comfort must be sought in the calm pleasures of literature, and in contributing all that she could to the happiness of others.

Attached to Bedford by long habit, and by the recollection of past happiness and past sorrows, she continued in her old dwelling, making little other alteration in her way of life, than that of adding two or three servants to her establishment, and offering a home to her mother's sister, the aunt to whose intervention she owed the doubtful good of that proficiency in French which had introduced her to Victor, and whom unforeseen events had now reduced to absolute poverty.

In her she found an intelligent and cultivated companion, and in her society and that of Mr Fenton, and in the delight of a daily increasing library, her days passed calmly and pleasantly, when, in spite of all her resolutions, her serenity was disturbed by the victories of the Allies, the fall of Napoleon, the capture of Paris, and the peace of Europe. Was Victor dead or alive? Faithless or constant? Would he seek her? and seeking her, what would be his disappointment at the clause that parted them for ever? Ought she to remain in Belford? Was there no way of ascertaining his fate?

She was revolving these questions for the hundredth time, when a knock was heard at the door, and the servant announced Colonel d'Auberval.

There is no describing such meetings. After sketching rapidly his fortunes since they had parted, how he disobeyed her by writing, and how he had since found that his letters had miscarried, and after brief assurances that in his eyes she was more than ever charming, had gained added grace, expression, and intelligence, Jane began to communicate to him at first with much agitation, afterwards with collected calmness, the clause in the will, by which she forfeited all her property in marrying him.

"Is it not cruel," added she, "to have lost the power of embracing him whom I love?"

"You do love me, then, still," exclaimed Victor. "Blessings on you for that word! You are still constant?"

"Constant! Oh, if you could have seen my heart during these long, long years! If you could have imagined how the thought of you mingled with every recollection, every feeling, every hope! But to bring you a penniless wife, Victor—for even the interest of this money since my father's death, which might have been a little portion, I have settled upon my poor aunt—to take advantage of your generosity, and burden you with a dowerless wife, never handsome, no longer young, inferior to you in every way—ought I to do so? Would it be just? Would it be right? Answer me, Victor."

"Rather tell me, would it be just and right to deprive *you* of the splendid fortune you would use so well? Would you, for my sake, for love, and for competence, forego the wealth which is your own?"

"Would I? Oh, how can you ask!"

"Will you, then, my own Jane? Say yes, dearest, and never will we think of this money again. I have a mother worthy to be yours—a mother who will love and value you as you deserve to be loved, and an estate with a small chatelain at the foot of the Pyrenees, beautiful enough to make an emperor forget his throne. Share it with me, and we shall be happier in that peaceful retirement than ever monarch was or can be! You love the country. You have lost none of the simplicity which belonged to you, alike from taste and from habit. You will not miss these riches?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"And you will be mine, dearest and faithfullest? Mine, heart and hand? Say yes, mine own Jane!"

And Jane did whisper, between smiles and tears, that "yes," which her faithful lover was never weary of hearing, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell it, all the details of the marriage were settled.

In the evening, Mr Fenton, whom Miss Lanham had invited to tea, arrived, and in a few simple words, Jane introduced Colonel d'Auberval, explained their mutual situation, and declared her resolution of relinquishing immediately the fortune which, by her father's will, would be triply forfeited by her union with a soldier, a foreigner, and a Catholic.

"And your religion?" inquired Mr Fenton, somewhat sternly.

"Shall ever be sacred in my eyes," replied Victor, solemnly. "My own excellent mother is herself a Protestant and a Calvinist. There is a clergyman of that persuasion at Bayonne. She shall find every facility for the exercise of her own mode of worship. I should love her less if I thought her capable of change."

"Well, but this money—Are you sure, young man, that you yourself will not regret marrying a portionless wife?"

"Quite sure. I knew nothing of her fortune. It was a portionless wife that I came hither to seek."

"And you, June? Can you abandon this wealth which, properly used, comprises in itself the blessed power of doing good, of relieving misery, of conferring happiness? Can you leave your home, your country, and your friends?"

"Oh Mr Fenton!" replied June. "I shall regret none but you. His home will be my home, his country my country. My dear aunt will, I hope, accompany us. I shall leave nothing that I love but you, my second father. And for this fortune which, used as it should be used, is indeed a blessing, do I not leave it in *your* hands? And am I not sure that with you it will be a fund for relieving misery and conferring happiness? I feel that if, at this moment, he whom I have lost could see into my heart, he would approve my resolution, and would bless the man who had shown such disinterested affection for his child."

"In his name and my own, I bless you, my children," rejoined Mr Fenton, "and as his act and my own do I restore to you the forfeited money. No refusals, young man! No arguments! No thanks! It is yours and yours only. Listen to me, Jane. This will for which any one less generous and disinterested than yourself would have hated me, was made, as you must have suspected, under my direction. I had known from your friend, the hostess of the Red Lion, of your mutual attachment, and was on the point of putting a stop to your interviews, when, in exchange, unexpected by all parties, removed M^d d'Auberval from Belford. After your separation, it would have been inflicting needless misery to have reproached you with an intercourse which we had every reason to believe completely at an end. I prevailed on my good friend to conceal his knowledge of the engagement, and tried all I could to turn your thoughts into a different channel. By these means I became gradually acquainted with your firmness and strength of mind, your ardour and your sensibility, and having made minute and searching inquiries into the character of your lover, I began to think, as an old bachelor is supposed to know of those matters, that an attachment between two such persons was likely to be an attachment for life, and I prevailed on Mr Lanham to add to his will the clause that you have seen, that we might prove the disinterestedness as well as the constancy of the lovers. Both are proved," continued the good old man, a smile of the purest benevolence softening his rugged features, "both are

proved to my entire satisfaction; and—soldier, Frenchman, and Papist though he be—the sooner I join your hands and get quit of this money, the better. Not a word, my dear Jane, unless to fix the day. Surely you are not going to compliment me for doing my duty? I don't know how I shall part with her, though, well as you deserve her," continued he, turning to Colonel d'Auberval; "you must bring her sometimes to Belford;" and, passing the back of his withered hand across his eyes to brush off the unusual softness, the good dissenting minister walked out of the room.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

X.

The Thames Tunnel.

GOOD Monsieur Brunel,
 Let misanthropy tell
 That your work, half complete, is begun ill;
 Heed them not, bore away
 Through gravel and clay,
 Nor doubt the success of your Tunnel.
 That very mishap,
 When Thames forced a gap,
 And made it fit haunt for an otter,
 Has proved that your scheme
 Is no catchpenny dream;—
 They can't say "'twill never hold water."

XI.

Craven Street, Strand.

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
 And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base.
 Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat;
 For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

XII.

Lines written under a Portrait of Jupiter and Danaë.

Fair Maid of Argos! dry thy tears, nor shun
 The bright embrace of Saturn's amorous son,
 Pour'd from high Heaven, athwart thy brazen tower,
 Jove bends propitious in a glittering shower.
 Take, gladly take, the boon the Fates impart;
 Press the gilt treasure to thy panting heart;
 And to thy venal sex this truth unfold—
 How few, like Danaë, clasp both god and gold!

SKETCHES OF HUMAN FOLLY.—NO. I.

I OFTEN amuse myself in an idle hour by deviating from what may be called the epic history of mankind, into the strange and wayward episodes that tell sometimes of the madness of a whole nation, sometimes of the absurdities of individuals, who seem leagued together, as it were, for the purpose of proving the ludicrous extent to which the human intellect is susceptible of error of every description. The author of "Hudibras" says—

" It is a pleasure quite as great
To be cheated, as to cheat ;"

and really it would appear, from the innumerable eccentricities recorded in the memoirs of past ages, as if the extravagant notions of one man, when boldly and plausibly announced, exercised a sort of magnetic influence on others, creating a sense of pleasure proportioned to the degree of credulity which those hallucinations demanded. There is something in pretension itself which subdues opposition. We do not reason about it—we do not examine it—we give it credit for being well-founded, and we are delighted at the opportunity of knowing, or of expecting to know, anything beyond the ordinary range of our ideas. Mystery has an indefinable charm for us all—even for those amongst us who affect only to be guided by matter-of-fact evidence. If such a thing as enchantment were capable of being realized, there is not a senator or a judge in the land who would not be enchanted at least once a year.

I myself, who now write about human folly, am just as much given, I confess it honestly, to that pleasant mood as any of my neighbours. For instance, I firmly believe that before I entered the atmosphere of this planet I existed in some other region. It is true that I have no recollection of it; but it is equally true that I do not recollect any of the sensations that must have passed through my frame during the period of life which immediately preceded my birth. The faculties which I enjoyed during my former existence were such as I should have no occasion for here, and therefore I left them behind me, as the butterfly drops the organization of the caterpillar. Neither will the faculties which I now possess be of the slightest use to me in the stage of being that is to follow this world. Our sensations are strictly limited to the nature of the circumstances in which we are placed; and when those circumstances change, we change with them from planet to planet throughout the variations of eternity.

I know that this globe, which we call the earth, is inhabited. The air, the waters, and the solid strata beneath our feet, teem with living creatures. Man commands them all by his intellectual power; and yet, if I ascend to the dome of St. Paul's, I see him below me not much larger than a crow: if I go a little higher in a balloon, I lose sight of him altogether. Place me on Mars, and I behold this earth, which we consider so immense, reduced to the size of a marble; waft me beyond Uranus, and of your entire solar system I can discern only the sun, which would twinkle in my night like a common star. I say, therefore, that every star which we see is a sun to worlds of its own; that those worlds are all inhabited by creatures who live, and die, and pass on from one mode of existence to another; and that analogy leads me to believe

that I lived somewhere beyond earth before, as that I shall live out of it hereafter.

When of a fine, clear, summer night I look up at the countless fires with which the canopy of heaven is filled, I see them huddled together without any regard whatever to harmonious effect, so far as the eye of man is concerned. We have, indeed, classed them into degrees of magnitude, and figured them in our charts in a thousand fanciful groups, to which we have given the most absurd names. But perfect harmony and beauty of arrangement the stars must present from some point of view, which we cannot at present attain. We are at the wrong side of the magnificent fabric to be able to appreciate its divine proportions, and this fact alone shows that we are in a state of progress from imbecility to perfection. If we perceive dimly now the system of the universe, the period must arrive when we shall grasp the whole within our ken with a faculty all but omnipotent.

This earth has its scenes of beauty which we can easily appreciate. The mountain, towering above the clouds and covered with the snows of centuries, is placed for us in contrast with the green valley, watered by bright streams whose music soothes our ear, and peopled by herds and flocks that furnish us with raiment and food. There is no tree that grows that is not calculated by the disposition of its branches for picturesque effect. The very shades of their leaves present an agreeable variety, —from the silver of the ash to the lead of the olive. At every step we take we behold a flower that is a world of beauty in itself, —its slender green stem,—its graceful chalice,—its leaves painted, each from a model of its own, in all the hues of the rainbow. Upon those leaves, or in the grass beneath them, or in the air around them, myriads of insects are moving in families,—most of them clothed in similar colours,—from the blaze of the fire-fly to the funeral garb of the beetle. In the stream a similar diversity of form and colour appears, and the woods resound with winged creatures who follow the same law of variety, calculated to attract and to please the eye of man. Physically speaking, therefore, we are at home here, that is to say, all our senses are adapted to the position in which we are placed, so far as our terrestrial existence is concerned. But the eye of the mind goes infinitely farther than the limits to which the body is restricted. We have made for ourselves instruments by which we can discern thousands of other worlds not visible to the unassisted sense, and which have taught us to feel that our present habitation is but one of the mansions of intelligent beings with which the universe abounds.

It is not then to be wondered at, if we find man in all ages, like a bird just taken from his native forest, beating his wings constantly against the wires of his cage. The objects which we see around us are as nothing compared with those which we do not see. If the inventor of the hydro-oxygen microscope had lived three hundred years ago, he would have been indicted and convicted, and perhaps burnt as a sorcerer. We who behold the wonders which that instrument discloses to the view, nevertheless feel it difficult to believe, when we take up a drop of water on the head of a pin, that it is crowded with organized beings, who live upon each other, and still find within that small compass more nutriment than they can consume. What is the eye, then, as a guide to the mind? It is but a flickering light which often misrepresents objects, and which,

however useful for general purposes, frequently grows pale before the fire of the intellect itself. That fire is given more or less to every man, but at best it breaks out in flashes, like the lightning on the distant hills, now revealing a glorious prospect for a moment, now consigning it to darkness more dense than before. Thus, between the bodily organ fitted only for the purposes of this life, and the ethereal spirit adapted for other stages of existence, we perpetually fluctuate from plain fact to incomprehensible mystery.

It is, in truth, to this double character which man sustains, bearing in the same person the developed organs of a perishable animal and the germ of an immortal cherub, that we are to trace all the superstitions and delusions which have prevailed in the world ever since it has been peopled by our race. Our very dreams are calculated to create inquiry beyond the curtains which veil futurity from our view. Pythagoras and Plato the wisest men of their age, not only paid great attention to those visions of the night, but prescribed a system of diet which was supposed to be conducive to their prophetic power, their consistency and clearness. The discipline of the Roman armies was preserved, and their valor frequently raised to heroism, by means of auspices which thus appear of the most ridiculous description. The Indians of America have a thousand peculiar superstitions, for which they are in some measure indebted to their interminable forests, and the vast solitudes over which they pursue their prey. Perhaps the most natural of all modes of divination, if we may use the epithet, was that which derived its influence from the stars. Before man had been enabled, by a series of fortunate discoveries, to penetrate in some degree into the laws by which the universe is governed, he believed that the stars is exclusively connected with his own world, and beholding the same luminaries night after night, his associations of happiness or misery became connected with their positions and their aspects.

The mystic doctrines of astrology were cultivated during several centuries in the most civilized countries of Europe, especially in Germany, where they have by no means as yet fallen into entire contempt. Even in England, I myself am acquainted with a gentleman who confidently believes, not that he can predict the future, but that he can truly relate the past events in the life of a person who is for the first time introduced to him, provided the party can state the exact moment of his birth. When this moment is ascertained, our modern astrologer refers to his Ephemerides, in which the rising and setting of the principal constellations are marked down, and, by a process of calculation which he does not disclose, he then proceeds to relate the very periods when circumstances of a pleasant or disagreeable nature occurred to the inquirer. I have been present at some of these exhibitions of the astrological art, and was obliged to admit, from the acknowledgments of the persons whose past histories were thus revealed, that there was something in the matter beyond my comprehension.

It is little more than a century ago since a physician of the classic name of Agricola, who lived at Ratisbon, obtained great celebrity by certain discoveries which he declared he had made as to the multiplication of plants and trees. He could produce, he said, from a small branch, or even from a leaf, sixty large forest-trees in the course of an hour, through the sole instrumentality of fire. He published several works on

the subject, to one of which—entitled “Agriculture parfaite, ou nouvelle Découverte, &c,” printed at Amsterdam, in two volumes, in the year 1720—the reader may refer, if he have any fancy for studies of that kind. If Agricola really exhibited his experiments in the presence of others, he must have taken a leaf out of the books of the Indian jugglers, whose feats in the same line are of the most extraordinary character. They actually sow the seed of any tree which the spectator calls for, in the earth, and after a few cabalistical words are pronounced over it, a mulberry, a palm, or a walnut plant, is seen gradually springing upward, which never ceases to grow until it becomes a large tree, with its natural fruit depending from its branches! This is not all. The fruit is plucked and given to the spectator to eat, and while he is engaged in partaking of the enchanted dates or walnuts, the branches of this miraculous tree are crowded with birds of every kind of plumage, who fill the air with their melody. A signal is then given, and the tree, with its feathered inhabitant, disappears in an instant, leaving behind it not a trace of its existence!

If an exhibition of this incomprehensible nature were related to me from some old manuscript of the middle ages, I should at once laugh at the writer as a person who had been deluded by some clumsy contrivance, or who had invented the narrative for the purpose of deception. But feats of a similar description are performed in our own day in India, which have been witnessed by thousands of our countrymen. The author of the “*Oriental Annual*,” a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, mentions a scene at which he was present, that made my blood run cold when first I read it. The operator introduces into the middle of the circle a naked little girl, about eight years old, in a wicker basket. The girl is shown to all the spectators. The operator then enters into a conversation with her which soon assumes an angry tone, he threatens to kill her with a drawn sword, she supplicates for mercy, and while her piteous cries grow louder and louder, he plunges the weapon in her bosom two or three times successively. The earth is dyed with blood, while her agonizing groans announce dissolution. The spectators are ready to fall on the wretch whom they believe to be guilty of so barbarous a murder, when the little girl enters the circle from without, dressed in her usual attire, and as gay as if nothing whatever had happened to her!

A still more extraordinary feat than this took place in the presence of the Emperor Jehangire, of whose curious Autobiographical Memoirs an account is given in the last Number of the “*Quarterly Review*.” The performers produced a living man, whose head they cut off in the first instance. They next divided the limbs from the trunk, and the mutilated remains lay on the ground for some time. A curtain was then extended over the spot, and one of the performers, putting himself under the curtain, emerged from it again in a few minutes, followed by the individual who was supposed to have been so completely dissected!

As these Memoirs happen to be open before me, and are very little known, I shall mention two or three other exhibitions which very much astonished the emperor, and can hardly fail to amuse the reader. I shall select from amongst those which have not been noticed in the “*Quarterly*.”

“They took a small bag, and having first shown that it was entirely empty, one of them put his hand into the bag, on withdrawing his hand again, out came two game cocks of the largest size and great

beauty, which, immediately assailing each other, fought with such force and fury, that their wings emitted sparks of fire at every stroke. This continued for the full space of an hour, when they put an end to the combat by throwing a sheet over the animals. Again they withdrew the sheet, and there appeared a brace of partridges, with the most brilliant and beautiful plumage, which immediately began to tune their throats as if there were nothing human present, pecking at worms with the same sort of chuckle as they are heard to use on the hill-side. The sheet was now thrown, as in the other instance, over the partridges, and when again withdrawn, instead of those beautiful birds, there appeared two frightful black snakes, with flat heads and crimson bellies, which, with open mouth and head erect, and coiled together, attacked each other with the greatest fury, and so continued to do, until, as it appeared, they became quite exhausted, when they fell asunder.

“They made an excavation in the earth in the shape of a tank or reservoir, of considerable dimensions, which they requested us to fill with water. When this was done, they spread a covering over the place, and after a short interval, having removed the cover, the water appeared to be one complete sheet of ice, and they desired that some of the elephant keepers might be directed to lead the elephants across. Accordingly, one of the men set his elephant upon the ice, and the animal walked over with as much ease and safety as if it were a platform of solid rock, remaining for some time on the surface of the frozen pond without occasioning the slightest fracture in the ice. As usual, the sheet was drawn across the place, and being again removed, every vestige of ice, and even moisture of any sort, had completely disappeared.

“They produced a blank volume of the purest white paper, which was placed in my hands, to show that it contained neither figures nor any coloured pages whatever, of which I satisfied myself and all around. One of the men took the volume in hand, and the first opening exhibited a page of bright red, sprinkled with gold, forming a blank tablet splendidly elaborate. The next turn presented a leaf of beautiful azure, sprinkled in the same manner, and exhibiting on the margins numbers of men and women in various attitudes. The juggler then turned to another leaf, which appeared of a Chinese colour and fabric, and sprinkled in the same manner with gold; but on it were delineated herds of cattle and lions, the latter seizing upon the kine in a manner that I never observed in any other paintings. The next leaf exhibited was of a beautiful green, similarly powdered with gold, on which was represented, in lively colours, a garden, with numerous cypresses, roses, and other flowering shrubs in full bloom; and in the midst of the garden, an elegant pavilion. The next change exhibited a leaf of orange in the same manner powdered with gold, on which the painter had delineated the representation of a great battle, in which two adverse kings were seen engaged in the struggles of a mortal conflict. In short, at every turn of the leaf, a different colour, scene, and action was exhibited, such as was indeed most pleasing to behold. But of all the performances, this latter of the volume of paper was that which afforded me the greatest delight; so many pictures and extraordinary changes having been brought under view, that I must confess my utter inability to do justice in the description.”

In observing upon the extraordinary nature of these performances, the
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emperor puts aside the supposition that they were to be ascribed to a mere visual deception. "They very evidently partake," he says, "of something beyond the exertion of human energy. I have heard it stated that the art has been called the *Asmavnian* (celestial), and I am informed that it is also known and practised to a considerable extent in the nations of Europe. It may be said, indeed, that there exists in some men a peculiar and essential faculty, which enables them to accomplish things far beyond the scope of human exertion, such as frequently to baffle the utmost subtilty of the understanding to penetrate."

It was the doctrine of the celebrated Paracelsus, the prince of German sorcerers, that a spirit derived from some constellation resided in every human being, and that he himself owed his power of healing every disease to the operations of a spirit of that kind which took up its habitation in his frame. At one time, this interference of heavenly spirits in the affairs of men was, I may say, universally believed in England. There were numbers of persons who went about affecting to prophesy all public and private events, from the communications which they said they held with angelic beings, who waited upon them when duly invoked. Among these persons was the well-known Dr. Dee, who left behind him a voluminous account of the conference which he and his assistant, Edward Kelly, held for several years with about forty spirits, to each of whom he assigns a name. Dee was a Welshman, who, after graduating at Oxford, travelled for some time abroad, having been employed, as it is said, in the capacity of a political spy by Queen Elizabeth. He appears to have been an excellent Greek and Latin scholar; perfectly skilled in the philosophy, such as it was, of the age; an astrologer, a geometrician, and a chemist. He paid great attention to what were then called the Mystic or Hermetical sciences, from Hermes, the great law-giver of the ancient Egyptians. Whatever chemical knowledge he possessed, he obtained during his investigations in pursuit of the elixir which was supposed to be capable of removing every description of malady, and of that much-sought-for element which was endowed with the power of transmuting the base metals into gold.

Whenever the doctor and his friend Kelly wished to engage in a conference with the spirits, a piece of solid crystal was produced which Kelly held before his eyes. The doctor uttered an invocation, usually in the following form:—

"Per virtutem illorum qui invocant nomen tuum,
• Hermeli, mitte nobis tres angelos."

"By the virtues of those who call on thy name,
Hermeli, send us three angels."

It was believed that no person who led a dissipated life had power to summon the spirits to earth; and, therefore, whenever the summons was not obeyed, it was imputed to Kelly, who was a notorious debauchee. But the superior qualifications of Dee generally succeeded in attracting the angels at his call. A golden curtain appeared in the crystal, which, upon moving on one side, of its own power, exhibited the angels who were wanted for the occasion. Kelly usually questioned them, and both the questions and answers were recorded by Dee. They fill a large folio volume, which was very carefully edited by Meric Casaubon, son of the celebrated Isaac, and published in London in the year 1659. Of Dee

the editor says,—“That for divers years he had been an earnest suitor unto God in prayer for wisdom; that is, as he interprets himself, that he might understand the secrets of nature that had not been revealed to men hitherto.” And with respect to the crystal, we learn from the same authority, that “it was a stone in which, and out of which, by persons that were qualified for it and admitted to the sight of it, all shapes and figures mentioned in every action were seen, and voices heard; the form of it was round, and it seems to have been of a pretty bigness; it seems it was most like unto a crystal, as it is sometimes called.”

Meric adds in a long and elaborate preface, wherein he speaks of Dee’s visions as matters admitting of no sort of doubt, that the Doctor received his stone, which he sometimes calls his Shew-stone, from heaven; and that there was a gentleman in Nuremberg who was possessed of a crystal in which he discovered anything past or future which it concerned him to know. Indeed, these supposed magical stones were so common at the time he wrote, that every seer possessed one.

Kelly professed to have found out the philosopher’s stone, and even to have proved its efficacy by converting some lead into gold. Nevertheless, we find him, on one occasion, addressing this modest request to the spirit Madimi, who was one of Dee’s most frequent visitors:—

“*E. K.* Madimi, will you lend me a hundred pounds for a fortnight?

“*Madimi.* I have swept all my money out of doors.

“*Δ (Dee).* As for money, we shall have that which is necessary when God seeth time.”

I fancy that the reader will be satisfied with one other specimen of these conferences, which are said to have commenced about the year 1583:—

“*Carma geta Barmen.*

“*Δ.* I beseech you, what is that to say?

“*Madimi.* Veni ex illo Barmo.

“*E. K.* Felt and saw a spiritual creature get out of his right thigh.

“*Mad.* Where are thy fourteen companions?

“*Bar.* They dwell here.

“*Δ.* [He that was come out seemed a great handsome man, with a satchel of a dog’s skin by his side, and a cap on his head.]

“*Δ.* Oh! the hand of the Highest hath wrought this.

“*Mad.* Venite, Tenebræ, fugite spiritu meo.

“*E. K.* Here appear fourteen of divers evil-favoured shapes: some like monkeys, some like dogs, some very hairy monstrous men. They seemed to scratch each other by the face. These seem to go about Madimi, and say, ‘*Gil de pragma kures helech.*’

“*Δ.* What is that to say?

“*Mad.* Volumus his in nostris habitare.

“*Δ.* Quæ sunt illa vestra?

“*E. K.* One of them said, ‘*Habemus hominem istum domicilium nostrum.*’

“*Mad.* The vengeance of God is a two-edged sword, and cutteth the rebellious wicked ones in pieces. The hand of the Lord is a strong oak when it falleth it cutteth in sunder many bushes. The light of his eyes expell darknesse, and the sweetness of his mouth keepeth from consumption. Blessed are those whom he favoureth, and great is their

reward. Because you came hither without license, and seek to overthrow the liberty of God his Testament, and the light wherewith he stretcheth unto the end, and for because you are accursed, it is said, I will not suffer mine to be overthrown with temptation; though he were led away, behold I bring back again. Depart unto the last cry. Rest with the prisoners of darkness there is none. Amen, go you thither. Et signabo vos ad finem.

“*E. K.* He sealed them all in the forehead: the fourteen and their principal, their sealing was as if they were branded. They sunk all fifteen downwards through the floore of the chamber; and there came a thing like a wind, and pluckt them by the feet away.

“*E. K.* Methinketh I am lighter than I was; and I seem to be empty, and to be returned from a great amasiz; for this fortnight I do not well remember what I have done or said.

“*Mad.* Thou art eased of a great burden. Love God; love thy friends; love thy wife.

“*E. K.* Now cometh one with a red crosse in his hand and leadeth her away, and so they vanished. We prayed the psalm of thanksgiving: fourteen of Roffensis for *E. K.* his deliverance from Barma and his fourteen companions. Amen.”

If any part of the language used in this conference be unintelligible to the reader, I must refer him to the disciples of Mr. Irving for an interpretation of it. It is an old, and I believe a perfectly true adage, that there is nothing new under the sun. Here, in the visions of Dr. Dee, we have the prototype, not only of the “unknown tongues,” but even of the style of address, and often the very subjects and phraseology, which are heard from those who are initiated in the Irving mysteries. I am strongly disposed to suspect that the Cardales and the Stewarts, who were the originators of this modern delusion, are better acquainted with Dr. Dee’s visions than perhaps they would like to acknowledge. In fact, their whole system is a plagiarism from this volume, in which the reader will find between fifty and a hundred pages entirely filled with a strange jargon arranged in the form of a dictionary, but not interpreted.

William Lilly, the famous astrologer, who has given us a curious account of his own life, has noted another peculiarity of the angels of his time, which the Irvingites have also copied. “It is very rare,” he observes, “yea, even in our days, for any operator or mantis to have the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, it is like the Irish, very much in the throat.” He adds that he had read over “Dee’s Conferences,” and had perceived in them many weaknesses in the management of that species of Mosaical learning; and that the reason why Dee did not receive plainer answers from his spiritual assistants was because Kelly became so vicious, that they with great reluctance yielded obedience to his call. “I could, however,” says Lilly, “give other reasons, but they are not for paper!”

Lilly speaks very highly of the *speculative* powers of one Sarah Skelhorn, who was speculatrix to Arthur Gauntlett, “a lewd fellow who professed physic about Gray’s Inn-lane.” Sarah often told the astrologer that the angels followed her for many years through every room of the house in which she lived, until she got quite tired of their presence. Her invocation was in this form:—

“Oh ye good angels, only and only!”

That of Ellen Evans, another famous speculatrix of the day, was as follows:—

“ O Micol, O tu Micol, regina pigmeorum veni ! ”

He does not describe the crystals which were used by these ladies ; but he says that Mr. Gilbert Vakering's beryl was of the size of a large orange, set in silver, a cross on the top and another in the handle, and that on its surface were engraved the names of the angels Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel.

When a person possessed of a proper crystal was requested to show Queen Mab, he proceeded with the applicant to a hurst wood, that is to say, a pleasant upland, not too thickly planted with trees to prevent them from being ornamental. The Queen was here invoked according to a form commonly used by the speculator, and if his prayer were heard, a gentle murmuring zephyr indicated a favourable answer. The breeze then became more audible, and speedily increased to a whirlwind, after which the air became suddenly calm, and the Queen appeared a figure of light, surrounded by a dazzling glory. If duly commanded, her Majesty and her companions taught a master of the art of invocation anything he desired. They loved the southern sides of hills, and the green slopes of mountains, and shady groves. They were very particular as to the persons on whom they conferred their favours, requiring great neatness and cleanliness of apparel, a temperate diet, and a life of strict honour and piety.

I have seen a copy of a regular contract, which was entered into between John Ellis, a well-known magician in his time, and “ a very discreet ” person named George Parsons, at Westminster, in the year 1696, whereby the said John bound himself in the most solemn manner to show the said George “ whatever he desires of magick, and to procure and to help him to my spirit *Delandibus*, for himself to performe all magicall operations whatsoever,” for a stated period. The objects which George desired chiefly to attain were not very considerable. He merely wished to know how he should be enabled to cure all sorts of diseases in seven days by the philosopher's stone, or any other equally convenient means ; by what process he might himself construct the said stone, and transmute lead into gold or silver ; how he could find out the true longitude at sea or elsewhere, and make salt water fresh and fit for use ; how he might learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in one month ; how he might at any time and place, when he had occasion for it, have a hundred pounds of gold or silver brought to him by a spirit specially appointed to attend him for that purpose ; how he might understand all the arts exercised by the angelical nature of man, and obtain a perfect knowledge of all created beings ; and finally, by what means he could enlist in his service a guardian angel, who would watch over him constantly, and preserve him from every species of misfortune.

It is very well known that Lord Bothwell, Sir Kenelm Digby, and other persons of distinction, used to visit Dr. Evans, who lived in Gunpowder-alley, Shoe-lane, and was believed to possess the power of assembling spirits whenever he pleased. “ He was,” says Lilly, “ the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised or since ; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoul-

ders, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed, much addicted to debauchery, abusive, quarrelsome, and seldom without a black eye." On one occasion when the individuals above named went to see him, for the purpose of conversing with his familiar spirits, he was suddenly borne off at the very commencement of his incantation to Battersea Fields, where he strayed about for a whole night, until at length, by frequent inquiry, he found his way back to Shoe-lane.

Evans was celebrated for restoring things that were lost, or detained from the legitimate owner by cunning or force. It happened that a young lady in Staffordshire married a wealthy old gentleman, who settled an estate upon her, which was vested in a trustee for her use. When she became in due time a widow, the trustee refused to give up the title-deeds, and Evans was applied to for the purpose of abstracting them by the agency of his dark ministers. He accordingly spent a whole fortnight in temperance and prayer to his angel *Salmon*, and at the end of that period he waited on the lady with her title-deeds. The unworthy trustee was prettily punished for his misconduct, for the wing of his house, in which the deeds in question were kept, was blown down by a supernatural storm, and all his own papers were torn in pieces, and scattered in the air!

THE LATE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

If it be true, as we firmly believe it to be, that in the principles and well-regulated practice of representation lies the foundation of the freedom and the power of this nation, it is not, we apprehend, less true that from the second estate of the realm—the legislative body of the aristocracy—are derived the balance and steadiness which have so long kept that freedom, and that power, in their stable, dignified, and lofty position. It were a very easy thing, if it were needful, to cite great and grave authority in support of the theory that a House of Lords is necessary alike for the sustainment and the restraint of the monarchy; but we go further than this, and hold such an authority, so long as it preserves its distinct and elevated character, to be eminently useful in the preservation of general liberty. In the mighty political machine, it regulates, restrains, and equally distributes the energies derived from the representative system. It is what the fly-wheel is to the steam-engine, the regulator of its power, and the guardian of its safety. "The nobility," says Judge Blackstone, "are the pillars which are reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne; and if that falls, they must also be buried under its ruins." This is very good, and well expressed; but the learned commentator might with truth have gone yet farther, and described these "pillars" as the rallying and sustaining points where calm reason and established principles cling fast, when the torrent of popular excitement arises and would, but for these helps, hurry them to destruction in its rushing course.

In ascribing such great utility to the political effect of the House of

Peers, we believe we have stated no more than experience teaches; and if this be true, it does not much matter whether we can or cannot prove that there is in the constitution of that assembly a security, or a great probability of more wisdom, knowledge, refinement, and steadiness, than the Lower House will be likely to afford. This cannot be necessary to establish a result, which observation of the fact itself has established already; but if we be led by circumstances to foresee, or to dread a falling away of this wholesome influence, then we must, in order to examine the cause of the decline, endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with the cause which has hitherto maintained the authority of a body of legislators not elected by the people themselves, and that too at a period when the popular reverence for titles of distinction—the *superstition* of politics—is so weakened as to be of almost no account in the estimate of influence.

It has often been objected to the theory of the tri-partite authority in the British constitution, that it involves almost the certainty of collision and consequent derangement, or of a predominating influence of one of the powers over the other two—in other words, that either the independence of the separate powers must be lost, or the working of the whole be impeded. This objection has much plausibility, and we may well admire that, in the practice of the constitution, so few instances have appeared of the difficulty which it contemplates. There are two ways of accounting for this—first, that there has been, *in general*, a sympathy between the Houses of Parliament, arising, not only out of the community of interests, but the close connexion, in very numerous instances, of the individual members of both houses. Most of the peers have had relatives in the Lower House, or friends who had been assisted to their seats by the influence of these peers; so that, except on very extraordinary occasions, there was little danger of a conflict of opinion. Secondly, and in our opinion much more effective in preserving the influence of the Lords, has been the respect in which the people themselves have held that House, in consequence of the manner in which their Lordships have been accustomed to treat the business which came before them. We need not analyze the source of the superior dignity, and greater deliberateness, with which their Lordships examined the affairs which were brought under their consideration. Whether the education of those born to the peerage, or the elevation of the most eminent commoners in the kingdom to that high station, or the sense of independence of popular opinion, and of their own high character to be preserved by their own conduct—whether any, or all of these, had the effect of giving their deliberations the grace and dignified character which certainly was generally attributable to them, is not the present question; but it is, we believe, indubitable, that to this character they have owed the popular respect which, more than anything else, ensured their influence—that influence which we have affirmed to be so important and so beneficial in the state.

It may not be amiss, in looking at this fact, to borrow an illustration of our argument from the glowing pages of Burke, who never fails to throw a blaze of splendid light upon every subject he touches. Speaking of the things which lead to reverence for our institutions, he says,—“Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an

awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to, and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men—on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom, than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.”

Here we have all the light that can be required upon the quality and the reason of the popular respect for the House of Lords; a respect which, in spite of the cavilling of those who would ride rough-shod over nature with the hoofs of their coarse *philosophy*—in spite of mere naked reasoning, which might be disposed to claim supremacy for the decision of those whom we ourselves have chosen to decide—has still preserved the authority of that House, and enabled it to maintain without a murmur its power to stay the rapid course of the (ostensibly) more popular branch of the legislature.

We have now established, or at least distinctly laid down, our two preliminary positions, namely, that the constitutional power of the House of Lords has been hitherto of the highest importance and usefulness to the British people, and that this constitutional power has been chiefly sustained by the respect of the people for the mode and manner in which it has been exercised. And this brings us to the subject-matter which it is our intention—not fully to discuss, for that would be a business of great length and labour—but to notice, in such a way as we trust may be useful in suggesting trains of reflection to others.

Of late we have observed—not on occasions few and far between, but frequently—such a change in the character of the discussions in the House of Lords, as must, if continued, end in a complete loss of that public respect which heretofore the House has maintained. In the discussions to which we allude, the dignified obedience to the rules of order which hitherto has marked that House, the proud submission to the restraints of habitual courtesy, the calm government of passion, the unruffled patience, which examined even the most exciting topics without forgetting itself in an intemperate word—all these have disappeared, and in their place we have beheld banter and ridicule, when the gravest matters were under discussion—unseemly heat and violence in argument, and sometimes such a clamour, and loss of self-respect, as is seldom witnessed in any more dignified scene of controversy than that at the Old Bailey, when inferior counsel, adapting their manner to the taste of their clients, endeavour to brawl themselves into profitable reputation. If discussions of this discreditable nature continue in the upper House of Parliament, its character as a superior deliberative assembly will be lost—it will be considered to have more than the faults of the House of Commons, without the accountability to constituents which is a check

on that assembly, or the *temporary* character, which, with respect to the lower House, gives frequent opportunity for amendment—it will sink in public esteem, and the inevitable consequence of that will be, if long continued, that its power and usefulness will be at an end.

It is especially a matter of regret, that the chief mover in these scenes of novel indecorum in the House of Lords is the very man who ought, by his presiding care, to prevent them from taking place. The Lord Chancellor himself is the man who, carrying his fiery habits of debate, and his love of victory in discussion (without consideration of the dignity of the means he uses) into the House of Lords, has done so much, and threatens to do so much more, to alter its character—to make it a theatre of popular debate, with more than the usual license of such debate, instead of sustaining its character as a place of grave deliberation. The Noble and Learned Lord has done more than this, — he has set an example of contempt for the Peers around him, and the general tone and manner of their proceedings, which the coarse multitude (not of the simple common people, but the vain smatterers in politics) will be most ready to follow. The Lord Chancellor, in his careless determination to distinguish himself, according to the peculiar manner in which his talents enable him to do so most easily, seems utterly to disregard the injury he may do to the character of the assembly to which he now belongs. The weapons which the Lord Chancellor can use with such remarkable power and effect are unseemly in the House of Lords, but what cares he for that? He desires to astound the House, and to fix the attention of the public by the exhibition of his skill and power in sarcasm and invective, and though few things could be more derogatory to the House than such an exhibition, yet he will rather make the House and the country undergo that penalty, than refrain from this method of victory and display. We might point to other members of the House, too, of different politics, whose rash notions and boisterous manner show but little sense of that dignity and propriety which should be ever before them, but from these little harm would be likely to arise, if the authority upon the woolsack* were exercised according to the former spirit of the House of Lords. As it is, however, any Peer who errs upon the side of violence, is apt indeed to find an antagonist upon the woolsack, well pleased to enter the lists with him, and to encounter roars of passion with roars of laughter; but he will not meet that dignified correction and grave rebuke which would restore the House to its proper tone of debate, and re-assert the dignity of its proceedings.

Let it not be supposed that we state these things in any spirit of party hostility to Lord Brougham. We entertain no such hostility. We know and can well appreciate his great abilities—his astuteness, his readiness, his general knowledge, his wit, and his energy in business and in eloquence, all these we acknowledge, but we are not therefore to shut our eyes to the consequences of his method of acting in the House of Lords—we are not to be blind to the fact, that in the exercise of his own power, he is sapping the foundation of the power of the House of

* We are aware that the Lord Chancellor has not, according to the theory of privilege, any power in the House of Lords analogous to that of the Speaker in the House of Commons, but in practice he has been the superintendent and *moderator* in the debates of the Peers.

Peers, and bringing down in the estimation of the people the character of that high and noble assembly. There is a proper sphere for such abilities as those for which Lord Brougham is so distinguished, and in that sphere we should regard him with pride, as an honour to our country; but we look for something very different in the House of Lords, where, if anywhere, we must find the corrective balance to that sort of influence which abilities of the quality of Lord Brougham's are sure to have.

It will, perhaps, be thought that we make too much of this matter, and ascribe a general character to the debates of the Lords which is warranted only by rare instances. We wish this could be made good by reference to the facts, but it cannot. We do not speak of what took place during the time of general excitement, when the Reform Bill agitation spread everywhere, and peer and peasant were alike wrought upon by fears or hopes into that fever of the mind which might well palliate some departure from ordinary strictness. But now, when that crisis is past, and people begin soberly to calculate its effects, and to take precautions against some of the things which in their former haste they did all they could to encourage,—now, when calmer reason has resumed its sway, we do not find that the House of Lords is more exempt from turbulent or unbecoming debate, than it was during the universal disturbance of the settled habits of the nation. Within a month from the date at which we write, several examples have been afforded which it is somewhat painful to recur to; but, as it is necessary to point out as distinctly as possible the evil against which we desire to warn those whom it concerns, we shall be excused for briefly noticing them.

On the 22d of April, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester presented a petition to the House of Peers, from a large body of the members of the Senate of Cambridge University, praying that a petition from a much smaller number of the members of the Senate, desiring the abolition of all tests of religion as a preliminary to obtaining degrees in the University, might not prevail with their Lordships. Earl Grey, who had presented the former petition, replied to the speech of the Duke of Gloucester, in an address which, if not convincing, was certainly not unbecoming; but when it came to the turn of the Lord Chancellor to speak, it seemed as though he was anxious to throw scorn upon the solemn obligations and supposed responsibilities of his station. He boasts, in this speech, of his Church patronage, as if but to show how lightly he regarded it. He desires to show the inconsistency of refusing University degrees to those who are not of the Established Church, when privileges of much greater importance as regards the Church itself may be given to those who are not of the Establishment. And what is the example he cites of this latter? Why, his own! He—the Lord Chancellor—the keeper of the conscience of the King, who is the temporal head of the Church, sarcastically vaunts of the loose ties by which he is bound to the Church Establishment. “By the present law,” he exclaims, “a man may be Lord Chancellor of England—may exercise the momentous and varied trusts reposed in him, and still not be of the Establishment. I, in my own proper person, can show the *absurdity* of such a course of argument as that which has been pursued. No head of any college—no three colleges possess half the ecclesiastical patronage which I have the disposal of. I have from eight hundred to nine hun-

dred livings in my gift, and eighteen to twenty stalls in cathedrals ; still I am not bound to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. I am not called upon. No text, sacramental or subscriptory, was demanded before or after my admission into office. After this, to yield to *weak and foolish fears*,—to be frightened because half-a-dozen Fellows might vote away in their colleges a few livings, is, indeed, to be straining at a gnat, after having swallowed a camel.”

This is a sample of the method by which such a man as Lord Brougham can make his own high office appear absurd and anomalous for the sake of confuting an antagonist. But let us proceed.—The Bishop of London made an excellent speech, setting forth, from his own observation, the ill consequences which, in his opinion, would flow from acceding to the petition which the Duke of Gloucester opposed. The Bishop of Exeter, after paying a high compliment to the speech of the Bishop of London, referred to the practice of requiring subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles before admission to Oxford University, which practice the Lord Chancellor had called a *solemn mockery*—he contended that it was not so, for it was not pretended that those who subscribed the articles at that time entered into a critical examination of them—it was merely understood that they thereby acknowledged they belonged to the Church, of which the Thirty-nine Articles formed the profession of faith. No sooner had the Bishop concluded, than up rose the Chancellor, who by that time had lost all restraint which a sense of propriety ought to have maintained. He said such a method of ascertaining conformity to the Church was the *clumsiest* method ever struck out by human brain. “A man said that he only meant one thing, while he subscribed to thirty-nine. I can only view such a plan,” continued the Lord Chancellor, rising in passion as he spoke,—“I can view such a plan only as a cloak to hypocrisy—a mere trap for tender consciences, and only suited to the uses of hypocrites and jesuits.” Can we wonder that the House was put into confusion by the application of such language as this, on the part of the Lord Chancellor, to the explanation which one of the Bench of Bishops had just given? The Marquis of Salisbury rose to order, but the raging Chancellor, instead of being recalled to a sense of shame for his intemperateness, rushed, like a baited bull, upon his new antagonist. Having imputed jesuitism and hypocrisy to the conduct which the Bishop of Exeter defended, he now launched forth imputations of stupidity against the Marquis of Salisbury. “Before noble Lords rose to order,” he said, “they should condescend to catch some glimpse—some faint glimmer of the meaning of those whom they interrupted.” Another scene of confusion occurred, and in the midst of it the Duke of Richmond moved an adjournment, of which the Lord Chancellor took advantage, when putting the question, to tell their Lordships that it was then in his power to *inflict* a new *argument* upon them, if to him it seemed fit so to do. He then alluded to a practice as to speech-making “in explanation,” which he said was the common course of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke denied it—the Lord Chancellor retorted, that it did not follow as a matter of course, that because a person denied having done a thing, he did not in point of fact do it. At length this rude commotion ended, with a jest from the promoter of it ;—he said, if the Marquis of Londonderry wished to excite a quarrel between the two Chancellors (meaning himself and the Duke of Wel-

lington, lately elected Chancellor of Oxford), the attempt would be a failure.

We need not waste commentary in showing how improper all this is in the House of Lords, the supreme court of the kingdom. There can be no grave deliberation in companionship with such behaviour as this.

We find that the limits we have prescribed to this article will not allow of even such cursory notice of the particulars of other *scenes* as we have given to that of the 21st of April; we must content ourselves, therefore, with little more than a bare reference to other examples. On the 28th of April, when the Warwick Borough Bill was brought forward, Lord Wynford moved that the course which had been pursued in all similar cases should be pursued in *that*—namely, to examine witnesses at the bar of the House, so that their Lordships might be assured of the facts alleged, before they proceeded to enact what was, in effect, a bill of pains and penalties. The Earl of Durham, another peer who seems to think himself so much above the rules of decorum as to be at liberty to descend beneath them, charged Lord Wynford with not really intending what he said he intended by the proposed examination of witnesses; the object of the Noble Baron's motion was, he said, to defeat the Bill altogether, by means of a parliamentary *ruse de guerre*. The Earl of Durham then proceeded to advert to an allusion respecting the going down of the House in public estimation, and told the House that if this were so, the best course they could pursue was that of yielding to the House of Commons, and accepting their judgment without further examination! This remarkable specimen of combined courtesy and independence in the House of Peers must, of course, have its effect upon the public; and what the nature of that effect will be we need not stop to point out.

On the 1st of May, Lord Ellenborough gave notice of a motion for papers relating to the proceedings of the Board of Control. We refer to the Lord Chancellor's answers on this occasion for examples of hasty snappishness which is at all times, and in all places, unbecoming in a Minister, and in the House of Lords is a novelty which goes, with the rest, to lower its character.

On the 5th of May, upon the occasion of the presentation of a petition by the Earl of Wicklow for the better observance of the Sabbath, the Lord Chancellor delivered a discourse, professing, indeed, great reverence for the Sabbath, but treating the feeling of anxious uneasiness regarding its loose observance rather as a matter of joke than a thing for serious attention. "As for lawyers," he said, "they were obliged, particularly on circuit, to attend to their business on Sundays, or leave their clients without justice. He recollected an anecdote of the father of the present Vice-Chancellor, who was about to attend a consultation on Sunday. He was asked by some one, of *some sex or another*, why he should attend to the business of litigation upon the Sabbath? His answer was, that one of his asses had fallen into a pit, and, in obedience to *scriptural injunction*, he was going to try if he could pull him out." Now we do not mean to say there is anything heinous in this story, which made noble Lords laugh; it would have been all very well at another time and place; but when a Lord Chancellor makes a speech about the observance of the Sabbath in the House of Lords, such

a manner of treating the subject is unbecoming, and injurious to the character of the House. The Bishop of London, as soon as the Lord Chancellor had done, said he regretted very much that the conversation about the Sabbath had taken place. We wish it had appeared by the Chancellor's speeches in reference to this subject since, that he had taken this just rebuke as he ought.

On the 7th of May the House of Lords assembled, and, although important business was fixed for that day, the Peers remained in the ridiculous position of being unable to proceed, in consequence of the absence of the Lord Chancellor, the cause of which, or its probable duration, no one could tell, as he had sent no excuse or explanation. At length the House adjourned, leaving the business untouched, and next day it turned out that the Lord Chancellor had been asked out to dinner!

On the 12th of May we find the Lord Chancellor in his place in the House expatiating upon the high honour conferred upon him by some forty thousand people, who had confided to his charge a petition to the House to "take measures to dissolve the unjust, unscriptural, and injurious union of Church and State" A strange sort of honour truly for the Lord Chancellor of England, and one of which the acknowledgment by that high functionary was yet more strange! It is true that Lord Brougham, with great ability and emphasis, disclaimed all sympathy of feeling with the petitioners in respect of these requirements, but still he presented their petition, and said he felt particularly honoured in having that task confided to him. This is a new spectacle in the House of Lords,—a stretch of liberality which certainly no former Chancellor would have ventured upon;—whether it does not tend to loosen and derange all settled notions of what is becoming in the station of Chairman of their Lordships' House, we leave the reader to judge.

The last *scene* to which we shall at present refer, is that of the 15th of May, when Lord Wynford moved the second reading of his Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath. Upon this occasion, Lord Brougham appeared to be in a particularly *gay* humour for a Lord Chancellor—his method of opposition to a measure which involved considerations of so solemn an import was very characteristic, and he succeeded, as fully as if that had been the end and aim of all he said and did, in producing a state of confusion and irritation, of alternate jesting, and reproach, highly unbecoming the House of Lords. He began with an apparently grave inquiry of Lord Wynford, whether he was really *serious* in proceeding further with his Sabbath Bill. This first joke produced a laugh, and fired by his success, the Lord Chancellor went on in the same vein, in his speech upon the Bill. An important part of the Bill was that which was directed to the prevention of drunkenness upon the Sabbath day, and here the Lord Chancellor, as if inspired by his theme, became particularly jocose. He developed the hidden things of this interesting subject; he showed that one man might tiddle off his two bottles, with less effect upon his head, than another would feel from two glasses. He talked of empannelling juries, not of matrons, as he facetiously observed, but of waiters, to decide upon cases of drunkenness. But Lord Wynford was not of opinion that a measure with so important

an object in view ought to be thus treated. He complained that the Lord Chancellor had *grossly misrepresented* the Bill before the House, and had endeavoured to throw ridicule upon the whole subject to which it referred. The Lord Chancellor denied that he had misrepresented the Bill; and Lord Plunkett, coming to his aid, must needs follow the example set from the Woolsack, and endeavoured to raise a laugh upon so *joeund* a subject as that before the House. His Lordship's mirth was, indeed, rather of the heaviest, and, like his explanation in the Deanery of Down affair, something obscure. He talked about making love on a Sunday—and the legal effect of promises of marriage made on that day, under the provisions of Lord Wynford's Bill. He then had a sneer at Lord Wynford, supposing that Noble Lord "should intend again to enter into the blessed state of matrimony;" the good feeling of which may be appreciated from the circumstances of Lord Plunkett having himself become, not long ago, a widower, and being, to all appearance, an older man than Lord Wynford. The debate having gone on in this *gentlemanly* manner, the Earl of Wicklow rose, and expressed in very emphatic terms the disgust which he felt at the levity with which such a subject had been treated. He contended that the Lord Chancellor had totally misrepresented the Bill in the long string of witticisms in which he had indulged. The Lord Chancellor said, "the speech of the Earl of Wicklow was a most extraordinary and uncalled-for misrepresentation; yet he did not attribute it to *wilfulness* on the part of the Noble Earl, but to the fact that the Noble Earl *did not understand* either the scope, drift, or course of his argument." The reply of the Earl of Wicklow to this *courtesy* we transcribe, as a good specimen of that dignity and forbearance which have hitherto obtained public respect for the House, and the absence of which on many recent occasions may lead, as we greatly fear, to the total falling away of that respect. "The noble and learned Lord," said the Earl of Wicklow, "with his usual attachment to the introduction of reform into this House, has favoured it with no less than three speeches. He has stated that I have misrepresented him, not wilfully, but through misconception. I shall say nothing in answer to that; and as the Noble Lord has solemnly stated that he did not intend to treat the Bill with levity, I have, of course, not a word to say in contradiction."

The reader will, we trust, sympathise with our feelings upon this subject, when we say that more in sorrow than in anger we have dwelt upon these scenes in the House of Lords. We have no desire, in what we have said, to excite indignation against any individual on account of the political party to which he may be considered to belong; nor, indeed, is indignation, upon any ground, the sentiment we should wish to inspire by calling attention to a matter of such grave importance. Deeply impressed with a sense of the value of the House of Lords, such as it has been in times past, to the whole body of the people,—considering that the soberness, dignity, constancy, and unimpaired freedom of the nation are greatly owing to the share this branch of the Parliament has had in making good laws, and in preventing bad laws from being made,—believing that the mode and style of its proceedings have furnished a great and high example of order and propriety to the whole kingdom,—finally, feeling well assured that our progress in "manners, virtue, freedom,

power," has been greatly assisted by the superintendence and example of the Peers in Parliament assembled—we have contemplated, and we do contemplate, with deep and anxious regret, events which may take from that House its dignity, its respect, and its usefulness. Therefore it is, that, albeit with sympathetic shame, we have compelled ourselves to dwell upon the late scenes in the House of Parliament, which it were a thousand times more agreeable to forget, if we could, and if there were room to hope that by throwing oblivion over the past, we should have done with the contemplation of occurrences so disgraceful. At present, however, it would be vain to indulge in such a hope—it is only by the strongly expressed feeling of the public against such improper exhibitions of levity or violence, that the needful "reform" will be effected in the House of Lords, and the uniformity of dignity and decorum in its proceedings be restored. With this view, the foregoing article has been written, and we trust we shall not have fruitlessly laboured to stimulate the public mind on a subject of so much practical importance.

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF THE LATE SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

It has been maintained by a few persons, that the life of a painter can be written only by a painter. If the opinion were well founded, its principle would of necessity extend to all men whose lives are worth writing. The sculptor, the engraver, the architect, the general, admiral, statesman, king, and poet, would each require one of his own vocation or craft to be his biographer. The fallacy of the opinion, however, is amply proved by experience, and of the few lives of great painters, which have been written by painters, none possess any superlative excellence, and their merits are to be traced, as in the case of Vasari, to mental qualities, distinct from talents in their profession.*

Those painters who have written the lives of their professional brethren have generally been assisted, to a very large extent, by literary persons who were ignorant of the mechanism, and insensible to the details, of art, and they have never hesitated to be the biographers of sculptors and architects, although the science of architecture implies, what a painter, as a painter, can know nothing of—mathematics, mixed and pure.

But painters have been too shrewd and sensible to adopt any such opinion. Sir Joshua Reynolds' warmest desire was, that Edmund Burke should be his biographer, and, on the failure of that hope, Malone was selected for the task, though the Royal Academy, at that period, con-

* It was satirically remarked by a great poet, that the only part of the life of a painter that could be interesting, must be that which has no relation to painting. Vasari, Cellini, and a few others, would almost justify the satire.

tained men, of unquestionable literary attainments.* The caustic and acute Fuseli left the writing of his life to a literary friend, and Northcote's wish was that Hazlitt should have been his biographer. Painting is a sublime art, and requires a life devoted to its study, to the exclusion of literature and all other subjects.†

The most popular writer of the lives of painters, architects, sculptors, *cum plurimis aliis*, of the present day, Mr. Allan Cunningham, has laid down the principle, that, as art is an imitation of nature, by nature must it be judged. Art is not always an imitation of nature; and, with respect to the second part of the sentence, it would be extremely difficult to define what nature means. Man must be removed very far indeed from a state of nature before he can admire anything in art but the monstrous, the distorted, and the glaring. Even in civilized society, strong and violent contrasts, and extremes bordering on the absurd, excite much admiration; nor is this admiration exclusively confined to the vulgar and illiterate. In fact, to appreciate art, requires a peculiar faculty, not very extensively bestowed by nature; and the faculty must be cultivated, and cultivated in a manner very opposite to its cultivation amongst practical painters. Artists differ most strangely in their opinions upon works of art, and they concur in nothing except that, with respect to tone and expression of pictures, the public is the only judge.

We have been led into these prefatory observations by a perusal of numerous anecdotes, memoranda, and private letters, which have been communicated to us relative to Sir Thomas Lawrence, since the octavo biography of this distinguished artist was published. The whole of these communications, at least with very few and immaterial exceptions, are strongly corroborative of the views which that biographer took of the subject and of the artist. The 'Life of Lawrence' still contains all that is known, or that it is material to know, of this great head of the modern school; but some of the following facts and letters will be amusing to the public, and useful as confirmations of the impressions which people have imbibed from the octavo edition of his life. It is highly gratifying to state, that in all that has been communicated to us respecting Sir Thomas Lawrence, since the publication of his biography, we find that domestic friends, English acquaintances, and foreigners, concur in their attachment to the man; and in their strong admiration of his generous spirit and amiable nature. Not one would wish

“To draw his frailties from their dread abode;”

and all concur in feeling that

“He was a man
Eye shall not look upon his like again.”

With respect to the pedigree of Sir Thomas Lawrence, there has been a pardonable speaking of *couleur de rose*. It is said that his father, the descendant of Sir Robert Lawrence, a companion of Cœur de Lion,

* The life of Sir Joshua, by Farrington, was written under a compunctious visiting of nature, as an offering of retributive justice for the unprovoked conduct by which he had assailed the latter days of this great artist and amiable man.

† The part of the life of a painter which a painter can best write, consists in a few, a very few, didactic precepts and technicalities. These are easily comprehensible, however, by anybody. Of taste and pictorial effect the principles are now well understood and generally diffused.

inherited a legacy from one Zachariah Agaz, of Sunning Hill, that he was prosperous in worldly affairs, and that he married a Miss Read, whose grandfather, Mr Andrew Hill, (a Squire Western,) in resentment of the clandestine marriage, altered a legacy to her of 5000*l* into a shilling. Mr Lawrence is said to have been articled to an attorney, one Mr Gmger, of Hemel Hempstead, who, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, offered him a share of his respectable business. In all this statement there is not one particle of truth. In the records of Doctors' Commons there appears but one will of a Zachariah Agaz, a distiller, of London, and which makes no mention whatever of the name of Lawrence. Mr Gmger could not have offered Mr Lawrence a succession to his business, as his own son, at the age of twenty one, certified as an attorney in 1746, and succeeded to his father, whilst Lawrence never intended to follow the profession, for in October, 1746, two years before his term was out, he is certified in the books of the Exchequer-office, to have been under instructions in that department, and to be "qualified for surveying victuallers', maltsters' stores' &c. &c." So humble were his worldly affairs, that, in 1769, after twenty-two years of service, and seventeen years after his marriage, he resigned his office of supervisor of Bristol, the salary of which was only 83*l* 5*s* 2-6*d*, and the fees varying from 5*l* to 10*l* per annum. Mr Andrew Hill, of the noble family of Hill, so far from being of the Squire Western genus of country gentlemen of the old school, was a practising lawyer, his will is well drawn up, in his own hand-writing; and so far from his leaving or having to leave 5000*l* to his niece, Lucy Read, now Mrs Lawrence, he left to her sisters only 400*l* each, and only 200*l* to her brother, Francis William Read. No mention whatever is made of Lucy Read.

It is but justice to Sir Thomas to state that he always laughed at these innocent attempts to dignify his humble birth. He happened once to dine in a very large party, where there was an eccentric lady, possessed of a pedigreephobia, and who insisted on being descended from Cain de Lion's Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall. They did not know each other, but the name of Lawrence suddenly awakened the ruling delusion. She stared at him intensely across the table for some time, and not a little to his annoyance, and when this *outré* manner had attracted the attention of everybody, she suddenly exclaimed to the astounded Lawrence—

"Bless me, how much you are like my grandmother—her very image—you are like my mother, and the counterpart of myself—you have the Lawrence features, and are of the true breed of the renowned, illustrious knight of Palestine—you must be of the glorious house of Lawrence of Ashton Hall.

The effect was irresistibly ludicrous, and Sir Thomas, with immitable self-possession and placidity, replied—

"I shall be happy, madam, if you can make it appear that I am descended from anybody so respectable, for I assure you I can never make it out for myself."

Lawrence, in his family portraits, represents his father as a burly, corpulent man, with a broad, coarse face, shrewd, and vulgar. His mother's countenance was classic and beautiful, full of expression, and much resembling in features and *contour* the noble countenance of Mrs.

Siddons.* Sir Thomas resembled his mother, and her features run through the family. His fine figure and countenance, with his persuasive, captivating elegance of manner, led to a saying that the late King had pronounced him one of the finest specimens of a gentleman in his kingdom. I have been assured by a celebrated baronet, who was much in the company of both, separately and together, that his late Majesty's opinion was directly the reverse. This is extremely probable, for no two men, in point of manners, could have been more completely antipodes to each other. Sir Thomas's manners were natural, and beautifully natural; they evinced a nature at ease with itself, and benevolent to all around. The manners of the sovereign were artificial in the extreme. But tests of manners are extremely arbitrary. Whoever witnessed the late Sovereign in company with the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the Duke of Wellington, must have seen four of the most opposite schools of manners, and of which only one was thoroughly natural. One was of the Spanish school of Cervantes, another of that of Henri Quatre, another of that of Charles V. or Le Grand Monarque, and the last that of vivacious, joyous, and intellectual nature. Sir Thomas's manners exhibited an intellectual and joyous nature—a benevolently joyous nature—of which one of these great masters could form no conception—it was not in his heart nor in his head.

The biographer of Sir Thomas Lawrence was compelled to notice the pecuniary embarrassments which embittered his life, even to his last hour: but he has not solved the question, how a man of such simple habits, with such a very large income, could be embarrassed, even to a milk bill, and to the humblest accounts of domestic details. Early debts, contracted on the scale of a very small income, are easily liquidated, when an income, as in his case, increases eight or ten fold. The solution, however, is easy. He was utterly negligent of accounts, profusely benevolent to everybody, generous to exhaustion towards his numerous relations; he painted much from motives of liberal or tender friendship; in other cases was often not paid, and “some dæmon whispered, Lawrence, have a taste,” for he purchased preposterously objects of *virtu*, at an enormous price, and not always with the judgment that might have been expected of a practical artist. His collection has gone a-begging, has been refused by individuals and public bodies, to whom, by his will, he offered it, at what he considered a very low price—low compared to what he had given for it. His miscellaneous property fetched by auction 15,445*l.*; and supposing it cost only 20,000*l.*, this alone would be a material deduction from his receipts during the years he was president of the Academy.

Connoisseurship in pictures is, of all arts, the most flattering and uncertain; and the best practical painters, the most experienced dealers, are as often at fault as mere amateurs. To one gentleman, in whose

* The family portraits have been engraved by Mr. F. C. Lewis, with great success. Sir Thomas was always enraptured with the fidelity, delicacy, and nature with which this gentleman engraved his lighter works. At length the engraving of the first sketch of the Calmady children enraptured the President, and it will probably descend to ages as the finest specimen of beautiful nature, beautifully portrayed, and as beautifully transmitted by the graver to posterity. Sir Joshua's passion was the portraiture of young and beautiful children, but he never equalled Lawrence's sketch of the Calmady children.

friendship, and in whose sagacity and honour as a picture-dealer, his confidence was justly reposed, Mr. Woodburn, he says, in one letter, "Mr Ottley detected two Raffaells in your collection that I overlooked—there is nothing like frank acknowledgments of blindness" Sir Thomas's utter mistake with respect to the Correggio is only parallel to some of Sir Joshua's errors of the same sort

In a private letter, he says—"I am glad to hear that you have had agreeable communications with Mr. Revel, it was very gratifying to me to meet with a man of such general good taste, and so true an enthusiast in art. He must not regret parting with the drawings, since you can inform him how justly they are valued, and how carefully they are preserved. Few things could more strongly tempt me to Paris, than frequent visits to his rooms," &c

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Woodburn is highly to the honour of Lawrence's liberality, and painfully illustrative of the great superiority of the French government in patronizing art—"The probable situation of the picture of Baron Gerard in our own exhibition—I am quite sure that, after the claims of royal portraits, it would have the first station, but I acknowledge that should the general courtesy of our school be wanting, which I have no reason to apprehend, the responsibility would rest on me. I shall always remember my obligations to the French Academy, and to the directors of its exhibition, for the high liberality of their conduct, and the generous kindness which I experienced from French artists * * * I rejoice to hear of the general advancement of the arts in France, and the noble encouragement afforded to them by the Government, in the commissions for great works now executing by their ablest artists. Sir Thomas Lawrence proceeds—"I remember the 'A del Sarto' that you speak of at Mons. Laitte's, a fine first rate picture, as I instantly felt it to be when I saw it first—a work that ought to have been in our National Gallery."

Sir Thomas, speaking of a Leonardo, adverts to a little imposition—"Do you know that there is a modern Italian print, an outline, published, I believe, at Milan, of this picture. The composition, the characters very accurately given, but with another name attached to it

Sir Thomas is perpetually alluding to the illiberality of our otherwise profligate Government. He says, "I regret (and so do others) with Mr. Agar Ellis, that the English Government did not advance the money for the purchase of the bronze. You know the unanimous recommendation which we sent to it from the Museum

Sir Thomas not only regretted the indifference of Government to works of art, but he equally regretted the very bad taste that was engendered by the late King's unfortunate exclusive admiration of the Flemish school. In a letter to Mr. Woodburn, he says—"I wish, indeed, that there were better chance of its (an Annibal Carracci) being secured for the National Gallery, but you know what the unsettled state of the Government is, so minute detail is the order of the day. I will hope," says Sir Thomas, "that the recent exclusive taste for the Flemish pictures is fast subsiding. The works most admired in the British Institution have been of a different description, and our superior artists who are returned from the Continent, and whose opinions are justly of authority, come with a full impression of the superiority of the greatest masters of the Italian schools, and of the necessity of cultivating that highest

style. The introduction of Rubens, Vandyke, and Sir Joshua into the cabinet of Mr. Peel is another circumstance of promise; and *his* liberal spirit will not be cold in any measure of importance to the arts. He is now a Director of the Gallery," &c. &c.

Suspicious justly attach to our despatches; for where a government makes it out that it is always successful in all battles and in all details, it may be presumed that the public statements are highly coloured, and the returns not very accurate. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in a private letter, says—"I have a letter to-day from General Stewart (Lord Londonderry). He speaks with great confidence of the glorious battle that *will* take place," (and which did take place, to our discomfiture.) "Out of 7200 British firelocks that Marshal Beresford had at Albuera, only 3000 remained fit for duty at the close of the action." This is a greater portion of loss than any on record, especially for a drawn battle. So much for discrepancies between public despatches and private letters. The loss at Talavera, the maximum of all losses, was only one in three: here we have nearly one man killed or wounded out of every two and a small fraction.

Lawrence, on painting any favourite subject, had no opinion of his own. He took everybody's advice, but it cannot be said that he followed nobody's; for he followed some portion of everybody's, unless some influential person could gain the ascendancy. His picture of Satan was a fearful trial in a new school. His heart was set upon it, and his mind was in trepidation. The following playful letter, upon a subject so earnest to him, is characteristic of his fine temper:—

"Madam,—I beg to inform you that Mr. —, who has just left me, not content with quietly gaining a victory, has compelled me to acknowledge it, by reminding me of the determination I expressed to you about the Beelzebub in my picture of Satan. I certainly meant to keep to that figure which you approved, but Jove and Mercury were too mighty for me; and the alteration of turning the head, as it would have taken from its consequence, being too trifling to allow me to introduce the figure in another composition, (which, as it is so liked, I wished to do,) I have now finally resolved to paint another.

"The truth is, Madam, that I have no will of my own, and that Mr. — turns and twists my brains about just as he pleases, shoves them into an opposite corner, and then tells them, 'You are better where you are,' which they implicitly believe; depriving me thus of that only consolation—

'A man convinced against his will,
Retains the same opinion still.'

Now, though I am not unwilling that he should know my sense of this usage, yet I am by no means so hurt as to wish you privately to hint that a *female* sitter, from Richmond, was sent away this morning, that I might have the society of a *gentleman* who would not stay with me. This would be too severe; and the obvious reason for my mentioning the circumstance is, that *you* should not.—May I trouble you, Madam, to intercede with Mr. A——, that when he leaves W—— for N——, I may receive the little picture, and make more alterations in it, which Mr. L—— has pointed out, and which I think so necessary to be attended to."

Lawrence's family verses are at least as good as the *vers de société*

which are so often circulated by men who lay claim to poetical talents. Lawrence never attempted sculpture but on one occasion; and, having executed a bust, he proposed the following lines to be engraved on it:—

“ To shine, to bless, enlighten, and expire,
Is all that waits the mind of brightest fire.
Yes, as pure streams, whose current seems to fail,
Still rise and fertilize the distant vale,
In some remoter age bursts forth the flame;
But changed its sphere, its nature still the same.
And that chaste humour, and that wit refined;
That soul of honour with devotion join'd;
The playful fancy and the sterling sense—
The genius, taste, and prompt benevolence;—
All those rare graces which our hearts have won
In this loved form, once breathed in Addison.”

In reading more than 150 private letters from Lawrence to his family, his friends, to patrons, and to persons on business, written under every variety of circumstance, and often under excessive fatigue, disappointed hopes and pecuniary distress, not one single instance occurs of detraction, sarcasm, asperity, or discontent. His nature seems to have been one of perpetual benevolence, incapable of a morose humour, or of an ill-natured thought. He derived from friendship, and from the love his friends bore him, all his peace and happiness. To one person, who, in moments that were supposed her last, had spoken of him with affectionate admiration, he wrote on her convalescence:—“ You have given us great comfort, my dear friend, by your letters, though mine but too sadly depicts the state of suffering in which you must be still remaining.—I am very grateful for your thoughts of me in those fearful moments. There are some few in whose mind and heart I would wish to be present when life's scene is closing, and you are one whose image would present itself to me amongst the first. God be praised that so ir retrievable a loss is not yet to agonize your friends! God bless you—ever faithfully yours.”

To an old lady and very old friend, on her quitting London, he wrote, just before his own death:—“ I cannot endure the thoughts of — as a residence for my dear friend. You know that there are no patrons of art there, and I must starve if I come to you; and though you will not be at my funeral, you and another loved friend must be at my death; so that five minutes' walk from this spot you are doomed to be —.”

His whole private correspondence is of the same endearing character—a perpetual sunshine, without a cloud.

In speaking of Lawrence's promoting the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Academy, his biographer omits all mention of one of the most distinguished of its members, Mr. T. C. Thompson, an artist of celebrity, who was mainly instrumental with the Irish Secretary, Mr. Charles Grant, in organizing the academy, in enforcing its claims, and in procuring its charter of incorporation.

The public were very much mistaken with respect to Lawrence's celebrated sketch of Miss Fanny Kemble. This was not a good likeness, and scarcely was it meant as such. The sudden display of great talents by this young lady awakened in Lawrence all his recollections of the Kemble family, and he tried to give to his portrait, as much as possible,

the noble features of Mrs. Siddons, of which the face was not susceptible. He flattered himself that he had made the portrait a sort of family or generic portrait, in which the breed or race of the house of Kemble could be traced. The sketch conveyed no idea of the contour or the scale of the lady's figure, and very little likeness to the face. The newspaper statements of his enthusiastic admiration of her acting were, if not fabrications, at least exaggerations. He perceived her great talents, but he detected many faults, and took much pains in pointing out her errors and showing the path of improvement. Miss Kemble was by no means proud of showing Sir Thomas's correspondence with her.

It is in no spirit of depreciating the merits of a justly popular writer, that I express my regret that Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his abridgment of preceding publications, which he calls his "Life of Lawrence," has copied all the most palpable errors which had been gathered from newspaper paragraphs, or studies, or even tea-table gossip. He relates the hackneyed anecdote of "the notorious Peter Finnerty's" criticism in the "Morning Chronicle" upon Lawrence's portrait of Lord Castle-reagh. The fact is, the notorious Peter Finnerty never wrote a criticism on art for the "Morning Chronicle," and the criticism in question was written by Hazlitt, and contained very just observations. The anecdote was derived from a pupil of Sir Thomas's, but was without the slightest foundation. This biographer often totally mistakes the character of Lawrence, and generally to his prejudice. He represents him as a mere gossip, a *petit maître*, who "wrote perfumed billets full of studied compliments to ladies, and ladies smiled and spoke of the accomplished Sir Thomas." Several hundred letters, to ladies and gentlemen, from Sir Thomas have passed through my hands, and they are all of the very reverse character. In point of penmanship they are rapid, and careless, full of erasures, blots, and interlineations. In point of style, they are evidently written by a person intent upon expressing his first thoughts or present feelings with as little trouble as possible. The causes of George III.'s hating Reynolds and patronising Lawrence are well known to every body. In relating the fatal love attachment of a lady, with Lawrence's fickle fancy, Mr. Cunningham is evidently unacquainted with the piano-forte scene, and the cruelly deceptive letter, the death-blow of the lady.

The octavo "Life of Lawrence," in speaking of his vagaries with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, omits some of his anecdotes of her singular style of conversation. The Princess was fond of narrating, and not in very good English, that when a child, —, her governess, was instructed to make her thoroughly acquainted with the Old Testament. The lady cautiously read the book, and as carefully put patches of black sticking-plaster over all the places that she thought a young female ought not to read. The patches were easily removed, and the Princess, in her bad English, used to repeat many of them, in a broader manner than modern manners will admit of.

THE TRADES' UNIONS.

THE contest between the masters and the operatives has at length commenced in good earnest. At Leeds, Cambridge, Derby, here in the metropolis and elsewhere, the former have associated together for the purpose, not only of resisting the demands of the Unionists, but of withholding employment from every man who does not henceforth abandon the principle of confederacy altogether. It cannot be denied that the employers have, at least, as good a right to combine for their mutual protection as the employed, and we only regret that the spirited measures which have been at last resorted to on the part of the capitalists had not been adopted at a much earlier period. By permitting the strikes to proceed, one after another, from time to time, they have very much increased the difficulties against which they are about to contend, and have engendered feelings among the laborious classes which threaten to terminate, sooner or later, in *political* consequences of the most formidable nature.

In discussing the proceedings of these Unions, however, we ourselves, as well as most of our contemporaries, have been, perhaps, rather too much inclined to take part with the capitalists on all occasions. As the two parties are now committed in the conflict, let us show them "fair play," and inquire whether the operatives really have not some substantial grievances, of which it is not only their right, but their duty, to complain. Let us take the case of the tailors for example. The masters declare that the men may easily earn six shillings a day, according to the regulations previously existing in the trade. From inquiries which we have instituted, we are disposed to believe that this sum is the maximum which a journeyman, working in his master's shop, can possibly earn even by a long day's labour; that this sum he can acquire only during a few months at the full season, and that during the greater part of the year many of the men are often without work, at a rate of wages considerably inferior to the average here stated. It further appears, that the men who are kept pretty generally employed are by no means a majority of the whole who have been brought up to the trade; that they necessarily lose a great deal of time in waiting for work before they can get it, and that there is a vast number of what are called "show shops," in different parts of the town, where clothes of every description are sold cheap, and which seldom pay the men who work for them more than two, or at most three shillings a day. For this paltry pittance they are obliged to work twelve, and fourteen hours successively, aided even by the female members of their families!

Now we have no objection to the existence of that competition which benefits the public at large by reducing the prices of articles of general consumption, but when we calculate the profits, which even the "show shops" realize upon their sales, we must say, that the wages given to the men who supply those shops is far from being a fair remuneration for their labour. But if this be true of the cheap shops, what is to be said on behalf of those which charge the highest prices for their wares? The exorbitant items which usually go to make up a "tailor's bill" have become proverbial. We have seen some specimens of this kind of manuscript produced in courts of justice, which have

been quite ludicrous for their magnitude. Let justice be done to all parties, say, we, to the employer, the operative, and the consumer. For this purpose, an investigation ought to be made by Parliament into the state of wages generally, and although the master should not be compelled to hire men against his will, nor the men bound to labour against their consent, nevertheless some rule of conduct ought to be laid down, by which the profits of every trade should be equitably divided between the parties who supply the capital and the labour. This is the common sense of the whole question, and unless some measure of the kind be adopted, we must expect the strikes to go on whenever the men think that they can enter upon them with advantage.

Something should be done, we think, with a view to rescue the mass of the operatives throughout the country from the influence of the daring and unprincipled men who have acquired dominion amongst them. The doctrines which these leaders are endeavouring to propagate in the Unions to which they belong are of the most atrocious description. They have lately formed what they call a "consolidated association," which is governed by an "executive," composed of a few persons, who have assumed to themselves an entire control over all the trades of the kingdom. They issue then proclamations in an official form, for the raising of supplies, whenever they think necessary, and to any amount which they may deem proper. Now there is a turn-out at Derby, where three or four thousand operatives resolve to abstain from work for months together. In order to support them, the "executive" command the members of the Unions to pay, by a certain time, a regulated portion of their wages—and the mandate is obeyed! The "executive" is now informed, that in particular towns the operatives are tardy in joining the Unions. Down goes a proclamation from this directory, reviling them by all sorts of dishonourable names, unless they forthwith enrol themselves in the ranks of the heroes who are destined to raise labour above capital,—and again the mandate is obeyed!

It is difficult to describe the state of agitation, uncertainty and misery, in which the industrious classes are almost universally kept, by the proceedings of those who have undertaken to lead them to the "land of promise," which they paint for their contemplation in the most alluring colours. The agitators are, at this moment, engaged in attempting to realize the most ridiculous vision that ever deluded the mind of man. They have called upon all the operatives in every department to unite in one body, to subscribe weekly to a general fund, which is to be applied to the purchase of land and manufactories, and materials of every kind. When this fund is created, the operatives are to form a body apart from all other sections of the community, they are to brew their own beer, bake their own bread, feed and kill their own meat, build their own houses, cultivate their own estate, make their own clothes, and, in short, to labour only for themselves. They are to be a kingdom within a kingdom, and to be governed exclusively by their own laws. "There cannot," it is declared, "be a more perfect realization of brotherhood than a well-organized society of tradesmen, guided by laws of their own enactment, creating wealth for their mutual benefit, and distributing that wealth in just proportions to each member of the fraternity, not loading the indolent with caresses, nor refusing his due share to the active and the industrious. Such an organization is as near an approach to per-

fection as we can make. It is the ultimatum of the progress of society; the *beau ideal* which we ought at all times to have transfigured before us; a stimulant to exertion, and a compass to direct our movements. There is no peace, no justice, no happiness till then; for then only shall man be equal to man—the servant be as his master, and the maid as her mistress.” This is the millennium which the leaders of the Unions teach their followers to expect, which they must well know to be in every sense of the word a gross deception: but which they nevertheless gravely inculcate in speeches and writings, for no other purpose than that of preserving the empire which they have acquired over the minds of the unhappy men who are induced or compelled to be their slaves.

If it could be supposed for a moment that all the operatives of the kingdom, amounting at the least to two millions of men, were combined in one association, and that they were possessed of funds, by means of which they might purchase land and manufactories for their own use, where would the power be found capable of holding such a body together for a single week? How could labour go on without a permanent and increasing capital, in a community of that description? Either they would all be rich or poor, for equality is the principle of such a union; if rich, they would cease to labour; if poor, they must come back to society for the means of existence. The idea of such a combination can, therefore, have been taken up only for the mere purposes of imposture; it admits of no discussion, unless amongst men who have lost their reason.

But if no such co-operative society as this could ever be reduced to practice; if, in truth, the principle of such a union must of necessity be defeated by the separate interests which actuate mechanics of every class, how is it possible that they can expect to realize anything but an aggravation of their misfortunes, by the partial mutinies in which they have hitherto indulged? There are at this moment, it is supposed, thirteen thousand operative tailors out of work in the metropolis, and they have been so for three weeks. Assuming that, on the average, they earned no more than a guinea each per week, here is at once a sum of upwards of 40,000*l.* lost for ever to these unhappy men and their families. They have received from other Unions a wretched contribution which has scarcely preserved them from starving, and they have not only deprived themselves and their families of their ordinary subsistence, but they have prevented 40,000*l.* from circulating in the usual channels amongst the tradesmen who supplied them with provisions. *Pro tanto*, those men are thus disabled from affording employment not only to tailors, but to shoemakers and other artisans, and thus the loss which falls upon the mutineers in the first instance, is extended proportionably to all classes of the industrious.

It is admitted now, that the operative tailors have failed in their strike. It was altogether a premature proceeding, the result of passion uncontrolled by calculation. They were not prepared for the resistance which they have encountered, and foolishly threw themselves first into the breach, which the shoemakers were also anxious to enter at the same time. But suppose that the operative tailors had succeeded in their object, what would have been the result? The extinction of the cheap shops, in which the lower classes of society have hitherto obtained their clothes at a reasonable price, and a considerable rise in the cost of

all articles of apparel, which rise would have been chiefly felt, not by the higher classes of society, but by those, chiefly, who are actually members of the other Unions! Had the tailors been triumphant, the shoemakers would have followed; then the hat-makers, and so on in succession, until every trade had, to use the common phrase, "righted itself;" the consequence of which would be a general increase upon all the articles of ordinary consumption, which increase would again reduce the nominal wages of the mechanic to a value inferior even to that which they enjoyed before the strike! Thus, therefore, it is as clear as any proposition can be, that the resistance of labour against capital can never be of long duration; that it cannot be universal, and that every partial outbreak is infinitely more injurious to the classes of which the Unions are composed, than to any other portion of the community. The dearthness of an article always produces economy in the use of it, on the part of those who can bring their money to the best market; it is only the poor man, to borrow a coarse expression, that is always obliged "to pay through the nose."

The apathy of Parliament and the Government on the subject of the Unions is calculated only to confirm and prolong the tyranny, which the half-educated and desperate agitators exercise over the minds of the great body of mechanics. The language in which these men are now addressing their dupes is of the most seditious character. They have lately promulgated a general order, which is worded in the following terms:—"Let every mechanic from this time refuse, under any condition, to manufacture articles known to be for the use of the *army* or the *police*—because, in the first place, it is not just nor longer expedient that a few men in power should have the control of these forces, in order to carry things their own way; secondly, because their maintenance is a grievous tax upon the *wealth-producers* [*i.e. the mechanics*], and which ought not to be endured; thirdly, because a standing army is not requisite now to protect us against foreign aggression, as local militias might be instituted for this purpose at very little expense; and fourthly, because they ought not to be maintained for the sake of carrying on wars against other nations, as all such wars are downright inhuman folly, robbery, and murder. As auxiliary to this determination, the building trades should in future refuse to build or repair any more barracks, jails, prisons, or workhouses—because a good government will do without all such places of abomination."

Such mandates as these indicate the sort of wisdom which presides in the counsels of the Unionists; but they produce their effect in alienating the minds of the lower classes from the paths of subordination and peace, and in infusing into their hearts sentiments of the most relentless hatred against the rich, whom they are taught to look upon as their oppressors.

We have never read in our own, or in any other language, such opprobrious terms as those which the Union newspapers have been pouring forth against the masters, since the latter have dared to enter into a combination for their own safety. "Pah! slaves!" says one of these writers, "we have the laugh of you! We hitherto have treated you like *gentlemen*; but since you will enact the tyrant, the poor shall know your dirty business. Base renegades! what are you? who made your blood of superfine ingredients? And, gentle masters, who do you

think is going to protect your *property*, if you succeed in breaking up our peaceful union? Go to, ye rich, and weep and howl, and put your bricks and mortar in your pockets. The men of Derby for a little while may be subdued, the men of Oldham pacified, the Yorkshiremen of Leeds discouraged; but *smothered wrath will some day breathe afresh; and wo be unto him who robbeth labour of its hire!*"

The object of the following appeal cannot be misunderstood:—

"Friends, Countrymen, and Brothers,—The yoke is ready for you! dash it to pieces now, or hold your peace for evermore. You cannot keep so many thousands idle; your only hope is in a *general movement*. If Yorkshire is not rescued by something demonstrating resolution, your union will become a by-word—a name for fools to laugh at; the wits will use it as a term for weakness; the good will sicken at its mention; and honest men will shun the endearing name of brother; the rich will call you *dogs*, and *spit upon you*; the dastards of our class, who now are held in scorn, will hold their heads up and grin derision; *the very African will show his pearly teeth, and mock de English slave*. Brothers! the yoke is ready! dash it to pieces now, or wear it patiently for ever." * * * "Before the Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth, we vow *revenge* against such a system! We shall seal our sincerity with imprisonment—or death, if required; but as the Lord liveth, and as the soul liveth, we shall stoutly defy the tyranny of the rich, and claim from Heaven the promise of DELIVERANCE TO THE POOR!"

These are but moderate specimens of the kind of language now constantly addressed by the agitators to the industrious classes, whom they are endeavouring to raise in open insurrection against the other orders of society. Is it to be endured that the poor man, who is anxious to perform his duty towards his children, should be thus compelled to suspend his laborious pursuits whenever these desperate brawlers, who look to the chances of revolution for the amelioration of their own condition, think fit to issue their mandates for that purpose? It should be recollected, that in consequence of the determination of the masters not to give employment to unionists in future, there are at least one hundred thousand persons out of work at this moment in London and the manufacturing districts. The contest that is going on is not for a mere alteration in wages, but for the sake of a principle; and the worst of the matter is, that let it take what turn it may, it cannot but be prejudicial to the unfortunate operatives. If they break out, as they are desired to do, into open war, they will be exposed to all the perils of a most unequal combat. If they be without work, they must perish like flies in the streets; and if the mills continue idle, the trade and revenue of the kingdom will receive a most serious shock, which must be felt throughout every class of society.

It does appear to us, that in such a state of things Parliament ought at once to interpose between the two contending parties, and lay down some rules by which their several interests might be effectually reconciled. We cannot but applaud the vigour with which the masters have determined to act; at the same time, who that has a heart within him can refuse to feel for the well-disposed and industrious men, who are forced to obey the mandates of the "executive?" These unhappy persons form the great majority of the unionists;—they would never

think of complaining if they were allowed the free use of their own labour. The principle which now controls them is one unknown to our constitution, and inconsistent with the spirit of liberty. It has been generated in the school of infidelity and treason; and until it be completely put down, the industry of the country will remain paralysed, and its peace will be made the sport of those designing agitators, who care not what may happen, provided they can maintain their infamous ascendancy.

M. M.

HINTS ON HYPOCHONDRIA.

THIS is a hypochondriac age; and the English are constitutionally and by thought, habit, circumstances, and natural position, a hypochondriac people: the predisposition is born with them, and is as much a part of their birthright as the sky which covers their native isle with an ever-varying atmosphere—now black, very black—now blue, dark blue—now cold-coloured as lead, and to their oppressed bodies feeling as heavy—now flame-coloured as taffeta, when it is of that colour; and when it is of this hue, they imagine they are enjoying what may, by a stretch of poetical license, be called *summer*. The mutability of English skies makes the mutability of English minds and animal spirits. The Englishman who, some flattering morning in July, enters at one end of Oxford-street basking in the blaze of a dog-day sun, but before he has reached Hyde Park Corner is shivering under a cold cloud, and buttoning himself up from a sudden shower or a bitter wind, should not marvel if he feels himself he cannot exactly tell how, and wishes himself he would not precisely like to say where—perhaps in a climate a little more considerate. Is he to be an exception, and not to vary where all is variability? The short-stage coachman mounts his box on what is considered a fine morning in July, and all being duly adjusted before and behind, Mr. Figgins, who has a box at Bow, being on the box at his side, and Mr. Higgins, who is always five minutes behind starting-time, having taken his inside seat, with his back to Bow and his face to Bow-churchyard, Cheapside, “All’s right, *Jim*?” inquires the short-stager, with an enunciation so distinct, that you may hear every important word perfectly sounded; but after he has been once to town and back, he has picked up his winter-cough as if he had left it till called for at the booking-office; and for the rest of the day it is “All’s right, *Jib*?” hoarsely and inarticulately, his nostrils choked, and his lungs as wheezy as the sniffing-valve of a steam-engine. If such a compound of coats, cotton waistcoats, cordials, and cast-iron constitution, cannot escape the catarrhal influences of our climate—one who is supposed to be as thoroughly seasoned as ship-timber before it is worked up—do you expect to pass “scot free?” Tut! you are unreasonable. If a properly-constituted Englishman is “splenitive and rash,” gloomy, melancholy, fidgetty, irritable,—if he d—ns his servant, meets his dearest continental friend so coldly that he, poor unacquainted foreigner, thinks Mr. Thompson or Simpson the oddest and most changeable man in England, and not at all the same man he was in France, let him not fret himself, and think uncharitably of his own

temper—it is his climate, not himself that makes him what he is—grave or sulky—sullen or savage, but never smiling or serene. If he gets up a philanthropist, and goes to bed a misanthrope, he is both or either in conformity to the “skye influences,” which settle the matter between them, and now impede the current of his blood, and now stir up that slough of despond, his bile. What can he choose to be but Hypochondriac?—and subject as he is to such assailments from without and to such assoilments from within, he should hug himself and be happy that it is no worse. It is the least he could expect to be, and therefore let him be content, and make the best of his bargain. If he is hypochondriac, (and the Englishman who says he is not, believe him not, for the truth is not in him,) let him confess it honestly, and treat it handsomely, and show that he is not ashamed of his country, and its climate. Why should he hope to be excused? The foreigner who treads our shores, let him step on it at first as mercurially as Hermes himself alights on “a heaven-kissing hill,” in no long time finds out that “the black ox” has trod on his “fantastic toe,” and if he is not entirely lamed by it, is tamed by it; and ere the month is old which frowned or coldly smiled upon him as he landed in England, you may see him pacing Regent-street or Leicester-square, subdued down to the suavity of a Quaker or the gravity of a furnishing undertaker at a rich man’s funeral. The nightingale-throated Italian, who arrives here in the spring with the other song-birds, intending to change his notes for our notes, finds too soon that he has not a note to offer in exchange—except such as Scylla warbles to Charybdis, “straining harsh discords.” The German,—if a genuine specimen of the most-German German—the Goethe and Werter water,—is depressed down below the suicidal point in the mental barometer, and has not energy enough left to lift a pistol to his head. A Dutchman only defies our climate—perhaps to his lungs and liver it may be as *spirituel* and as smoky as his own hollands; and as he has not on either elbow a dyke, the sea over his head, and a sky over that again soaked like a sponge with bilge water, he may imagine himself dry, expand his chest, dream he inhales “empyrean air,” and utter his *donders* and *blitzens* with double-Dutch energy of lung. The Spaniard likes it not, for it likes not him; and he pulls his slouching hat an inch deeper down upon his brows, and cuddles himself still closer in the ample folds of his Castilian cloak. In short, nothing which is not English (the Hollander excepted) can withstand our English skies, and “hate no jot of heart or hope.”

You, then, who are “native and to the manner born,”—to whom ill-health is a part of your health, and despondency a part of your happiness, if you cannot remedy these ill-conditions, you may alleviate them: How? By exercise and temperance—temperance and exercise. Over-rest of the body is rust of its works. It was made to go and rest—rest and go: if we indulge it with too much of the one, we must look to find it incapable of much of the other. We were by Nature meant to be temperate, for she soon tells us when we have transgressed her rules. We become intemperate—eat and drink too much, and counteract these by air and exercise little or none;—she admonishes us, and we treat her advice with much about the same sort of reverence with which bad big boys hear a Sunday lecture from their grandmothers. We seem to make up our minds, with Horace, that we were born to drink and eat;

we eat and 'drink accordingly, and soon learn that we were born for something more than this—to know when we have had enough. Nature gave to us a vessel which will contain so much; but we would pour into it more than it was made to hold; it is full to the brim, but we are not content—it must hold more:—

“Fill up the bowl, boy, till it overflows;”

he does, and the “somewhat too much” is spilt upon the ground. We are just as extravagant with our stomachs, and when they refuse to be the mere vessels of over-indulgence, we wonder at their resentment of the injuries we would do them, and are not satisfied with their capacity. This is a lesson which will be lost upon a man brutalized by his appetites, but to one who has not yet given up his reason, it is a hint which will “give him pause,” and he will make a right use of the admonishment: he will handsomely acknowledge, like a convinced and sensible man, that he has been in error, and that he now believes that his stomach was fitted for such and such purposes, and no others;—that it was not made to be the slop-pail of a tavern *cuisine*, nor the trough of a sensual sty; and he will become temperate and considerate, and sit down at Nature's table with an appetite under restraint—partaking cheerfully and moderately of its wholesome viands, but determined not to abuse her hospitality. Meanwhile the brute man will go on as before, and rather than not eat will prefer to be where he will be eaten. You, then, who would be vigorous, and live while you live, proportion well these two main ingredients in the article health—temperance and exercise. then you may laugh at hypochondria, and wonder what it is, or remember what it was only as a frightful dream out of which you are awakened: you may stare incredulously at Apothecaries' Hall—hear of “Philip on Indigestion” without turning cold and feeling your skin creep; and look complacently on any other M.D. rolling along in his rhubarb-coloured, large one-pill-box of a carriage without wincing, and feeling a spasm here, a sinking there, and an undefinable dread every where.

But as all men will not listen to “the voice of the charmer,” Temperance, “charm she never so wisely,”—as there are some who from mere ignorance—others from mere heedlessness, will go on trying the strength of their constitutions till they have none to try longer—and others who will try the patience of Nature to the utmost stretch of endurance,—a word more to these and such as these. The greater number of dyspeptics (who make your hypochondriacs) sin against their stomachs in pure innocence of bad intention; they do not, with malice prepense, set about destroying themselves—they would not wilfully go to work to sap the foundation of their constitutions, but they do their digestive organs all sorts of injuries, under a mistaken notion that they are conferring a favour upon them. I have been quietly observing two females over a luncheon of fruit. It is now eleven o'clock in the forenoon; at nine this same morning they breakfasted, yet somehow three large oranges and six apples, with half a pint of light wine, have “vanished from the glimpses of the Noon.” What, now, in the name of all that is moderate, could these young women want with these sweets and sour—these cold and raw crudities, at this early hour of the day?—and these, too, upon a breakfast of tea and toast not half digested and distributed?—This is the sort of undue indulgence which perplexes Nature herself, makes her pause in her work to wonder at the

perversities of her grown-up spoiled children, and provokes her resentment—which is terrible when once she begins to be angry with those with whom she was most affectionate, and to chastise those of whom she was most tender.

As was said before—our habits are hypochondria-breeding: we do not give Nature fair play, and then when anything goes wrong with us, we throw the whole blame on her, and make it out that we are ill-used. But this is a mean and shabby shuffling out of the responsibility, which lies with ourselves, and ourselves only. Nature is a plain-dealer with us; let us be honest with her—not accuse her of things of which she is innocent, nor attempt, by evasion and subornation of witnesses, to carry ourselves clean out of court.

We abuse our heads and stomachs: the one has too much to think about, and the other to digest. The stomach resents it, and the head goes wrong:—or the brain is oppressed with thought and care—with money-inventing and money-circumventing, and the stomach and its fellow-workers rebel. If a wheel of your watch is clogged and impeded, and performs its functions imperfectly, it avails little that the other wheels are clean and capable of their task; the impediment of one, in time, impedes the others, and the instrument is no longer accurate. The works which makes up that more wonderful piece of mechanism, Man, are as nicely adjusted, and depend as much as those of your watch upon the accuracy of movement of all the parts: every member must do its duty punctually, or the uniformity and *oneness* of operation ceases, and we may easily imagine what must follow.

Much eating and drinking, and no relaxation of the bow which will bear straining, but must not always be on the strain, are the exciting causes of our worst bodily and mental miseries. It is not too much to say, that nineteen-twentieths of the overcrowded population of this overgrown city are the authors of their own ailments; the twentieth content themselves with taking such as Nature sends them as their share of “the infirmities which flesh is heir to,” and do not wilfully add to that which is already too much. The nineteenth seem to live in this large metropolis as if there was no way out of it. The few who have discovered that it has outlets, and bring back hourly news of the health-giving vicinities spreading round about it,—where the eye is daily freshened with an ever-verdant green—the lungs are purified with wholesome draughts of vital air unmixed with the filthy exhalations of a town—the overboiling blood is cooled down to temperate, and its flow regulated by exercise—the passions silenced by the silence of the placid fields sleeping in the sun;—these spies into the Canaan of health are listened to with incredulous ears, and looked upon with unbelieving eyes. That they wear the red and white of health—eat with enjoyment, turn what they eat to nutriment—sleep well—are active in their daily business—have clear heads and wholesome thoughts, these sicklings cannot deny;—it must be a difference of constitution which makes them what they are—not their change of bad air for good—activity for sedentariness—circulation for stagnation of the vital flood—sinews strengthened by exertion for sinews relaxed by inertia—legs put to the use for which they were intended, instead of being cramped up under desks and dining-tables till they are too swollen for exercise, and too painful even for easy slippers. These healthy people are so by accident of constitution: they possess

an invaluable blessing, for which they should thank God and their prudent fathers and mothers; but as for us, we are doomed men—born to bear the hardest and heaviest burdens of life, and not bear them well; we are incurable—advice, though given gratis, is thrown away upon us—our constitutions are not worth the price of a box of quack pills: let us go on, then, in our own old way—it is too late to take to a new one: leave us to our inactive livers and lungs which scarcely play—attempt not to awaken us from our lethargy: if you will but let us alone, we shall sleep quietly enough and want no waking. Let them alone, then, by all means:—

“Leave them—leave them to repose.”

But you who are impatient of these miseries, and would be whole again, know that they are not remediless—that the remedy is even in your own possession, and that you may be your own physician, though you will require some small assistance from your apothecary. If you have been too sedentary, either in your business, or in your relaxations from business, refrain for a time from the one, and let the other be of a more active nature. Going from your desk to the theatre will not alleviate these complaints—nor will passing from your house to that of a friend, and there sitting down to cards and chess;—these may amuse the mind, but they will not lighten, clear, clean, and renovate the body. A congestion of the vital parts of your frame is not to be removed by lolling in a lump on a chair, however much the hands may be employed, and the mind interested. You may take “a man,” but you are all the while losing one: you may get the “odd trick,” and “count all the honours,” but there is a gaunt fellow behind your chair, who is looking over your hand, and chuckling to think how completely you are playing into his hands,—how soon his old trick can despoil you of your odd trick,—how easily he can turn your honours into posthumous ones. Leave, then, these sedentary occupations, and instead of counting cards count milestones: eight of these—(taking which you will,—those which range themselves in lines dating from “The Standard in Cornhill,” or those which take their station at proper distances “From the Spot where Hicks’s Hall formerly stood,”)—will do you more vital good than all the honours which Hoyle ever wot of—than all the pawns which Philidor ever perplexed his ingenious brains about.

If you have “loved, not wisely, but too well,” the pleasures of the table, love them less. Lower your diet—but not too low: a little coal properly thrown on a fire keeps it burning; a bushel puts it out: there is a medium measure between a handfull and a skuttlefull. Remember that it is the quantity, not the quality of food that makes it indigestible. A man with a pretty good stomach might partake moderately of marbles, and live; but if he swallowed bagsfull at a time, he might reasonably expect a fit of indigestion. Reynières, the witty author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, has properly characterised a fit of indigestion as the “remorse of a guilty stomach.” A man with a temperate appetite does not know that he has such a thing as a stomach, except when he receives a nudge from a neighbour’s elbow in it; or, which is much more pleasant, when he complacently smooths down his waistcoat after a dinner which pleased him, and pats its pockets with a feeling of the grateful for a bellyfull. Eat little, then. You are not, like the *boa con-*

stricter, obliged to bolt a buffalo at a meal, or go without a dinner at all for want of a pantry. A dog is wiser than that; and when he has had enough, will carefully bury the remainder of his joint for the next day. Is Towler to have better notions of the abstemious than Tomkins?

If you have indulged in "potations throttle deep," do not at once turn down your glass, but be resolute in having it but once where it was thrice filled. You will miss for a few days your darling stimulant; but your constitution, meanwhile, having lightened the hold, and the ballast having shifted, but not so as to put the vessel out of all trim, will then discover for herself where it is not *crank*, and will begin her own repairs;—if there is a plank sprung, or a seam started, will secure the one, stop the other, and restore the vessel to sea-worthiness.

Keep the mind cheerful, if you can, and employed, which you may. A vacant mind, like a bill in parliament, may be innocent enough in that state; but it depends upon the filling up ere "the third reading" as to what it will turn out. Do you love reading? Read works of humour in preference to those of seriousness; such as the novels of Fielding and Smollett, Scott, Edgeworth, Bulwer, and Galt. These writers will give you more cheerful views of life—the two first especially. If you have not looked into Fielding since you were a boy, (and where is the man who, as a boy, did not read *Tom Jones*?) there is something in mere association which will recall the feelings of that happiest period of life; and it is hard if there is not some passage of the past, which, only to remember, is like living youth over again. If you once begin to laugh, farewell, for that fit, to hypochondria. Avoid even a Parthian glance at past impressions of a painful nature. Do not dwell long on old grievances, even if they will start up again, and, like Richard's victims, repass in melancholy procession. Let them "come like shadows—so depart:" our bodily eyes are given that we may look before us;—hope, our mental eyesight, inclines us to look forward. There is no further use in being mindful of the past than as it makes us careful of the future. Avoid rumination: leave "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter" to four-footed creatures; they have nothing else to do, and can turn it to some account. Even in your progress to convalescence, some old monster, bred and born of the disease, will start up to frighten you back; but nothing will so effectually subdue it as this very simple exorcism:—hail its rise with a hearty "pooh, pooh!" and a hundred to one but it turns tail. But, before all things, avoid fresh occasions for mental disquiet. Let the actions of the day be such as will bear review on the pillow at night. If you have done a wrong anywhere, either thoughtlessly or from passion, set it right—if possible:—if you cannot, at least atone for it by doing good in some other quarter. It is the impulse—the intention—not the mere value and amount of the good you may do, which is the thing: it is the thought that you are not so much engrossed by yourself and your own afflictions but that you can still sympathise with others, which shall make you rich indeed. Encourage charity in thought, word, and deed. If you can once forget yourself, and look abroad upon the world, not as a mere idle speculator upon the miseries of your fellow-men, but as a participator in them, you will soon forget your own cares and miseries in the cares and miseries of others. Leave all besides to heaven.

C. W.

KING LEAR, "AS SHAKSPEARE WROTE IT."

The language of this sublimest of tragedies, which, for a hundred and fifty years and upwards, has been impudently supplanted by the ignorant trash of Mr. Poet-Laureate Tate, was restored to the stage on the 23rd of May, by the most accomplished of our living actors. He has thus in some sort redeemed the disgraces of the players his predecessors—"these harloty players," as Mrs. Quickly calls them—who had preferred a vulgar and impudent "huswife" to that muse whose beauty and whose dowry is exhaustless, and who never fails to confer wealth, power, and understanding, in return for devotion paid her.

We must be very guarded, however, in the praise we bestow on Mr. Macready. He deserves much, but not all we could desire to have offered him. What he has restored is, indeed, the unalloyed language and severe passion of Shakspeare; but he has not restored all. He has done much; but he has left much undone. He has given us Lear in his grandest and most appalling aspect; but he has denied him to us in that which would have touched our hearts most nearly, and moved most sensibly our pity. Ah! Mr. Macready, why did you omit the Fool? We must remonstrate with you strongly on this point, as we will not be chary of our praise in others. The Fool is one of the most wonderful creations of the genius of Shakspeare. The picture of his quick and pregnant sarcasm, of his loving devotion, of his acute sensibility, of his despairing mirth, of his heartbroken silence—contrasted with the rigid sublimity of Lear's suffering, with the huge desolation of Lear's sorrow, with the vast and outspread image of Lear's madness—is the noblest thought that ever entered into the heart and mind of man. Nor is it a noble thought merely: it is for action—for representation—necessary to the audience as tears are to an overcharged heart—necessary to Lear himself as the recollection of his kingdom, or as the worn and faded garments of his power. We will take leave to say, that Shakspeare would as soon have consented to the banishment of Lear from the tragedy, as to the banishment of his Fool. We can fancy him, while planning the immortal work, feeling suddenly, with the instinct of his divine genius, that its gigantic sorrows could never be presented on the stage without a suffering too frightful, a sublimity too remote, a grandeur too terrible—unless relieved by quiet pathos, and in some way brought home to the apprehensions of the audience by homely and familiar illustration. At such a moment that Fool rose to his mind, and not till then could he have contemplated his marvellous work in the greatness and the beauty of its final completion. Complete without him the tragedy can never be. See how inextricably he is interwoven with Lear. What is it that immediately stirs the rage of the wolf General? A report that her favourite gentleman had been struck by her father, "for chiding of his Fool"—for chiding the only being that seems truly dear and necessary to Lear's sight after the fatal division of his kingdom. Remember the questions, "Where's my knave—my fool? Go you and call my fool hither." "Where's my fool? ho! I think the world's asleep." "But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days." And, oh! remember the reply that is given—read it, if you can, without tears: "Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away." "No more of that!" interrupts the impatient

king, with ill-repressed emotion, "*I have noted it well.*" Words cannot go beyond this; and it lets us into a secret corner of his heart, which were closed without it. We see him still clinging to the memory of her who was used to be his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, "most best, most dearest." We see that his love for the Fool is associated with Cordelia, who was kind to the poor boy, and for the loss of whom he pines away. We are prepared for that most touching question when the Fool enters, flinging, in the hectic meriment of despair, his covcomb at Kent, "*How now, my pretty knave? How dost thou!*" And we are still better prepared for the sublime pathos of the close, when Lear, bending over the dead body of all he had left to love upon the earth, connects with her the memory of that other gentle, faithful, and loving being who had passed from his side—unites, in that moment of final agony, the two hearts which had been broken in his service—and exclaims, "*And my poor fool is hanged!*" These are beauties, it may be said, too subtle for the stage: we might admit this, were the character and introduction of the Fool dependent solely upon such as these. But it is evident that this is not so; that, on the contrary, the Fool is meant to play a material part before the audience—to point home to them the wandering sublimity of Lear—to relieve their aching hearts and "tightened breasts" from the over-intensity of his sorrows, while he brings withal yet more closely to their apprehensions (without danger to their own wits) his mighty sense of suffering, his sublimity of imagination. With this, too, he plays another part. Mark his intense efforts, while despair is struggling with his jests, to bring Lear back to reason. Every word he utters probes to the quick. "This is not altogether fool, my lord," says Kent. "You more knave than fool," says Goneril, "follow your master!" Mark how he turns upon that fiendish daughter with the courage of a fearless love,—follow him through the next scene with Lear, when they are alone, and the thought of Cordelia rises—"I did her wrong;"—see how his thrilling sarcasms turn the King at last towards the recovery of his kingdom—"to take it again perforce!" Mark throughout the whole of the scenes, up to the end of the second act, with what desperate efforts he pursues this purpose, reminding Lear, when he seeks Regan, that "winter's not gone yet," and threatening Kent (in a speech pregnant with humane wisdom and striking pathos) to set him "to school to an ant, to teach him there's no labouring in the winter." Is this not an integral portion of the play?—can the play be really acted without this? Why, the Fool should be restored, if only to allow the actor of Lear to give due effect to those little words (so grand, so touching, so familiarly sublime) when, at the end of the second act, in the effort of bewildering passion with which he strives to burst through the phalanx of amazed horrors that have closed him round, he feels that he has shaken his mighty intellect, and suddenly exclaims, "*O, Fool, I shall go mad!*" We can take no rant of self-upbraiding to supply the place of this. Let us pursue the poor knave a few steps farther. One half of his work is done now. The worst is certain—he cannot recall it—he can only soothe it. Mark how he does this: Kent asks who is with Lear in the storm? He is answered—

"None but the Fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries."

He is silent with emotion when he hears this, and turns off from the subject in self-relief. He thought then, we warrant, of what the poor Fool had said to him before—

“That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm !”

Ah, there was no gain in the Fool's seeking—but he had it nevertheless. “How dost, my boy—art cold ? I am cold myself.” “Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.” We remember on first reading this scene—where the suffering of Lear had seemed to us too dreadful, too rigid, too potent in its intellectual sublimity, too nearly allied with the thunders and the lightnings of the old heavens above him, to inspire any feeling but that of intense awe—that the relief of tears came as we fancied the struggling and soothing pathos of the Fool's voice reminding his master that he must

“Make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day”—

and could almost hear the answer of Lear, subdued to a more gentle sense of suffering, “True, my good boy !” This is indeed to soothe and serve. Fancy him again when the fit more violently returns, and Lear throws off “his lendings,” bidding them come unbutton there—fancy him, as we have had it described by one of the best of living writers, “throwing himself into his master's arms to stay their fury, looking up in his countenance with eyes that would fain appear as if they wept not,” uttering that pathetic entreaty “Prithee, nuncle, be contented.” But he will not be contented—so the Fool's office draws to a close. We see him for the last time in the hovel. His efforts to soothe Lear's injuries into quiet have failed—he is striving again to “outjest” them. He humours his madness that he may divert and dazzle it. He assists him in the arraignment of Goneril, that he may distract him by saying to the fancied she-wolf “Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.” These are the last words he utters—we are to fancy his task utterly done, and himself pining away with sorrow. We hear of him no more till we hear that sublime touch of pathos over the dead body of the hanged Cordelia.

Such is the Fool, banished from the tragedy of Lear. We must again ask you, Mr. Macready, why did *you* banish him? We can admit of no excuses. You will urge, perhaps, the difficulty of finding an actor fit for it—one that should speak no more than is set down for him? Mr. Blanchard might have been schooled to attempt it, and the attempt was at all events worth making. You will say, perhaps, that his introduction must necessarily have kept Lear's madness longer before the audience, that it is dwelt upon too long as it is, and that the scene in the hovel must be dispensed with? We deny this—we say that the transpositions you are obliged to make from that scene are badly made, and would occupy little more time if they fell in their proper place—we say that that change of scene is even necessary for the obvious change that has occurred in the character of Lear's suffering—we say that, though you have a right to abridge, you have no right to omit or transpose—and finally we say that, with your well-known love for Shakspeare, your fitness to appreciate his genius in its subtlest as well as its grandest shapes, and your absolute power of ordering what restorations you pleased on

the late occasion, it was unworthy of you to stop where you did, when, to realize Shakspeare's divine purpose, you should at all risks have dared to advance farther. Betterton did not cut out the Fool—he acted it “as Mr Shakspeare wrote it,” says the prompter Downes. This was in 1663, when yet a young man. His more mature experience confirmed the propriety of this, for we find him again acting it “as Mr. Shakspeare wrote it” in 1671—and we know that Lear was considered one of his great characters. Ten years after the last date Tate published his disgusting version, and this was adopted successively by Boheme, by Qum, by Booth, by Barry, by Garrick, by Henderson, by Kemble, by Kean.

This brings us to the most grateful part of our task—the consideration of what Mr Macready has done. By suffering nothing but Shakspeare to be spoken, he has conferred a real service on literature and on the stage, and by his performance, unquestionably, he has added a great lustre to his professional reputation. We wish he would complete it by restoring the Fool! Meanwhile, let us endeavour to give to him the thanks he has already deserved. What a profession is that of a player! A man of intellect, imagination, and passion shall devote himself for years to the study of such a character as Lear—shall refuse to act it till his powers seem sufficiently matured for the execution of his own conception—shall approach it even then with nervous diffidence, with the modesty, though with the consciousness, of genius,—and shall be told, the following morning, in the space of a dozen lines, by one of the public instructors, on whose poor lines thousands are content to wait, that really they could not extend applause to the performance, though it was very creditable, and was, “however,” for the actor's “benefit.” So helpless and exposed is even such a man to the little curs, “Tray, Blanch, or Sweetheart”—so may they all bark at him—so, from the security of anonymous writing and large circulation, “dunces may be critics, cowards valiant, and apprentices gentlemen!” Now we take leave to say that, considered all in all, Mr Macready's was a very great and remarkable performance, a performance that in the “getting and giving” days (and they are not long past), in the days of be-Rosciusing and bepraising, might have made ten reputations and even then have left a little instruction to spare for the enlightenment of “critics.” It was evident in the very first scene with what care it had been studied. There was something beyond the turbulent greatness, the royal impatience, of Lear—there was something to redeem him from his treatment of Cordelia. That bewildered pause after giving his “father's heart” away—the hurry yet hesitation of his manner as he told them to “Call France. Who stirs? Call Burgundy”—were masterly strokes, heightening touches of light from a master's pencil. We saw at once how much consideration he needed—how much pity—of how little of himself he was indeed the master—how crushing and irrepressible was the strength of his sharp impatience. In the various passion of the great scene that follows, he filled the stage around him with true and appalling touches of nature. The uncertainty of “Are you our daughter?” was hideous and dreamlike—yet surpassed by the sublime familiarity of the “Does any one here know me?” where the questions that followed in wondering succession were not swayed between the effect of sarcasm and bitterness, but seemed hovering over the very brink of an opening gulph of madness! If Mr. Macready's performance had

closed with those questions, we should have been left with sufficient assurance of his power to climb with the sublime heights of Lear's passion. But it did not close here. Throughout the scene he did gradually ascend through all its changes of agony, of anger, of impatience, of turbulent assertion, of despair, and mighty grief—till on his knees, with arms upraised and head thrown back, the tremendous agonies of the Curse burst from him amid heaving and reluctant throes of suffering and anguish. It was sublimely given:—it was no explosion of rage—no impetuous anathema of hate—no rapid or convulsive pouring out of passion: every word seemed to have wrought its passage from a heart that was breaking in the effort, while the images of love by which the horrors of the curse are invoked seemed to come from his choking utterance as if laden with fond associations unextinguishable even then. That this was in the true spirit of Shakspeare is evident from the construction of the original play, where he returns immediately after the curse with his manhood shaken, shedding "hot tears." It may be necessary for the relief of the actor and the effect of the scene to transpose this—but we think it a pity nevertheless. At all events, we should say, Mr. Macready was wrong in shedding those tears on the arm of Albany—though his breaking from him to order his horses, to tell Goneril that she lied, and to recur to the "most small fault" of Cordelia, was all in the highest style of the art, in its extremes of grandeur and pathos.

The terrific scene of the second act, though full of masterly touches, was not sustained with such equal power: he staggered occasionally with "uneasy steps" under the vast weight of its suppressed emotion. Desolation did not seem to have closed him completely round, his agony was not full, there seemed room for yet greater afflictions, before the concluding speech burst forth in its dim grandeur of threatened vengeance. Yet we must mention one or two of its redeeming passages. These were of the highest kind: among them were his self-persuading utterance of the words "*Hysterica passio*"—his anxious and fearful tenderness to Regan—and the elevated grandeur of his appeal to the heavens. But, surpassing these, were his terribly-suppressed efforts, his pauses, his reluctant pangs of passion, in the speech, "I will not trouble thee, my child!"—and exceeding the whole, as we thought, in deep simplicity, as well as agony of pathos, was that noble conception of shame, as he *hid his face on the arm of Goneril*, and said—

"I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love."

The storm scenes disappointed us; we suppose they must always do so. The poverty of the scene itself must harass the efforts of the actor; he may feel as though he wanted a part of his "great argument"—as though he could himself out-talk the thunder. We know not whether it was out of some such feeling, but Mr. Macready's entrance in the scene where he bids the wind to crack its cheeks, the thunder to rumble its belly full, and the lightning to singe his white head, was well nigh as tame as the mimic machinery of these elements. It wanted tumultuous extravagance—a preternatural cast of wildness. Physical distress was altogether, throughout these scenes, as evident as intellectual grandeur. We cannot think that this should be so. If the distress of Lear in the storm were given adequately on the stage, even in one passage, as mere distress alone, we do not think the audience could bear it. We are sure

Shakspeare did not intend that. Our sense of Lear's physical sufferings merges into the sense of his passion and his sublime imagination. Of the condition of his outward man we think not—we reject it, even as himself rejects it. We wish, as Mr. Lamb has so finely said, in a paper of unparalleled beauty, to see the mind of Lear laid bare—to feel ourselves within it, sustained there by the grandeur that enables *him* to baffle the malice of daughters and of storms. We would have had Mr. Macready go through these scenes with a more rigid and intellectual grandeur, and with less of emotion. The senses of Lear could never have kept together up to his meeting with Edgar, had they been shaken by such throes of sensibility and suffering. "I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning" was over-weak in pathos;—"Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?" wanted force, rapidity, and eager excited fancy. While we make these objections, however, we should add, that in these scenes some passages were given with an expression and action almost perfect, as the fine remembrance of the "poor naked wretches"—and that in the last and grandest scene of his intellectual madness, Mr. Macready touched some of the noble strings with a master's hand. His action with the flowers as he entered, plucking them from his bosom and distributing them around, as if in the very act of coining and of pressing his soldiers, was exquisitely conceived and done. We have some doubt in our minds as to the propriety of his "every inch a king," and the subsequent assertions of his rank. Had Lear not discovered, in the midst of the upturned riches of his mind, a consciousness of grandeur before which all kingly conditions were as nothing? Would not all recurrences to his old state after that be humbling, not exalting? "When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!" Is not this terrible derision? When he recovers his senses, he never once adverts to his rank or kingdom. Cordelia is all his care. The fires of suffering have purged and cleansed his soul. When Cordelia and the physician tell him of his "own kingdom," and, unaware of the change, are careful to address him as "your highness," he turns aside and prays them not to abuse him.

The two last great scenes—the recognition of Cordelia, and the death—were inexpressibly affecting, and were received with the truest and most touching of all tributes—tears. We have left ourselves little space to advert to them; but we must mention the extreme beauty of his "Pray, do not mock me!"—the eager agony of pleasure and pain in "Be your tears wet?"—the heart-touching tenderness and balm of the "Forget and forgive." That single line to the Physician, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind," was a world of foregone misery and future hopelessness;—nothing could go beyond it. Its speaker had, indeed, nothing left but to die. We wondered not that he then asked for poison. All the sorrow that ensues is well, and as it should be—even to the hanging of Cordelia. Mr. Macready's representation of the father in the last scene, broken down to his last despairing struggle, his heart swelling gradually upwards till it bursts in that last sigh, completed the most perfect picture that the actors of our present time have dared to render us of the tragedy of "King Lear." We beg to thank Mr. Macready for it most cordially—to admire, most sincerely, the modesty of the few words he addressed to the audience at the close—and to exhort him, should he act this great character next season, as we trust he will, under more favouring auspices, to restore the Fool.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Diversions Diverse—Rail-Road Prospects—Heroes at Lisbon—The two London Colleges—The Case of Mr. Gee—The New Sabbath Bill—Alterative Arrangements—An Equivocal Martyr—Oxford Installation, &c.

DIVERSIONS DIVERSE.—THE past month has been full of gaieties; yet, we should say rather courtly gaieties than general gaiety. Their Majesties have been much in town; and levees, drawing-rooms, dinners, and balls have made the walls of St. James's ring with glee and festivity, while the mornings have been devoted to reviews and inspections. The playhouses have been honoured by the presence of their Majesties; and the Queen has honoured the Opera, the Ancient Music, and the Anniversary Concert of the "Sons of the Clergy," with her presence.

Of private parties few yet have made any great sensation. Beauties have been presented at Court, who are destined to run their bright career at Almack's, before some of the beauties who have been on hand for two or three seasons—at least—have got off. The return of Lord Hertford and the Duke of Devonshire to England will give an impetus to the gay world, and we presume the next month, notwithstanding the dingy supply of pre-arrangements in the "Morning Post," will come out brilliantly.

The Dowager Lady Salisbury has begun her course of assemblies; and Lady Mansfield, taking other nights, has made a similar beginning. There are all sorts of foreign plays and operas, to which all the world go, who, keeping pace with the march of intellect, pretend to despise the English drama and native talent, because they choose to pretend to understand German, Italian, and French. The Opera overflows—all Cheapside and the Poultry are cooped up in the pit, and even the wives of the *canaille* have boxes in order to show their breeding.

Of all things in the world keep us from affectation, but of all things in the world just now nothing is so difficult to be kept from; the boobies and asses whom one sees perched about the Opera House, affecting taste, and even a knowledge of what they hear, are only equalled, as an exhibition, by the more rational monkeys of the Zoological Gardens; which little nasty animals, if it were not for the filth and indelicacy of the exhibition, would afford nearly as much amusement on the Sundays as the affected apes of gentility do on the Saturdays.

We must say that the promenade of *naturalists* in the Regent's Park on Sunday strikes us to be as great a violation of decorum as we are quite sure it is of decency. The people who crowd these Gardens on a Sunday have six other days in the week to go there—nobody less than ourselves would countenance any legislative measure which should puritanically curtail or hinder the enjoyments of the working classes, who are doomed to labour six days in the week and have only the seventh for relaxation; but as all those exclusives who go to see the elephant wash, and the monkeys play with one another on the Sabbath, have no occupation to hinder them from visiting those scenes of enlightenment on Monday as well as Tuesday, or Thursday as well as Saturday, we think the mere gratification of *keeping out* that class of persons who could

alone enjoy such beautiful exhibitions, and who are not permitted to enter on the Sundays, ought not to induce the "ladies and gentlemen" to make so pointed a display

We have heard that Mr. Rogers, or Mr. Hook, or Mr. Somebody, justifies this desecration because the wild beasts are *preying* animals; but this is all unseemly mockery. If the Gardens are to be opened on the Sabbath, it should be for that description of persons who are unable to see the curiosities on any other day, for why should not Miss Snaggs, or Miss Baggs, or Miss Bodkin, have the advantage of watching elephants bathe and monkeys flirt as well as the Duchess of Doublechin or Lady Jemima Juicy? We are as aristocratic in our feelings as our neighbours, and as anxious that the aristocracy should be upheld, but we do say, that when all these grandees can go to see *rights* any day in the week, and their inferiors can only go to see *them* on one, it is, to say the least of it, bad taste to make an ostentatious parade of needless Sabbath-breaking, which not only renders them conspicuously careless of sacred obligations, but excludes others from enjoyments of which, at no other periods, they are unable to partake

RAIL-ROAD PROSPECTS.—The world, at least the English world, appears to be rail-road mad. We have already forewarned the eager speculators in trams and trains that they may be extremely likely to burn their fingers, and the more we hear of the circumstances connected with these undertakings, the more strongly we become confirmed in our opinions respecting them

We believe— but we are not certain even of *that*, up to the present time that the Manchester and Liverpool rail-road "*pays*" If it do, it is because the novelty has attracted an unusual number of passengers, and because the principal part of the traffic upon it at any time is that of carriages conveying men, women, and children. It is notorious that the wear and tear of rail-roads worked by heavy vehicles is enormously expensive; and we are quite certain that even the Bristol rail-road—pigs being the principal commodity to be forwarded to London—must be a failure. Of what earthly advantage can the Southampton rail-road be? What goods have we to receive from Southampton?—hops from Farnham, or again pigs from Hampshire; but what is the influx or efflux of people into or out of the place itself?—the towns it is to pass near are few—none manufacturing towns—none places of popular resort

But this is not all. Let the speculations be as advantageous as the projectors wish them to be, is not some regard to be paid to the welfare and convenience of the metropolis and its suburbs? If these schemes, which have—at least, some of them—secured the sanction of Parliament, are realised, what turmoil and confusion, what mischief and misery, will ensue to London and its neighbourhood! These rail-roads are to run across the country at a height of eighteen or twenty feet above the level of the lower grounds. The Bristol viaduct is to come into London by the Brompton road, and end at an alehouse called the Hoop and Toy. In stretching away from this point, it will cut up and destroy all the agreeable residences and pretty gardens and grounds of the peaceable inhabitants of that thickly-peopled neighbourhood, and instead of a lawn or shrubbery, brought to perfection by the care of years, at the back of his villa, the owner or tenant will have a huge wall, nearly as

high as his house, brought, perhaps, close to his back drawing-room windows, his rest and quiet being, throughout the night and day, broken and disturbed by the roaring of steam-engines, the rattling of wheels, and, in the Bristol case, the squeaking of pigs.

This is not all, no, nor half of the mischiefs which must ensue. Not only are those individuals, whose gardens and grounds are thus mercilessly to be cut up, to be outraged, but the public generally, and persons individually removed from the actual nuisance, are to be more seriously injured. This Bristol rail-road, after striking across through the fields and gardens between Fulham and Hammersmith, is to cut into Brompton, and there stop. At this point of stoppage all the passengers—aye, pigs and all—from Bristol are to be shovelled off the high shelf, and left to get into town how they can. To this point, then, all the cabs, omnibuses, flies, vans, and caravans disposable for the purpose will repair, in order to receive the new arrivals; and from the “ending post” to Hyde Park Corner, the crowd and confusion will be such as to render a residence in any part of Knightsbridge, or those agreeable rows and terraces between it and town, utterly impossible. So much for the Bristol road. The Southampton will do for another inlet into the metropolis exactly the same; while the neighbourhood of the Regent’s Park and the Hampstead Road will fall a victim to the equally diabolical effects of the viaduct from Birmingham. As for the Greenwich affair, that ends on the other side of the water; and considering that to all civilized persons in the capital, the difficulty of getting to the Bricklayers’ Arms, where it is to begin, is just as great as getting to Greenwich altogether, it does not much signify,—the others do.

We are perfectly aware that private convenience ought to yield to the public good, and that, to use the words of him whose words better express all things than those of any other man, we must, to

“Do a great right, do a little wrong;”

but, in the cases to which we are now alluding, the great sacrifice of individual convenience renders it, not a private, but a public question. If not only ten or twenty thousand individuals are injured and distressed by the erection of these abominable nuisances, but the safety of the whole population is endangered by the crowding from their “ends” to the different parts of town, it ceases to be either a private evil or a little wrong. We should not speak so strongly on a subject which we consider to be of the highest importance to the people of London, if we were not prepared to suggest a qualification of the evil which we think might most reasonably be adopted. Instead of having three or four of these rail-roads—if rail-roads there must be—all entering London at different points, let all the rail-roads unite at a given distance from town—the Western, the Southampton, the Bristol, the Birmingham—all might be brought together, by a very little trouble, at three or four miles from the metropolis. Then let the one rail-road entrance to town serve for all the roads, and bring that to a point at which, from local circumstances, no mischief could be done in any degree comparable with that which must inevitably be derived from the cutting up and destroying valuable property and thickly-studded houses in those of the suburbs to which we have just alluded.

Supposing that the roads, having met at some distance from town, could,

when combined, or rather reduced to one, pass somewhere at the back of the Regent's Park, and so enter town by Maiden Lane and the Copenhagen Fields, to the end of Gray's Inn Lane. At this point, merchandize of all sorts would find its way easily into the city. There are no houses, or certainly very few, in the line of way, and the diverging roads at King's Cross would carry off the various carriages necessary for the transport of passengers in almost every direction essential to their convenience.

It really is worth consideration. The experiment has never yet been tried of having *several* such rail-roads as approaches to a great city, and although the projectors may be armed with Parliamentary authority to carry their most promising schemes into execution, they ought, most assuredly, to pause before they do an injury which, grievous as it seems it is likely to be, will, when done, be irretrievable.

THE KEMBLEs—It was said some time ago that Charles Kemble had actually arrived in this country with Mrs Butler, his daughter—there is not one word of truth in this report—they are still in America, and, from what we hear, continue their attraction so powerfully, that their anticipated profits are not rated at less than 8000*l* per annum, for three years to come, if they choose to stay in the United—or, as it appears, the politically Dis-united—States so long. We admit that so protracted a residence in such a country must be not over-agreeable. Yet, when a pill is so admirably gilt, it may be prudent, and perhaps not quite so disagreeable, to swallow it. It should appear, if these accounts be true, that Mr Butler is very much of our opinion, for he consents to follow the example of certain lords and gentlemen who have preceded him, and allows his wife to continue her professional exertions. We are very glad he does, for perhaps he may, under all circumstances, not object to let us have one peep at her when she returns to England. Three years is a long period to look forward to, yet time flies, and when she returns she perhaps may act upon a sort of Tontine principle—for the benefit of the survivors. We sincerely hope she is as comfortable as she deserves to be, and that her happiness as a wife may be proportionate to her excellence as a daughter.

HIROFS AT LISBON.—There has been, what may be called, a “blow-up” (*sine pulvere*) at Lisbon, between two very considerable persons, Sir John Milley Doyle, K C B, &c &c. &c, and General Bacon, K T S. Nothing can more clearly exhibit the sort of discipline and arrangement and feeling which exist in the army of Don Pedro than the *expose* which has taken place.

We cannot give all the correspondence, but an outline of the affair will suffice.

Some reports of an unpleasant nature having been circulated as to the mode in which General Bacon, K T S, (son-in-law of the late Lady Oxford,) had disposed of some booty taken by the troops under his command at Vallonga, Sir John Milley Doyle undertook, as a friend of General Bacon, to write to him to tell him of those reports, he, Milley, being a confidential aid-de-camp of Don Pedro, and a person supposed to stand very well with the ex-Emperor.

Bacon answered this communication by denying the truth of the

statement; but this letter somehow did not get to Sir Milley in time to be answered before Bacon sent him a message by Captain Wakefield.

Milley, however, refused to meet Bacon till he had cleared his character from the charges which the said Milley had previously told him he did not believe; upon which Bacon, K.T.S., wrote the following brief but pithy epistle;—

“ Alcantara, April 28, 1834.

“ You are a dirty, cowardly, backbiting, infamous scoundrel; and if you dare retrieve your lost character, you will make your appointment with Capt. Wakefield to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; if not, I shall not write to you, to consider yourself horsewhipped, but I will apply the end to the most vulnerable part of your disgraceful and dishonourable person.

(Signed)

“ A. BACON.

“ To Sir John M. Doyle, K.C.B.

Sir Milley, however, was not to be moved by such sweet words, and continued to decline any meeting, and the correspondence finished with this letter of Sir Milley's:—

“ 8, Rua das Necessidades, April 29, 1834.

“ Sir—Since Captain W. left my house this morning, I have had a consultation with my friends, who are decidedly of opinion that I cannot meet or hold any communication with you until you convince the public that the charges brought against you are without foundation. I was not, or am not, your accuser; but, whenever your court-martial is held, I, if called forward, will produce the persons, who will give the documentary evidence which they placed in my hands; and, after what has passed, if you wish it, I will become the prosecutor myself.

(Signed)

“ J. M. DOYLE.”

The next day Sir Milley was dismissed from Pedro's service, and informed that, if he meddled with Bacon, or any of his affairs, he would be treated in the true liberating style, and be clapped up in Belem (quærc Bedlam?). Upon which Bacon wrote to desire the most rigid investigation into his conduct; and Milley, we suppose, may go and whistle for his reappointment.

THE TWO LONDON COLLEGES.—A very learned and interesting discussion has been going on since the publication of our last Number, in the Privy Council, on the subject of giving a charter to the London University which should empower it to grant degrees as Oxford and Cambridge do at present.

Sir Charles Wetherell spoke at great length, and with great ability, against the measure; and Messrs. Pollock, Follett, and Dr. Lushington were heard on the same side, as representing different interests likely to be affected by the indulgence.

It seems to be the general opinion that the arguments of these learned gentlemen have had their effect—that they caused considerable excitement in the minds of some of the Lords during their delivery there can be no doubt; and it must be admitted that great inconvenience arose from the circumstance that a great proportion of the Judges who were to decide the question so deeply affecting the interests of the Joint-Stock University Company in Gower-street, are shareholders in the concern to a very considerable amount.

We are extremely glad to perceive that the affairs of King's College are in a flourishing state. The testimonials afforded to the conduct of

the students by the professors are in the highest degree complimentary to those gentlemen, and must be, in a similar proportion, gratifying to the friends of the institution. The Principal stated at the public meeting held on the 20th, "that such was the excellence of the discipline of the College, that, since his appointment, he had never once had occasion to exercise his authority in support of it." His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury distributed the prizes and certificates of honour, and, on quitting the chair, made a most eloquent and affecting speech to the assembled company.

THE CASE OF MR. GEE.—One of those occurrences in real life which transcend the fictions of romance has been the subject of general conversation during the last fortnight. A Mr. Gee, an attorney of Bishop's Stortford, received a letter from an individual unknown to him, requesting him to undertake some law business for him, and to meet him on a particular day at one of the inns in Aldgate.

Mr. Gee, alive to the advantages of securing a new client, lost no time in repairing to London, having taken that opportunity of bringing up with him a sum of money to pay into his bankers in London. Having reached the appointed inn, he was accosted by a young man of gentlemanly appearance, who stated himself to be commissioned by the gentleman who had written to Mr. Gee, to tell him that he was prevented from keeping his appointment by indisposition; that he was most anxious to see Mr. Gee; and that he, the young man, had a coach waiting at the door to convey him to his residence, which was scarcely a mile from the place where they then were.

Mr. Gee, still animated by an instinctive affection for six-and-eight-pence, agreed to accompany his young friend, and stepped into the hackney-coach, which having been speedily "littered up," the agreeable companions were conveyed to the residence of the anxious client. As soon as they reached the house, Mr. Gee was ushered into a parlour, and thence into a back kitchen, in which, it seemed, the invalid was taking his breakfast. In passing to this apartment, however, Mr. Gee was seized by three men,—one, his amiable young friend and associate,—and thrust into a "den,"—so it is called in the various reports of the case,—where they first secured him by chaining him round the waist to the wall, and then proceeded to build him up.

Of course these persons had an object in this proceeding; the nature of which they very soon imparted to the captive attorney. It seems that Mr. Gee was concerned professionally for a widow lady of the name of Canning, and was in possession of sundry papers, deeds, &c. &c., which constituted her property, and of a sum of eight hundred pounds in money. Of all these valuable and important particulars the worthy gentlemen who had secured Mr. Gee resolved to possess themselves; and their reasons for so doing became much more evident in the sequel than they appeared in the outset of the transaction.

Mr. Gee, being made to understand their purpose and desire, and finding himself gradually quitting the world, agreed, under the impulse of excessive horror at the prospect before him, to draw a check for the 800*l.* and give a written authority for the delivery of the documents in question to the bearer. Having secured these important credentials, they still more firmly secured their prisoner, and left him under the con-

viction that he could by no means extricate himself till their return after they had obtained the papers and the money.

The attorney, however, contrived, by various ingenuities, to wriggle himself out of the chain, to creep out of a little hole in the back of the house, scramble over a wall, and regain the street, whence he hurried to the banker's in time to stop the checque, and then to the police-office to state his extraordinary case. His escape appears to have been miraculous; and its importance may easily be imagined when the fact is known that, at a subsequent examination of the fellows who committed the outrage, a cotton bag thickly wadded, and made with strings to tie over the mouth and under the chin of any victim upon whom it might be fitted, was found on the premises ~~by~~ contrivance which, when exhibited before the magistrates, caused ~~horror~~ of horror in all the spectators.

The object of this most extraordinary outrage, however, was developed at a second examination of the prisoners. It turned out that Edwards—the contriver and principal actor in this plot—who, to add to the peculiarity of the case, *is stone blind*—is married to the lady still calling herself Canning, who, by the will of her former husband, forfeited all the property in dispute the moment she ceased to be his widow. Edwards, having worked himself up into the belief that, as her husband, he had a right to the possession of everything that was hers, resolved upon getting this property into his hands, and for this purpose took the extraordinary steps we have been describing.

When Mrs. Canning was called upon to give evidence in the case, and Edwards was brought up, she denied any intimate knowledge of him, and protested that she was not his wife, as did her sister; however, upon being pressed hard by the clergyman who had actually united her to the respectable individual at the bar, she confessed her marriage, as a sentimental girl avows her affection for a lover—by fainting. Mr. Edwards, on his part, contented himself by assuring the magistrates that *he had never seen the lady* in the whole course of his life,—which, as that respectable gentleman is, as we have already said, *stone blind*, he was quite safe in asserting.

The result of these examinations has been the commitment of the whole party to Newgate; and when we next meet our readers, we shall conclude this “strange eventful history” with an account of their trial, and its results.

THE NEW SABBATH BILL.—Lord Wynford has brought in a Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath—so has Mr. Fleetwood in the Commons. Lord Wynford's has gone to a second reading, but has met with a singular check, in a protest entered against it by the Lord Chancellor—a protest which applies forcibly to Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill—but which seems more than necessarily severe upon Lord Wynford's. We confess we should scarcely have expected such a Bill to have originated with the Noble and Learned Baron; for although an excellent and exemplary man both in public and private life, neither his manners, nor habits, would lead one to think his Lordship a person likely to take up such a question. Lord Brougham's protest is unusually long, and, we may say, unusually strong; but it has been so elaborately criticised already, that we do not feel justified in taking up more of our reader's time than is necessary to call his attention to it.

ALTERNATIVE ARRANGEMENTS.—There have been several very important changes at Court since our last, the purchase of the place of Yeomen of the Guard is abolished, and the appointment of the men entrusted to the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, thus, withholding out a reward for long and faithful service, is an excellent alteration. It has also been announced in the “London Gazette, that Lord Lichfield and Lord Albemarle are to appear for the future at drawing-rooms in boots and pantaloons, and, moreover, that persons wearing the household uniform are always to wear knee-buckles and shoe-buckles. The sensation produced throughout the country by these judicious decrees has been very considerable.

His Majesty has also been pleased to announce that he will attend Divine service to-morrow, the 1st of June, (the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory) at Greenwich Hospital chapel, and in future upon every occasion when the anniversary of a victory happens to fall upon a Sunday.

AN EQUIVOCAL MARTYR.—Many things occur in the world for which it seems at first difficult to account, but it may be securely relied on that there are reasons for everything. Amongst the curious events which thus occasionally happen, we find it recorded in the newspapers that a M. Boutard, who had been indicted for stealing diamonds to the value of 1000*l.*, handed up a letter to Mr Sergeant Arabin, written in French, of which the following is a literal translation.

“ My Lord, I do not come here to move your sensibility—I do not come here to request your clemency, for I do not deserve it, but I come here to confess that I am guilty, which is all I can do in order to extenuate my offence. In one evil day I have lost my fortune, and, *what is more dear, my honour.* Hence I have no desire to live, and, therefore, sincerely request that the Court will pronounce upon me judgment to die according to the laws of this country.

“ J C BOUTARD

Mr Sergeant Arabin, after reading the letter, expressed his sincere regret that the “laws of this country” did not permit him to comply with M. Boutard's extraordinary request. Mr Sergeant Arabin may be quite sure, that, unless M. Boutard had most satisfactorily ascertained that fact, he never would have made the “chivalrous” appeal. Nothing a Frenchman likes so much as a flourish, and the present is a splendid instance of the *charlatanerie* so pre-eminently remarkable in the national character.

OXFORD INSTALLATION.—In noticing the preparations which are in progress, on a magnificent scale, for the installation of the Duke of Wellington at Oxford, we ought, in justice to the inhabitants of the city, to say, that although lodgings are scarce, and growing scarce every hour, there are rooms yet to be obtained, and that although dear, the accommodations are not so dear as has been represented.

Some objections have been made to the price demanded for rooms during the week; but we say in that case, as we say of Paganini's having asked a thousand guineas to perform at the concerts to be given on the occasion—every man has a right to ask what he chooses for an article when what may be called “fancy prices” are going

The old story of George the Second, at the village where he breakfasted, after having been forced ashore by stress of weather on the Dutch coast, is too well known perhaps to be repeated—but it is in point. When the bill was brought to the persons about his Majesty, it was perceived that one of the items (namely, “eggs”) was charged 42 guilders, or rather more than 23 pounds sterling. The sum was so large, that the circumstance was mentioned to the King himself, who made a personal inquiry of the landlord upon the cause of such a demand. The man was a good deal confused, but his Majesty continued his inquiries, and at last said, “Well, then, tell me the truth—are eggs so wonderfully scarce in this neighbourhood?” “No, Sirc,” said the man, “but Kings are.”

Dukes of Wellington are very scarce at Oxford, and installations do not happen every day; but we are quite sure that people, without personally trying the experiment, ought not to be frightened away at the sound of high prices.

Our space is drawing to a close, and we must take leave of our readers for another month. The coming four weeks are full of the buds of gaiety, ready to burst forth; and now that the country is looking fresh and gay in all its loveliness, the London winter has fairly set in. Balls are getting plenty—the Opera is crammed—marriages are few; yet there is a glut of beauty in the market—to speak commercially. What with the Installation, of which we have just spoken—the Royal banquets—the Musical Festival, which will bring additional crowds to town—and all the *réunions* of rank and beauty at Almack’s and the “great houses”—the calendar of fashion promises a rich harvest of all that ladies wish to have who love the town. These great objects, dotted at intervals with the more innocent amusements of Harley-street, Gloucester-place, and Wimpole-street, will find occupation and amusement combined for those who, like the belles of sixty years since, live in “mobs.” Should any new fashion be started during June, we will adopt the style of the “Milliner’s Magazine,” and give our readers the full benefit of it.

Just at the close of our pleasing labours, we find the Ministry broken up. Lord Ripon, Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Richmond, have resigned. They may now, perhaps, think of the parting advice given them by their friend Macaulay—not to meddle with the Church or the Universities. It is now, however, too late; the die is cast, and the knot is broken. We have heard that Lord Grey is anxious to surrender the helm, more especially as the Lord Chancellor positively objects to the admission of Lord Durham into the Cabinet. We regret that under the circumstances time forces us to leave them all in this state of separation. A few days will show whether it will be easier to mend the present Cabinet, or make a new one altogether.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns By Allan Cunningham

OUR readers are familiar with the name of the Spaniard who invoked a thousand blessings on the head of him who invented sleep—he is worthy of an equally extensive benediction to whose mind the idea first suggested itself of republishing, in monthly volumes, and at third or fourth of the original price, the works of eminent authors. We do not know to whom the merit of the idea belongs, but we believe the late lamented Mr. Constable, a name which must be ever dear to the lovers of literature, was the first bibliopole who carried it into effect. His "Miscellany" set the example, and that example was soon followed by a host of other publishers. We have not space to enumerate the names of the various interesting and popular works which have made their re-appearance of late years in this cheap and convenient form, but among these, the "Waverley Novels," and the "Life and Works of Byron," stand too pre-eminently forward not to occur to the mind of any reader. The works of other two of the most popular authors of modern times are, at the moment we write, in the course of re-publication in the same style and form as the distinguished productions just mentioned. It is unnecessary to say that we refer to the new edition of the works of Crabbe, publishing by Mr. Murray, and that of the works of Burns, publishing by Messrs. Cochrane and McCrone. It is to the latter publication alone that our present observations are intended to apply.

The previous editions of the works of Burns were as varied as they were numerous. They have appeared in every possible shape and size, from the diamond edition up to the octavo, and have issued from every respectable printing-press in Scotland, still there was no edition of the works of the Ayrshire bard, whose "getting up," as the technical phrase is, was at all worthy of those works, and in none of them was there ever an attempt made to realize to the eye, by means of the graphic art, any of those numerous interesting scenes and incidents which, by his unrivalled powers of description, he so vividly brought before the mind. It was reserved for the publishers of the present edition to attempt this, and they have succeeded in the attempt in a manner which must please the most ardent admirer of the genius of Burns.

But Burns was not only in grievous want of publishers more worthy of his talents and his works, he stood in equal need of a new editor. Dr. Currie, and others who have edited his works, were warm admirers of his genius, but they belonged to another and higher class of society—higher, we mean, in respect to early education and the sphere of life in which they moved; they were, consequently but indifferently qualified, or, rather, were not qualified at all, to enter into the peculiar habits and feelings in which many of his happiest productions had their origin. What Burns wanted was an editor whose genius—though we might not expect it to equal his own—in degree should be of the same kind, and that to such genius there should be super-added the adventitious circumstance of an equally humble birth and education. Burns, in other words, wanted a fellow-peasant to edit his works, and such an editor he has found in Allan Cunningham.

We are far from saying that there are not greater geniuses and more clever men than Allan Cunningham in the country, but this we unhesitatingly say, that there is not at this moment a man in existence in all respects so well qualified to edit the works of Burns as honest Allan. Not only does he glory in the name of peasant, as did the bard of Scotland, but he had the advantage of knowing Burns personally. His literary pursuits have, in a great measure, been similar, but, most of all, his admiration of the Ayrshire poet was so great, and there existed so close and tender a sympathy of feeling and habit between the two, that, to our certain knowledge,

Allan could recite from memory almost every poem or song which Burns ever wrote, long before he ever dreamt of editing his works. And not only was Cunningham's acquaintance with the works of Burns thus so intimate as regarded *published* works, it was equally minute as respected the particular circumstances under which they were written. The notes appended to the several pieces afford ample confirmation of this. In fact, Allan shows as intimate an acquaintance with the poems and songs of his illustrious countryman as if they had been written by himself. The notes are at once interesting and ample; indeed, they are so complete, as to leave nothing for any future editor to do. In one word, Allan has so admirably acquitted himself in his editorial capacity, that no person is likely in future to undertake the task—to say nothing of the execution—of giving “a new and *improved* edition” of Burns.

A word or two now as to the Life of the poet, which, as our readers know, occupies the first volume. A large proportion of the matter is new—a fact which affords a further illustration of what we have just been saying respecting the wonderfully minute acquaintance which the biographer has with everything that relates to Burns. The volume is pleasantly written; but we should have liked it all the better had it been more visibly pervaded by that warm enthusiasm which we know, and have already said, Mr. Cunningham feels, not only towards Burns himself, but to everything that appertains to his works. The biography is, indeed, coldly written; but this arises from the biographer's excessive admiration of the poet: for it is evident, in almost every page, that, aware of this excess of admiration, Allan had a constant struggle with himself to prevent any undue expression of it.

Occasionally, too, there are inaccuracies in the language, chiefly arising from the author's partiality to a metaphorical style of writing. But these are trifling blemishes in a work which is otherwise one of so much excellence.

Mr. Cunningham does not, like Mr. Lockhart, enter into any formal or elaborate defence of the moral character of Burns; but he does what is far better—he places every circumstance which at all bears on the feelings, and opinions, and habits of the poet before the reader, and thus enables him to form his own conclusions on the subject.

Burns, like most other men, had both his faults and excellencies. The difference between him and the great bulk of mankind was, that, like almost all men of genius, both his failings and his virtues were greater in degree, and stood out with corresponding prominence. If he was more addicted to the bottle, and indulged to a greater extent in every other species of dissipation, than most other men, these vices were in some measure counterbalanced by the extreme benevolence of his disposition, his extraordinary independence and integrity of mind, and that unqualified abhorrence which he entertained for the practice of lying in all its branches.

The sneers and scoffings in which he indulged at things sacred, in his “Holy Willie's Prayer” and others of his productions, will be the source of lasting regret to all his well-principled friends and admirers. For his conduct in this respect we offer no excuse, nor attempt any palliation; all we shall say is, that it is some consolation to think that, in juxtaposition, or at least in the same volume, with the objectionable pieces to which we allude, are to be found the “Cottar's Saturday Night,” and other poems, in which are breathed a spirit of the purest and most fervent devotion.

Burns's moral character is not, in our opinion, very difficult of comprehension. At bottom we believe him to have been good; and, in accordance with this notion, it will be found that, when left for some time to solitude and his own thoughts, his mind generally gave way to serious, if not devotional, contemplation, the fruit of which were the pieces to which we last alluded; and his most objectionable productions will generally be found to have had their origin in that levity of feeling superinduced on his mind by the conversation and counsels of the unprincipled men with whom it was his misfortune—his fault, too, we will add—to often to associate, rather than

from any settled dislike to matters of revealed truth. Had it been Burns's fortune, as it would assuredly have been his happiness, to have mixed more largely with men of serious minds, he would have been quite a different person from what he was, and he would never have penned those impious pieces which so greatly abridge the pleasure with which his works are read.

Of the poetical character of Burns we have not space to say much. We have heard it said that he did not possess imagination. The notion is too ridiculous to merit serious refutation. Those who entertain it must either not know what imagination is, or they cannot have read his "Tam O' Shanter," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," and others of his poems which could be mentioned. It is true that Burns does but comparatively seldom give loose reins to his imagination, but that is no reason why it should be inferred that he did not possess it. What he delights in is, to describe the scenes and circumstances which daily occurred in his own lowly sphere of life, and those emotions which actuated his own bosom, which were but a transcript of those that heave the bosoms of mankind generally. And this is the great secret to his amazing popularity—a popularity which has not only made his name a household word in every cottage throughout the width and breadth of Scotland, but which has made it familiar to the ears of millions in other countries.

We have only to repeat that the present edition of the works of Burns is got up with much taste. The pictorial illustrations are happy, both as regards the choice of subjects and the manner in which they are executed. The thanks of the public are due alike to the editor and publishers.

Excursions in the North of Europe in 1830 and 1833.

This is a work of exceeding interest. In the short space of two months, Mr Barrow, jun, accompanied by a friend, made a northern tour, which included a visit to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, with many other places passed through in the route, and at some of which a sojourn was made sufficiently long to acquaint the travellers with all particulars deserving of comment. So diligent was their progress, that, as Mr Barrow himself informs us, in a period of sixty-eight days they passed over a space, by sea and by land, of more than 1000 miles. To the tourists who make their excursions for the pleasure of sunning their interesting persons on the banks of a lake, or being waited on its bosom while they indulge a dreamy, voluptuous sort of indolence, this may appear almost incredible: but the author of the present book is like a "warrior for the working day;" and a terrible jolting for three days and nights in succession, in a bone-breaking "drosky, where rest is impossible, and refreshment of any kind difficult, and what is procurable mostly revolting, were impediments that never prevented him from obtaining his point of travel, or lessened his activity in procuring information. This information, like a wary traveller, he always noted down, never trusting, like the unlucky hero of Miss Edgeworth's tale of "To-Morrow," to a retentive memory. By adopting this plan, assisted, as he evidently has been, by a quick power in distinguishing between the important and the frivolous, he has been enabled to present to the public a book full of useful facts and pleasing remarks. Less exaggerated than the clever work of Dr. Clarke, and infinitely more available as a source of information than that of Capt Cochrane, it combines a spirited style of relation, employed on subjects worthy to be related, with a diligence that allows nothing of importance to escape. The reader is not detained in the middle of a description of a public building with the good or bad tendency of such and such institutions; but he is straightforward informed of the purpose for which it was erected, and of all peculiarities that render it worthy of remark. We are not stopped in the midst of an account describing a shube clad self with

political sympathies upon the horrors of the said serf's condition ; but we are plainly made acquainted with the fact that he is dirty, greasy, and happy. In a slight mention of the person of the Emperor Nicholas, which conveys all the necessary facts with regard to him, our time is not wasted upon an impertinent digression about the wrongs of Poland, and the damnable deeds of the savage autocrat. Meteorological dissertations, political essays, and discussions upon manners and morals, are alike discarded. Facts, many, we believe most, of them new, are the recommendations of the book, and these are told in a plain, unvarnished manner. It is, in short, just such a book as a sensible traveller ought to write, and a sensible man going to travel ought to read.

The second portion of the volume is occupied by an account of a journey performed with equal celerity, and more arduous, (in consequence of its being through even a wilder country than Russia,) in 1833. Mr. Barrow, and the same gentleman who accompanied him in his Russian excursion in 1830, started on a daring and hazardous journey into the less inhabited parts of Norway. The difficulties to be anticipated as they advanced, and the hardships experienced at the commencement, would have deterred any but determined enthusiasts. Through a country, vast tracts of which, it is asserted, had never been known to be trodden by an European, natives excepted, and over roads flanked by precipices on one side, and insurmountable heights on the other, each road impassable to any but those who could see no danger where inclination led them, did these spirited men proceed, in the uncouth vehicles of the country, at a rate of fifty miles a day, but through scenes, believing their description, more savagely grand or beautiful it has rarely, if ever, been the lot of former travellers to pass. The wonders of the Norwegian mountains and *fjords* (the inland lakes of the country) are described in colours that would kindle the curiosity of the most apathetic of "home-bred youths." Dangers, wonders, and beauties appear to have been familiar to our travellers as lamp-posts to a Cockney. Of late years we have read no book of travels that has more strongly excited our curiosity, or afforded us more complete gratification after its perusal. It is full of information.

Two maps, with illustrative sketches of scenes and costumes, accompany this interesting and valuable volume.

The Wonders of Chaos and the Creation Exemplified.

Any poet undertaking a subject such as is expressed in the line above, must have been aware that he laboured under difficulties it was perhaps impossible to surmount. Milton is in constant association in the minds of those who barely hear the words *chaos* and *creation*. After his descriptions none can expect to succeed, or, if they succeed, they can scarcely expect the world to think it success ; so strong are all prepossessions, or prejudices, or by whatsoever other name they are called, enlisted on the side of Milton's method of treating these subjects, even to the peculiar phraseology he has adopted. "But," says the author of this poem, "I am peculiarly anxious to give my reasons for having selected so lofty a theme, especially as there are many elaborate works at the present day extant upon it ; but frequently being astonished at the difference which exists in the opinions of the most learned, as to the primary cause of chaos, and of what it consisted (some even going so far as to deny that it ever had being), the idea struck me that the most likely origin of this crude and impure mass was the fall of Lucifer." To illustrate this position, therefore, the present poem was commenced ; and as we have now but two cantos before us, out of the eight that are to appear, we can only express an imperfect opinion. With regard, however, to the poetic merit of these two first cantos, we are at once prepared to say that they possess decided merit ; and, in spite of the objection we first mentioned, and which will always be formidable to the author, in conse-

quence of compelling an unfair comparison, we are compelled to admit that the poem contains many passages of positive originality. The ingenuity in the application, and the scriptural learning displayed in the selection of the notes, are beyond all praise. We shall look with anxiety for the succeeding cantos.

Egypt and Mohammed Ali, or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile
By James Augustus St John

Egypt, the cradle of the arts and sciences, the source of civilization, the parent fountain of the streams of mythology and traditionry lore, the enduring scene of all that is most gigantic in the early works of human hands is the country of all others to which the steps of the philosophic traveller might be supposed to tend with the utmost energy of impulse. The great revolution recently effected there by the rude but masterly genius of one man, and the singular spectacle of a people hitherto marked by none but oriental traits of character, but now entering into the strangest contrast of association with European habits and arrangements, cannot but furnish, likewise, various new and powerful incentives to the enquiring mind of the tourist. The period for observation has been, on this latter account, very happily selected by Mr St John. No work of authority on this interesting region has appeared for some years, although there have not been wanting travellers to roam over its soil, to gaze at its olden monuments and its living inhabitants. Mr. St John has, like others who have transported themselves from afar to the same scenes, found a lodging in the tombs of Thebes, and groped his way amid the "palpable obscure" of the pyramids, but he has, with a wiser and more profiting spirit, made the industry of external observation subservient to the purposes of that reflection which enables us to trace effects to their causes, and to enlighten others by the results of our own experience. We have not opportunity here to follow him through his able researches, moral, political, historical, statistical, or antiquarian. We can therefore only remark that, as regards the past, he has offered some hints that go far towards satisfaction on previously doubtful points, and that, in reference to the present, he has given us a highly interesting and minutely drawn picture of the country and its people—a work of value considerably beyond that of the slight sketches ordinarily furnished by the rapid hand of our modern observers.

That the Author has looked at Nature with the eye of a poet, is evinced in various passages descriptive of the scenery of the Nile, so charmingly set forth as to make us regret that we have not room for extracts.

Speculation. 3 vols

We expected much from Miss Pardoe. The good taste, keen observation, and natural liveliness displayed in her "Tales and Traditions of Portugal" induced many hopes, and, among others, the hope that she would select some story where her knowledge of continental habits and feelings could be brought into action, and thereby produce a *new*, as well as an interesting, fiction. The last hope has been disappointed. With the *selection* of the story we have much fault to find, while we bestow unqualified praise upon the execution, spirit, industry, and, above all, the just, and frequently noble, thoughts that breathe and live, hallowing and purifying whatever they approach.

The often-told tale of ladies and gentlemen's matrimonial speculations has formed the subject of some hundred volumes, which, to the great satisfaction of moths and dust, occupy their undisturbed situations on the bookshelves, where, in despair, they have been "neatly arrayed." Miss Pardoe has punished her speculators as they deserve, but the redeeming

part of the *story* (for we have not yet spoken of the execution of her work) is the introduction of two worthy, delightful persons, who act, speak, think as they ought; and who consequently contrast well with the *fashionable* portion of the novel. Every well-written and well-expressed feeling that we come to makes us the more regret that Miss Pardoe did not weave her web on foreign shores, for her immense stock of information would tell admirably in foreign story. Her finely-taught mind, her feminine and cultivated imagination, her wit and observation have carried her triumphantly over a harassing and often-travelled road; but genius like hers should "up and away" to fresh fields, where pure and taintless flowers are meet for such hands as hers: and *there* we hope to find her ere long employed. In producing "Speculation" she has given an entertaining and what will be—or what, in our belief, ought to be—a *popular* book;—but that is not *all* the fair lady could do. She need not tread in the paths of others. She has the power to strike out a road hitherto unknown in *our* literature, where the Spaniard or Portuguese should be made to act as he really does in his own country, and where it would not be necessary to *translate* characters as well as language.

Naval Sketch-Book. Second Series. 2 vols.

The spirited constructor of these two specimens of nautical author-craft must have had abundant incentive before him (both in the success of his first essay, and in the wide scope of his subject) to the prosecution of his eccentric labours as a "marine painter" on paper. The tenants of *terra firma* have in ordinary a most thirsty curiosity after sea-water knowledge, a sort of spiritual longing for communion with "shrouds" and "sheets," and a dizzy admiration of "top-gallants." The description of these matters, duly steeped in brine, can never tire them with its recurring relish. The hopelessness of all landed attempts at comprehending the mysteries of dead-eyes, haliards, capsterns, taffrails, grapnels, cross-trees, bob-stays, and a thousand other particulars, proves no prophylactic against the desire to hear and read of them. The very confusion that is generated in the minds of the "landed interest" by these intricacies of detail, these labyrinths of nomenclature, seems to be accepted for legitimate excitement, and to attain to something like the honours of a dramatic plot, where more is guessed at than is stated, and more is stated than is understood. The book before us, like the series which preceded it, takes every advantage of this blind faith and admiring ignorance on the part of the non-nautical population; for it pours out to exhaustion all the cabalistic vocabulary of the nautical art, and often leaves us in the centre of puzzlement without even the thinnest thread of a clue towards explanation. Let us, however, assign to the author his just amount of credit, and express the high praise which we feel to be, in several respects, his due. When he does not enwrap himself all over in the sea-weed meshes of his ultra-aquatic language, so as to defy the perceptive powers of all merely terrestrial beings, he becomes the purveyor of much and varied entertainment. He is, when in this unobscured state, forcible, picturesque, and in a high degree humorous; carrying his readers on by the impulse of the hearty spirit which he himself displays, and interesting them in every vicissitude of his undulating narratives. For illustration of his best powers, we would refer to the animated and skilfully-conducted story called "The Chase," the circumstances of which are admirably selected, and the characters happily sustained; while we would not refer to the "Strictures on Smollett," which are written in what appears to us no liberal spirit, and go to prove little more than that Smollett was a caricaturist in his sea-sketches,—which it would be odd if he were not, seeing that his whole manner as a writer of fiction has been always allowed to be tinged with caricature, though always with this cha-

racteristic condition, that it was employed "*voluptatis causâ*," for the furtherance of amusement;—and *who*, that is not of the class of nautical exclusives, has ever looked through Smollett's ship scenes and characters without delight? The sketch of "Jack the Giant," in the present volume, is a proof unconsciously offered by our author himself that caricature may be rendered prolific of diversion. He will surely not deny that the amusing exploits of clearing the astonished decks, &c., which are attributed to the hero of that tale, partake of the exaggeration so manifest in the records of his namesake, the Giant *Killer*; and we will as little deny that it is a specially entertaining bit of description.

Two Old Men's Tales; the Deformed, and the Admiral's Daughter.

How delightful it is to meet with a book treating of, not trifling with, the mysteries of human life,—calling things by their right names,—honouring what is honourable,—and loving what is lovely. So true, as to be almost painful in its veracity; so earnest, as to startle us in these days of well-bred calmness and heartless frivolity.

We respect these "Old Men," though we are sceptical concerning their age, and doubtful as to the sex. It is seldom the affections last so long, or the feelings retain such power when years sober, if they do not harden, the sympathies of our souls. Middle life could hardly produce either one or the other of these two tales,—for middle life is worldly and calculating. Youth, alas! where could youth imbibe the knowledge or the sorrow of these pages? Such knowledge and such sorrow must be experienced to be understood. But whatever may have been the duration of the writer's life, the books are beautifully and powerfully written; and we shame not to confess it, have been read by us with deep interest and many tears. We will not spoil their dénouement by lifting the curtain and disclosing their mysteries. Enough, that it is impossible to lay the work down when once you have read a page—be that page where it may—until the whole is perused. We first scanned a few passages of "The Admiral's Daughter," and then we "trimmed our lamp," and read till morning. Sir Walter Scott himself never sketched a female character with more truth and beauty than is displayed in the delicate portraiture of Lilia: it is *perfect*; and the catastrophe at the end of "The Deformed," is at once so graphic and so just that we closed our eyes, and behold! the scene was before us;—the fête,—the lightning,—all!—all that would form a picture that Martin might be proud to paint.

We should not be surprised to find that these volumes were the production of a female pen. If so, there is another "great one" added to the list of female talent.

Pritchard's Natural History of Animalcules.

To Mr. Pritchard the lovers of natural history owe very deep obligations. He has now given to the world (as far as has yet been ascertained) a concise, yet highly-finished, description of the mysterious inhabitants which fill up the intricacies of space. And his classifications are plain and well-defined.

We are ignorant of the existence of any similar work, except it be that of Adams, which was published so far back as 1787, and consequently can only contain an account of the characters of such as were known in his time. The discoveries since are astonishing, and the moderate price of the present volume renders it accessible to all who cultivate the science either as an amusement or a study. Mr. Pritchard acknowledges his obligations to Müller and Ehrenberg, particularly in his arrangements. And the volume has also the advantage of three hundred magnified illustrations, clearly and cleverly engraved by Mr. Cleghorn. It is, in a word, a rational and delightful book, and is especially valuable at this season of the year, when every drop of water is filled with hundreds of living things.

LITERARY REPORT.

Major E Moor, author of the "Hindoo Pantheon," has just completed a volume of Oriental Fragments, illustrated with a variety of curious plates

Professor Rossetti's extraordinary work, "Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma,"—"Antipapal Spirit," which produced the Reformation, and Secret Influence exercised thereby on the Literature of Europe, and especially of Italy, as displayed by her Classic Writers, Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio," &c., has been laid under the ban of the Papal Church. The interest of all the friends of Protestantism will speedily be gratified by the publication of a Translation of this work, by Miss C Ward.

A work under the title of "English Scenes and English Civilization—Sketches and Traits in the Nineteenth Century," will appear in the course of this month.

The third and concluding volume of Cowper's Miscellaneous Works, comprising the whole of his Poems and his Letters, will appear in the course of this month.

Manners, Customs, and History of China—The Rev Charles Gutzlaff, who, possessing a perfect knowledge of the language, travelled in the disguise of a native through the interior of China, is preparing for immediate publication a History of that Empire, almost entirely derived from original sources. This work will contain an account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, Laws, and Government of the Chinese, together with Historical Details concerning their Commercial Intercourse with England, Spain, Portugal, and the other Civilized Nations of the West.

In the scientific world, Mr. Walker's work on the Brain and its Functions is shortly expected. It will, we understand, be followed by a volume on the Locomotive, and another on the Vital System, forming a new and original System of Physiology.

In the press, a Treatise on the System of Intercourse and Communication in Civilized States, and particularly in Great Britain, by Thomas Grahame. 1 vol 8vo.

It is proposed to publish by subscription a work entitled "The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily," in which will be condensed the best observations of the more distinguished Tourists through those countries, with (as an Appendix) an abridged Translation of Lanzi's "History of Painting." 3 vols. 8vo.

The Duty of a Christian State to support a National Church Establishment; the Scriptural Character and peculiar Claims of the Church of England. Five Sermons preached at Leeds, by the Rev. Joseph Holmes, M.A. In the press.

The Lays and Legends of Spain will form the Fourth Monthly Part of Mr. W. J. Thom's "National Lays and Legends"

A Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the earliest Pictures in the National Gallery, (including the two Correggios lately purchased by Government,) by

John Landseer, Esq., F.S.A., is preparing for immediate publication

A Short Treatise on the Nature, Symptoms, and several Modes of Treating Cataract, written by Mr Stevenson, Oculist to his Majesty, is in the press, and will shortly be published, for the benefit of the "Royal Infirmary for Cataract and other Diseases of the Eye."

A volume entitled "Tales of Woman's Trials," from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, is announced for early publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of Medicine, founded on Original Physiological Investigations, by G. Calvert Holland, M.D. 8vo Vol. I. 12s.

The Duties of Men, by Silvio Pellico, translated from the Italian, by Thomas Roscoe. 18mo. 5s.

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FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIXTY-SIX years having now passed since the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the year 1834 being one of the "age of reform," public attention is directed to it as to a MONOPOLY which may no longer exist. We shall, for the present, content ourselves with the assertion that the obnoxious term has never been more unjustly applied; the proofs in support of this assertion we shall endeavour next month to supply, premising that we are much better informed upon the subject, and have had more sufficient means of arriving at the conclusion, than the Honourable Member for Liverpool, or any one of his supporters in the House of Commons. It is to be lamented that the Academicians themselves have persevered in a system creditable to their delicacy more than to their prudence—that of continuing passive endurers of all the idle, or senseless, or venomous attacks which have been, from time to time, made upon them, without uttering word or using weapon in their defence. The consequence is that the public generally have formed most erroneous notions of the body,—of the amount and application of its funds,—the arrangements of its exhibitions,—its influence upon British art,—and all the purposes of its establishment and the accomplishment of its designs. But, as we have said, we reserve ourselves for another occasion, when we hope to set the public right upon most of these very essential matters.

We miss from the exhibition several contributors whose works have delighted us in years past. Leslie was absent in America; Newton is, unhappily, lost to us—we fervently hope only for a time;—Constable has been, and is, ill; Ety, we regret to learn, from the same cause, is also an absentee. Wilkie has been occupied in painting portraits, and we therefore miss him too. Mulready, being one of the "arrangers," has, we think, from a mistaken delicacy, abstained from placing any of his own productions on the walls. And Jones, also one of the "arrangers," has, from a similar feeling, thrust his *one* very admirable work into a corner. Nevertheless, there is enough in the exhibition to delight and instruct the visitors, and to bear ample testimony that British art is advancing.

The best picture of the year is, we think, beyond question, "A Scene in the Olden Time at Bolton Abbey," by Edwin Landseer. It is scarcely credible that this artist should have achieved so much before his years are those of manhood. Hilton's work, "Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold," is undoubtedly one of the noblest of the English school. The figure of "the Lady with the Swan's Neck" is perhaps unequalled, certainly unsurpassed, by any British painter. Eastlake and Uwins have both given us the results of their labours beneath the skies of Italy. The

former exhibits, besides his great and noble historical picture of Francesco di Carrara escaping with his lady from Milan, a beautiful portrait of a fair girl, the daughter of Lady Charlotte Bury*, and two portraits of Italian maidens. Mr Uwins has exceeded our expectations, high as they were. "A group on their way with offerings to the shrine of the Madonna" is a delicious production—full of all the richer qualities of art, yet simple and graceful as the scene itself. Mr Uwins is, we believe, the last Associate elected by the Royal Academy. The election does them credit. It could not have fallen upon a more worthy man, or a man of higher genius. We trust his admission to the full honours of the body will follow soon. The landscapes of Turner and Callcott are, as heretofore, exquisite treats to the lovers of either art or nature, or both. The "Fountain of Indolence," and "St Michael's Mount," by the former, and "Leghorn" and "Dutch Peasants waiting the return of the Passage-boat," by the latter, are works of surpassing beauty. Those by Callcott are of especial excellence, going beyond even his productions of earlier years. Collins, although at all times delightful has not, we think been so fortunate in his choice of subjects. It is, however, impossible for him to take up his pencil without giving existence to much that delights. He is at home among the gentler scenes of rural life,—he seems to paint after his own mind,—and it must be one of exceeding grace and delicacy.

The portraits of Pickersgill, Phillips, and Briggs, are, as matters of course, the great attractions of the Academy in this department of the art. Mr. Pickersgill has taken the place of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, although Wilkie is the painter of royalty, there can be little doubt that the great "mass of commissions" will be in the hands of Pickersgill. There are, however, and always will be, many competitors for distinction in this, the most profitable branch of the profession;—and there are several whose claims are not to be dismissed with a single sentence. We have this month so many demands upon the space we are permitted to allot to this important and interesting subject, that we are compelled to postpone to another number a continuation of it. We shall then endeavour to render to the respective candidates for fame greater justice than we could now pay to them.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE COLOSSEUM still bears the palm among the exhibitions. In addition to those objects of interest we have before alluded to, there has been added an aviary containing a numerous collection of foreign birds. This addition to the establishment is still in its infancy, yet we cannot but congratulate the proprietors on their exertions, and the public on the introduction of this new and elegant feature. Many rare specimens are expected, and, from what we understand, when the plans are completed, few collections, if any, will be so splendid.

Unfortunately, the picture of London has grown a little dingy by the length of time it has been up, but still it is the same faithful, interesting representation of the metropolis, and as such will always command attention.

The conservatories are now in full luxuriance, and the diligence of years, and the taste to direct, now begin to be rewarded by the appearance of beauty, displaying a scene more like enchantment than anything that could be supposed to exist in the precincts of a great city. After proceeding through a grove consisting of the most curious plants of the most distant climates, the tastefully-designed and elaborately-executed fountain throws out from sea-shells and Tritons a refreshing shower. On the right a curiously-contrived submarine cave, ornamented with stalactites that might rival the pe-

* There is also in the exhibition a fine portrait of this accomplished lady, by H. P. Briggs, R.A.

trified icicles of Nature, and containing a distant view of the breaking surge of the sea, forms a scene more beautiful than anything that has yet been submitted to public inspection. The charms of the Swiss Cottage are not perhaps increased since our last visit but in saying this we convey no dispraise, for the imagination of that visiter must be indeed inactive who would not conceive himself transported to some retired spot in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and he the peaceful inhabitant of a rustic cottage of the country. Nothing, probably, in the deceptive and pictorial kind, ever before arrived at the perfection of the Swiss Cottage and the conservatories. So much is this considered to be the fact, that the Colosseum is now the point of attraction, the great lion of all sight-seers, as the "tame wild beasts" of the town were by our most respectable ancestors.

The DIORAMA, now exhibiting in the Regent's-park, consists of two paintings, "The Crypt of St Denis in France," and "The Ruins of Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkshire." The former was the place of sepulture of the early kings of that country, and their tombs and monuments occupy the various recesses which are formed by the stupendous Gothic pillars which support the roof. Immediately on the left is the tomb of Louis, and a solitary ray of sunshine is thrusting through the adjacent window. The walls are cold and humid, and the pictorial repose and death like stillness in this chancel house of kings might induce the visiter to suppose he is breathing the atmosphere of the grave. The illusion of this painting is well preserved, and a solemn dirge, played on an organ judiciously placed behind the scenes, serves to heighten the effect. The sound, proceeding from an unseen hand, seems the spontaneous music of the air, bewailing decayed glory and dilapidated grandeur.—The ruins of Fountain's Abbey, by moonlight, is also a beautiful scene of another character. The lights and shadows are well managed, and the grey colouring of the columns and arches contrasts well with the green mass which luxuriates in the numerous crumbling niches caused by time.

Probably while exercising our authority as critics, we should not be considered as unkind, if we were to suggest to the clever artist who has painted this picture, that, when next he is engaged on a moonlight scene, it would be well to manage without the introduction of that intense tint of green which pervades the whole of Fountain's Abbey.

The COSMORAMA, in Regent-street (No 209), contains no less than seven different views, and each of them is entitled to the praise of being a good exhibition. Of all the most pleasing and instructive methods for conveying instruction to the mind of youth, paintings such as these are probably the best. The first view is of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, where, to use the descriptive language of the catalogue, "the degenerate remains of the masters of the world fought with as much violence for two players, as their ancestors had done for Sylla, Marius, Pompey, or Cæsar." Now, we do not wish to recommend this exhibition by any indiscreet praise, for we are decidedly of opinion that many of the subjects might be better treated, but, as a faithful representation of the scenes it pretends to portray, it is deserving of all approbation, and, in this respect, particularly merits encouragement, conveying, as it does, a quantity of correct and useful information that may be more strongly impressed upon the mind than by any other method. The "Hippodrome" might probably be painted in a more artist-like style, but in the introduction of any trick of art we should certainly lose some feature of the scene. The characteristic of each view is accuracy, giving at a glance a correct notion of the place represented. "The Grand Cascade of the Park of St. Cloud" is the latest opened, as it is one of the most interesting, of the views, and affords another instance of the correctness of an opinion often expressed with regard to similar attempts, that the introduction of architecture invariably improves the effect; and when it is alone the sub-

ject, the artist best succeeds. To represent with truth mountain, hill, and valley, is so nothing beyond the powers of an accurate copyist. Colours, clouds, and foliage are of too evanescent a nature to be transferred to the canvass by the same hand that, with unerring correctness, traces the dimensions of architecture. Interiors of cathedrals, or of interesting buildings, make the most pleasing exhibitions of this kind, as an instance of, which we would adduce the beautifully-painted "Interior of the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels," being No. 3 of the Cosmoramic Views. Were this the place for an essay, we could give further reasons, and other facts; but as it is, we must content ourselves by recommending a visit to the Cosmorama.

In the same building as the Cosmorama is the exhibition of the "Breathing Napoleon." As an instance of wonderful ingenuity, and evincing what perseverance can achieve, few things are more interesting. On a couch lies the conqueror of tyrants and the despot of the world, attired in the military dress of a general worn by him when he was Consul. The position is such as has been asserted he always slept in, with one hand on his chest, and one finger inserted in his coat between the button-holes. On approaching, the visiter perceives the chest heave, and, on watching, observes the continual gentle but regular undulation consequent upon breathing. To carry the deception further, it has been so managed, that, on touching any portion of the exterior of the body, it is with astonishment we perceive that our fingers are in contact with a substance that gives way to the impression, and, on being removed, the indentation readily disappears with as much ease as it would from the living frame. Where bone should be, there we find a hard and bony-like (we mean no pun) material; where flesh, it is soft as flesh; where cartilage, it is proportionably yielding. This extraordinary invention is still a secret; and the name given to the compound, which so accurately represents the exterior of the human body, is *sarcomos*. We understand from the inventor, a French gentleman, that it is his intention to form a model of Nelson, in which he calculates upon even greater success than on his representation of Napoleon; the execution of the latter work having afforded him several hints that he could not then bring into operation. A work of greater ingenuity we have rarely seen.

THE ANATOMICAL FIGURE.—Also in the same building as the works previously noticed is a representation in wax of a female, in which the anatomy of every part, internal as well as external, is developed. The skin is first taken off, and the flesh immediately underneath it is exhibited, showing the veins, arteries, and nerves, which are differently coloured, in order that they may be distinguished; other coverings are then removed, and there are displayed the auricles, the ventricles, the pulmonary artery, the lungs, the liver, the gall-bladder, the stomach, the intestines, the spleen, the kidneys, the aorta, the vena cava, and the centre of the internal structure. The stomach is opened and the gastric juice is observed. The face is unmasked, and you see the facial artery, the frontal vein, the facial vein, the arteria temporalis profunda, the vena temporalis profunda, the vena occipitalis, &c. The head is taken to pieces, and every part is portrayed in a similar manner. It is the most perfect piece of workmanship we have ever seen. Much information might be derived by studying this figure, and we strongly advise young medical students to visit it.

If the art of making wax anatomical representations were cultivated in this country, we are convinced it would be of the utmost utility. The nature of the human structure may be learnt to a certain degree by means of engravings, but it is impossible that they can convey so distinct an idea, and make so clear an impression, as preparations of the description we speak of. If a collection of wax anatomical figures were made, it would be productive of the greatest benefit to the profession, for then young students might derive a considerable knowledge of anatomy without having recourse to dissection at an age when their feelings are most liable to be shocked and violated by

that unpleasant operation. It is not every student who has an opportunity of seeing the effect of every disease upon the morbid part, but if a resemblance in wax was taken, after death, of the appearance produced by the complaint, it would then be open to general inspection, and might be made known to all. In the Florentine Gallery there is an immense collection of wax figures, representing the human frame labouring under every variety of disorder. This collection was made by Cosmo de Medici, at an enormous expense, who, though unacquainted with arts and science himself, was a munificent supporter of them. In the School of Medicine at Paris there is something similar, but greatly inferior. In Trinity college, Dublin, there are several female figures illustrating the subject of obstetrics

Burford's Panorama of Boothia, with the representation of the crew of the *Fury* in their temporary buildings, and all the long list of peculiarities of such a scene, from a telescope up to an Esquimaux, or from an arctic-borealis down to an iceberg, has long been an object of universal attraction. It is, however, soon likely to close, and its place is, we understand, to be supplied by "New York.

The Falls of the Niagara are still to remain open. This latter exhibition, though not so interesting from the facts that have recently transpired, is one of much greater beauty, inasmuch as the glories of Nature are better than her terrors. The description of a traveller, whose work is now before us, is as follows — "The descent from the head of this river (Niagara River), in Lake Erie, to its termination in Lake Ontario, is estimated at 450 feet, and about the middle of its course it is remarkable for the celebrated Falls of Niagara, where the whole mass of water, after gliding nearly a mile, with great velocity, over a sloping channel, is precipitated over a perpendicular rock upwards of 150 feet high." Such is the sort of scene that Mr Burford has had to paint, and he has succeeded miraculously well. The descending sheet of chrysolis, the wide waste of sweeping water, the savage surge below the fall, and the rainbow above—

"Hope watching madness with unalterable mien" —

the beautiful verdure of the neighbouring romantic country, the presence of the matter-of-fact inhabitant, accompanied by the eager and wondering traveller, all contribute to render this attempt most pleasing and perfectly successful. Hackneyed as we are in exhibitionizing, we did not contemplate this scene without the liveliest pleasure.

We have attended a private view of what may be considered a great curiosity in art. The late Lord Dudley was possessed of the *beau idéal* of a dog. It was a Newfoundland of more than ordinary size, and of most amazing beauty. His Lordship loved the animal—

"————— in life the firmest friend,

The first to welcome, foremost to defend,"—

and determined that his memory should, if possible, be perpetuated. As to the manner in which this was to be achieved, he entertained a peculiar notion, which was, that in all respects a model should be made of him, which should not, like the generality of sculpture, merely give the full form as in a statue, or the outline as in bas-relief; but that an accurate representation of the figure should be given, even to the colour of the coat and the expression of the eye. This was to be done in marble, and to Mr. M. C. Wyatt the difficult commission was given. To say that he has succeeded is the highest and best praise that can be bestowed on a work replete with so many obstacles. The statue of the beautiful beast is placed on a jasper pedestal, the base of which is surrounded by fruit and flowers in *alto rilievo*, curiously formed by precious stones. On the pedestal is a cushion of Sienna coloured marble, looking as soft as if the lightest foot would make a print-mark. On this cushion stands the dog. A bronze figure of a

serpent is beneath him, which the powerful animal has crushed with his paw, the introduction of which at once adds to the interest of this curious piece of statuary, and ingeniously serves as a support to the ponderous weight of the dog. Some method must have been adopted for the sustaining so cumbrous a load beyond the mere support afforded by the legs, and nothing of a more effectual nature could in our opinion have been introduced. But the ingenuity, and, in our estimation, the great merit of the work, consists in the singularly felicitous manner in which the artist has represented the shaggy coat in the different-coloured marble, making the black so beautifully overlay and intermix with the white. The head is also truly beautiful, for not only the introduction of gems of an exact colour fill up the sockets of the eyes, but the fleshy tint which is observable at the extremity of the white part of the eye is managed with the same extraordinary kind of fidelity. The nose, by the insertion of porous-looking black marble, is made to bear the appearance of dewy moisture, so commonly observable; and it requires no exercise of the fancy to suppose that if touched a sensation of moisture would be experienced from the contact.

The PANtheon, now a very splendid building, has been opened; but at so late a period of the month that we must defer our notice of it.

THE DRAMA.

AN article given elsewhere on the principal theatrical event of the month, the revival of Shakspeare's "King Lear," has excluded the matter which usually appears under this head.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. DAVIDSON read a paper "on the Pyramids of Egypt." After noticing the opinions of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny, and offering remarks upon them, Mr. Davidson resolved his discourse into the three following questions and their answers:—1st, What is the meaning of the word pyramid—does it explain the subject? 2nd, Are the pyramids peculiar to Egypt, or do other countries afford analogies? 3rd, Is there any traditional or recorded event which may be supposed to have led to their erection? With regard to the first, the etymology of the Greeks, whose vanity led them to make every possible adoption to their own language, appears to be the one most commonly received. 2nd, The pyramids are not peculiar to Egypt, but are to be found in all the earliest post-diluvian researches; and, indeed, have been continued amongst those nations secluded from a general intercourse with other people. The pagoda of China is but a modification of the pyramid, rising story above story, and decreasing towards its point; the pyramidal temples of Hindostan present a nearer resemblance; and the pyramids of the Mexican empire, those of Copula, Papantla, and Teotiuachao, present a striking analogy. These last—the pyramids of Teotiuachao, which are placed on due cardinal points—are situated in the valley of Mexico, about eight leagues N.E. of the capital; two are of considerable size—that of the Sun being 682 feet at the base, rather less than the second (that of the Moon), and 180 feet in height. They are approached through long avenues of small pyramids placed in exact lines N. to S. and E. to W., and occupy a place called *Micoath*, i. e. road of the dead; they are said to have served as places of sepulture for the chiefs—the like tombs occur round the base of Cheops. Thus have we the Egyptians, Chinese, Hindoos, and Mexicans, all people of the highest

antiquity, all famed for the cultivation of astronomy and the recording of events, each possessing pyramids whose history is enveloped in mystery, but each possessing ends in common—religion, record, sepulture. Touching the third query—is there any circumstance that could have led to this concurrence of idea?—their character is too arbitrary, and their resemblance too uniform, to have been the result of chance. The earliest settlement of the post-diluvian inhabitants was marked by the erection of a high place, which all commentators agree to have been of the pyramidal form. “Go to! let us build us a city, and a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, and let us make for ourselves a name.” Engaged on this work, they were dispersed over the face of the earth, carrying with them the recollection of their employment, migrating under the sons of the patriarch, and, as their numbers increased, heightening their pride and causing them to forget their Divine protection, the sons of Shem, in their earliest settlements in the East, erected monuments which recorded their arrival or marked their dispersion. The sons of Japhet, prompted by similar feelings, and bearing in recollection the same events, followed the like example in the West; while the sons of Ham, under Mizraim, the founder of the Egyptian empire—famed from the earliest time for their wisdom, profuse of labour, and lavish of expense, with conceptions formed in mystery, and heightened by their religion, taking magnitude and durability for their models—exceeded their brethren; and while the proud city of the Pharaohs, of which these piles once formed the greatest wonder, has melted away, leaving not a trace behind, the pyramids, renowned for their antiquity and magnitude, became consecrated to the worship of the gods and to the cultivation of their most cherished study—astronomy.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL AND LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

Tea and Coffee, their Use and Abuse. Spurious Tea.—We subjoin a condensed report (for which we are obliged to a correspondent), of the discussions at the above Societies on this important subject, without pledging ourselves to all the conclusions of the Faculty. Dr. Uwins and Mr. Cole thought that much evil resulted from the excessive use of tea and coffee; taken in excess they were found to operate as powerful and decided stimulants. By their action on the nervous and sanguiferous systems they occasion a temporary flow of spirits, and banish all desire for sleep; this state of excitement, however, speedily subsides, and is followed by languor and palpitation of the heart, irregular breathing, and uneasiness in the region of the præcordia; in some constitutions the symptoms are still more violent, the pulse becomes irregular and feeble, the extremities cold, pain and an uneasy sensation are felt at the pit of the stomach, and even syncope follows. Shortly after, a desire for sleep presents itself: but the slumbers are troubled and uneasy, and the face and limbs suffer from spasmodic twitchings. These consequences of the over-use of tea and coffee are to be accounted for by referring to the habits and idiosyncrasy of the individual; and in such cases the only relief which can be obtained must result from the party abstaining from the use of those articles of diet, and substituting some other in their place. A most important question in state medicine arises from a review of this subject; viz., whether the introduction of tea and coffee into general use is to be regarded as beneficial to the community, or otherwise? In many parts of France and Italy tea is classed by the *excoise* in the list of drugs, is kept in bottles on the shelves of the apothecary, forms no part of the stock of the grocer, and is even anathematised by the lecturer on *hygiène* as unfitted for ordinary consumption. It is, therefore, placed by common consent in the custody of the physician, to be dealt with as a remedial agent, *secundum artem*. Whether they manage these things best in France or in England remains to be seen. Mr. Cole thinks it probable that the great increase which has taken place in diseases of the heart in this country may be referred to the abuse of this beverage.

He considers green tea to be productive of more uneasiness and excitement than black, and regards coffee as ranking next in this respect. With regard to *spurious* tea, Professor Burnett has proved that the practice is very common of adding the leaves of the sloe, the apple, the hawthorn, and the elm, to the Chinese leaf. This spurious addition resembles the real tea so exactly, that the most experienced examiners at the India House were at fault in detecting the adulteration; even chemical analysis failed to expose the fraud, inasmuch as the constituents of the British leaves were similar to those of the genuine herb imported from the Celestial Empire. The botanist alone succeeded in detecting the sophistication, and this he effected by his knowledge of the distinctive characters of each particular leaf. In order to impose upon the public, the spurious leaves are placed upon plates of heated iron and carefully rolled, so as to correspond with the genuine tea. It is then mixed with it, in the proportion of one part to three, and put into circulation.

VARIETIES.

THE Sixth Report of the Committee on Public Petitions has just been printed, from which it appears that the total number of petitions presented to the House of Commons this session, to the 7th of March inclusive, is 885. Of these petitions, no less than 492 are from Protestant Dissenters, praying for relief from their grievances; and the signatures to these petitions amounted to 38,900. The number of petitions from Ireland for the entire abolition of tithes is 113, to which 84,849 signatures are attached. There are 79 petitions for a repeal of the Legislative Union, with 58,164 signatures; 49 in support of the Established Church, with 7285 signatures; 32 petitions for the better observance of the Sabbath, with 9357 signatures; 13 petitions, 104,180 signatures, for a repeal of the corn-laws; and 91 petitions, and 15,063 signatures, praying that no alteration may be made in those laws. The petitions complaining of agricultural distress amount to 34, with 192 signatures. The number of petitions against the system of lay patronage in the Church of Scotland is 50, to which 50,730 signatures are attached.

Bank Notes—Private and Joint-Stock Banks.—An account of the aggregate amount of notes circulated in England and Wales by private banks and by joint-stock banks and their branches, distinguishing private from joint-stock banks, between the 28th of August and the 28th of December, 1833, from returns directed by the Act 3 and 4 Will. IV., c 83:—

Private Banks	£8,836,803
Joint-Stock Banks	1,315,301

£10,152,104

JOHN WOOD, Chairman.

Bank of England Branch Banks.—The average circulation of Branch Bank of England notes and twenty-one-day bills, during 1833, was—the Gloucester Branch Bank, 51,030*l.*; Manchester, 1,542,150*l.*; Swansea, 49,150*l.*; Birmingham, 407,400*l.*; Liverpool, 560,750*l.*; Bristol, 124,350*l.*; Leeds, 269,530*l.*; Exeter, 37,000*l.*; Newcastle, 51,130*l.*; Hull, 72,860*l.*; Norwich, 34,170*l.* Total, 3,199,520*l.*

The legacy duty in Ireland, in the last year, was 25,424*l.*, and the probate duty 37,457*l.* In England, legacy duty, 1,093,343*l.*; probate duty, 839,041*l.* In Scotland, legacy duty, 56,674*l.*; probate duty, 46,422*l.*

In a work lately published by a Spaniard, there is a comparison between the produce of the gold and silver mines in America, and the coal mines in

England, from which it appears, that the gross value of the annual produce of the coal-mines, which is 18,000,000 tons, amounts to 450,000,000 francs, including the wages and other charges; whilst the produce of the gold and silver mines, including the same charges, is only 220,500,000 francs; showing a balance in favour of the coal-mines of England, over the gold and silver mines of the New World, of no less a sum than 227,500,000 francs.

The British Museum.—The receipts of the British Museum for 1833 were 23,220*l.*, the expenditure 19,484*l.*, leaving a surplus in hand of 3,736*l.* The number of visitors has rapidly increased since 1828. In that year the number was 81,228, last year 210,495. Amount realized by sale of Museum publications, 462*l.* 1*s.*; expenditure for drawings and engravings of Elgin and Townley marbles, 333*l.* 18*s.*; in purchase of books and manuscripts, 2,358*l.* 19*s.*; in natural history, 1,026*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; antiquities, coins, &c., 1,839*l.* 1*s.*; expense of classed catalogue, 360*l.* Number of visits made to reading-rooms for purposes of study and research, in 1810, about 1,950; in 1833, 58,800. Number of visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture for study, in 1831, 4,398; in 1832, 4,710; in 1833, 4,490. Number of visits to print-room, in 1832, 4,400; in 1833, 2,900.

The number of coins purchased by the British Museum between Christmas 1832 and Christmas 1833, was 3,968, of which 659 were pennies of William the Conqueror, found at Benorth, near Alresford—for 50*l.* 296 coins chiefly of Radulf, Eanred, and Athelred, kings of Northumberland, and of Vigmund and Eanbald, archbishops of York, and the ancient vessel in which the coins were found, at Newcastle-on-Tyne—207; a gold coin of Rhodes for 16*l.*; and a collection of 3,312 coins, chiefly Greek and Roman, comprising 52 in gold, 1,031 in silver, and 1,926 in brass—for 1000*l.* from H. P. Borelly, of Smyrna.

According to a Parliamentary return, just printed, it appears that the amount of duty paid in the United Kingdom, on brandy, hollands, and tobacco, during the years 1831-2-3, was as follows:—

	Brandy.	Geneva.	Tobacco.
1831	£1,388,167	£26,894	£2,964,592
1832	1,801,401	25,091	3,080,599
1833	1,526,546	23,594	3,140,036

Military Flogging.—By a return to an order of the House of Commons, it appears that the number of corporal punishments inflicted on the British army in 1830, was 665; in 1831, 646; 1832, 485; and in 1833, 370.

Game-Laws.—The number of commitments under the game-laws in England and Wales, between November 1, 1832, and November 1, 1833, was, according to the Parliamentary return, 3,140.

In 1712 there were 3,070,000 newspapers sent through the Post-office; in 1796, 8,600,000; in 1831, 12,200,000; and in 1833, 11,600,000. The average number of newspapers sent from London daily may be about 10,000; and instances have occurred, at periods of unusual interest, of above 100,000 newspapers being sent from the metropolis in one day.

Prize-Money.—A return has just been laid on the table of the House of Commons of the vessels engaged in the expedition against Algiers, and the amount of shares of prize-money. From that we see that the Commander-in-Chief's proportion was 7,180*l.*: each seaman's was 1*l.* 10*s.* 2½*d.* Really Sir James Graham's regulation raising the seaman's share has not come too soon. The Rear Admiral's share was 3,710*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*, and the captains got each 1,068*l.* 11*s.* 6½*d.*, the lieutenants each got 91*l.* 5*s.* 8½*d.*, and so on down to the boys, who got each 1*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*

Public Income and Expenditure.—An account of the net income of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in the year ending 5th June.—VOL. XLI. NO. CLXII.

January, 1834, signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. T. S. Rice, has been just issued. By this statement it appears that the amount of income is 46,271,326*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, while the expenditure for the same period is 44,758,242*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a surplus or saving to the country of 1,513,082*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

At the Duke of Sussex's late *Conversazione*, at Kensington Palace, the attraction of the evening was a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops, composed of 13,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appears that the pyramid was not only built upon, but round a rock, which, it is stated, rises in the centre of the pyramid 130 feet, on the apex of which is situated what is called the Queen's Chamber. The pyramid was originally covered with plaster or mortar, which made the surface even, and thus rendered the ascent so difficult as to be accounted by the ancients a great feat; this plaster having now fallen off, the ascent is easy.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

New Fact in Mineralogy.—Galena has been discovered in two different places containing platina. This is an important fact, because it is a valuable metal, and may, if sought for, be thus more abundant than has been hitherto supposed. It is only in late years that iodine, having been found in one or two springs, has since been met with in most mineral waters. The Americans describe a new mineral under the name of *Ledererite*, from basaltic rocks in Nova Scotia. It appears to be a prismatic variety of zoolite, probably resembling thornsonite.

A Brussels paper has published the following document, showing the amount expended on the construction and armament of the fortresses, from the year 1815 until the end of 1827:—**Maestricht**, 3,125,000 florins; **Liege**, 2,885,000*fl.*; **Huy**, 509,000*fl.*; **Namur**, 5,165,815*fl.*; **Dinant**, 425,000*fl.*; **Marlebourg**, 265,000*fl.*; **Philippeville**, 304,000*fl.*; **Bouillon**, 50,000*fl.*; **Charleroi**, 6,540,000*fl.*; **Mons**, 11,423,427*fl.*; **Ath**, 5,888,000*fl.*; **Menin**, 3,993,000*fl.*; **Ypres**, 3,958,497*fl.*; **Nieuport**, 4,530,000*fl.*; **Ostend**, 5,537,000*fl.*; **Antwerp**, 3,000,000*fl.*; **Tournay**, 4,089,000*fl.*; **Termonde**, 2,989,057*fl.*; **Oudenarde**, 3,578,000*fl.*; **Ghent**, 3,317,000*fl.* The expenses for artillery, stores, and the armament of these different fortresses come to 13,500,000*fl.*; making a total of 84,372,366*fl.* or 178,565,876 francs.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the *Terre del Annonciata*, near Naples. The Marquess Munziante has discovered the remains of an ancient wall, and a small temple in very beautiful preservation, which are supposed to be the fragments of some ancient ruined city, or the commencement of a third subterranean city, like Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Publications in Germany.—The following table represents the number of literary publications in Germany, from the year 1814 to 1833:—

1814	2525	1821	3997	1828	5654
1815	2750	1822	4283	1829	5014
1816	3137	1823	4309	1830	5926
1817	3552	1824	4511	1831	5658
1818	3781	1825	4836	1832	6275
1819	3916	1826	4704	1833	5888
1820	3958	1827	5708		

This makes a total of 90,126 works, of which only one-tenth consists of translations and re-editions. Reckoning one author to each three works, it would follow that 30,000 German authors have devoted their labours to the information of the public during the space of twenty-one years.

AGRICULTURE

At the time our last report was written, the two great measures for the relief of the country at large but of Agriculture particularly, were just brought before Parliament. The provisions could not be said to be known, for the meagre speech of the Minister (Lord Althorp) left them almost wholly unexplained beyond the bare principle. The Bills have since been printed and the details of the Poor Laws Amendment Bill are of a kind to demand the utmost vigilance of the whole kingdom—a vigilance indeed and a vigour of action, also, to which the landed interest always inert and difficult to be roused, can rarely, if ever, be stimulated. But in this Bill there is enough “to move a milestone.” It is, indeed, hard to conceive how a Cabinet in the slightest degree favourable to constitutional liberty, (not to say liberalism,) or how even men of common sense could be brought to propose a scheme at once so arbitrary, so oppressive, so expensive, and so utterly impracticable. But for the tremendous pressure brought upon the country by the Poor Laws, but for the deprivation and danger which all see around them, making the consequences, yet only the early consequences visible in crime and incendiarism,—but for these appearances and the fears they engender, it is scarcely possible to conceive a British House of Commons would have entertained such propositions for a moment.

The principle, as we before stated, is unobjectionable—nay, it is the only principle by which the country can be safely reconducted to its pristine morality and content—namely, to abrogate all allowances to the able-bodied. The dissent is against the means of accomplishing this most desirable purpose. We have already stated that a Central Board or three Commissioners is to have the whole, sole, and entire management, personal and pecuniary, of the poor of England under their jurisdiction, and this without being liable to any responsibility to the people but by a bill of indictment—a mode perfectly inaccessible, on account of the expense, to any but the wealthy. The power and authority granted by all former acts for the government of the poor and of workhouses (excepting only those for building or altering such houses) are not only vested in, but subjected to them, for they are at liberty to *make rules* for the government of parishes and the management of the poor—to build or enlarge houses—and prepare them for the reception of the poor of any and every district—for the clothing, feeding, employing, and governing such poor—for raising or borrowing any sums of money for any of the aforesaid purposes—they are then assistant commissioners may attend and take part in the discussions at any local board or vestry. No by laws made by such bodies are to be valid unless confirmed by these Commissioners while they may make whatever laws they choose or suspend or alter existing regulations. They have power to alter and enlarge workhouses without asking the consent of parish or person. They may appoint assistant overseers or permanent salaried officers—order their duties and fix their salaries—they can remove all officers at pleasure, nor can any be appointed but under their approval,—and all this without any tangible responsibility.

Two questions arise out of this extravagant delegation of arbitrary and absolute authority—first, whether the scheme is practicable—and secondly, whether it be not liable to even more expense than the present mode of managing the poor? The practicability depends on the quantity of employment which can be found, on compelling the labourers to seek work, for there is no other difference whatever between the state of things before and after the passing of the Bill. Upon this hangs the whole scheme, for it is physically impossible to imprison the present numbers out of employ, or half of them, in workhouses. The land must be covered with such buildings, and one half of the population converted into taskmasters over the other. In manufacturing towns, when impeded by stagnation, the thing

would be even impossible than in the agricultural districts during the winter. Not many years ago, there were in the hundred of Blackburn in Lancashire alone, one hundred and ninety thousand persons out of work, or whose earnings, taken in the aggregate, did not amount to twopence each per week. This was given in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. And in the eastern parts of the kingdom—in the city of Norwich, for instance—more than twenty thousand in a population under sixty have received relief at the same time. To deal with such multitudes, there must be a discretion, and that discretion must be in local authorities. If, then, the government of the poor is to be by general laws, the Central Board is useless, if by discretionary powers, that discretion must be locally exercised—the Board is equally useless in either case. And if it be urged, as it may be with great truth, that wherever the functions of guardians of the poor are connected with bodies corporate, there will necessarily be great abuses from parliamentary or personal interests—the remedy lies clearly in the extinction of such corporations. If not, an evil is tolerated merely to be corrected by another evil.

From this plain view of facts, it should appear that the scheme is not practicable according to the plan proposed. We come next to the expense. All the charges to be incurred for the new machinery of the Bill, Commissioners and Assistant Commissioners, and all the host of permanent paid officers to be attached to them—all the new workhouses, and altered and enlarged buildings—will be a clear, palpable, irremovable addition to the present cost. And as it is well known that the system of out-door allowances was established, first, with the view of not breaking down the unfortunate man at once into a workhouse pauper; and, secondly, to diminish expense by enabling him to take advantage of work when it offered, there can be no question that if only half those who now receive allowances are driven into the house, the expense (exclusive of the new army of commissioners and superintendents) will be indefinitely augmented. Half the number of positive paupers will not be maintained for the sum now expended even in the present imprudent manner of granting allowances. This consideration is highly important to the landowner, for, however, it may be disguised, the charge of the poor must fall at last upon his estate. The scheme appears, therefore, alike impracticable and improvident, to say nothing of the danger of herding such vast numbers upon one and the same day into workhouses.

Again, with respect to the intended rule of settlement—both. It is admitted to be most important to do away the parish litigations, which are so enormously expensive, and, therefore, the simpler and plainer the rule the better, but even to this there appear two objections, first, the separation of families it would entail—one child being born in one place, another in another; and, secondly, that parishes now having a large population would be utterly ruined, while the smaller would be exempt. The only remedy is, to make the rates extend over a county, and to abrogate the parochial divisions, which would have the additional advantage of making labour free to such service anywhere. Should it be objected that the landed proprietor who has prudently guarded against settlements will be made chargeable for the errors or improvidence of others, the answer is clear and direct. Such proprietors have hitherto thriven by this very caution, or, oftener, perhaps, from accessory circumstances, such as the entire possession of a parish, or other control, at the expense of the rest of the community. For they have obtained labourers from adjoining parishes, enjoying the benefit while they wanted such assistance, and throwing off the burden when such assistance was no longer needed. If, however, the parochial division be not abandoned, one half of the kingdom will be sunk into absolute ruin by birth-settlements.

We must again insist on the tyranny of imposing the consequences of her crime wholly upon the mother of an illegitimate child. This is clearly to offer a premium upon seduction, and to prompt infanticide, for the temp-

fations to both are infinitely increased by the measure. If Parliament be earnest in their endeavour to correct this evil, let them *in all cases*, except where the woman can be proved to be of infamous character, compel the father to marry the mother, or, where the father is a married man, to take the child into his family, and there will be fewer children born out of wedlock. In this instance Ministers have not gone to the fountain of evil; for seduction begins on the side of the man, but have decreed to load the victim with the punishment due to the tempter. This is neither just nor wise.

It is, however, clear, that the Bill will be modified in many of its obnoxious clauses, for the kingdom is rousing against it. Almost all the London districts and many of the provincial towns have petitioned—all admit the excellence of the principle—all object to the means. To the amended Bill the kingdom ought to look with the utmost jealousy and care before it passes the Lords.

It is impossible to imagine a finer season in every respect for the operations of agriculture, and the crops of every description declare its glory and beneficence. Though April forgot its custom and passed till the very last days of its existence without a shower, the rains which have since fallen have completely restored the wheats, which are now hastening towards the ear, covering the earth with as much plenty as it can bear. The barley has shot up vigorously and beautifully, the grasses are fast running into luxuriance, refreshed as they have been of late by daily showers. The land is preparing for turnips under the best possible appearances, the Swedes are in many districts already put in, as is also the mangel wurzel, getting every year into higher estimation as its cultivation is better understood. Should the same favourable weather continue, there can be little doubt that the harvest will be as early and as abundant as ever was known.

The dry weather of the preceding month had so threatened the crops in France, that prices began to advance. In the northern parts, on the contrary, they looked downwards. In those of the Baltic, the quotations for wheat vary from 22s. to 32s. At Dantzic they were so high as from 30s. to 32s.—at Hamburgh from 24s. to 26s. Wheats of our own growth are very dull of sale and in last week's markets, even the best Essex declined from 1s. to 2s. per quarter the highest price being 57s. The other articles, beans excepted, which have fallen 1s., remain with little alteration.

RURAL ECONOMY

Ornamental Forest Trees—The common elm (*Ulmus campestris*) is well known in every shrubbery. It is the tree usually planted to edge public walks in the same way as the lime is on the Continent. Most writers suppose the elm to be indigenous to England and it is certainly frequently found in hedge-rows and forests, where it is not likely to have been planted. No fewer than forty places are mentioned in the "Doomsday Book," that have their names compounded of elms. Queen's Elm at Chelsea takes its name from an elm-tree planted there by Queen Elizabeth, when a child, with her own hand. It stood at the upper end of Church lane, and was considered the boundary of the parish on the north side. It was felled in 1745 by Sir Hans Sloane, who sold it for a guinea. It was 13 feet in circumference and 110 feet high. There is an elm said to have been planted in Henry VII.'s time. Elm timber is remarkably hard and tough, and as it has the property of resisting water in a very great degree, it is very useful for water trunks and pipes. The wooden troughs used in all works for conveying the brine to the pans are generally made of elm. There are two varieties of the common elm; the one with broad leaves is called the Scotch elm, and

the other, with narrow leaves, the English elm. The Wych elm (*Ulmus montana*) is much handsomer than the common species, the leaves are broader and of a paler green, and the branches hang more gracefully. There are several varieties of this species, of which the Cornish elm is by much the latest in coming into leaf. Some kinds have smooth leaves and some rough, they also vary in their weight and manners of growth, but the species and varieties of British elms are by no means distinctly marked, and even botanists disagree respecting them, some calling the same tree by different names, and others giving the same name to different trees. The American elms are very handsome, the Red or Canada elm grows to an enormous size, and has a beautiful effect in a forest, from the brilliant red of its branches. The white elm only differs in having its branches white. The drooping elm (*Ulmus pendula*) is a very graceful tree, and *Ulmus horizontalis* is, perhaps, still more so. There is a beautiful specimen of this tree in Chudler's Nursery, Vauxhall Road, and another in Lee's Hammer Smith Nursery—the latter may be seen from the road. *Ulmus fastigiata* is a curious variety, the off-leaves of which all curl in a reverse way. Many other species and varieties may be had at the nurseries. Elms generally grow straight and rather stiff looking trees, a hedge-row planted with them looks like a regiment of tall diagonals drawn up in little array. The Wych elm, however, and all its varieties, send forth large arms. At the Surrey Zoological Gardens is an Arboretum, with the trees all named with both the botanical and common names, and there nearly all the elms above described may be seen. They are also to be found in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, where they are also named, but have only their botanical names affixed.

Diospyrus Lotus is a very handsome tree for a shrubbery. It grows gracefully, spreading out its branches, and its leaves are tinged underneath with a beautiful pink, and covered with a long soft, pinkish down. Nothing can be more beautiful than this tree in the sun when a gentle breeze agitates its leaves. It is quite hardy, and deserves to be universally cultivated.

Ornamental Trees—Few trees are more ornamental in the shrubbery than those which have pea-blossomed flowers hanging, like those of the laburnum, in long graceful branches; and among these the acacias are perhaps the most beautiful. The locust tree of the Americans (*Robinia pseudacacia*) is the most common. It received its name of *Robinia* from Jean Robin, the herbalist of Henry IV., and is so hardy that it is now to be found in almost every shrubbery. It grows very fast, sometimes sending out shoots six or eight feet long in one summer, and may be propagated readily by seed or suckers. The flowers are very sweet, and exactly resemble a bunch of white laburnum. The branches, are, however, very brittle, and are liable to be broken in high winds, and the leaves do not appear till late, and fall off early in the season. The wood is much valued in America for its durability and the closeness of its grain, it is also finely veined. It makes excellent fuel, and its shade is less injurious to grass than that of many other trees. There are several varieties of this species of *Robinia*, the handsomest of which are *R. umbraenifera*, or the parasol acacia, the branches of which spread out on every side, and droop most gracefully so as to form a verdant canopy. *R. cuspa*, the leaves of which are all curled, and *R. tortuosa*, the branches of which are twisted, are more curious than beautiful. *R. dubia* has flowers of a pale rose colour, which are very sweet scented. *R. viciosa* has white flowers streaked with red; both the stem and branches are covered with a clammy, glutinous substance, very unpleasant to the touch. *R. hispida* and *R. rosea*, are two of the most beautiful and graceful of the *Robinias*—both bear beautiful rose-coloured flowers, varying in shade, but always splendid in appearance. *R. pendula* has flowers of a pale violet, and those of *R. purpurea* are a deep purple, both these are very handsome trees and very ornamental in a shrubbery. The

flowers of *R. glabra* are small and of a yellowish red. *R. ferruginea* has a covering of rich brown hairs on the under side of its leaves; and *R. latifolia* has handsome broad leaves. All the kinds are easy of culture and very ornamental in a shrubby; but they are all brittle, and liable to be broken off in a high wind.

Tulips—We are lovers of flowers, from the imperial tulip to the humble daisy. We need not say, then, that we were delighted with the floral exhibition in Mr. Groom's garden at Walworth. In one bed there were at least 1600 roots, of which many were worth, it is said, 50*l*. There were three grand divisions of tulips:—the rose, red on white; the bybloomen, purple on white; and the bizard, any colour on yellow. The aniculas, a most lovely flower, were very forward. Add to these the scarce flower called *reliquæ speciosæ*, ranunculi, anemones, and carnations, in large beds, and you will have some idea of this "wilderness of sweets." The rarest tulips are, Polyphemus, Milo, Bacchus, Pompe Funebre, Imperatrix Flora, Louis XVI, Rembrandt (black and white), and George Canning, erroneously called Catafolque. The glorious 'show' is now over, but another spring will produce another gathering. The lovers of such rare treats must be on the watch for it.

NEW PATENTS

To John Ramsey, of Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music and other books.

To Vincent Nolte, of Bridge street, Blackfriars, in the city of London, Esq., for an improved hydraulic power engine.

To James Smith, of Deanston Works, in the parish of Kilmadoch, in the county of Perth, cotton spinner, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for carding cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous materials.

To James Duffield Harding, of Gordon-square, in the county of Middlesex, artist, for his invention of certain improvements on pencil pen, and chalk cases or holders.

To Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, machinist, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cutting screws.

To Robert Hendrick Goddard, of Woolwich, in the county of Kent, Gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of weighing machines, and in the mode, manner, or method of ascertaining, registering, and indicating the number of operations or quantity of work performed by weighing, measuring, or numbering apparatus on machines.

To Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing of nails.

To William Augustus Archibald, Lieutenant in his Majesty's navy, at present residing at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of a certain improvement in the making of sugars.

To Henry Pinkus, late of Pennsylvania, in the United States of America, now of North Crescent, Bedford-square, Gentleman, for his

invention of an improved method of, or apparatus for, communicating and transmitting or extending motive power, by means whereof carriages or waggons may be propelled on rail ways or common roads, and vessels may be propelled on canals.

To Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial-road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of a certain improvement in the shape or form of nails, spikes, and bolts.

To William Morgan, of the Kent road, in the county of Surrey, Esq., for his invention of improvements in certain kinds of steam engines.

To John Augustus Manton, late of Calcutta, in the East Indies, but now residing with his brother at the Small Gun Office, in the Tower of London, gun maker, for his invention of certain improvements in fire arms.

To John Isaac Hawkins, of Pancras Vale, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for certain improvements for facilitating the cure of diseases by administering galvanic influence into the human body, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To James Jamieson Cordes, of Idol lane, in the city of London, merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making rivets and screw blanks or bolts, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To James Jamieson Cordes, of Idol lane, in the city of London, merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Samuel Slocum, of the New-road, St. Pancras, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails.

To Samuel Slocum, of the New-road, St. Pancras, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for improvements in machinery for making pins.

To John Paterson Reid of the city of Glasgow, merchant, and Thomas Johnson, of the same place, mechanics for their invention of certain improvements applicable to certain looms for weaving different sorts of cloth

To Henry Crane of Wolverhampton in the county of Stafford merchant, and John Young, of the same place patent lock manufacturer, for their invention of certain improvements in

the making or manufacturing and forming of iron for hoops of casks and other purposes.

To Thomas Baker of Upper Stamford street, in the county of Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction or mechanism of chronometers watches, and clocks and which may also be applicable to other mechanical purposes being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 22, 1834, TO MAY 20, 1834, INCLUSIVE

April 22—J BATTY, Ware Hertfordshire victualler A SCHLOSS, Strand bookseller G ANNA, Brighton, Sussex commission agent J LYB, Fleet street, City, ironmonger G WILLIAMSON, Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire, baker J HARDING, Keelington, timber merchant W THOMPSON, Witney Oxfordshire coach maker F LEFD, CARD Mirfield, Yorkshire oil merchant J THOMPSON, Sheffield grocer W SWANWICK Nottingham, innkeeper C OVERTON, Monk Fryston, Yorkshire miller W BAKER, Thrusk, Yorkshire grocer W BRAITHWAITE, jun. Middlewich Cheshire J J and I HALLAM, Nottingham, builders I HAMER Huddersfield, Yorkshire wooll-stapler H COMBS, Liberty of the Close of Sarum Wiltshire, money scrivener

April 25—J H GREEN Finch lane City, bill broker D DOUGLAS, Whitechapel-road baker J ROBINSON, Bridge street, Westminster shoemaker W LEWER, Wellington street, Strand, news agent G HARRIS Broad street City, corn factor J HANSON, and J WELCH Birmingham, builders R A WEST, Leeds Yorkshire, dryer G HOCKNEY Stone Staffordshire innkeeper W WATSON, Brington Flintshire timber merchant J ALLSON Bulper, Derbyshire wheelwright C WYATT, Banbury, Oxfordshire innkeeper B and R BITTERWORTH, Haunstead mill, Rochdale Lancashire cotton spinners

April 29—I SCRIVENER Mark lane corn dealer T WEAVER, South street, Spital fields cheesemonger J W AUSTIN, Cheapside jeweller W SMOLES Vauxhall Surrey, builder G I THOMSON Bishops gate street, dealer in snuff and tobacco J ARKELL Alstone Gloucestershire miller W BRIDG, sen, Manchester, timber dealer J WILSON, Liverpool upholsterer H GORI Liverpool, merchant R BUCHER, Clutton Somersetshire innkeeper R OAKLEY Strewsbury, builder J PRINCE, Bath, innkeeper

May 2—F WILB Fleet street role maker R EDGAR, Harp lane Lower street wine merchant T HUNT, St Mary Axe, stationer R BOWLES, Spalding Lincolnshire, builder W STEVENS, jun, Old Jewry, City, broker J GREEN Chultenham, Gloucestershire draper J CHITON, Trinity terrace, Southwark, Surrey, boarding house-keeper. S CRANFIELD, Colchester, innkeeper. W GOULD Star court, Rosemary lane, ale brewer. T W POLTON, Bath, fruiterer. M FISHER, Huddersfield, York-

shire provision dealer W HILL, Cradley, Worcestershire, file manufacturer

May 6—S GODSON, Devonshire street, Bishopgate, wine merchant R HARLEY, and R S FARR, St John street West Smith field, chemists and druggists J BACON, Greenwich, Kent, plasterer R DODGE, Salt Austle, Cornwall, saddler S FORSER L SMITH, and J JEWITT, Manchester cotton spinners J BRINDLEY, Alton, Staffordshire, colour manufacturer S RILEY, Farnley, Yorkshire, clothier R MAKIN sen, R MAKIN, jun, and W MAKIN, Liverpool, corn merchants S F WALTER Madeley, Shropshire, printer F IYERSON, Beverley Yorkshire, dealer

May 9—G PENNON, Parch Farm Croydon, cattle dealer J BENNETT Covent garden market, seedsman W MAWBEY Edge ware Middlesex, corn dealer H POPPILL White Millbank street Westminster, coal merchant T S PEARSON, Leeds, Yorkshire, linen draper. W WOOLKEY, Upper St Martin's lane, victualler F GUNNELL, Newbury, Berkshire fellmonger M. THORPE, Spalding Lincolnshire, merchant J MIDDLETOWN, Stoolport Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer

May 13—F W ISAAC, Charlotte street Fitzroy square musical instrument maker W MASON West Butterwick, Lincolnshire draper T NICHOLS Wakefield, Yorkshire, bookseller W ROGERS Chepstow, Monmouthshire mercer

May 16—I COLE, Wells street Oxford street corn chandler M WAKE, Wapping, chain and anchor smith W BIANCHARD, Old Compton street, Soho oil and colourman. J W WARREN Blandford Dorsetshire, draper R LEGG, Exeter, coal merchant N J CAISHIER George street Minorca, jeweller W HINDS Liverpool, drysalter J TURRON Birmingham, spoon maker J MANDY, Amesbury Wiltshire, draper R. BATES, Walsfield Yorkshire, linen draper. J REYNOLDS Manchester, merchant J MONCROP, Manchester, joiner J SAITER, Poole, twine manufacturer R J TURNER, Norwich, money scrivener F SAUNDERS, Birmingham tailor

May 20—C MARTYN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne draper W COMPTON and W. ANDREWS, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, mercers W P ROBERTSON, Buenos Ayres, merchant. H FRANCIS, R. J. TURNER, and C J WRST, Norwkh, money scriveners L DACHUS, Fmscote, Warwickshire, cement-manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT

THE state of trade has undergone some improvement since our last, and although the continued contention between the masters and the operative unionists prevents the free demand and supply of manufactured goods yet even in the Woollen Trade, which has been particularly affected by these unfortunate differences, that improvement is manifest. Both at Rochdale and Huddersfield, purchasers have lately come much more freely into the market, but at Leeds the manufacturers are still suffering from the effects of the strike among the tailors. Great complaints are made by the Linen Manufacturers of Glasgow, a considerable advance having taken place in the price of flax, without any countervailing rise in the prices of yarns or linen cloths. Silk and Cotton goods find an increased demand as the season advances.

Colonial produce is still very dull in the market, and Coffee, particularly that of our West India possessions, has declined considerably of late; nor do the Hambro letters hold out any prospect of such an immediate continental demand as to stimulate purchases for exportation. The Sugar Market, which has been in a declining state for some weeks past, seems at length to have attained its lowest level, and considerable purchases have recently been made, by public sale lately, a parcel of Trinidad good grocery descriptions, brought from 48s 6d to 54s 6d for brown to middling yellow. In Mauritius Sugars the purchases have been made freely at fair prices, particularly for refining qualities. East India Sugars have been rather neglected, 956 baskets of Java, offered by public sale were for the greater part taken in at the following prices: low grey to middling greyish yellow, 23s to 24s; yellow good colour but soft, 24s, dump 22s 6d to 23s. At a late public sale of Foreign Sugars, 1200 boxes of white Havannah brought 28s to 30s; about 500 yellow, 23s 6d to 25s 6d; a parcel of white, of good colour and strong quality, sold for 29s to 30s 6d. West Indian Molasses of good quality commands 23s per cwt.

In the Refined Market there is very little doing, with the exception of some few inquiries for the Mediterranean trade; but in this a very decided improvement is anticipated shortly, Crushed is quoted at 31s 6d.

British Plantation Coffee seems now

to be becoming more steady, the following prices have been obtained by public sale: Jamaica fine ordinary to low middling 62s to 69s, Demerara low middling 62s to 68s, Dominica fine ordinary, 63s to 67s 6d.

Foreign Coffee is tolerably firm, but East India has declined materially with Plantation, good ordinary Ceylon has sold for 49s to 50s, Sumatra, ordinary to good ordinary brown 40s to 43s, good ordinary Batavia, 49s to 50s 6d. Cocoa is exceedingly dull of sale, a parcel of Red British Plantation of good quality was all taken in at 38s to 40s.

Cotton is held with considerable firmness, the stock in hand here being but of limited extent, in Liverpool considerable sales have been effected of late at advanced prices. The late sales in the London market have consisted of 181 bales of Surat, of which middling brought 6½d, middling fair 6¼d, and 200 Bawed, of which good quality brought 18½d, stained 7s to 8d.

The demand for Rum is very limited, and sales can scarcely be effected except at a reduced quotation. Good quality Jamaica, 30 over proof, has been lately bought at 2s 8d per gallon, and the price of Leewards is nominally about 2s. In Brandy and Genevy, very little doing.

It is expected that the East India Company's sale of Indigo in July will amount to 5000 to 6000 chests, and as orders are scarce the recent public sales have shown a reduction of 2d to 4d per lb. Guatemala Indigo met with ready purchasers, there being some demand for the Mediterranean Market, but East India went off very heavily.

Lac Dye has met with extensive purchasers, but at a low price, Coloured could scarcely be sold even at a considerable reduction.

Spices continue heavy, and prices still tend downwards, Black Pepper ordinary half heavy at 3½d for half heavy at 3s 7d to 3½d, 1036 bags of East India Ginger sold by auction at 28s to 28s 6d, 597 chests of Cassia Terebinth, at 65s to 68s, 11 casks of Nutmegs at 10s 10d to 11s 11d, 9 casks of Cloves at 11½d to 1s 1d.

In Rice scarcely a sale can be effected for 1635 bags of East India offered by public sale no offers were made; good white Bengal was taken in at 11s 6d. to 12s, very ordinary dusty yellow, at 8s 6d, good white Java, at 8s; Calo-

lina Rice is rather more saleable, new of fine quality may be quoted at 29s.

Salt-petre has suffered a gradual reduction since the last India House sale, $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{3}{4}$ refraction has sold at 21s 6d to 25s.

The Tallow Market has been heavy, but is again somewhat revived. Yellow Candle Tallow is now 41s 6d to 42s per cwt.

The Corn Market has presented no fluctuations of any considerable extent during the month. In Wheat, particularly, the supply appears to keep so due a proportion to the demand that the variations in price are exceedingly trifling. The demand for malting qualities of Barley having in a great measure ceased, prices have lately declined a little but grounding qualities maintain their quotations. Oats have improved a little of late, and Beans and Peas are held with firmness for an advance. Rape seed is extremely scarce. In Bonded Wheat and Flour there is no business whatever doing.

The Money Market has maintained great firmness throughout the month; the extreme fluctuation in Consols has been from 91 $\frac{1}{8}$ to 93. But within the last few days reports of some secessions from the Ministry have reduced the latter quotation nearly 1 per cent. Upon the whole, however, there is every prospect that the Funds will maintain something like their present price for some time to come, that is putting out of the question any of those extraordinary accidents which sometimes intervene and baffle all calculation. Notwithstanding the attempts to throw the Ministerial scheme for the conversion of the Four per Cents into a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent stock it is not at all probable that the amount for which notice of dissent will be entered will greatly exceed half a million, and

it is quite certain that even double that amount would present no serious obstacle to their carrying the plan into effect.

The chief materials for speculation in the Foreign Funds continue to be found in Spanish and Portuguese Bonds, and which have fluctuated largely and rapidly with the rumours, true or false, of the day. Spanish Bonds from 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the commencement of the month rose to 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ subsequently fell below 35 and recovered to 37. Portuguese Bonds from 78 declined to 76 $\frac{1}{2}$, they afterwards nearly touched 80, and then fell about 1 per cent. There has been also considerable fluctuation in Mexico which have ranged from 42 to 16. In other descriptions the variations have been very trifling.

Subjoined are the prices of the principal Securities at the close of the Market on the 26th —

BRITISH FUNDS

Three per Cent Consols, 92 $\frac{1}{8}$ — Ditto for the Account, (July 23) 92 $\frac{1}{8}$ — Exchequer Bills, 50s, 51s, prom — Bank Stock, 215 $\frac{1}{2}$, 16 — India do, 269 70

FOREIGN FUNDS

Belgian Five per Cent, 98 $\frac{1}{4}$ — Brazilian, 76 $\frac{1}{4}$ — Colombian Six per Cent, of 1824, 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ — Danish Three per Cent, 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 52 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ — Ditto Five per Cent, 97 $\frac{1}{4}$ — Anglo Greek, 114 10 — Mexican Six per Cent, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Peruvian, 21 2 — Portuguese Regency Five per Cent, 79 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ — Russian, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Spanish, 36 $\frac{1}{8}$ 7 $\frac{1}{8}$

SHARES

Anglo Mexican Mines, 9, 10 — Bolanos, 137 $\frac{1}{2}$ 142 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Brazilian Imperial, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Real del Monte 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ — United Mexican, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 — Canada, 48 49

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT — HOUSE OF LORDS

April 21.—The Duke of Gloucester presented a petition signed by 258 members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge now assembled in that University, praying that their Lordships would not agree to the prayer of the petition presented on the 21st of March, signed by sixty-three resident members of the University. The illustrious Duke strongly vindicated the existing laws of the University and cautioned the House against any rash interference with an institution which produced so many ornaments to the literature and piety of the country.—Earl Grey expressed his firm

conviction that if the prayer of the former petition were granted, instead of injuring the Established Church, it was calculated to remove the prejudices which existed, to destroy the animosities and heart-burnings which prevailed, and, by so doing, it would give strength to that church which it was his most anxious wish to preserve.—The Duke of Wellington contended that the effect of adopting the Noble Earl's advice would be to advance Dissenters to the government of the Universities, to disturb the union between Church and State, and perhaps endanger the existence of Christianity itself.—The Lord Chancellor ridiculed the idea of feeling alarm at the admission of half-a-dozen Dissenters into the Universities.—The Bishop of London was favourable to the education of Churchmen and Dissenters together, but deprecated the interference of Parliament with the rights of the Universities.—The Bishops of Gloucester and Exeter supported the petition, which was, after some further discussion, ordered to lie on the table.

April 22.—The Marquess of Lansdowne moved certain resolutions relative to the printing of Parliamentary papers, and with a view to diminish the enormous expenses under that head. The printing of the proceedings of both Houses for one year (attended, indeed, with particular circumstances) cost 100,000*l.* The Noble Marquess having stated generally the manner in which the saving was to be effected in printing the public papers, said that on one class of papers the saving would be thirty per cent; on another class of papers, twenty-five per cent. On the whole, the saving would not amount to less than seventy per cent. This was reduction to the amount of full one-half of the former expense, being a saving in this class of public expenditure of between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* a year. The resolutions were agreed to.

April 28.—The Duke of Newcastle called the attention of Ministers to the processions of the Trades' Unions.—Lord Melbourne knew of no means to prevent such processions, but hoped they would be abandoned by the people themselves.—The Marquess of Londonderry did not think the Unions likely to die a natural death; they were still increasing in numbers. Lord Eldon thought it was the duty of Government to discountenance such assemblages.—The Lord Chancellor agreed with his Noble and Learned Friend that vast and unnecessary numbers assembling themselves together was illegal. It was because he was the sincere friend of the working-classes of the country that he was an enemy to Trades' Unions; and he would add that of all the pernicious devices that could be imagined for the injury of the interests of the working-classes, as well as the interests of the country at large, nothing was half so bad as the existence of Trades' Unions.

May 1.—The Lord Chancellor read his Majesty's answer to the Address on the subject of the Union with Ireland, which was as follows:

"It is with great satisfaction I receive your Address, stating your determination to maintain inviolate the Legislative Union of the two countries, which, I perfectly agree with you, is essential to the safety, peace, and integrity of the British empire. I shall use the powers that are by law entrusted to me to put down and repress all attempts, by whomsoever made, to sever my dominions. I look back with satisfaction to the salutary laws which have, for a series of years, been passed to remedy the grievances which affected my Irish subjects, and have resolved to continue to remove, from time to time, all just causes of complaint."

Earl Grey moved that the Address of their Lordships, together with his Majesty's gracious answer thereto, should be printed in the usual way, which motion was agreed to.

May 2.—The Duke of Newcastle rose, in pursuance of a notice which he had given, to bring forward the subject of the musical festival which it was in contemplation to hold in Westminster Abbey. He considered that **any music in a church, unaccompanied with prayer, was highly indecorous.** It

had been objected to by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and they had requested that Westminster Hall might be appropriated to that purpose. He considered that the cathedral, having been consecrated to the service of Almighty God, it was profane and wicked to make use of it for any other purpose.—The Bishop of London objected to the festival, because he did not think it right that places dedicated to the worship of God should be used for any other purpose.—The Duke of Cumberland thought the celebration could not interfere with the service of the church.—The Lord Chancellor said he was one of those who was appointed to act as steward at this festival, wholly approving of the object, which was one of pure charity to a deserving and unfortunate class of persons, and to encourage an act which tended very much, not only to innocent recreation, but also to humanize and soften the human disposition, and should therefore be encouraged rather than discouraged. He had most willingly acceded to having his name placed on the list as one of the stewards, and he would, as well as he was able, perform its duties.

May 6.—The Marquis of Londonderry moved for copies of the correspondence relating to the imprisonment of Sir John Campbell at Lisbon.—Earl Grey expressed his readiness to produce any papers that could be produced consistently with the public service; and explained with respect to Sir J. Campbell that he was known to have been an officer in the service of Don Miguel, that he was taken in the endeavour to escape from a place under blockade, and that letters were found on him from the Minister of Don Miguel.—After a long debate, the Noble Marquess said he would take the papers which Earl Grey agreed to give, and would on a future occasion call for others, if necessary.

May 9.—Lord Plunkett then took an opportunity, according to notice, to enter upon an explanation of errors and misstatements which had been enunciated respecting his conduct in relation to the Deanery of Down, conferred upon his Lordship's son by Lord Anglesey. It appeared from the speech of the Learned Lord that he had never affixed his signature to any part of the proceedings of the commission, save only the preliminary report of sixteen pages; and that the appendix, where alone was any mention of the Deanery of Down, was the work exclusively of the ecclesiastical commissions, of which the Irish Chancellor knew nothing whatever. His Lordship further showed, by documents which he laid before the House, that he had thrown no sort of obstacle in the way of such reforms as might affect the said Deanery, which, on the contrary, he appraised his son by letter that he was bound, at whatever disadvantage, to concur in; and that Dean Plunkett, who had given up a living of 1,200*l.* per annum in exchange for the Deanery, had suffered a considerable loss of income under the effect of the proposed alienations.—Earl Grey corroborated the statement of his Noble and Learned Friend, whom he described as having been actuated in that, as in every other transaction of his life, by the purest and the most disinterested motives.

May 12.—The Lord Chancellor presented a petition from Glasgow, praying for the redress of Dissenters' grievances, and for a dissolution of the connexion between Church and State. His Lordship, in a speech of great length, deprecated the attack made by the Dissenters on the existence of the Church, and argued with great power to show, from the operation of secondary causes, the good effects of an establishment on the general interests of religion.—The Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his surprise that the present moment should have been selected by the Dissenters for the destruction of the Church.—Earl Fitzwilliam regretted that Dissenters had not been more liberally dealt with, especially from the Right Rev. Bench.—After a long discussion, the petition was ordered to lie on the table.

May 15.—The Lord Chancellor inquired of Lord Wynford whether it

was his intention to go on with his Bill for enforcing the better observance of the Sabbath—whether he was serious upon the matter? His reason for asking if he was serious was, that the Bill, unknown probably to his Noble Friend, prohibited, under heavy penalties, any person whatsoever, in his Majesty's dominions, of whatsoever station, from doing any work whatsoever, not upon the Sabbath only, but upon any other day in the week. — Lord Wynford said he should persist in his Bill and if any such provision was to be found in it as his Noble and Learned Friend had described, it must have got there by a misprint.—The Bill was afterwards read a second time, by a majority of 16 to 13.

May 16.—Then Lordships adjourned to the 21st

HOUSE OF COMMONS

April 21.—At the morning sitting, Mr Goulbourn, presented a petition from the Cambridge University similar to that which was submitted to the House of Lords by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. The Right Hon Gentleman proceeded to describe the petition, and maintained that by the statute of Elizabeth it was required that the holy communion should be administered on the first day of each term, and that all the scholars of the University were required to attend. When such was provided by Act of Parliament, he really could not see how anybody could argue that Dissenters were to be admitted into the Universities, for, if the law so intended, it would never have made provisions for enforcing the receiving of the sacrament alluded to. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Committee on Church rates moved the following resolution:—‘That it is the opinion of this Committee that after a certain time to be fixed for the purpose, the payment of Church rates in England and Wales should cease and determine and that his Majesty be empowered to grant out of the land tax a sum of 250 000*l* to be applied to the repair of parish Churches and parochial Chapels. The Noble Lord stated that the sum thus raised was to be appropriated not in the same manner as it was now applied, but chiefly, if not entirely, to the sustaining and repairs of the fabric of the churches. This fund so made a charge on the land tax, was to be invested in the hands of Commissioners by them to be distributed to the purpose of supporting the edifices of the churches throughout the country.—Mr Hume objected strongly to the plan as calculated to afford no relief to the Dissenters, and moved that all the words after the word “determine” should be omitted. Sir R Inglis approved only of that part of the proposition which recognised the necessity of a State religion.—A long and animated discussion followed which ended in a division, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer's motion was carried by a majority of 256 to 140.

April 22.—A great number of petitions were presented for and against the repeal of the Legislative Union between England and Ireland. Mr O'Connell then rose to submit his promised motion on that subject which he prefaced by a speech of considerable length. The Hon and Learned Member entered into the history of the connexion between the two countries, to show that England had acquired no right, by conquest or otherwise, to supreme power over Ireland. He also detailed the means resorted to for the accomplishment of the Act of Union, which he maintained was not a compact but a gross imposition brought about by bribery and corruption of the basest character. The Hon and Learned Gentleman concluded his speech, which occupied about five hours in the delivery, by moving for a “Select Committee, to inquire and report on the means by which the dissolution of the Parliament of Ireland was effected, on the effects of that measure upon Ireland, and upon the labourers in husbandry and operatives in manufactures in England, and on the probable consequences

of continuing the Legislative Union between both countries.—The debate was adjourned.

April 23.—The debate on Mr. O'Connell's motion was resumed, in the absence of that gentleman, whose attendance was prevented by indisposition.—Mr. Spring Rice commenced the debate by a speech, in the course of which he declared that the House ought to express, in the most solemn manner, its opinion that the Legislative Union should be preserved inviolate. Nay, he thought they were called upon to do more—they were called upon to state their reasons why they thought it was not only for the interests of the empire at large, but of Ireland in particular, that it should be preserved. They were next called upon to state that this Imperial Parliament gave the best possible attention to Irish affairs. He meant to propose, also, that certain resolutions, embodying these views, should be submitted to the other House of Parliament, and that both Houses should then move an Address to the Crown in support of the Legislative Union, and praying that it might be preserved inviolate. He had no doubt that the answer of the Crown would approve of such resolutions. Mr. Rice concluded his speech, which occupied upwards of six hours in the delivery, by moving an Address to the Crown, of the nature above described.—The debate was adjourned.

April 24.—The adjourned motion respecting the Union between England and Ireland was resumed.—Mr. E. Tennant commenced the debate by a speech in support of Mr. Spring Rice's amendment, which he had seconded on the previous evening. He contended that a Parliament in Ireland would be entirely subject to the democracy and to the priests. He exhorted Government to put an end to that system of agitation which, by distracting Ireland, was the great cause of absenteeism. Nor were the distraction and the woes of Ireland occasioned by the great and the high-born of the land, but by the low and the needy, and by adventurers, who had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The Hon. Member concluded by stating it as his opinion that the Union was essential for the happiness, power, and prosperity of the two countries, and for the maintenance of the religion of the State. Mr. Littleton, Mr. F. O'Connor, and Mr. Barion spoke afterwards; and, on the motion of Mr. Ruthven, the debate was adjourned.—The Foreign Enlistment Bill was, after some discussion, read a second time, by a majority of 65 to 14.—Mr. R. Grant moved that the House resolve itself into Committee to consider of the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews.—Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion, which was carried by 53 to 9.

April 25. - The debate on the Repeal question was again resumed, Mr. Ruthven having opened it by a speech in which he strongly supported Mr. O'Connell's motion. The debate was continued till three o'clock. Among the speakers was Mr. Sheil. Sir Robert Peel replied to the Hon. Member, and concluded a most powerful address by observing, that with the passing of the Relief Bill, the Catholic was raised from his fallen state to the level of the Protestant; and the Protestant, being stripped of his old prerogative, had a right to expect loyalty, good faith, and peaceful conduct from the Catholic, love of order, and respect for property. Then Reform was carried, and with Reform came a train of claims and rights in the Constitution unknown before, commingling the various sects and degrees of society. Was that the time, then, after the destruction of Protestantism, and the diminution of the influence that property before commanded and ought to command—after those ancient safeguards of English power and English glory were removed—that the British Parliament was to encourage by an acquiescence in the ambitious views of an individual, the worst tyranny—the tyranny of religious hate? Was that the time, after they had struck down the encroaching usurpations of one man by their conquering armies, to encourage the views of another? What! did they pass Eman-

icipation to propagare sectarian animosity, and plant Catholic ascendancy in Ireland? And was the Reform Bill passed to deprive rank and property and station of their natural and just and wholesome influence in that country? Were they, he asked them, and he implored them as the honest guardians of the State, to pull down England from her well earned elevation, and dismember the empire? No he trusted there was not such madness yet to be found in their councils. They were now to consider whether they would maintain the empire in its natural condition in its pristine strength and necessary integrity and maintain it too not alone as a matter of duty but of safety or whether, with suicidal hand they were to strike off from the trunk of the State its most valued branch, to grow and fructify by itself. The debate was again adjourned.

April 28.—The fifth debate on the Repeal of the Union was opened by Mr Callaghan, who, in a speech of great length, maintained that the best interests of Ireland had been sacrificed to the adoption of that measure.—After a very long discussion, the debate was again adjourned.

April 29.—The discussion on Mr O Connell's motion was resumed, Mr. Mullins having opened it with a speech in favour of the motion. After an extended debate, in which many Members took part, Mr O Connell replied, and the House divided on this, the sixth night of discussion. For the motion 38 against it 523. Mr Rice's amendment was finally adopted. It was then ordered that the Address be communicated to the Lords and that their Lordships be requested to join the Commons in the Address.

April 30.—The second reading of Sir A. A. Annesley's Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath was negatived by a majority of 56.

May 1.—Sir Robert Heron brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to prevent the vacation of seats by Members on the acceptance of certain offices. The Honourable Member introduced his motion by a speech in which he contended for the necessity of some management of the kind—and maintained that since the passing of the Reform Bill the power of controlling official appointments was not necessary to the people. Mr F. Bulwer moved an amendment to the effect that certain members of the Administration should have seats in virtue of their offices but not votes, except they were afterwards returned by constituencies. After a long discussion, both the motion and the amendment were withdrawn.—A long discussion took place on the claims of the Bureau de Bode which ended in the appointment of a Committee to investigate the subject.

May 3.—Mr D. W. Harvey brought forward his motion that an address be presented to the King for a revision of the Pensions List. Mr Strutt moved, as an amendment that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the abuses, if any arising out of the grants of pensions. A long discussion followed, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir R. Peel, Mr Stanley, &c. opposed the motion and the amendment as a violation of contract, and Mr Hawkins, Mr Shel, Mr O Connell, Mr Rotch &c., supported the motion. The Ministers succeeded in defeating all inquiry, the numbers on division being—For Mr D. W. Harvey's motion, 118, against it, 390.—For Mr Strutt's amendment, 230, against it, 311.

May 6.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Tithe Bill was resumed. Mr Ronayne opened the debate and alluded to the letter of the Marquess of Anglesey, condemning the policy of making eight millions of people pay for the support of a religion to which they did not belong. After a long discussion, the second reading was carried by 248 to 52.

May 7.—The second reading of the London and Westminster Bank Bill was carried by a majority of 143 to 35, and ordered to be committed.—Mr. W. Brougham moved the second reading of the General Register of Deeds Bill, which, after a long debate, was negatived by a majority of 116.—Mr.

Caley's Registry of Deeds Bill was also negatived; the latter by a majority of 57—The second reading of the Post Office Delivery Bill was negatived by a majority of 11.

May 8—Lord F Grosvenor gave notice, on behalf of Mr. C Fergusson, of a motion for a grant of 5000/ to Captain Ross—Mr Fleetwood's Bill for the better observances of the Sabbath was read a first time, and the second reading fixed for the 21st—Lord Althorp stated that the widow of Mr R Landel was to receive an annuity of 70/, and her daughter an annuity of 50/—Mr Pym brought forward his motion relative to the removal of the disability imposed upon persons who had taken holy orders and succeeded from the Establishment from sitting in the House—It was seconded by Mr. A Baring, and opposed by Lord Althorp, Mr. Bernal, and Mr. Plumptre, and ultimately withdrawn.

May 9—Mr Robinson brought forward a motion for copies or extracts of any correspondence between the British authorities in Portugal and the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department relative to a late decree of the Portuguese Government, which deprives the subjects of this country of the commercial advantages previously enjoyed by them in their trade with that kingdom, and also relative to vexations and restraints which British subjects have suffered in the prosecution of their lawful commerce in that country—Lord Palmerston contended that there was no ground for the production of the papers, though he admitted the Portuguese Government had done wrong in taking such a step without apprising the British merchants—The Poor Laws Amendment Bill was read a second time, having been opposed by Mr Hume and others. Mr. Walker characterized it as an attempt, not to alter or improve, but to abolish at one stroke the whole body of our poor laws, and to substitute another, totally different in principle and practice, in their place. The general usage in this country had been to correct abuses, to remove pressures, to strengthen infirm parts, and so by a system of succession of expedients our laws had grown up to their present form and consistency. He confessed that he dreaded, and his constituents were also beginning to dread, this new-made constitution, for such it must be considered, for the poor, and for every parish in the kingdom. He said that people attained rights by long and unbroken enjoyment, and the poor of this country had rights, many of which they had lost, as the right of commonage, by the indiscriminate rage for inclosures. The right of maintenance and employment still remained to them under the old constitution by which they had been governed, and if injured, if their rights were violated, they were within reach of those to whom, by their voices, they could complain of that violation. But by this new constitution their rights were to be removed from their old basis, and placed on a totally different foundation, and that foundation would not be within their reach, but placed in London, in a central board or commission.

May 12—In answer to a question from Mr Roebuck, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared it to be the intention of Government to prosecute unstamped publications. The House resolved itself into a Committee on the Civil Offices Bill, and the different clauses were eventually agreed to, and the report ordered to be brought up on Tuesday.

May 13.—Mr. O Connell brought forward his motion for a Select Committee, to inquire into the conduct of the Four Inns of Court in London, and the King's Inns in London. After a very long discussion, the motion was carried, and the Committee appointed.

May 14—The House proceeded to the consideration of the Poor-Laws Amendment Bill, which stood for committal. Previous to the House resolving itself into Committee, an instruction to the Committee to divide the Bill into two or more bills, &c, moved by Mr. Godson, and resolutions proposed by Mr. Robinson, were discussed and negatived. The House having

gone into committee, several amendments were proposed and negatived, and after a long debate, the first clause was agreed to without a division, it was to the effect that it shall be lawful for his Majesty by warrant under the Royal sign manual, to appoint three fit persons to be Commissioners to carry the act into execution, and from time to time to remove any of the Commissioners for the time being, and upon every vacancy, either by death or otherwise, to appoint some other fit person to the said office, and until such appointment, it shall be lawful for the surviving or continuing Commissioners or Commissioner to act as if no such vacancy had occurred. — Mr Brougham brought in a Bill to establish a Registry of all Births, Marriages, and Deaths, throughout England and Wales which was read a first time and ordered to be printed, and to be read a second time on the 27th inst.

May 15 — Mr Fennyson moved for leave to bring in a Bill to shorten the duration of Parliaments, which after a long debate, was negatived by a majority of 235 to 185 — Mr Evans postponed till next Session his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the Royal Academy.

May 16 — In reply to Sir H Vivian respecting the affairs of the Peninsula, Lord Palmerston stated that a treaty relative to the affairs of the Peninsula had been signed by the Plenipotentiaries of England, France, Spain, and Portugal. With regard to the treaty he could not state what were the contents of it, or what were the nature of its provisions. As soon, however, as it was ratified, it would be laid upon the table of that House. The ratification of three of the Powers had already arrived in London, and the ratification of the Government of Portugal had only been delayed in consequence of some forms which were necessary for its completion. Its approaching arrival was, however, announced and in a few days the vessel containing it might be expected to reach our shores.

The House afterwards adjourned till Wednesday the 21st

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.

ACCORDING to a report presented to the House of Assembly it appears that the total cost of the Welland Canal had amounted to 385,327 11s 8d. From a register of the baptisms, marriages, and deaths during the year 1833, it appears that there had been an increase in the population of the province of about 8000 persons, the baptisms having been 13,721 and the interments 5,900. The number of marriages performed in the same period amounted to 2,873. The Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada has made grants to the extent of 25,000*l* for the improvement of roads during the present year, and also 35,000*l* for the improvement of the river St. Lawrence. Among other acts which had passed both Houses of the Legislature in Lower Canada were Bills to make more ample provision for the encouragement of agriculture, for securing the dignity and independence of the Legislative Council of the Province, and the judicial body thereof, for the further permanent encouragement of education, and to continue the act of 2d William IV., creating a fund for the defraying the expense of medical assistance to emigrants, &c. &c.

WEST INDIES.

Jamaica — The late change in the condition of the slaves has given rise to several unexpected projects, and one of them is to petition the King to abolish the Legislature of Jamaica, on the ground that the interference of the British Parliament has deprived it of its independence. Such a petition is

in progress of signature. Another project is to establish institutions similar to our mechanics institutes, one of which is to be founded at Montego Bay, and there is some talk of not allowing Kingston to be behind the other parts of the island. A Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge already exists at Lucea.

The people of Antigua have decided on liberating all their slaves on the 1st of August next, "discharged from the obligations imposed by the British Act of Parliament for the abolition of slavery." The Legislature of that island has further determined that persons so manumitted shall be deemed eligible, in the several parishes in which they were last holden in slavery, to receive parochial relief in common with his Majesty's other subjects in that colony. It has likewise provided that such slaves as are desirous may retain their habitations on estates for one year after the 1st of August next, during which period they are to be divided into three classes, as follows — able-bodied men, labourers capable of less active employment, and persons labouring under such diseases or bodily infirmity as may render them incapable of earning their subsistence. The old and infirm are to be provided for by their former owners, and a stipulated rate of wages allowed throughout the island, proportioned, of course, to the labour performed.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

THE French Ministers having triumphed in their more important objects (such as the infliction of the punishment of death on all who may make barricades or carry arms), have permitted the Chamber to make its peace with the constituencies, which its members are about to meet, by refusing a grant of 1,200,000 francs to the city of Lyons, and by abating, to the amount of 8000/, the sum proposed to be spent in fire works, &c. in celebration of the great days of July. We think that in this latter case they might have carried their economy a little farther, and reduced the sum altogether. For surely it is nothing but an insult on the distinguished warriors of those days that the accession of the Roi des Barricades should be solemnized with pomp and festivity just after he has declared the barricade-makers to be felons worthy of death! France is at present almost without the show of public liberty, and altogether without its substance. Arrests continue to be made as plentifully as ever in Paris, Lyons, and other cities.

UNITED STATES

The collision in the United States between the President and the Bank is daily becoming more serious, and now threatens the integrity of the Union. The President has sent down to the Senate a solemn protest against the resolutions passed by them in March, condemnatory of his arbitrary, uncalled for, and unwarrantable conduct, as violating the constitution. In this protest, General Jackson denies the right of the Senate to interfere, inasmuch as any charges against him ought to have originated with the Congress; and proceeds at great length to defend himself against their authority, declaring that, to accuse the President of the United States of any delinquency, unless for the purpose of formally impeaching and bringing him to trial, would be equally irregular and unconstitutional. The document is written in a temperate yet determined tone, and is calculated to lead to results which may materially affect the relative positions of the various powers in the State.

In consequence, if should seem, of the debate on his protest in the Senate, the President had deemed it proper to send an explanation of it, as if he were aware that it required some softening down to make it palatable to that portion of the Legislature.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS, G C B

This gallant and distinguished officer, the son of the Rev Richard Keats, was born at Chalton, in Hampshire, on the 16th of January, 1757 and entered the Navy on the 25th of November, 1770, on board the *Bellona*, Captain John Montagu, upon the promotion of whom to the rank of Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief on the North American station, Mr. Keats was removed into the flag ship, the *Captain*, in 1771, and was afterwards actively employed in smaller vessels, two of which he commanded, also in boat service, and on shore in different attacks on the American posts, till 1776, when he was removed into the *Romney* the flag ship of Rear-Admiral Montagu, at Newfoundland. On the 7th of April, 1777, he was made Lieutenant into the *Runicus*, commanded by Commodore MacKenzie and afterwards by Captain Robert Digby, who led the fleet on the Luboud tack in the action of the 27th of July, 1778. In 1779, Captain Digby received the rank of Rear-Admiral, and Lieutenant Keats followed him into his flag-ship, the *Prince George*, where Prince William Henry (his present Most Gracious Majesty) commenced his naval career, and in which ship Lieutenant Keats had the honour of being, for upwards of three years, officer of the watch in which his Royal Highness was placed. In 1781, Lieutenant Keats was intrusted by Admiral Digby, on the North American station, with the command of the naval part of an expedition for the destruction of numerous formidable boats of the enemy about fourteen miles up a tide river in the Jerseys, which was completely successful and conducted with such skill and intrepidity, that he was promoted to the rank of Commander on the 18th of January, 1782, and appointed to the *Rhinoceros*, and afterwards to the *Bonetta* till the peace of 1783. From the conclusion of the American war till 1785, he was employed on important services in America. On the 4th of June, 1789, he was, at the pressing solicitation of the Duke of Clarence with his Royal father, King George III, promoted to the rank of Post-Captain, and shortly after appointed to the *Southampton*, and in 1790 to the *Niger*. In 1793, he was appointed to the *London*, 98, destined for the flag of the Duke of Clarence, which ship was paid off in March, 1794. He subsequently commanded the *Galicia* and *Boudicca* frigates, in both which, particularly in the latter, he was actively employed in arduous, difficult, and very important services, till March, 1801, when he was appointed to the *Superb*, 71. In this ship his services as Captain, Commodore, and Rear-Admiral (to which latter rank he rose in September, 1807), were very conspicuous, especially on the 12th of July, 1801, when under the command of Sir James Saumarez (now Lord de Saumarez), in the attack on the enemy's squadron, which ended in the destruction of two Spanish three-deckers, and the capture of the French 74, *St. Antoine*, on the 6th of February, 1806, under the command of Sir John Duckworth, in the capture, destruction, or dispersion of the French squadron off *St. Domingo*, in 1807, at the blockade and siege of Copenhagen, in 1808, when he succeeded in carrying off the Spanish army under the Marquess de la Romana from Nyburg. On this last occasion, his Majesty was graciously pleased to create him a Knight of the Bath. In the following year he was second in command in the expedition to the *Scheldt*, and in 1810 was ordered to Cadiz, then besieged by the French, where his services with the squadron placed under his orders, in the general defence of the place, and serious annoyance of the enemy, by well-planned expeditions and other prompt measures, were duly appreciated. In July, 1811, his friend Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth) having been appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, Sir Richard Keats followed him as second in command, where he remained until extreme ill-health compelled

him, in October 1812, to return to England. In February, 1813, having somewhat recovered, he was appointed to the government and command of Newfoundland, with an assurance that if his health should be restored, more active employment should be assigned him. He struck his flag in 1816 and retired into Devonshire. In 1821 he was called to the Government of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich. The various regulations brought about by his exertions, particularly for improving the system of diet and other comforts to the pensioners, will cause his name to be long and gratefully remembered in that noble asylum.

He was married in 1820, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Francis Hurt, Esq., of Alderwasley, in Derbyshire.

He was a sincere Christian in his belief and practice, and both were characterised by a simplicity and singleness of heart for which he was remarkable. He was a firm and zealous friend, and in all the relations of life most exemplary. His beneficence was extensive and of that character which is rather felt than seen. He closed a career of active usefulness, both in public and private life, on the 5th of April, 1834, most deeply and sincerely lamented.

JOHN FULLER.

This eccentric gentleman died at his house, Rose-Hill, in the county of Sussex, which county he represented during several successive Parliaments, for a period of more than twenty years, and was made celebrated by a well known scene in the House of Commons, when he called the Speaker "a little insignificant fellow in a wig" for which he was committed to the custody of the Sergeant at Arms. He was distinguished throughout life by much eccentricity mingled with a kind heart, that displayed itself in actions of princely munificence.

Mr Fuller died extremely rich. The bulk of his fortune, consisting of estates in Sussex and in the island of Jamaica, are left to Augustus Elliot Fuller Esq., brother of Captain Fuller R.N., and a nephew of the deceased, as also of Lord Heathfield. The estates in London are left to Sir Peregrine Acland, another nephew; besides which, there are very numerous legacies.

The following anecdote of Mr Fuller, which may be relied on, is not generally known.—During Mr Pitt's administration, a messenger arrived at Rose Hill with the offer of a peerage, on the condition that Mr Fuller should vote in a particular manner on some question of the day. Mr Fuller who at the moment had a large party of friends assembled at his dinner table directed the messenger to be ushered into the dining room to receive his answer. In his presence, and that of his guests, Mr Fuller threw the letter into the fire, telling the messenger, at the same time, to acquaint the Minister with the manner in which his offer had been received, and adding "I was born Jack Fuller, and Jack Fuller I will die."

Mr Fuller stood successfully a severely contested election with Colonel Serpisson, which lasted sixteen days, and cost the former 20,000*l.*, in addition to a subscription purse of 50,000*l.* made by the county. The expenses incurred by Mr Serpisson were, we believe, equally heavy.

RUDOLPH ACKERMANN

The late Mr Ackermann, the well known and highly respected publisher, who died at Fulham on the 30th of March, was born at Schneeberg, in the kingdom of Saxony, in 1764, and bred to the trade of a coach-builder; he came, early in life, to England, shortly before the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time pursued in London the occupation of a carriage draftsman, which led to an acquaintance with artists, and to his settlement in business, as a printer, in the Strand. Here, by indefatigable industry, intelligence, and enterprise, combined with inviolable honour and integrity in all his transactions, he created that flourishing establishment which has made his name, perhaps, more extensively known,

both at home and abroad, than that of any other tradesman in the British metropolis.

In the early part of his career, when the French Revolution had driven many clever and ingenious persons to this country, and when even some of the old noblesse were obliged to exercise their talents for a subsistence, Mr. Ackermann, by the extensive encouragement which he gave to the manufacture of elegant fancy articles by them, raised that branch of business to an importance which it had never before attained.

His speculative and enterprising disposition showed itself in various ways unconnected with his trade. We believe that we are correct in stating that his was the first private establishment in which, before the formation of gas companies, an apparatus was erected for making gas for the purpose of domestic illumination. To him the country is certainly indebted for the original introduction of the lithographic art, to which he directed the public attention, not only by a translation of the work of Senefelder, its inventor, but also by the specimens which he produced from his own presses. As a publisher, his illustrated topographical works, especially the Histories of Westminster Abbey, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Public Schools, are monuments of his spirit and taste. It is well known that his successful attempt to furnish, in the 'Forget Me Not,' a worthy offering to an object of kindness and affection, has generated in this country a new class of elegant works, the Annuals, which in the last ten years have caused the circulation of a very large sum among those whose talents are required for their production. The ardour with which he embarked in the preparation of books, chiefly elementary, for the instruction and enlightenment of the people for the Spanish American States, and in the formation of establishments in some of their principal cities, is also deserving of mention.

But it is not for his spirit, activity, intelligence, and honour, as a tradesman, that his surviving friends will venerate the character of Mr. Ackermann, so much as for that genuine kindness of heart, that cordial hospitality, that warm beneficence, and that active philanthropy, in which it abounded. Never, perhaps, was the latter quality more strikingly displayed, and never were the exertions of an individual in behalf of suffering humanity crowned with such signal success, as when, after the decisive battle of Leipzig, Mr. Ackermann stood forward as the advocate of the starving population of many districts of Germany, reduced to the utmost destitution by the calamities of war. By his indefatigable efforts, committees were organized, and a public subscription set on foot, the amount of which was increased by a parliamentary grant of 100,000*l.* to more than double that sum. To the great honour of the Society of Friends be it recorded, that their contributions, withheld from the encouragement of war, were most munificently poured into this fund for the alleviation of the miseries inflicted by that scourge. On Mr. Ackermann, as secretary to the western committee, devolved, in fact, almost the whole of the arduous duties connected with this subscription—the perusal of claims transmitted from abroad, the direction of the extensive correspondence to which they led, and the apportionment of relief to the suffering districts. By these labours his time was absorbed, during the spring and summer of 1814, to such a degree, that he abridged himself of many hours of natural rest every night to pursue them, till his general health and his sight in particular were materially impaired. How entirely his benevolent heart was engrossed by this business may be inferred from a joke of his old friend Combe's (the author of *Dr. Syntax*), who one day observed—"I cannot imagine what has happened to our friend Ackermann—meet him when you will and ask him how he does, the only answer you can get is 'Leipzig!'"

It is not surprising that when he soon afterwards visited his native country, he was hailed as a public benefactor, who, under Providence, had been the means of saving thousands of his fellow-creatures from perishing.

The scenes which he every where encountered during the journey were deeply affecting as well as gratifying to his feelings; and often have the tears started from his eyes on reverting to them in conversation with his most intimate friends. The city of Leipzig expressed its gratitude to him by a valuable present of vases and figures in Meissen porcelain; the King of Prussia sent him a costly ring; and the King of Saxony, who invited him to a personal interview, conferred on him the Order of Civil Merit, which he had just instituted.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married—The Hon Henry Butler, third son of the Right Hon Lord Dunboyne to Isabella Marynet Munro Johnstone of Coxhead, in Dumfriesshire, only daughter of the late Sir Alexander Munro, of Novar, Ross-shire.

Henry Desborough, Esq, to Mary daughter of the late Lieut General Desborough.

At Paramatta New South Wales, F D Thomson, Esq to Anne Maria, daughter of Major General Bourke.

Christopher Alexander Hagerman Esq, Solicitor General of Upper Canada to Elizabeth Emily, daughter of — Merry Esq of Lansdowne terrace, Cheltenham solicitor Deputy Secretary at War.

Lord Viscount Notterville to Eliza, third daughter of Joseph Kirwan, Esq, late of Hillsbrook, county Galway.

At Pixholt Kent, the Rev W Waldegrave Park youngest son of the Hon Mr Justice Park to Elizabeth Jane, youngest daughter of Edmund Yates, Esq, of Parlawn, Kent, and of Ince, Cheshire.

At Paris, at the Church of the Assumption, Fauxbourg St Honoré Baron Louis Robert Jaen de Noé, of the 5th Hussars son of Count de Noé Peer of France, to Louisa Helena eldest daughter of the late John Burke Esq of York place, Portman square, and the island of Jamaica.

The Hon Edward Cecil Curzon, second son of the Hon Robt Curzon and of the Baroness de la Zouche, to Emily, sixth daughter of Jas Daniell, Esq.

Died—At Albano, near Rome the Most Rev Dr Oliver Kelly Archbishop of Tuam.

In Paris, the Countess Walewski, formerly Lady Caroline Montague, the youngest daughter of the Countess of Sandwich.

In Woburn square, Maria, the wife of the Rev R Cattarmole.

At Dolgelly, Griffith Jones, Esq, banker.

At 11, Devon Frances, relict of the late J. Sivewright, Esq, of Tavistock square.

G Cumming, Esq, formerly M P for Fortrose, Inverness, &c.

At Chittoor, East Indies, T Gabagin, Esq, Second Judge of the Provincial Court.

In Strabane, Edie, Esq, Recorder.

At Cheltenham, W. H Cooper, Esq brother of Sir A Cooper, Bart, in his 70th year.

Lieut Colonel the Hon Seymour Bathurst, third son of Earl Bathurst.

Jane, relict of the Rev Lucius Coghlan, D D, and mother of the late Very Rev. Sir George Bishopp, Bart, Dean of Lismore.

Major General Sir Sigismund Smith, Commandant of the 3d Battalion of the Royal Artillery, and Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Georgiana Eliza eldest daughter of Sir Geo. and Lady Wombwell.

At Florence, Mrs Charles Rowley, wife of Lieut Colonel Rowley (son of Vice Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, K C B), and daughter of the late John Evelyn, Esq, of Wootton, Surrey.

At East Lodge Fulfield, the Hon William Fullerton Hephinstone, in his 94th year.

At his house in Montague square, H Wodehouse, Esq, eldest son of the Hon. Colonel Wodehouse.

At Bishop's Caundle, Dorset, the Hon Mary Digby, wife of the Rev. C Digby, Canon of Windsor.

At Chevrells, Herts, the Hon Louisa Sneyd, relict of Walter Sneyd, Esq, and daughter of the late Lord Bagot.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON,

Improvements in Westminster.—The parish of St. James's, which is Crown land, is to undergo an important improvement at the termination of the lease of the houses, which will shortly expire. They are in general ancient

tenements, composed chiefly of wood; and, when taken down, a range of handsome houses is to be erected on their sites, and the old shabby court contiguous is no longer to remain. The new street will be a great improvement, and will form a most respectable communi-

ection between Jermyn-street and Piccadilly, instead of the present mean passage parallel with the east end of St James's Church

Knightsbridge—A very commodious market is also projected at Knightsbridge, which will remove all those small houses opposite the barracks, and between the back of Trevor square and Knightsbridge green. This will also be a great improvement

KENT

The Greenwich Railway—The viaduct of the Greenwich Railway is proceeding with great rapidity, and several of the arches are nearly ready for turning. At Canterbury, and other places in the county meetings have been held, to continue the railway to Dover, and if the French complete their railway from Calais to Paris the metropolises of England and France will be within a day's ride of each other. The distance from Liverpool to London, by the Grand Junction and Birmingham Railway, will be 210 miles, and the distance will be accomplished in ten hours. From London to Dover, over the Greenwich Viaduct, will be 72 miles, and be performed in four hours. The steam vessels perform the 21 miles from Dover to Calais in two hours, and as the 180 miles from Calais to Paris will be performed in eight hours by the intended railway, the traveller will be conveyed from London to Liverpool, via Birmingham, in ten hours, from London to Paris in fourteen, and the whole distance from Liverpool to Paris (483 miles) in twenty-four hours! Before the establishment of the railway between Whitstable and Canterbury, there was only one inn which carried 6 000 passengers during the year. Last year there were two vans on the old road which carried about 8,000 passengers, but the number who travelled by the railway exceeded 44 000. A curious calculation has been made, showing that during the last twenty years the average number of persons who have annually crossed the Creek bridge, situated in an isolated part between Greenwich and Deptford, has been about 550 000, producing a revenue of upwards of 2,000*l* per annum, at one penny each

NORFOLK.

Natural Phenomenon—The *Falmouth Packet* states, that within the last few days a singular discovery has been made at *Wheat Prudence* mine, in the parish

of St Agnes. Some men employed in extending the adit level found, quite unexpectedly, what was at first considered a communication with some old workings, but which turned out a small cavern, filled with impure atmosphere. This was remedied by the introduction of a fresh current and the pit exposed. The bottom was as complete as that of a creek which the ocean toll dries. So perfect was the state of the internal beach that had there not subsequently been discovered a variety of conic pillars of oxide of iron, varying from 6 to 18 inches in height, (caused by dripping of water from the roof) it would most certainly have been conjectured that the barrier between the cavern and the sea had not long been formed, these cones, however together with the hard iron incrustations of some particular portions of the sand put it beyond doubt that the present obstruction to the sea entrance has existed for many a long year, most probably for half a century. On proceeding southward about 120 feet, a very hard head of ground presented itself which was at first considered to be the termination, but on stooping down, a small aperture was seen through which the captain of the mine groped, and on raising his eyes, one of the most magnificent excavations ever beheld expanded to his view—the whole extent of the chasm measuring longitudinally 200 feet varying from 30 to 70 feet in height and in width from 20 to 40 feet. Many have been the visits already paid to this interesting spot, and amongst other things found is that of the skeleton of a fish, measuring from the head to the lower extremity about two feet, its particular kind cannot be ascertained—the bones were apparently as perfect as possible—but the most trifling pressure would immediately crumble them to dust, with the exception, however, of the skull which was as hard and firm as when first formed. It cannot yet be precisely ascertained how the avenue through which the sea originally made its way was closed, but the conjecture at present is that by some tremendous north-western gale, huge masses of rock must have been jammed in between the aperture; which, with constant additions from the falling in of portions of the neighbouring earth, became at length so hard and immovable as altogether to put a stop to any further encroachments. The whole distance from the sea to the southern extremity of the cavern is 400 feet.

• OXFORDSHIRE

The University of Oxfr 1—We are happy to find from the Oxford news papers that have been put into our hands, that there is at length a prospect of the above establishment being placed on a more creditable footing. We believe that this celebrated university has the distinction of possessing the oldest museum, and the oldest botanical garden, belonging to any public institution in the United Kingdom, but we confess that, when we visited that seat of learning some years ago, both the establishment struck us to be chiefly interesting in an antiquarian point of view, namely, as specimens of what museums and what green houses were a century or so ago, thereby marking the progress that has since been made in all which relates to the cultivation of natural history elsewhere. We learn that, owing principally to the public spirit of two individuals, the former has now assumed quite an altered appearance, but we believe the latter remains much *in statu quo*. The subscription now set on foot promises however to be considerable enough to remove this blot from the academical scutcheon for it would seem to be taken up warmly by non-residents as well as by residents by citizens as well as by gowmsmen by ladies as well as by gentlemen. The prospectus having been circulated just before the Easter vacation, the contributions are at present for the most part from individuals, but on the commencement of term we cannot doubt but that the colleges will follow the examples set them in behalf of an institution in which they have all a common interest.

• SUSSEX

Destruction of the Cliffs beyond Kemp Town—The rapid destruction of the Cliffs between Kemp Town and Rottingdean, says the 'Brighton Herald,' cannot but strike every one. The road to the latter place has been three times encroached upon and destroyed within the last twenty or thirty years; and although the present line is so far removed as to be apparently beyond the reach of injury, at least for many years, yet since the last road was made, a very great part of the cliffs has taken place, and their destruction is in active progress. This devastation is not occasioned however by the inroads of the sea, except in a trifling degree: the fol-

lowing is the real cause. The ancient bed of shingle which rests upon the chalk, and which supports the mass of loose materials of which the upper part of the cliffs is composed, consists of loose pebbles and large boulders, imbedded in a very fine sand. This bed is exposed near the base of the cliffs, and is consequently very accessible, and as large flints are more readily obtained from it, than from the modern beach, the men employed to collect these materials are daily picking it out and undermining the cliffs, which, from the want of support fall down in enormous masses, and are washed away by the sea. It is a matter of surprise and regret that the Lords of the manor allow this destruction to take place, for admitting that the surface soil which has been, and is still being destroyed, be of no great value (although it must within the last twenty years have amounted to several hundred acres), yet ultimately the cliffs must approach the present road and the ground on which the gas works and other buildings are situated. This destruction, we repeat, is not occasioned by the inroads of the sea, it is solely produced by the removal of the ancient shingle bed, and thus, for a few cut loads of flints, which could easily be obtained elsewhere, the cliffs to the extent of many hundred yards have been destroyed, and much valuable property endangered.

• IRELAND

Irish Cattle—The following is an account of the number of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses, imported into Bristol from Ireland during the months of January, February, and March, 1834, as reported in the *Bristol Presentment*—Horses, 20, cattle, 146, sheep, 317, pigs, 40, 398.

Charities—The Commissioners for inquiring into Charities in England and Wales have addressed a circular to the officiating clergymen of the several parishes, requesting to have a list returned to them of all the charities in their respective parishes, stating by whom and when founded, and for what purpose, also the names of what persons as trustees, or otherwise, will be able to give information with respect to each charity. If there should be no charities in the parish, the clergyman is requested to send an answer to the Commissioners to that effect.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GILBERT GURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine

THE Author of "Sayings and Doings" having had confided to his care the papers and memoranda of Mr Gilbert Gurney, of Bramstead, with a discretionary power as to the use of them, feels that he shall best consult the wishes of that gentleman's friends and relations by communicating certain portions of the MSS to the Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," with a view to their appearance in the pages of that work.

The style in which various passages of Mr Gurney's chequered life are written, will of itself sufficiently prove that, when they were first committed to paper, they were not intended for general perusal. Circumstances, to which at present it might not be delicate to allude, have combined to induce and justify their publication. They are, therefore, transmitted to the Editor, to be dealt with according to his judgment.

Athenæum, June 11, 1834.

[The Editor having received this note with the MS, has no hesitation in submitting the first portion to the reader.]

WHEN I resolved upon committing to paper sundry passages of my life, I determined most carefully to abstain from the perpetration of a piece of *autobiography*—not because the public has been somewhat surfeited with that kind of literature, since, if I have my will, *my* memoranda of the scenes and circumstances which I have witnessed, and which have occurred to me, will never meet the public eye—but because, for the most part, "Reminiscences," and "Lives and Times," and the like, are extremely tiresome to read, seeing that matters and events, incidents and occurrences, which are, or were at the time at which they were set down, all of great importance to the recording individual, have (as all those books savour sadly of senility) lost all interest for the reader.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, such is the force of habit, and such the dominion of principle that, for the life of me, I cannot prevail upon myself to leave my notes huddled together without something like arrangement, nor without just so much notice of myself and my family as may serve to account for my curious wanderings over the face of the earth, and for many of the transactions in which I have been doomed to bear a principal part.

Begin we, therefore, with the beginning. "A fig for your dates," says the Smyrna man to the Tunisian. Nevertheless, in this place,
July.—VOL. XLI. NO. CLXIII.

dates are really essential, as marking the progress of the writer through his chequered career. Be patient, reader, and I will be brief.

I was born in the same year, and in the same month of the same year, as Lord Byron—but eight days later—on the 30th of January—a memorable day, too. I always felt a sort of sympathetic self-satisfaction as Byron advanced in age and reputation, in the recollection that, although, with my inherent respect for his rank and talents, I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before him—I began my life so nearly about the same period.

There was, nevertheless, something very disheartening to me in the sombre seriousness of my *jour de fête*. I would rather have been born on the anniversary of a victory or a coronation. Let me be ever so good a boy, I could enjoy no holiday—never could be taken to a play—seeing that the theatres were closed; and moreover, and above all, I lost twelve thousand pounds which my godfather, the late Sir Charles Smith, *would have left me*, if I had been christened after him, as he had proposed, and my parents had intended: but, happening to be born upon the anniversary of the martyrdom of our conceding king, my sire, somewhat superstitious, would not hear of my bearing the same name;—so I was christened Gilbert, and lost my legacy, Sir Charles having taken huff at my not being named after him, as our old friend Pepys did at Mrs. Browne's, where he and Sir William Penn were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers to her boy—that being the King's birth-day, upon which Pepys rose early and put six spoons and a silver porringer *into his pocket to give away*; and in the sequel did give the midwife ten shillings, and the nurse five shillings, and the maid of the house two shillings;—“but, forasmuch as he expected to give his name to the child, but did not, (it being called John,) he forbore, then, to give his plate.” Thus, by similar mishaps, did *Gilbert Gurney* lose twelve thousand pounds, and *John Browne* a porringer and six spoons.

The saying goes that it is “a wise child who knows his own father.” For myself, it is a disparagement neither to my personal wisdom nor to my mother's unquestionable character, to admit that I knew very little of mine. A faint vision of a large red face, a powdered head, a black tail, and a thick brown walking-stick, floats in my mind, the possessor of which I was taught in infancy to respect as my parent. He died, however, before I was three years old, in the house in which he had lived for upwards of twenty years, and in which I was born; it stood in Bolsover-street, Cavendish-square, a street which no longer exists, thanks to the extraordinary improvements which have taken place in that part of the metropolis; it having years since subsided into a chaos of old materials, whence has arisen one of the most magnificent promenades in Europe. Like the Dragon's teeth, the buried bricks of former houses have given birth to a legion of palaces.

I remember our particular house perfectly; the front parlour had two windows looking to the street, over the blinds of which I recollect my father had a strange propensity for looking out at the passengers; and so earnestly did he indulge in the pursuit, (if standing still may be so called,) that in its enjoyment he would remain intently watching the most trifling occurrence which came under his observation, with his nose flattened against the pane, as little aware of the circumstance as the anxious hero who stuck his spear through his foot without knowing it, while leaning his chin on the reversed end of it watching the fate of a

battle. I remember, too, that opposite to the windows, one of which, that nearest the fire-place, was the solace of my parent's leisure, there was a recess in which stood a sideboard, perpetually decorated with cruets, beakers, and glasses, and three mahogany cases, two for smart-handled knives, and one in the centre for spoons, over which sideboard was affixed to the panel, for the room was wainscoted, a round mirror, supporting two branches for candles; and over the mantel-piece hung a portrait of my father himself, when a smart young man, by an artist of the name of Abbott, who obtained a reputation by painting Lord Nelson more than once, and who lost his life by swallowing as a draught, a mixture sent him from an apothecary to be used as a gargle.

The drawing-room had three windows in it, over the fire-place there hung a picture of my mother, by Wheatley, and in one panel was a portrait of my sister Jane, who died before I was born; and in the other a likeness of my brother Cuthbert, who was seventeen years my senior, and in India at the time of which I now speak.

My grandfather I never saw; he was a physician in the West of England, or rather, as I suspect, an apothecary, &c., for I never could find his name in any old list of the college. He set my father to study the law, who, being deficient either in talent or industry, soon found, to use a colloquial phrase, that he could make nothing of it, he, therefore, abandoned it as a profession, and marrying soon afterwards, the old gentleman contributed liberally during his lifetime to support the establishment of the young couple, and at his death bequeathed them a fortune perfectly adequate to all their wants and wishes.

My mother's maiden name was Gattaker, and my father, who has been represented to me as a proud man, was very vain of the connexion. The earliest of her ancestors married a Miss Jocosa Burley; but the one from which, it seemed, she claimed to descend, was a clergyman who had been married four times. Certain it is that I have at this moment a seal of my father's arms impaled with those of his wife, and there I find the lion rampant per fess, sable and gules, and the cross pattee fleury with blue tips.

My father never was known so seriously and suddenly to lose his temper as when he was thought to be descended from the Norfolk Gurneys; not that a more honourable or respectable family exists; and quite sure am I that a monarch might be proud of a connexion with one of its members, whose noble heart and charitable disposition would do honour to a throne; but because he fancied his to be an elder branch of the house, and that he sprang from the De Gournays, while they were yet resident at Le Brai before the conquest; and so satisfied of this fact was he, that nothing but a request from my mother to the contrary prevented his christening, or rather naming, my eldest brother Cuthbert Eudes, after his pet ancestor, who assumed the name of Gournay, when Rollo, at the division of Neustria amongst his adherents, bestowed upon him the fortress so called.

All this was a question of time and history; but hence arose his firm conviction that, instead of the junior, it was the elder branch of the family that settled in Somersetshire, and that the Gurneys of Barrow Gurney and Englishcombe, with all the accumulation of the Harpetree property, had of right the precedence of the Gurneys of Keswick.

Of the plain blue cross on his shield my father was justly proud; and

his gurnet capsized upon his chapeau gules, was to him a point of no little importance; and having not only great respect for his memory, but strong faith in his accuracy, I have continued to use the same arms and crest even up to the present moment, without doubt, hesitation, or disturbance of mind.

I pass over the first sixteen or seventeen years of my career at a dash—*per saltum*. My school life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks—I had no aptitude for learning languages—I hated Greek, and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew—I fancied myself a genius, and anything that could be done in a hurry and with little trouble, I did tolerably well—but application I had not; and when my excellent mother (who survived her husband eighteen years) suggested to me, on the advice of Mr. Graham, a most worthy man and excellent magistrate, to enter myself of Lincoln's-inn and commence the study of the law, I could not help calling to her mind the history she had herself told me of my father's signal defeat in the same pursuit.

There is something extremely vague in the term, studying for the bar—in seven cases out of ten it means doing nothing, under a gentlemanly pretence; in mine nothing could be more unlike what it professed to be; I paid my entrance-money, gave my caution, and thenceforth proceeded to Lincoln's-inn for four or five days in each term—threw on my gown, walked into hall, and dreading even the fatigue of eating professionally, wrote down my name and walked back again.

It was necessary, however, to satisfy my kind and anxious mother, who, with something more like certainty than ever I considered justifiable by appearances, anticipated my certain elevation to either the Wool-sack or the King's Bench—the latter by far the more probable—that I should put myself under somebody who might do me the favour of permitting me to copy his papers *gratis*, while he did her the kindness of taking three hundred pounds *per annum* out of her pocket in return for his good-nature; and accordingly I was harnessed under the inspection and direction of the worthy magistrate whose name I have already mentioned, and confided to the care of a very learned gentleman of the profession, who, at the time of my writing this, is filling a situation not very far below one of those which my too fond parent, in the ardour of her affection, had destined for my occupation. What might have been the result of my serious application to the dry drudgery of this good man's office it is impossible for me to surmise. It so happened that the experiment was destined never to be tried, for, among my fellow-pupils at his chambers, there was one whose society and conversation I found so much more agreeable than the elaborated tautology over which I had to pore from ten o'clock in the morning till ten at night—dinner alone intervening—that I gradually relaxed from a regular attendance upon my work, first, to a gentle indifference, and then to an absolute aversion and distaste for the whole pursuit.

My young companion was a bit of a poet, a bit of an artist, a bit of a musician, and, above all,—to me at the period delightful,—a bit of an actor. He knew several of the regular actors—they visited at his father's house—I was invited by my young friend, and met Charles Kemble and Mathews. The latter at that period was new to London—his merits were not yet appreciated—he wanted that nerve and confidence which subsequent patronage and ultimate success inspired. I well remember the evening. Charles Kemble was grave and gentlemanly; but Mathews,

although quite gentlemanly enough for all earthly purposes, was gay as a lark. He gave us imitations and personifications. There, yet unscen by metropolitan eyes, his old Frenchman, his old Scotswoman, all the best and vivid pictures, now grown familiar to the public, were exhibited to us fresh in the charms of novelty.

That night decided me as to Lincoln's-inn—not that I intended to mount the stage myself, but after seeing that exquisite mimic, the best actor off the stage that ever lived, I resolved to put into execution a design which I had previously imparted to my young friend—a design no other than that of writing a farce for one of the winter theatres.

The moment this notable scheme took possession of what I fancied my brain, law was at an end, I had no patience with the parchments. As that witty (now veteran) George Colman the Younger says in his “*Reckoning with Time*,”—which, by the by, he wrote when he was five and forty, and fancied himself old,—

“—— Congreve beat Blackstone hollow,
And in *my* crown no place had Hale
To supersede Apollo

It is quite clear that when a man takes what is called a fancy, the one pursuit is paramount. A geologist will tell you that there is nothing in the world so interesting, so engrossing, so captivating, as perambulating a dull and miserable country, chipping off bits of rock, and scooping out lumps of clay. He sees no beauty in Richmond Hill—his only delight is in discovering and telling you of what it is composed. The finest mountain in the world has no charm for his eye in the mass. No, to be agreeable to him he must go and knock a little bit of it off, and wrap up that little bit of dirt in a little bit of paper, and carry it to Somerset-house, and then take another little bit of paper, and write a history of it.

To ordinary folks nothing can be much more dull than such a course of proceeding, to the geologist it is delight—upon me the particular taste for dramatic writing had a similar effect. Act I. Scene I.—“Enter Sir Jeremy Bootjack,” delightful thought!—there I saw him dressed as nobody ever was dressed in his life—he, the said Sir Jeremy, appearing in a sort of mongrel full dress with jockey tops and a pig tail, whilst all the lovers and their ladies were to be flirting and tom-fooling about in the costume of the then present day. But what was all that to me? Munden and Dowton, and all those men, wore court suits, and jack boots, and cocked hats, and pig tails, and I was sure it was right, and so to work I went; bought three or four French vaudevilles, (which, it being then war time, were not quite so easy of access as they became after the Duke of Wellington had set Europe to rest and raised England to the pinnacle of glory, whence smaller people than his Grace have been every day dragging her down,) and, filching an incident from each, made up my very effective drama.

Young as I was at that time, and inexperienced in such matters, a little observation assured me that the English audiences, who are, in point of fact, as undramatic in their notions as Methodists, would not be satisfied with a *single* incident, which, on the minor stage, seems to amuse and delight. The French go to a play prepared to view the affair theatrically, and are ready to catch the slightest allusion, and enter into the spirit of the author—with the English it is necessary to thump in your meaning, to make every effect clear

“to the meanest comprehension,” or else you fail; and as to incidents, there must be a dozen in a farce, one after the other, if you mean that people should laugh or be pleased. This being clearly the case, I set to work, and, as I have just said, crammed the materials of some four or five light French pieces into my maiden drama, (as an Indian cook sticks kabobs upon a skewer,) and was, when I had finished it, convinced that I had at least equalled Foote, emulating therein the exultation which a dramatist of our own day expressed at having given “Billy the go by”—Billy meaning Shakspeare! I recollect so well the anxiety with which I copied out my MS., the infinite pains I took to dash and underline the points which I felt quite confident would set the house in a roar, and the nervous solicitude with which I confided my first effort to the hands of my young friend, by whom it was to be presented, as they call it, to the manager.

My exemplary mother, who had a sort of instinctive horror of actors and actresses, was not slow to find out the enormity—as she thought it—of which I had been guilty. Something fell from my young friend during a visit which we were paying her, which developed the important secret—for such I intended it to be; and the result of the discovery was the following letter. Upon recording which, it may be as well to observe that my surviving parent had, shortly after my admission into Lincoln’s-inn, given up her house in Bolsover-street, and retired to the neighbourhood of Teddington, leaving me in possession of some ready-furnished lodgings in Great Suffolk-street, Haymarket.

But for the letter—here it is:—

“Teddington, March 8, 18—.

“My dearest Gilbert,—I take up my pen with regret to address you upon a subject to which I once before slightly alluded, and upon which I am quite aware our opinions are at variance.

“I think I may assure myself of your readiness to give me credit for an anxious desire for your happiness as well as your respectability, and for having no wish either to curtail the enjoyments which your income justifies, or to restrain the amusements which are congenial to your age and inclinations; but there *is* one point upon which I feel it my duty to speak out,—to warn you of dangers by which what appears a most innocent pursuit is environed, and to endeavour, if possible, to check you in a career which I know you are on the point of beginning, or, perhaps, have actually begun—I mean that of a dramatic author.

“I dare say you will laugh at me for my apprehensions, and even ridicule the partiality which, in the midst of my fears, magnifies my son into a dramatic author, because, as I happen to know, he has written a farce. Everything has a beginning; and if this farce is produced and succeeds, it will only be the first of a lengthened race; if it fail, you will be exposed to the ridicule of the newspapers and the green-room. Why adopt such an alternative?

“Now, understand me, my dear Gilbert. Do not imagine that I really feel any of those blind and determined prejudices against actors and actresses which you have, more than once, half playfully and half in earnest, accused me of maintaining. I have no doubt that they may be extremely worthy persons in their way. What I contend for is, that while pursuing your studies for a serious avocation, in which no success can be hoped for without sedulous attention, it will be ruinous to associate with a class of men and women whose whole existence is one

tissue of artificiality; who see Nature not in her proper colours, but through the darkened medium of theatrical lamp-light, and who, from the constant mechanical repetition of exalted sentiments, and the personification of conflicting passions, and the assumption of a diversity of characters, are rendered callous to the realities of life,—except when they may personally affect their own interests,—and are imbued with a contempt for those principles and qualities which they habitually treat as matter of acting.

“It is curious to observe, although the effect may be extremely natural, how the force of habit weakens the value and importance of the most serious objects in our existence. How different are the feelings of the man who administers an oath to a witness in a court of justice from those of the individual to whom it is tendered! The undertaker’s man at a funeral, if he be serious at all, is sad only in the way of business. No ceremony of that nature or character could be made either solemn or affecting to him. The butcher never could be brought to pity the struggles of a dying lamb. The dramatic performer, in the same way, talks of honour, and virtue, and the best affections of the heart, like a parrot; and although, here and there, there may be one whose taste for literature induces him to dwell upon some splendid passages of our great dramatic poets, he speaks and thinks even of those professionally,—and considers them relatively to the ‘effect’ they would produce in the delivery, and not with reference to the principles they inculcate or the virtues they applaud

“But it is not with the individuals I quarrel; nor is it just that a universal censure should be applied to a community in which there are, no doubt, many exceptions to the general rule. It is to the art, or calling, and to the pursuits connected with it, I object, as affecting the study of the law. I hate lecturing, and, indeed, am not well qualified for it; but experience convinces me that the avocations of the lawyer and the dramatist are incompatible. You need not tell me that there are many attractions in the prospect of success as a dramatist, which, to a very young man, are in a high degree alluring—the facility which it affords to an introduction to the gay and lively,—the *entrée* to the playhouses,—the society of wits,—the association with talent and beauty. But ask yourself, my dear child, whether these enticements are to be admitted or rejected. Look round, and see whether any instance exists of high professional success in any other pursuit, where the equivocal avocation of play-writing has been adopted.”

I recollect perfectly well throwing down my mother’s letter when I came to this passage, absolutely indignant at the supposition of the incompatibility of my two pursuits. But when I came to the examination of facts, I found myself unable to make out a case. Sheridan was my stronghold: but that failed me; for although his genius placed him in the first ranks of society, (and he was then yet in full strength and vigour,) he had never established himself in a profession. Murphy was a barrister; but although he was a good dramatic author, he never shone at the bar. Our own George Colman, with talent equal to anything, began with the law; he became an admirable dramatist, but no lawyer.

Then I bethought me of Addison, whose one great play established him in the first rank of dramatic authors, but I found myself little better off; for he, like Sheridan, made no figure in any learned profession: but having been for many years avowedly “a man of letters,” married

Lady Warwick, got into Parliament, and was made Secretary of State. Now, said I, I have my triumph. I'll quote Addison upon my exemplary parent. But no: what his biographer says of him settled that question:—"In 1717 he rose to his highest elevation, being made Secretary of State; but it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of the place." This, considering the Secretaries of State we have since seen flourishing in office, was rather a damper to my ardour in *his* behalf. "In the House of Commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the Government. In the office he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions. What he gained in rank he lost in credit, and finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismissal with a pension of 1500*l.* a-year. His friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet. *He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life.* He prepared a tragedy on the death of Socrates, and———"*

Here I threw down the book in despair. The author, incompetent to the fulfilment of high office in real life, returns from the station to which he had ascended, and, resuming his vocation, prepares a tragedy. This vexed me.

Congreve was my next attempt. He died in honour and in affluence, and his body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and the Duke of Bridgewater, and Lord Godolphin, and Lord Wilmington, and the Lord knows whom besides, were pall-bearers. What can my exemplary parent say to *that*? When I asked the "authorities," they answered me, that "Congreve was sent to school at Kilkenny, and thence to the University of Dublin, where he acquired a perfect skill in all the branches of polite literature; a little after the revolution in 1688, he was sent over to London, and placed in the Middle Temple, but———What did I see?—"The law proving too dry for him, he troubled himself little with it, and continued to pursue his former studies." He brought out his "Old Bachelor" in 1693, and——

"Well," said I, "here is another break-down; but still his admirable plays have procured for him an immortal reputation. What signified the law to him? He must have been as proud of his place in society as any Lord Chief Justice in Christendom." There again was I wrong, for Voltaire has recorded of him quite the contrary.

"He raised the glory of comedy," says Voltaire, "to a greater height than any English writer before or since our time—he wrote only a few plays, but they were excellent in their kind—the laws of the drama are strictly observed in them." This praise elated and delighted me; what immediately follows I confess surprised me—"They abound with characters which are shadowed *with the utmost delicacy, and we meet with not so much as one low or coarse jest.*"

What can more strongly mark the difference which exists between the manners and conversation of Congreve's day and our own? In order to render Congreve's comedies endurable on the modern stage, more than one-third of the dialogue is now either omitted or greatly modified—a circumstance which gave rise to that witty observation of Sheridan's, who, after witnessing the representation of "Love for Love,"

purified for the refined public, said,—“ This is not Congreve’s play—the popular fastidiousness has ruined it—such prunings for propriety’s sake are like the emasculation of animals; you eradicate their vice, but you destroy their vigour.”

Still, however, I dwelt upon Voltaire’s praises. “ He was infirm,” says Voltaire, “ and come to the verge of life when I knew him. Mr. Congreve had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, that of a writer.”

What, said I, was even Congreve ashamed of play-writing—he who (as his French friend says) owed to it both fame and fortune? This, thought I, is as bad an answer to my mother as any of the former ones which I had prepared.

Ben Jonson was a bricklayer, and then a soldier, but the “ said Ben” neither built houses nor reaped laurels. Beaumont was the son of a judge, and entered at the Inner Temple; but, says his biographer, “ it does not appear that he made any proficiency in the law, his passion for the Muses being such as made him devote himself entirely to the Muses. Foote was educated at Oxford, and thence removed to the Temple, as designed for the law. “ The dryness and gravity of this study, however, not suiting the vivacity and volubility of Foote’s spirit, and his fortune, whatever it was, being dissipated, he took to the stage.” I then began to despair; I looked round me, but found no more justification in the successes of my contemporaries than in those of my predecessors, and accordingly, instead of replying with the pertness of self-sufficiency to my mother, upon a point where, as it seemed to me, she was unassailable, I fell to calculating, since there must be a choice, and since “ two trades could never agree,” which was likely to be the pleasanter and more profitable of the two.

The result of these deliberations was a resolution for the present to temporise—to finish my one farce, if I never wrote another, and then to judge, by its reception and success, whether I should entirely renounce or decidedly embrace the craft of play-writing, for which, as every dunce who spoiled paper thought before me, I fancied I had a “ wonderful talent.”

It was to the effect of procrastinating my final decision upon these points that I wrote to my excellent mother, imploring her to believe that I duly appreciated all her care and kindness, and assuring her, that, let me take what course I might, she might be perfectly certain that I should do nothing to disgrace the family of the Gurneys, or its alliance with that of Gataker.

I had, however, accidentally placed myself in a situation full of temptation. I could not obtain chambers in Lincoln’s-inn, which I was anxious to secure, and, as I have already mentioned, took a first floor in Suffolk-street, Charing Cross, then extremely unlike what it afterwards became, in the course of the improvements in that neighbourhood. It then consisted for the most part of tailors’ houses, the upper floors of which were tenanted in their different degrees by gentlemen loose upon town, visitors to the metropolis, and officers on half-pay, of which it appeared the greater proportion were considered to be “ frae the North,” inasmuch as Suffolk-street was nicknamed in that day “ The Scotch Barracks.”

I had been settled in these apartments a few days only, when I perceived from my windows during the morning, a constant passing and repassing of pretty-looking women, with a certain perking, jerking pace,

gaily drest,, particularly smart about the feet and ankles, with parasols over their heads, and little rolls of paper in their hands; and men with their hats on one side, and frills, and chains, and frogged coats with fur collars, although it be May; and I heard them hum songs and quaver out cantables as they swaggered down the street, and up the street. I thought I could not be mistaken in their vocation, and thrust my head out of the window to watch where they went, for the street was a *cul de sac*, and the only place to which I fancied they could resort was a sort of tavern, which I one day explored, in the right-hand corner. To my surprise I saw them all enter a house exactly opposite that tavern—then I saw a smart chariot drive up and stop at the same place—then I saw come out of it two well-known London performers. I was delighted—I was in the middle of Attica—in the region of Thespis. I rang the bell, and inquired of the rosy-cheeked maid of the house, what place “that was?” pointing to the spot whence the stars disappeared from my sight.

“La! Sir,” said the girl, “don’t you know? that’s the stage-door of the Little Theatre.”

What charm had Lincoln’s-inn for me after I made this discovery? There, in the plenitude of my devotion to the drama, could I see all the wit and beauty of the stage and the age in constant motion—there could I hear them talk in “*common parlance*”—and there I resolved I would renew, or rather improve, my acquaintance with the agreeable Mathews, and endeavour by his means to procure the representation of my farce, and the consequent *entrée* of the *coulisses*.

It sounds indicative of either grievous affectation or woeful ignorance that I, professing myself theatrical, should not know where the stage-door of the Little Haymarket was located; it is, however, true that I did not, till the house-maid enlightened me. No sooner had I made the discovery, than my intuitive and instinctive love of the “art” induced me to prowl up the street and look into the dark dirty passage, progress through which was checked by a well-spiked gate; there, however, my heart lingered; and when my fellow-pupil, who had just returned from playing truant, called upon me, we partook together the delights of this peep into Tartarus, and joined in a sympathetic anticipation of the privileges and pleasures we should enjoy when my admirable two-act piece had been received with unbounded applause by an “overflowing and delighted audience.”

How childish do all these anxieties and expectations now seem! How wonderful does it appear to me now that a mind which has since been destined to bear with mighty evils, and endure the saddest reverses without shrinking or flinching, should have been so acted upon by hopes and fears, and doubts and wishes, the overthrow or fulfilment of which was, after all—for that was the great object—the power of smelling “lamp-oil, orange-peel, and sawdust,” behind the scenes of a playhouse!

The Pates seemed propitious; for, availing myself of my previous introduction to the modern Aristophanes, I addressed him in the street the very first day I met him. There was a frankness and plainness of manner about him which quite delighted me; and after having conversed with him touching my “farce,” he told me that he would not only read it, if I wished it, but that he would himself present it to Mr. Colman, with whom he was on Labits of intimacy. This was the very point I had been longing to gain; and when my new friend invited me

to dine with him, at a cottage which he then inhabited at Colney Hatch, on the following Sunday, and bade me put my maiden production into my pocket, I felt extremely happy.

There must be constant alternations in this world of vicissitudes. I left my friend full of present gratification and future hope; I went to my rooms, and there found a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

“ *Great Queen-street, Lincoln’s-inn-fields, May 26, 180—.*

“ Dear Sir,—I feel very great pain in writing to you upon the subject of this letter; but I think it my duty to do so, on account of your exemplary mother, whose anxiety for your welfare is incessant and unqualified. I have received a communication from the gentleman, under whose care I placed you in Lincoln’s-inn, representing to me, for her information, the absolute uselessness of your prosecuting your studies under him in the manner in which they are at present conducted. He says that he cannot consider himself justified in receiving a stipend while your utter want of attention renders it impossible that you should benefit by his instructions, or that you should acquire either knowledge or experience from the practice of his office.

“ Unwilling, however, to take any decided step likely to wound the feelings of Mrs. Gurney, he begs me to offer you the alternative in the first instance, assuring me that, if you decide upon a sedulous application and constant attendance at his chambers, he shall be most happy to devote himself particularly to your interests, but that, if you do not feel yourself able to come to such a determination, he must beg to decline any further professional connexion with you. I assure you this is extremely painful to me; but as I said in the outset, I consider I am only doing my duty to all parties concerned.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
“ A. G.’

This was awkward—it was unpleasant. I felt I had acted wrongly. I was sure that my mother would be vexed and mortified; but I could not feel sufficient confidence in myself to promise such amendment as my task-master required. It appeared to me the wisest plan to go down to Teddington and see my mother, and explain to her my aversion from the profession for which she had destined me. The truth is, that I had no absolute necessity for any profession. I had a gentlemanly allowance (for I was yet a minor), and at my mother’s death I should become possessed of an income more than treble in amount to that which I at present enjoyed; yet I could not say to her—dear, kind, excellent being!—that I anticipated any event which was to result from the loss of her. I was quite certain that I never should make a lawyer; and I resolved to take my ground upon her own history, often repeated to me, of my father’s entire failure in the same pursuit. But when could I go to her? Here was Friday afternoon: I wanted to devote a few hours to my farce,—I could not spare time on Saturday,—and on Sunday it was to be conveyed to Colney Hatch, to be read by a competent judge.

I remember, when I was at school, two of the boys proceeded to a pond, for the purpose of swimming a gallipot, which was the property of the bigger boy of the two. It chanced that, in the eagerness incidental to this exciting amusement, the smaller boy tipped into the water, and, after a good deal of struggling, sank, and was drowned. After the melancholy catastrophe, the bigger boy was questioned as to what efforts he

had made, to rescue his companion, and the answers made it evident that he had by no means exerted himself to the utmost. This conviction produced a severe rebuke from the master; upon which Master Simpson burst into a flood of tears, and said—"I do think that I could have saved Green—but—if I had tried, I should *have lost my gallipot.*"

My infernal farce was *my gallipot*; and, to advance the success of that parcel of trash, I made up my mind to postpone my answer to my kind friend upon a vital question, affecting my future prospects, and delay my visit to my mother, whose heart and soul were devoted to my interests. I need not say, that, having come to this resolution, I passed the whole of the following morning in revising my work; nor need I add, that, immediately after morning service on Sunday, I mounted my horse, and proceeded to the villa of my fostering patron. I reached it in good time; was presented to his amiable lady; and, shortly after, walked with mine host to a small summer-house, which commanded a most agreeable view of the country, where I began, with faltering tongue, to read my production.

I saw that the effect it produced was not disheartening. My auditor smiled, and sometimes laughed; but it struck me that his attention was somewhat too exclusively fixed upon the part which, in case the piece should be accepted, was intended for himself: indeed, my apprehensions of his peculiar partiality for this character were completely realized when, after a little hesitation, he suggested the introduction of two or three jokes—"hits," I recollect he called them—into the speeches of that personage, the said "hits" being to be taken out of the parts which were intended for other actors.

Suffice it here to say, since the events of this day had a great share in shaping the pursuits of the rest of my life, that I was quite satisfied with the reception of my bantling, not only from the manner of my host, but from what he said upon the subject to his better half, and still more from the announcement of his determination to take it over the very next day to Melina-place, where Mr. Colman then resided.

To me this was perfect happiness. I enjoyed the air and the sunshine, and the dinner, and the wine, and the conversation, which, as the party was subsequently increased to six, became extremely agreeable and animated; and the favourable impression which had been made upon me at my first meeting with my new friend was even yet more improved as I became better acquainted with him, and found, in his observations and remarks, not only all the wit and drollery for which the world so justly gave him credit, but a depth and shrewdness to which much of the immense success with which he has been subsequently rewarded is unquestionably owing.

Having brought myself to what I call the first halting-place of my career, I shall reserve for to-morrow's task the record of occurrences which immediately followed this very agreeable beginning of my literary life, for so it must be considered. Lincoln's-inn was fast disappearing in the distance; and I resolved that, next day, while my drama was undergoing the Colmanic ordeal in St. George's-fields, I would make such an appeal to my mother as might terminate my suspense, and cut the Gordian knot of all my difficulties.

(To be continued.)

THE SQUIRE OF OLD ENGLAND.

I WAS last year enjoying the diversion of shooting at ——, in the county of ——, when the tenant upon whose farm we were sporting came up to pay his respects to his landlord. He hoped *Squire* —— found plenty of birds; his every response to my friend's many inquiries was emphasized by the same distinction. I had scarcely heard the title so applied for these forty years: and, to say the truth, I was pleased to hear it, for it brought back the memory of old times; and moreover, there is no better name for the English country gentleman, however it is fallen into disuse, or into misuse—it is, as it were, his natural appellation. Mark me!—the Squire is not the Esquire. No, no! There is as much difference as there is between the man of landed estate, joying in his possessions—heartly, hale, and plain in disposition, health, and manners,—and the shopkeeper, just getting above his trade—care-worn, stiff, methodical, and business-like, even in his newly-assumed refinements. Every one of the latter race is welcome to all the proud delight of reading himself Esq. on the backs of his letters, and so to be written in any bond, quittance, or obligation; but Squire belongs to quite another guess sort of person, as we countrymen say.

Nor am I a whit more willing to allow this earliest and first of titles appertaining to a natural aristocracy, to belong to some to whom it has been of late in another sense applied,—to your mere sporting man, (not *sportsman*, observe; for there is a wide difference,)—to him of Melton Mowbray, who hunts his pack of fox-hounds, gallops straight across a strong country in search of a steeple to win a bet, or rides matches against time for the same honest and honourable purpose. He is too nearly allied to the *Greeks*; from whom if he be not descended, to whom he descends. My Squire is genuine English. And since I have told you what he is not, I will tell you what he is. Yet, still a little more of what he is not; since the Squire of the novelists was not quite what he is, or ought to be. My Squire does not run against time, but goes with it; for squires are not privileged to stand still, any more than any other of God's creations.

Fielding and Goldsmith—the one of whom saw little, the other nothing at all, of country gentlemen—have succeeded in impressing all generations after them, by the easy extravagance of their portraits, rather than by a just accordance with nature, that their Western and Lumpkin were generalizations. Colley Cibber, in his *Wronghead* and *Squire Richard*, had enlarged a little the sphere of action vouchsafed by his successors to the man of landed property, without increasing his quantum of understanding. Hence our notions of the Squire of those days grew almost into a belief that he was a strong, vulgar brute, born to devour the fruits of the earth, and destroy foxes, hares, and partridges,—to hunt and shoot till he was weary,—eat, drink, and roar till he was stupid,—and sleep till power and appetite for his boisterous and animal pleasures were renewed,—and that such, with small intervals to enact the tyranny of the Justice, was the daily course of his life; character, and behaviour. There has been a good deal of deviation from this ancient modelling of the landed gentleman in the modern writers of

our imaginative domestic history; but the mind clings to the vigorous originals—the harsh, but broad and deep lines remain almost ineffaceable. Nor is it an easy task to fancy a squire of bygone days other than Squire Western: so the whole ear of Denmark is rankly abused. The writers in sporting papers and magazines, when they designate their idol, “the Squire” *par eminentie*, in their descriptions of hard runs, and harder matches, are no less at fault; and sorry am I to inculpate so ingenious a gentleman as the lively author of the sporting papers in the “Quarterly” in the same charge of perverting our estimate of one of the wholesomest and best of the *dramatis personæ* of real English life; but he, too, having taken up the cry, must be whipped off the false scent. Let me show you the Squire of England in the double meaning of the phrase, (for, thank God and a good constitution, he still exists,) and I will match him against all England—against all the world.

Picture to thyself, reader, a man of six feet—~~sinewy~~, vigorous, and active enough to show you at a glance that Nature gave him strength of body, and energy of mind to use it. His carriage is erect and lofty, as who should say, “I am a man of God’s own making, free to think and act for myself, and fearing the face neither of king nor kaiser.” Liberty, independence, a frank and joyous spirit, are seen in his every movement, yet with a kind and gentle courtesy, that would willingly offer no man offence or injury. His countenance, is the index of his free and gallant soul; health and exercise glow in his ruddy complexion; his fair, smooth, and open forehead, undeformed by a wrinkle, his quick and spirited eye, and the smile that ~~dimples~~ the corners of his lips when he speaks, declare the inexhaustible good-humour and love of his kind that fill his whole heart. Everything speaks a natural gentleman; by which is meant one endowed from birth with the benignity which is the true foundation of fine manners, with good sense to direct its exercise, and with the instinctive ease which bestows the grace of deportment that belongs only to a perfect freedom from every sort of affectation.—Go with me one step farther, and imagine him to have lived with the finest spirits of his day; to have had fortune and judgment enough to gather round him the patriot, the literate, the scientific, and the man of simple, honest integrity and skill in his calling;—to have exchanged thought for thought, and heart for heart, with these lights of his age and country; imagine such a man in his eightieth year, yet enjoying the wholesome strength of a naturally strong constitution, constantly purified by the air of “the hour of prime,” confirmed by days of exercise and temperance and nights of sound sleep, and you see the Squire, not of my dreams, but such as God and his own life have moulded him.

Agriculture is the art proper to the gentleman of landed estate. “To till the earth, and to subdue it,” is a command doubled upon him, through the place where his Maker has planted him, and the possessions bestowed upon him. And it chanced that the Squire came into life at a period when all the knowledge attached to it was of practice, and the proud name of “Science” had not yet been found amongst its additions. A farmer was then a farmer, and nothing else. His philosophy reached no further than that of Shakspeare’s Corin. He knew that “good pastures make fat sheep,” and little besides. But it happened, and it was amongst the best gifts of his fortune, that the pastures which

fell to the Squire were not good, and so he turned himself to make them better: in a word, he could not obtain five shillings an acre for his land, and so he thought he would e'en farm it himself. With the following of the art came the love of the art. He had also the generous passion for "venerie" or field-sports—that ruralizing in all its branches, which makes the pleasure of a country life. He kept hounds, and he bred pointers. You may view him in his own hall, in his pride of pastime, surrounded by three of his silver-coated favourites, drawn to the life by the hand of Gainsborough,—tall and manly and beautiful as Meleager in the flush of youth and exercise. Mark the ease of the transition. He became enamoured of his pursuits; he perceived the large field of improvement that lay before him. His domain was vast; but it was of the poorest. He set himself to work only the more earnestly. Farming, planting, building—these were the studies, the employment, the charm of his existence. And mark, too, how he has been rewarded. He saw the sun rise every morning that he passed in the country, and he was out of it as seldom as possible. He was on horseback in his fields or in his rising woods,—he conversed familiarly with his dependents,—he learned their wants and their desires,—he found the characteristics of his followers. His maxim was, "to live and let live;" and their habits soon came to be to love him as a patriarch. He attended to every suggestion—tried every promising experiment. Once a year, he opened his hall and his fields to the country at large. He promulgated his discoveries and his failures, and England—nay, the world—partook the benefit. *Regard, I pray you, the principle.* He achieved all this, *because he knew his place, and he took it.* He turned his natural gifts and his acquired fortune to their true intents; he did "his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him."

I wish you could have seen him presiding in his own magnificent hall in these days,—not days of joy and gladness only, but of moral and intellectual advancement—surrounded by princes and nobles, and by that noblest work of God—by honest men. Such was his state, and this was its description:—"To prosecute with such advantage any pursuit to such a period; to enjoy so long a duration of uninterrupted health; to see the patrimony of his ancestors improved beyond all possible computation; to know that from his example, his spirit, his skill, and his encouragement, not alone his own estate, not the county where he lives, not the country itself only, but every civilized nation on the face of the globe, may be said to owe some portion of obligation to his endeavours; to be able to assemble the curious, the scientific, and the eminent in vast numbers around him; to hear his just praises spoken from the lips, not only of men distinguished in arts, in arms, and in letters, but of princes, both of his own and foreign lands;—all these together form an aggregate of fortune that attends but a very few among those who are born and die."

Again I say mark how he has been rewarded. He has reached the age of eighty: he never had the gout in his life, and scarcely a day's illness. My last visit to him was towards the close of the year, and in the coarsest weather. He came to breakfast at nine o'clock, with his letters written, and his business for the day done and completed. Soon after ten, the party assembled before the house, and off we started for a battue in his park. The Squire led, in a small four-wheeled double chaise; with him were one or two of his guests, and his eldest boy, ten

years old, equipped like a sportsman, with a tiny gun, made to fit; and well had the boy already learned its use. The train followed. We did not pass a coppice, not an enclosure, no, nor scarcely a tree, but they called forth some curious illustration; for everything had been formed, *created* by him. He was himself even a more delightful illustration of Burke's garrulity of age, "which loves to diffuse itself in discourse;" but then it was such discourse!—the honest experience of a life of eighty winters and summers, scarcely one hour of which had been wasted, for it had been a life of action. I may truly say I learned more of planting and pruning—of husbandry and pasturage—of sheep and cattle—of the art of improving rural industry into rural wealth and contentedness—than during the greater portion of my whole life; for here the practice was made visible. I had theorized, heaven knows how much; but here was the living, palpable effect,—a paradise formed out of a waste; magnificent woods; corn-fields like gardens; farms to invite the man of skill and capital, and still further to enrich him; cottages where that love of order which commands the comfort of the inmates reigned over all. The Squire's talk, however, was not "always of bullocks." Men—men in the proudest sense of the word—men ennobled by their deeds—had been his friends, companions, and guests from his youth upwards. Princes, statesmen, and men of science had traversed the same paths; and no small share of curious personal and political anecdote peopled, as it were, with figures his landscape-conversation. Yet still its greatest charm was its truth. It was so hearty, you could not challenge with a doubt a single particle: indeed, the first object, if that which flowed so spontaneously could be said to be born of any other motive, was to amuse his friend; the second, but perhaps more than equal intention, was to impress his principles, his views, his pursuits, his amusements, and, above all, his benignity and the love of rural affairs and diversions, deep into his little heir and successor's heart.

But the *battue*!—I am not overfond of a *battue*: it is not English—it is *not* fair sporting, which is the instinct of animals and the skill of man put into open conflict. In a *battue*, the poor tame creatures are herded for slaughter, driven into a corner by a mob; the shooting is *for the stick*, as it is technically phrased—not for the pleasure, but the pride of the murderer of hecatombs. Yet there is, it cannot be denied, a multitudinous delight in the array, the perpetual firing, the hurry, the heaps of hares, rabbits, pheasants, woodcocks, partridges,—nay, even in the danger, an excitation, second only to the gregarious gratification of fox-hunting, which amounts to "the total absence of all thought and reflection," an equally good definition of sport and courage. My quieter taste leads me, I own, to plain partridge-shooting. Pursuing this diversion, I can compare the subtle instincts of the dog and the bird, and put my own skill to the test. I can admire the ever-changing face of Nature at every step—the shifting screens of hill, and wood, and water, and valley, and find intervals for praise and thanksgiving to the great Maker of all things; and so, like old Izaak Walton, I can exalt and translate my diversion into "the contemplative man's recreation."

But once again, to the *battue*.—At the side of the covert waited four keepers, in their livery of green plush coats, scarlet waistcoats, and gold-laced hats, men of mould and stature, thew and sinew. One of them, the Squire whispered me, had fought with the first of English pugilists,

and beat him. Finer fellows I never beheld, "rough and hardy, bold and free," but always respectful, in despite of their eagerness for the sport, and the equality it rarely fails to produce. A covered waggon attended for the game. Every sportsman was attended by a village-boy, to gather up the slain, and *notch* his shots. There were servants with horses and second guns, the whole muster somewhat exceeding forty, not the least interesting figure in the group being the gallant Lord ***** at eighty-six!—the conqueror in many a field of glory.

The Squire gives the order to set on, accompanied with the cautionary disclaimer, not absolutely needless, when there are fifteen guns, thirteen of them double-barrels, and no one stops for another's charging— "I answer for no man's life"

The advance is scarcely begun before the first shot is heard, to which there succeeded an incessant rattle, enlivened with the stimulating awakers of "Cock," "Hare," "Rabbit," "Hareback," from the keepers, and the eternal "Hi-hi, hi-hi," from the sportsmen, to give notice of their whereabouts to each other—almost the only chance of safety—and the flushing of pheasants, the rush of dogs, and the dashing of the beaters through the covert. Even down to his retriever, the Squire is superior. A pheasant is winged—"Let out Nelson," and away trots the tall stately Newfoundland, milk-white, the consciousness of power discoverable in his every movement. In a few seconds, he scents the wounded bird—darts forward—tracks it with the certainty of instinct—plunges upon it—lifts it from the ground—strikes—tosses his head into the air—and *walks*, like a conqueror, majestically back towards the lad who leads him. I have followed the sport now for the best part of fifty years, and it is almost the pleasure of my dotage. Heaven knows, I have little of sentimentalism, but I never see a pheasant rise in the glory of his bright and burnished plumage, never hear the crow extorted from him by surprise or fear, never see him struck, his swift passage stopped, his out stretched neck relax and drop from the line of his flight—I never watch his heavy descent from bough to bough till he falls upon the green earth from which he so lately sprung in all the pride of his exceeding beauty, without a shadow coming over me; and I mourn with the melancholy Jacques, that

"We are mere usurpers, tyrants, (and what's worse?)
To fright the animals and kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling place.

But the merry "hi-hi," and not "the sad heigho" is the cry; and on we go—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brush, thorough buar,
Over park, over pale,

till the morning (alias the day) closes. Reader, if you follow the sport, and, like many a modern, court the arts which not only help him through wet days, but teach him how to look at the face of nature and to love her like her true worshipper, you will doubtless have regarded with a sportsman's eye, the fine old engraving of the Duke of Newcastle returning from shooting. There sits the fine old gentleman upon his sturdy pony, the keepers, dogs, and game in a picturesque assortment, strewing the foreground. If you have not been among the chosen, and have never rejoiced in the multitudinous slaughter of a modern battue, you must have envied the heap of dead birds and animals by which the

painter doubtless intended to compliment the skill and the rural dominion of the said Duke. No doubt you have felt all this; but go with the Squire to the lair built in the cool security of a plantation adjoining the mansion—view from five hundred to a thousand and sometimes more than a thousand, head of various game suspended in the nicest order, the prey of one single day, and you will indeed marvel at the scope of covert, and the protection which can rear such prodigious numbers of the *feræ naturæ*, for the sport of one man and his friends! Yet this is but one day in three in every week, yielding the same diversion, from November to February, when covert-shooting begins and ends at ***** , and *he has made it all.*

And now come the hours when the change from the manners of the olden time is most to be observed, most perhaps to be lauded. The party assembles for dinner—not in the rush-strewn hall, littered likewise with hounds, hung round with antlers, bows, and otter-spears, and attended by grooms and falconers—but in the noble saloon, adorned with the works of the finest masters, perpetuating the triumphs of art, the achievements of heroes, and the identity of ancestors. The gentleman displaces the sportsman, and he who was foremost in the rougher exercises of the morning often outvies his rivals in the refinements of the evening. Here, too, “store of ladies”—not the animal automatous, workers of tent-stitch, manufacturers of pies and pickles, wives

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,”

such as are seen in our ancient pictures, patting a pet lamb, simpering at a rose, or leering over a lap-dog—but graceful beings, elegant and polished alike in mind and manners, imaginative, informed, gay, and accomplished, fitted and fashioned for the society of men of the court and of the world. Restraint is banished, because familiarity is impossible; discourse is airy and excursive, because benignity is the motive, and courtesy the end. All take, because all know, their place; ability enjoys its admiration, and mediocrity its ease and amusement; the table no longer

“Groans

Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side,”

but the palate is solicited by viands which tempt not more by their variety than by the inventive elegance with which they are prepared and served. Trenchers and flaggons and tankards are displaced by the rich and infinite diversities of plate, porcelain, and glass, while the storied epergne, the art of which Benvenuto Cellini himself might applaud, beguiles our memory of the season by offering the beauty and the fragrance of the spring flowers, or the luxury of the summer and autumnal fruits, which the brilliant mirror at its foot reflects and multiplies. The wines of France and Spain, Portugal and Germany, enliven the repast, and elevate, but no longer madden or stupify, the spirits of the guests.

“Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front

* At Somerleye, in Hampshire, whilome the seat of Henry Baring, Esq., upwards of five, or I think six, thousand head of game and rabbits were killed in one week, during a visit made to that gentleman by the Prince of Esterhazy. Three hundred and sixty-five pheasants were also killed in one day at the same place. Sir Richard Sutton, of Norfolk, killed from his own guns, one hundred and forty-two partridges, on the 2nd of September, 1833. Such is modern sporting!

Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie."

For the Squire is as proud of his beer as of the other products of his estate, and will often invite his guests to pledge him in his own growth and his own brewage, which, clear as amber, mantles in the glass, as if in honour of his recommendation. He is alike and justly proud that he grows twenty coombs of barley per acre, and brews the best ale in the county. They are a part of his triumphs over a meagre soil and an ordinary beverage. The dessert which follows is the produce of acres enough for a farm, and of a circuit of walls and houses ample enough for the site of a village. Thus he glories in demonstrating the power that surrounds him *at home*, upon his own estate and his own domain—the proper empire of a country gentleman.

The repast is over, and the servants are gone. It has been the Squire's fate to be twice married. He is surrounded by children and grandchildren, the adult offspring of his first engagement. The door opens, and in rush four boys, lovely and fair as the Cupids of Guido, (this is no fiction) and a tottering little darling of the softer sex. I have never seen such a sight—I have never so felt such a sight as the crowding of these fellows to their father's side and into his bosom. The contrast, yet the affection! Like everything else about him, it tells of union and of sincerity; of the patriarchal bond that links all together. The almost infant girl, her soft flaxen locks bound back with little azure bows, toddles to her lady-mother—is caressed and placed upon the table—surveys the party to discover her father, and towards him she waddles, hisping his name at every step, till she clasps her little arms round his neck. "O! who would not be a father!"

Such scenes may be deemed childish as they are common; but *here*, I say again, they are emblems of the patriarchal sentiment and connexion that reign over all, and form the very *genius loci*. I have seen as much of splendour, as much of luxury, perhaps more of both elsewhere, but I have never felt the same affection, the same heartiness, tender and assure the reality of the enjoyment. That reception which comes of politeness, courtesy, urbanity, kindness, in other houses, is in the Squire's the very soul of friendly welcome and paternal protection. The stranger immediately catches the inspiration, for he cannot but perceive that the heart is concerned in everything. One of the days of my visit was the birthday of one of the children. It was celebrated by a ball given to the domestics; there were almost a hundred. The parlour guests descended amongst them, and it was delightful to see the Squire take out the charming Lady ***** and move down thirty couples with the grace of the olden time—the octogenarian dancing with the gallantry of age and the spirit of youth on the birth-day of his boy of five years old! It is impossible to describe the effect. Never again shall I behold joy so tempered with respect and love as in that mixed assembly of the noble and the dependent.

The Squire has taken an active part in politics, for he has been the firm and consistent friend of civil and religious liberty from his very entrance upon man's estate, from the very dawns of his understanding and his reason. He was never a bookish man, but he was not without a knowledge of the history of his country, or the principles of the constitution, and he determined zealously to assert them. It was natural that such a man should be chosen, repeatedly chosen, "Knight of the

Shire ;" and it is recorded of him that he delivered a county address, like a true country gentleman, in buck-skin breeches and boots—that he never asked a favour of a Minister—never darkened his conscience by an interested vote in Parliament, or a vote against the liberties of his country—never soiled his additions by court subserviency. He is indeed often heard to express his wonder that gentlemen, men of rank in the realm, and who might be of real estimation and importance upon their own estates, should wear away a life of etiquette and insignificance in the offices of a Bed Chamber Lord or a Royal Chamberlain—mere bubbles in the heat and effervescence of the ocean of party, or poor players in the pageant of state. Worldliness and court-intrigue are alike alien to his free nature.

I have reserved for the last place the strongest characteristic of his mind—that which exalts and dignifies, while it softens and harmonizes his pride of place and fortune. He feels, with a devout fervour—a piety of heart, which every upward glance towards the great canopy of heaven, every survey of the prospects his taste has raised and adorned, confirms, a profound thankfulness to the Great Being who has thus gifted him to benefit his fellow-creatures, and thus truly to enjoy his fortune. There is scarcely an hour in the day that he does not express this sense of the exceeding blessing; and on the Sabbath he is never absent from the worship of God in his own parish church—an example of sincere and rational piety. His village is a scene of industry, comfort, and contentedness. His sweet Lady daily superintends the instruction of the young; while her husband cares for the habitations, the gardens, and also for the employment of the adult, and the provision for the aged. He maintains that mother earth will, in all cases, repay the rightly-directed efforts of her children; and his affluent tenantry, his finely-cultivated farms, his cheerful labourers, his noble animals, in a word, the abundance that shines and increases around him, justify this sound and wholesome doctrine.

Thus have I endeavoured to shadow out, not only what ought to be, but what are the distinctions of the Squire of modern from him of olden days, since arms have yielded to arts. Here is typified, under a not unreal existence, what constitutes the first duty of a landed proprietor—THE LOVE OF HOME, and all which it inherits, the pursuit and exaltation of agriculture,—the adorning of an estate, the supervision and advancement of the fortunes of tenants and dependents,—the noble hospitality,—the generous sports, the social intercourse,—the love and patronage of literature and art, the distinguished political integrity,—and, above all, the proper estimation of all these goods, that make up the catalogue of the superiorities of English character. All these are, even "in the weakness of these latter times," now found in the Squires of Old England, according to their degrees of standing, wealth, and intellect. Should it be thought that my portrait is gigantic and powerful beyond nature, I have not only the excuse of inculcating, for the imitation of all those whom it may concern, a possible perfection, but the satisfaction of being able to produce a living model, whom, ending as I began my paper, for he has rejected all loftier additions I shall especially designate by the title of

"THE SQUIRE."

THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE.

BY DISRAELI THE YOUNGER, AUTHOR OF "IXION IN HEAVEN."

"Proserpine was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres. Pluto, the God of Hell, became enamoured of her. His addresses were favoured by her father, but opposed by Ceres. Under these circumstances, he surprised her on the plains of Enna, and carried her off in his chariot," &c. &c.—*Vide Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.*

I.

It was clearly a runaway match—never indeed was such a sublime elopement. The four horses were coal-black, with blood-red manes and tails; and they were shod with rubies. They were harnessed to a basaltic car by a single rein of flame. Waving his double-pronged trident in the air, the God struck the blue breast of Cyane, and the waters instantly parted. In rushed the wild chariot, the pale and insensible Proserpine clinging to the breast of her grim lover.

Through the depths of the hitherto unfathomed lake, the infernal steeds held their breathless course. The car jolted against its bed. "Save me!" exclaimed the future Queen of Hades, and she clung with renewed energy to the bosom of the dark bridegroom. The earth opened; they entered the kingdom of the Gnomes. Here Pluto was popular. The lurid populace gave him a loud shout. The chariot whirled along through shadowy cities, and by dim highways, swarming with a busy race of shades.

"Ye flowery meads of Enna!" exclaimed the terrified Proserpine; "shall I never view you again? What an execrable climate!"

"Here, however, in-door nature is charming," responded Pluto. "'Tis a great nation of manufacturers. You are better, I hope, my Proserpine. The passage of the water is never very agreeable, especially to ladies."

"And which is our next stage?" inquired Proserpine.

"The centre of earth," replied Pluto. "Travelling is so much improved, that at this rate we shall reach Hades before night."

"Alas!" exclaimed Proserpine, "is not this night?"

"You are not unhappy, my Proserpine?"

"Beloved of my heart, I have given up everything for you; I don't repent, but I am thinking of my mother."

"Time will pacify the Lady Ceres. What is done cannot be undone. In the winter, when a residence among us is even desirable, I should not be surprised were she to pay us a visit."

"Her prejudices are so strong," murmured the bride. "Oh! my Pluto, I hope your family will be kind to me."

"Who could be unkind to Proserpine? Ours is a very domestic circle. I can assure you that everything is so well ordered among us, that I have no recollection of a domestic broil."

"But marriage is such a revolution in a bachelor's establishment," replied Proserpine, despondingly. "To tell you the truth, too, I am half-frightened at the thought of the Furies. I have heard that their tempers are so very violent."

"They mean well; their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in

the right place. I flatter myself you will like my nieces, the Parcæ. They are very accomplished, and great favourites among the men."

"Indeed!"

"Oh! quite irresistible."

"My heart misgives me. I wish you had at least paid them the compliment of apprising them of our marriage."

"Cheer up. For myself, I have none but pleasant anticipations. I long to be at home, once more by my own fire-side, and patting my faithful Cerberus."

"I think I shall like Cerberus—I am fond of dogs."

"I am sure you will. He is the most faithful creature in the world."

"Is he very fierce?"

"Not if he takes a fancy to you; and who can help taking a fancy to Proserpine?"

"Ah! my Pluto, you are in love."

II.

"Is this Hades?" inquired Proserpine.

An avenue of colossal bulls, sculptured in basalt, and breathing living flame, led to gates of brass, adorned with friezes of rubies, representing the wars and discomfiture of the Titans. A crimson cloud concealed the height of the immense portal, and on either side hovered o'er the extending walls of the city; a watch-tower or a battlement occasionally flashing forth, and forcing their forms through the lurid obscurity.

"Queen of Hades! welcome to your capital!" exclaimed Pluto.

The Monarch rose in his car, and whirled a javelin at the gates. There was an awful clang; and then a still more terrible growl.

"My faithful Cerberus!" exclaimed the King.

The portals flew open, and revealed the gigantic form of the celebrated watch-dog of Hell. It completely filled their wide expanse. Who but Pluto could have viewed without horror that enormous body covered with shaggy spikes, those frightful paws clothed with claws of steel, that tail like a boa constrictor, those fiery eyes that blazed like the blood-red lamps in a pharos, and those three forked tongues, round each of which were entwined a vigorous family of green rattlesnakes!

"Ah! Cerby! Cerby!" exclaimed Pluto; "my fond and faithful Cerby!"

Proserpine screamed as the animal gambolled up to the side of the chariot, and held out its paw to its master. Then licking the royal palm with its three tongues at once, it renewed its station with a wag of its tail, that raised such a cloud of dust that for a few minutes nothing was perceptible.

"The monster!" exclaimed Proserpine.

"My love!" exclaimed Pluto, with astonishment.

"The hideous brute!"

"My dear!" exclaimed Pluto.

"He shall never touch me."

"Proserpine!"

"Don't touch me with that hand. You never shall touch me, if you allow that disgusting animal to lick your hand."

"I beg to inform you that there are few beings of any kind for whom I have a greater esteem than that faithful and affectionate beast."

"Oh! if you like Cerberus better than me, I have no more to say," exclaimed the bride, bridling up with great indignation.

"My Proserpine is perverse," replied Pluto; "her memory has scarcely done me justice."

"I am sure you said you liked Cerberus better than anything in the world," continued the Goddess, with a voice trembling with passion.

"I said no such thing," rejoined Pluto, somewhat sternly.

"I see how it is," replied Proserpine with a sob, "you are tired of me."

"My beloved!"

"I never expected this."

"My child!"

"Was it for this I left my mother?"

"Powers of Hades! How you can say such things!"

"Broke her heart?"

"Proserpine! Proserpine!"

"Gave up daylight?"

"For the sake of Heaven, then, calm yourself!"

"Sacrificed everything?"

"My love! my life! my angel! what is all this?"

"And then to be abused for the sake of a dog!"

"By all the shades of Hell, but this is enough to provoke even immortals. What have I done, said, or thought, to justify such treatment?"

"Oh! me!"

"Proserpine!"

"Heigho!"

"Proserpine! Proserpine!"

"So soon is the veil withdrawn!"

"Dearest, you must be unwell. This journey has been too much for you."

"On our very bridal day to be so treated!"

"Soul of my existence, don't make me mad. I love you,—I adore you,—I have no hope, no wish, no thought but you. I swear it,—I swear it by my sceptre and my throne. Speak, speak to your Pluto: tell him all you wish, all you desire. What would you have me do?"

"Shoot that horrid beast."

"Ah! me."

"What, you will not! I thought how it would be. I am Proserpine, —your beloved, adored Proserpine. You have no wish, no hope, no thought, but for me! I have only to speak, and what I desire will be instantly done! And I do speak,—I tell you my wish,—I express to you my desire,—and I am instantly refused! And what have I requested? Is it such a mighty favour? Is it anything unreasonable? Is there, indeed, in my entreaty anything so vastly out of the way? The death of a dog, a disgusting animal, which has already shaken my nerves to pieces;—and if ever—(here she hid her face in his breast)—if ever that event should occur, which both must desire, my Pluto, I am sure the very sight of that horrible beast will—I dare not say what it will do."

Pluto looked very puzzled.

"Indeed, my Proserpine, it is not in my power to grant your request; for Cerberus is immortal, like ourselves."

“ Me ! miserable ! ”

“ Some arrangement, however, may be made to keep him out of your sight and hearing. I can banish him.”

“ Can you, indeed ! Oh ! banish him, my Pluto ! pray banish him ! I never shall be happy until Cerberus is banished.”

“ I will do anything you desire ; but, I confess to you, I have some misgivings. He is an invaluable watchdog ; and I fear, without his superintendence, the guardians of the gate will scarcely do their duty.”

“ Oh ! yes : I am sure they will, my Pluto ! I will ask them to—I will ask them myself—I will request them, as a very particular and personal favour to myself, to be very careful indeed. And if they do their duty, and I am sure they will, they shall be styled, as a reward, ‘ Proserpine’s Own Guards.’ ”

“ A reward, indeed ! ” said the enamoured monarch, as, with a sigh, he signed the order for the banishment of Cerberus in the form of his promotion to the office of Master of the royal and imperial blood-hounds.

III.

The burning waves of Phlegethon assumed a lighter hue. It was morning. It was the morning after the arrival of Pluto and his unexpected bride. In one of the principal rooms of the palace three beautiful females, clothed in cerulean robes spangled with stars, and their heads adorned with golden crowns, were at work together. One held a distaff, from which the second spun ; and the third wielded an enormous pair of adamantine shears, with which she perpetually severed the labours of her sisters. Tall were they in stature, and beautiful in form. Very fair ; an expression of haughty serenity pervaded their majestic countenances. Their three companions, however, though apparently of the same sex, were of a very different character. If women can ever be ugly, certainly these three ladies might put in a valid claim to that epithet. Their complexions were very dark and withered, and their eyes, though bright, were bloodshot. Scantly clothed in black garments, not unstained with gore, their wan and offensive forms were but slightly veiled. Their hands were talons ; their feet cloven ; and serpents were wreathed round their brows instead of hair. Their restless and agitated carriage afforded also a not less striking contrast to the highly polished and aristocratic demeanour of their companions. They paced the chamber with hurried and unequal steps, and wild and uncouth gestures ; waving, with a reckless ferocity, burning torches and whips of scorpions. It is hardly necessary for me to add that these were the Furies, and that the conversation, which I am about to report, was carried on with the Fates.

“ A thousand serpents ! ” shrieked Tisiphone. “ I will never believe it.”

“ Racks and flames ! ” squeaked Megæra. “ It is impossible.”

“ Eternal torture ! ” moaned Alecto. “ ’Tis a lie.”

“ Not Jupiter himself should convince us ! ” the Furies joined in infernal chorus.

“ ’Tis, nevertheless, true,” calmly observed the beautiful Clotho.

“ You will soon have the honour of being presented to her,” added the serene Lachesis.

"And whatever we may feel," observed the considerate Atropos, "I think, my dear girls, you had better restrain yourselves."

"And what sort of thing is she?" inquired Tisiphone, with a shriek.

"I have heard that she is very lovely," answered Clotho. "Indeed, it is impossible to account for the affair in any other way."

"'Tis neither possible to account for, nor to justify it," squeaked Megæra.

"Is there, indeed, a Queen in Hell?" moaned Alecto.

"We shall hold no more drawing-rooms," said Lachesis.

"We will never attend hers," said the Furies.

"You must," replied the Fates.

"I have no doubt she will give herself airs," shrieked Tisiphone.

"We must remember where she has been brought up, and be considerate," replied Lachesis.

"I dare say you three will get on very well with her," squeaked Megæra. "You always get on well with people."

"We must remember how very strange things here must appear to her," observed Atropos.

"No one can deny that there are some very disagreeable sights," said Clotho.

"There is something in that," replied Tisiphone, looking in the glass, and arranging her serpents; "and for my part, poor girl, I almost pity her, when I think she will have to visit the Harpies."

IV.

At this moment four little pages entered the room, who, without exception, were the most hideous dwarfs that ever attended upon a monarch. They were clothed only in parti-coloured tunics, and their breasts and legs were quite bare. From the countenance of the first you would have supposed he was in a convulsion; his hands were clenched and his hair stood an end—this was Terror! The protruded veins of the second seemed ready to burst, and his rubicund visage decidedly proved that he had blood in his head—this was Rage! The third was of an ashen colour throughout—this was Paleness! And the fourth, with a countenance, not without traces of beauty, was even more disgusting than his companions from the quantity of horrible flies, centipedes, snails, and other noisome, slimy, and indescribable monstrosities that were crawling all about his body and feeding on his decaying features. The name of this fourth page was Death!

"The King and Queen!" announced the Pages.

Pluto, during the night, had prepared Proserpine for the worst, and had endeavoured to persuade her that his love would ever compensate for all annoyances. She was in excellent spirits and in very good humour; therefore, though she could with difficulty stifle a scream when she recognised the Furies, she received the congratulations of the Parcæ with much cordiality.

"I have the pleasure, Proserpine, of presenting you to my family," said Pluto.

"Who, I am sure, hope to make Hades agreeable to your Majesty," rejoined Clotho. The Furies uttered a suppressed sound between a murmur and a growl.

"I have ordered the chariot," said Pluto. "I propose to take the Queen a ride and show her some of our lions."

"She will, I am sure, be delighted," said Lachesis.

"I long to see Ixion," said Proserpine.

"The wretch!" shrieked Tisiphone.

"I cannot help thinking that he has been very unfairly treated," said Proserpine.

"What!" squeaked Megæra. "The ravisher!"

"Ay! it is all very well," replied Proserpine; "but, for my part, if we knew the truth of that affair——"

"Is it possible that your Majesty can speak in such a tone of levity of such an offender?" shrieked Tisiphone.

"Is it possible?" moaned Alecto.

"Ah! you have heard only one side of the question; but for my part, knowing as much of Juno as I do——"

"The Queen of Heaven!" observed Atropos, with an intimating glance.

"The Queen of Fiddlestick!" said Proserpine, "as great a flirt as ever existed, with all her prudish locks."

The Fates and the Furies exchanged glances of astonishment and horror.

"For my part," continued Proserpine, "I make it a rule to support the weaker side, and nothing will ever persuade me that Ixion is not a victim and a pitiable one."

"Well! men generally have the best of it in these affairs," said Lachesis, with a forced smile.

"Juno ought to be ashamed of herself," said Proserpine. "Had I been in her situation, they should have tied me to a wheel first. At any rate they ought to have punished him in Heaven. I have no idea of those people sending every *mauvais sujet* to Hell."

"But what shall we do?" inquired Pluto, who wished to turn the conversation.

"Shall we turn out a sinner and hunt him for her Majesty's diversion?" suggested Tisiphone, flanking her serpents.

"Nothing of the kind will ever divert me," said Proserpine; "for I have no hesitation in saying, that I do not at all approve of these eternal punishments, or, indeed, of any punishment whatever."

"The heretic!" whispered Tisiphone to Megæra. Alecto moaned.

"It might be more interesting to her Majesty," said Atropos, "to witness some of those extraordinary instances of predestined misery with which Hades abounds. Shall we visit *Œdipus*?"

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Proserpine. "For myself, I willingly confess that Torture disgusts and Destiny puzzles me."

The Fates and the Furies all alike started.

"I do not understand this riddle of Destiny," continued the young Queen. "If you, *Parcæ*, have predestined that a man should commit a crime, it appears to me very unjust that you should afterwards call upon the Furies to punish him for its commission."

"But man is a free agent," observed Lachesis, in as mild a tone as she could command.

"Then what becomes of Destiny?" replied Proserpine

"Destiny is eternal and irresistible," replied Clotho. "All is ordained; but man is, nevertheless, master of his own actions."

"I do not understand that," said Proserpine.

"It is not meant to be understood," said Atropos; "but you must nevertheless believe it."

"I make it a rule only to believe what I understand," replied Proserpine.

"It appears," said Lachesis, with a bleoded glance of contempt and vengeance, "that your Majesty, though a goddess, is an Atheist."

"As for that, anybody may call me just what they please, provided they do nothing else. As long as I am not tied to a wheel or whipped with scorpions for speaking my mind, I shall be as tolerant of the speech and acts of others, as I expect them to be tolerant of mine. Come, Pluto, I am sure that the chariot must be ready!"

So saying, her Majesty took the arm of her spouse, and with a haughty curtesy, left the apartment.

"Did you ever!" shrieked Tisiphone, as the door closed.

"No! never!" squeaked Megæra.

"Never! never!" moaned Alecto.

"She must understand what she believes, must she?" said Lachesis, scarcely less irritated.

"I never heard such nonsense," said Clotho.

"What next!" said Atropos.

"Disgusted with Torture!" exclaimed the Furies.

"Puzzled with Destiny!" said the Fates.

V.

It was the third morning after the Infernal Marriage; the slumbering Proserpine reposed in the arms of the snoring Pluto. There was a loud knocking at the chamber-door. Pluto jumped up in the middle of a dream.

"My life, what is the matter?" exclaimed Proserpine.

The knocking was repeated and increased. There was also a loud shout of 'Treason, Murder, and Fire!'

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the God, jumping out of bed, and seizing his trident. "Who is there?"

"Your pages, your faithful pages! Treason! treason! For the sake of hell open the door. Murder, fire, treason!"

"Enter!" said Pluto, as the door was unlocked.

And Terror and Rage entered.

"You frightful things, get out of the room!" cried Proserpine.

"A moment, my angel!" said Pluto, "a single moment. Be not alarmed, my best love—I pray you be not alarmed. Well, imps, why am I disturbed?"

"Oh!" said Terror. Rage could not speak, but gnashed his teeth, and stamped his feet.

"O-o-o-h!" repeated Terror.

"Speak, cursed imps!" cried the enraged Pluto; and he raised his arm.

"A man! a man!" cried Terror. "Treason, treason!—a man! a man!"

"What man?" said Pluto, in a rage.

“ A man, a live man has entered Hell !”

“ You don't say so ?” said Proserpine : “ a man, a live man ! Let me see him immediately.”

“ Where is he ?” said Pluto ; “ what is he doing ?”

“ He is here, there, and everywhere ! asking for your wife, and singing like anything.”

“ Proserpine !” said Pluto, reproachfully ; but, to do the God justice, he was more astounded than jealous.

“ I am sure I shall be delighted to see him ; it is so long since I have seen a live man,” said Proserpine. “ Who can he be ? A man, and a live man ! How delightful ! It must be a messenger from my mother.”

“ But how came he here ?”

“ Ah ! how came he here ?” echoed Terror.

“ No time must be lost,” exclaimed Pluto, scrambling on his robe. “ Seize him, and bring him into the Council Chamber. My charming Proserpine, excuse me for a moment.”

“ Not at all, I will accompany you.”

“ But, my love, my sweetest, my own, this is business ; these are affairs of state. The Council Chamber is not a place for you.”

“ And why not ?” said Proserpine ; “ I have no idea of ever leaving you for a moment. Why not for me as well as for the Fates and the Furies ? Am I not Queen ? I have no idea of such nonsense !”

“ My love !” said the deprecating husband.

“ You don't go without me,” said the imperious wife, seizing his robe.

“ I must,” said Pluto.

“ Then you shall never return,” said Proserpine.

“ Enchantress ! be reasonable.”

“ I never was, and I never will be,” replied the Goddess.

“ Treason ! treason !” screamed Terror.

“ My love, I must go.”

“ Pluto,” said Proserpine, “ understand me once for all, I will not be contradicted.”

Rage stamped his foot.

“ Proserpine, understand me once for all,—it is impossible,” said the God frowning.

“ My Pluto !” said the Queen. “ Is it my Pluto who speaks thus sternly to me ? Is it he who, but an hour ago, a short hour ago, died upon my bosom in transports and stifled me with kisses ? Unhappy woman ! wretched, miserable Proserpine ! Oh ! my mother ! my kind, my affectionate mother ! Have I disobeyed you for this ! For this have I deserted you ! For this have I broken your beloved heart !” She buried her face in the crimson counterpane, and bedewed its gorgeous embroidery with her fast-flowing tears.

“ Treason !” shouted Terror.

“ Hah ! hah ! hah !” exclaimed the hysterical Proserpine.

“ What am I to do ?” cried Pluto. “ Proserpine, my adored, my beloved, my enchanting Proserpine, compose yourself,—for my sake, compose yourself. I love you ! I adore you ! You know it ! oh ! indeed you know it !”

The hysterics increased.

“ Treason ! treason !” shouted Terror.

"Hold your infernal tongue," said Pluto. "What do I care for treason when the Queen is in this state?" He knelt by the bed-side, and tried to stop her mouth with kisses, and ever and anon whispered his passion. "My Proserpine, I beseech you be calm. I will do anything you like. Come, come, then, to the Council!"

The hysterics ceased; the Queen clasped him in her arms, and rewarded him with a thousand embraces. Then, jumping up, she bathed her swollen eyes with a beautiful cosmetic that she and her maidens had distilled from the flowers of Enna; and wrapping herself up in her shawl, descended with his Majesty, who was quite as puzzled about the cause of this disturbance as when he was first roused.

VI

Crossing an immense covered bridge, the origin of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, over the royal gardens, which consisted entirely of cypress, the royal pair, preceded by the pages in waiting, entered the Council Chamber. The council was already assembled. On either side of a throne of sulphur—from which issued the four infernal rivers of Lethe, Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron—were ranged the Eumenides and the Parcae. Lachesis and her sisters turned up their noses when they observed Proserpine; but the Eumenides could not stifle their fury, in spite of the hints of their more subdued, but not less malignant, companions.

"What is all this?" inquired Pluto.

"The constitution is in danger," said the Parcae in chorus.

"Both in church and state," added the Furies. "In a case of treason and blasphemy," and they waved their torches and shook their whips with delighted anticipation of their use.

"Detail the circumstances," said Pluto, waving his hand majestically to Lachesis, in whose good sense he had great confidence.

"A man—a living man—has entered your kingdom, unknown and unnoticed," said Lachesis.

"By my sceptre, is it true?" said the astonished King. "Is he seized?"

"The extraordinary mortal baffles our efforts," said Lachesis. "He bears with him a lyre, the charmed gift of Apollo, and so seducing are his strains, that in vain our guards advance to arrest his course, they immediately begin dancing, and he easily eludes their efforts. The general confusion is indescribable. All business is at a standstill. Ixion rests upon his wheel, old Sisyphus very coolly sits down on his mountain, and his stone has fallen with a terrible splash into Acheron. In short, unless we are energetic, we are on the eve of a revolution."

"His purpose?"

"He seeks yourself, and—her Majesty," added Lachesis, with a sneer.

"Immediately announce that we will receive him."

The unexpected guest was not slow in acknowledging the royal summons. A hasty treaty was drawn up; he was to enter the palace unmolested, on condition that he ceased playing his lyre. The Fates and the Furies exchanged significant glances as his approach was announced.

The man, the live man, who had committed the unprecedented crime of entering Hell without a license, and the previous deposit of his soul as security for the good behaviour of his body, stood before the surprised

and indignant Court of Hades. Tall and graceful in stature, and crowned with laurels, Proserpine was glad to observe that the man, who was evidently ravenous, was also very good-looking.

"Thy purpose, mortal?" inquired Pluto, with awful majesty.

"Mercy!" answered the stranger in a voice of exquisite melody, and sufficiently embarrassed to render him interesting.

"What is mercy?" inquired the Fates and the Furies.

"Speak, stranger, without fear," said Proserpine. "Thy name?"

"Is Orpheus; but a few days back the too happy husband of the enchanting Eurydice. Alas! dread King, and thou too, beautiful and benignant partner of his throne, I won her by my lyre, and by my lyre I would redeem her. Know, then, that in the very glow of our gratified passion, a serpent crept under the flowers on which we reposed, and by a fatal sting summoned my adored to the shades. Why did it not also summon me? I will not say why should I not have been the victim in her stead; for I feel too keenly that the doom of Eurydice would not have been less forlorn, had she been the wretched being who had been spared to life. O King! they whispered on earth that thou too hadst yielded thy heart to the chains of love. Pluto, they whispered, is no longer stern—Pluto also feels the all-subduing influence of beauty. Dread Monarch, by the self-same passion that rages in our breasts alike, I implore thy mercy. Thou hast risen from the couch of love—the arm of thy adored has pressed upon thy heart—her homid lips have clung with rapture to thine—still echo in thy ears all the enchanting phrases of her idolatry. Then, by the memory of these—by all the higher and ineffable joys to which these lead, King of Hades, spare me, oh! spare me, Eurydice!"

Proserpine threw her arms round the neck of her husband, and hiding her face in his breast, wept.

"Rash mortal, you demand that which is not in the power of Pluto to concede," said Lachesis.

"I have heard much of treason since my entrance into Hades," replied Orpheus, "and this sounds like it.

"Mortal!" exclaimed Clotho with contempt.

"Nor is it in your power to return, Sir," said Tisiphone, shaking her whip.

"We have accounts to settle with you," said Megæra.

"Spare her, spare her," murmured Proserpine to her lover.

"King of Hades!" said Lachesis, with much dignity, "I hold a responsible office in your realm, and I claim the constitutional privilege of your attention. I protest against the undue influence of the Queen. She is a power unknown in our constitution, and an irresponsible agent that I will not recognise. Let her go back to the drawing-room, where all will bow to her."

"Hag!" exclaimed Proserpine. "King of Hades, I too can appeal to you. Have I accepted your crown to be insulted by your subjects?"

"A subject, may it please your Majesty, who has duties as strictly defined by our infernal constitution as those of your royal spouse; duties, too, which, let me tell you, Madam, I and *my order* are resolved to perform."

"Gods of Olympus!" cried Proserpine. "Is this to be a Queen?"

“ Before we proceed further in this discussion,” said Lachesis, “ I must move an inquiry into the conduct of his Excellency the Governor of the Gates I move then that Cerberus be summoned.”

Pluto started, and the blood rose to his dark cheek “ I have not yet had an opportunity of mentioning,” said his Majesty, in a low tone, and with an air of considerable confusion, “ that I have thought fit, as a reward for his past services, to promote Cerberus to the office of the Master of the Hounds He therefore is no longer responsible ”

“ O—h ! ” shrieked the Furies, as they elevated their hideous eyes

“ The constitution has invested your Majesty with power in the appointment of your Officers of State which your Majesty has undoubtedly a right to exercise,” said Lachesis “ What degree of discretion it anticipated in the exercise, it is now unnecessary, and would be extremely disagreeable, to discuss I shall not venture to inquire by what new influence your Majesty has been guided in the present instance The consequence of your Majesty’s conduct is obvious, in the very difficult situation in which your realm is now placed For myself and my colleagues, I have only to observe that we decline, under this crisis, any further responsibility, and the distaff and the shears are at your Majesty’s service the moment your Majesty may find convenient successors to the present holders As a last favour, in addition to the many we are proud to remember we have received from your Majesty, we entreat that we may be relieved from their burthen as quickly as possible ”—(Loud cheers from the Eumenides)

“ We had better recall Cerberus,” said Pluto, alarmed, “ and send this mortal about his business ”

“ Not without Eurydice. Oh ! not without Eurydice,” said the Queen

“ Silence, Proserpine,” said Pluto

“ May it please your Majesty,” said Lachesis, “ I am doubtful whether we have the power of expelling any one from Hades It is not less the law that a mortal cannot remain here, and it is too notorious for me to mention the fact, that none here have the power of inflicting death ”

“ Of what use are all your laws,” exclaimed Proserpine, “ if they are only to perplex us As there are no statutes to guide us, it is obvious that the King’s will is supreme Let Orpheus depart then, with his bride ”

“ The latter suggestion is clearly illegal,” said Lachesis

“ Lachesis, and ye, her sisters,” said Proserpine, “ forget, I beseech you, my hot words that may have passed between us, and, as a personal favour to one who would willingly be your friend, release Eurydice What ! you shake your heads ! Nay, of what importance can be a single miserable shade, and one, too, summoned so cruelly before her time, in these thickly-peopled regions ? ”

“ ’Tis the principle,” said Lachesis, “ ’tis the principle Concession is ever fatal, however slight. Grant this demand, others, and greater, will quickly follow. Mercy becomes a precedent, and the realm is ruined ”

“ Ruined ! ” echoed the Furies.

“ And I say *preserved* ” exclaimed Proserpine with energy “ The State is in confusion, and you yourselves confess that you know not how

to remedy it. Unable to suggest a course, follow mine. I am the advocate of Mercy; I am the advocate of Concession; and, as you despise all higher impulses, I meet you on your own grounds. I am their advocate for the sake of policy, of expediency."

"Never!" said the Fates.

"Never!" shrieked the Furies.

"What, then, will you do with Orpheus?"

The Parcæ shook their heads; even the Eumenides were silent.

"Then you are unable to carry on the King's government; for Orpheus must be disposed of;—all agree to that. Pluto, reject these counsellors, at once insulting and incapable. Give me the distaff and the fatal shears. At once form a new Cabinet; and let the release of Orpheus and Eurydice be the basis of their policy." She threw her arms round his neck, and whispered in his ear.

Pluto was perplexed; his confidence in the Parcæ was shaken. A difficulty had occurred with which they could not cope. It was true the difficulty had been occasioned by a departure from their own exclusive and restrictive policy. It was clear that the gates of Hell ought never to have been opened to the stranger; but opened they had been. Forced to decide, he decided on the side of *expediency*, and signed a decree for the departure of Orpheus and Eurydice. The Parcæ immediately resigned their posts, and the Furies walked off in a huff. Thus, on the third day of the infernal marriage, Pluto found that he had quarrelled with all his family, and that his ancient administration was broken up. The King was without a friend, and Hell was without a Government!

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DITTON.

WHEN sultry suns and dusty streets
 Proclaim town's *winter* season,
 And rural scenes and cool retreats
 Sound something like high treason—
 I steal away to shades serene,
 Which yet no bard has hit on,
 And change the bustling heartless scene
 For quietude and DITTON.

Here Lawyers, safe from legal toils,
 And Peers, released from duty,
 Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
 And eke the smiles of beauty;
 Beauty with talent brightly graced,
 Whose name must not be written,
 The idol of the fane, is placed
 Within the shades of Ditton.

Let lofty mansions great men keep—
 I have no wish to rob em —
 Not courtly Claremont, Esher s steep,
 Nor Squire Combe s at Cobham.
 Su Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
 A large red house, at Whitton,
 But Cam with Thames I can t compare,
 Nor Whitton class with Ditton.

I d rather live, like General Moore,
 In one of the pavilions
 Which stand upon the other shore,
 Than be the King of millions ;
 For though no subjects might arise
 To exercise my wit on,
 From morn till night, I d feast my eyes,
 By gazing at sweet Ditton.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,
 In gold and purple floated,
 But happier I, when ne n this shore,
 Although more humbly boated.
 Give *me* a punt, a rod, a line,
 A snug arm-chair to sit on,
 Some well iced-punch, and weather fine,
 And let me fish at Ditton.

The “Swan, snug inn, good fare affords
 As table e er was put on ;
 And worthy quite of loftier boards
 Its poultry, fish, and fruit n
 And while sound wine n me host supplies,
 With beer of Meux or Tritton—
 Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
 Invites to stay at Ditton.

Here, in a placid waking dream,
 I m free from worldly troubles,
 Calm as the rippling silver stream
 That in the sunshine bubbles,
 And when sweet Eden s blissful bowers
 Some able bard has writ on,
 Despising to transcend *his* powers,
 I ll Ditton say for DITTON !

A MISS-DIRECTED LETTER.

[By a very extraordinary accident, arising perhaps from the circumstance of an *interregnum* in the Post Office department, the following letter, evidently intended for somebody else, has been delivered at the office of the "New Monthly Magazine." The direction reads as if it were meant for Mr Colburn, but it is certain, that although his Christian name be Henry, nobody would address him as "dear Henriette;" besides which, it would be a work of supererogation to write an account of what is going on in England to the proprietor of the "Court Journal." The fact appears to be, that the letter is the fulfilment of a promise on the part of some French Nobleman or Gentleman—they are all *Counts* in the indictment of letters—to give some *chère amie* a detail of his proceedings in the English metropolis. As it has fairly been delivered in Marlborough-street, we make no ceremony in using it, the signature is scarcely legible—it looks something like "*Pickle and Mustard.*" We were, however, not sufficiently interested in the result, to send for either Mr Wilkinson or Mr Pettigrew to decipher it; as we have it, so have our readers.]

London, June 16, 1834.

My dear Henriette,—According to my promise, I sit down to give you news of myself, again in this dull city, which its dull inhabitants fancy one of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth, just as a toad, hermetically sealed in a block of stone, believes his sitting-room extremely convenient. People like the English, who eat so much solid food, and drink port wine and porter, have but a very cloudy notion of the volatility and volubility which light food, light wine, and a clear sky naturally inspire. I cannot for myself endure the miserable, smoky, brick houses, ranged like so many dens along the streets, into which their windows give light, and in London there are not a dozen inclosed or insulated houses.

Burlington House is one—it is deserted. Devonshire House is another—but our charming Duke is not yet in town. The Duke of Portland's, in Cavendish-square, is a third—but he is gone to Lisbon with his daughter, Lady Howard de Walden, who has taken her departure to join her husband, who has most favourably distinguished himself as a diplomatist. Rokeby, the agreeable Edward Montague, (of whom I used once to be jealous,) has a fourth, at the corner of Portman-square; a house altogether in a garden, in which, I am told, formerly the chimney-sweepers were wont to banquet on May-day, the present appearance of the building gives one every reason to believe that they were in the habit of leaving the contents of their soot-bags on the premises before they retired.

Lord Lansdowne's is another good specimen of a garden house, and he has hit upon a mode of lighting a saloon new to me, and quite delightful; the lamps are placed outside of large plate-glass fan-lights, so that you have all the illumination and none of the caloric. Lord Chesterfield's is another such house, but much unemployed. Dorchester House is another, but Lord Hertford, in consequence of the recent death of the dowager Marchioness, has not yet blazed forth in his accustomed splendour. I was making an observation upon the want of fine hotels

in London, to a wit here, and said to him as I have said to you, that there were not above a dozen houses in the town, *entre cour et jardin*. Said he, I will show you one more than you have reckoned, and that is a bookseller's shop at the corner of Bow-street. How, said I, can that be *entre cour et jardin*? "Because," said he, "it is between Martlett-court and Covent-garden."

Although I cannot bring myself to admire London, I must admit that I am extremely well received—absolutely *fêted*. The women of this country have a decided affection for foreigners, and give the strongest possible practical proofs of distaste for their heavy, plodding, slumbering husbands and fathers, and cluster round an exotic like bees about a rose-bush. Still Henriette, dear Henriette, you are secure; my affections are not to be warped or influenced by these "agitating attacks." I like to see the world, and having, as *you* know and they do *not*, but limited means, I endure these oppressive attentions in order to gratify my propensity for inquiry upon the most reasonable terms; not to speak of the advantages derivable to me from an unrestricted intercourse with all classes of society in the communications which I am able to make to our friend De M., as to affairs in general, for which, I ought to tell you, he has at last agreed to increase my remuneration. Hating the English character as I do, it is quite glorious so voluptuously to forage upon the enemy.

You will perceive that I am "Count" in this country—the ladies and the newspapers have given me this brevet; as it is not the fashion in England to appear *décoré*, my having no kind of order does not appear so remarkable here as it does on the continent. I have got the smallest possible lodgings, in Duke-street, St. James's; but I live entirely on the world, which delights to flatter and feed me; and having got my name into a club which admits "distinguished foreigners" as honorary members *gratis*, I breakfast there upon their wretched tea, with blue milk and yellow eggs, which, with all my love of country, do not endear themselves to me by the fact of their having been laid at least three months before, in France. Of coffee, the deluded people have as much idea as they have of conversation.

Every day brings its engagements; indeed, if I were to attempt to describe all that I see and hear, I should fill a volume per week. However, I have attained the highest point, for I have dined with the King—a circumstance which never would have happened to me in my own country, if I had lived to the age of Methuselah. His Majesty conducted himself exactly as any English gentleman would—gave toasts in the national manner—and made speeches. He is just now extremely popular with the country, on account of an address which he delivered *extempore* to the Bishops, expressive of his royal determination to uphold the rights of the Church. To show you, however, how small the official power of an English Monarch is, I need only tell you, that within eight-and-forty hours of the King's having expressed this solemn resolution, in the most solemn manner, his Ministers issued what they call here a commission (and by which the whole government of this country is now carried on) to inquire into the state of the Church revenues, with a view to appropriate them to lay purposes; and yesterday, Lord Grey appointed a Colonel Hay to some high official situation, who, in Parliament, not three months since, proposed the expulsion of the Bishops from Parliament.

I was at both Lady Mansfield's parties on two following Thursdays, both extremely full and extremely hot, but extremely agreeable, and our excellent friend De — has taken me two or three times to Lady Salisbury's Sunday *comersazione*, where whist is admitted—after midnight, I believe.

At Almack's, I am in my element—all my most absurd jumps and prouctics, at which you and my poor aunt used to laugh, come into play here in grace and activity, and the poor dowdy girls who jump and bump themselves about the room till they shake their curls into bell-ropes, vow that, except Shandon or Lahault, or some other half-dozen, they never saw anything so perfect as my performances.

Then Opera here is occasionally good, but it might be much better and please them no more, it might be much worse and please them just as well, they care nothing for the performance—not one in a hundred comprehends a syllable of the language, and as for music, they are told by their masters, or some extremely learned friend, or by what they rely on most of all—the newspapers, that such a man is a magnificent singer, such a woman a delightful dancer—that one composer is divine, and that another composer is odious, and accordingly they wriggle and twist themselves about in order to affect ecstasies, and turn up their eyes with delight, and then noses with contempt, under the direction of their leading journals.

The theatres are below criticism. Shakspeare, who after Moliere, Racine, and a few other French writers, is perhaps the best of the playwrights, is never acted unless to introduce a concert or a coronation—the comic authors are equally neglected, and the great theatres, as they call them, are devoted to billets, masquerades, tumbling, and horsemanship. Nobody, however, goes—at least I know nobody that does. I went once and acted in masque, and had my pocket picked—to be sure I did not lose much, but the idea of the thing was enough.

Fish dinners, at two places—Gruntch and Blackhole, I think they are called—are the fashion just now. I was at one, only three days since, it is an excessively comical proceeding. A party of people get into a boat—or carriages if you like—and go away from their comfortable homes to a inn whose windows project over a huge bed of ill-smelling mud, and where little dirty bare-legged boys puddle and tumble for money—the sun glares in from the water, and the breeze wafting into the rooms the combined flavour of pitch, tar, and the kitchen.

Presently in march some eight or ten waiters with dishes covered with tin tops, all of which they deposit upon the table, and the company sit down, the covers are removed, then you see twenty different sorts of fish dressed twenty different ways, but, with the exception of eels, (which, being the richest of fish, they sometimes attempt to *dress*, in our sense of the word,) everything is fried and boiled, with melted butter, and potatoes as hard as bullets, and as white as tennis balls. Of all these dishes, men, women, and children, indiscriminately eat, and having made themselves nearly sick by their exertions, the doors fly open again, and the waiters reappear with more dishes and tin covers, and you are served with hundreds of a small fry called “white *bêtes*”—over these the connoisseurs squeeze lemon—I am not sure whether they add sugar; and having prepared the mess, swallow such quantities of it as would astound you; and after this they proceed to eat great pieces of roast meat, and then fowls, and ducks, and quantities of peas and beans plain boiled,

with more melted butter, and having washed all this down with port and claret, and a sort of ginger beer which they sell in England for champagne, they conclude with a dessert, wind up the day by paying twenty or thirty pounds for the entertainment, and return to town too late to fulfil any pleasant engagement they may have, and just in time to go to bed to sleep off the fumes of their feast, and escape, if they can, the head-ache which threatens them in the morning. To be sure I ought not to complain, for the dear Lady who made up the party insisted upon my being her guest, and accordingly her exemplary husband paid my share of the bill, and was good enough to ride home on his own coach-box to make room for me inside his carriage, as it turned out wet.

One night last week I was at the House of Commons. I was introduced to the Speaker before he went in to take the chair, and was highly gratified by the reception which I met with. His manners are charming, and although dignified in an eminent degree, while fulfilling the duties of his important and arduous office of president, there is a kindness, and even playfulness in his conversation in private life which I found most agreeable.

We entered the House by the Members' door, and were placed in seats exactly similar to those of the Members, under the gallery and in the body of the House, although, technically speaking, out of the House, inasmuch as we were without the bar. There was a very full attendance of Members, and the smell was very oppressive. What struck me most forcibly was the strange variety of hats which they wore, for they were almost all covered, in fact, I never saw an assembly of similar importance if there be such a thing in Europe—so little calculated to inspire either awe or respect.

On the ministerial bench I saw Lord Althorp, who looks like a farmer, Lord John Russell, who looks like a frog, Lord Palmerston, who looks like a man-milliner, and Sir James Graham, who looks like an English gentleman—indeed he is the *beau idéal* of the island aristocrat. Mr. Edward Lillie is a good bluff-looking man, and was sitting in earnest conversation with a Member whose name I think they told me was Baumgarten, although I could not find it in the list of Members which I went home. Mr. Fergusson was also there, who, they told me, had been imprisoned in Newgate for a riot some years ago, and Mr. Whittle Harvey, a particular friend of Lord Brougham, who has made a great complaint that he is not permitted to be a pleader in the courts here, being, as he thinks, fully entitled to be called to the bar. I saw, too, Mr. Jeffrey, the writer of the "Edinburgh Review," to whom I had been previously introduced, and Sir Edward Codrington, the admiral who did us so much good at Navarino, by crippling the Turks, who before that time were rather important allies of the English—he is a heavy man, but they say brave, and is called "Go it, Ned,"—the reason why, I was unable to learn.

You may remember how often we have endeavoured to comprehend in its true sense the meaning of the words "the liberty of the press," we fancying it meant the power of the Government to press sailors into the King's service. I found out my mistake—it means the privileges of the newspapers. Not only have the reporters of the papers seats assigned them in the gallery, but the public journals,—or, as they are called now, the "fourth estate,"—have their individual representatives in Parliament,—Mr. Walter represents the "Times," Mr. Cobbett represents his own "Register;" Mr. Baines represents the "Leeds

Mercury," Colonel Torrens represents the "Globe;" Mr. Buckingham represents the Parliamentary Review," Mr. Whittle Harvey the "Sunday Times," Mr Spankie the "Morning Chronicle" this is quite as it should be,—especially, as I am told, that, although the Ministers here govern the country, the newspapers govern them.

On the opposite side of the House I saw Sir Robert Peel, whom I knew, Mr Goulburn, and Sir Henry Hardinge, whom I hate, not only for his participation in that ruinous battle of Waterloo, but for the manner in which he upholds everything English, I cannot bear nationality of this sort Cobbett was pointed out to me. He looks like a farmer,—but a very respectable one. And Hume I saw,—at whose calculations we used to have so many laughs when he was fancied by the mobility here, a much greater man than he passes for now,—he is a remarkably ill-looking man, but married a great fortune. The history of his dissecting his brother is a true one. But he justifies his conduct by his solicitude to ascertain the complaint by which he lost him, and says—"I cannot say that I dissected him, for I didn't. I only jostled him to see what he did o'."

I was quite pleased to see Sir Francis Burdett looking so well. I met him afterwards, and he desired to be remembered to you, he was walking with Sir Charles Wellesell, which surprised me, knowing how their principles differ, but it seems the sharp edge of Sir Francis' politics is worn down, which annoys some of his violent supporters, who swear he shall not represent Westminster again. If he does not, Lord Grey will make him a peer, he serves a great many people in that way when he takes it into his head.

I heard Lord Palmcston speak upon the foreign policy of England, of all the men I ever heard, I like him the best, at least upon that topic, —there something so liberal in his views,—so careless of what are called the interests of his country, —nothing selfish,—that I could have fancied one of our Deputies, or even Talleyrand himself, was discussing the subject. A Mr. Thompson—Monsieur Tonson—spoke, too, about trade and commerce, and also pleased me very much. You remember him in Paris, and the little *on dits*. They do not seem to mind those things here—but, be that as it may, Thompson is a treasure to us. I do not think that our excellent King—absolute as he has become, I still call him excellent—could have more efficient allies than Thompson and Palmerston,—the latter they call Cupid, why I know not, except as his blindness is alluded to, for he is quite *passé* as to loveability.

I heard no eloquence, and I fancy myself a judge, for I am told, except young De N—, that nobody born in France writes with a better idiom than myself. The debate—if debate it could be called—consisted of merely questions and answers, in which it seemed to me that the opposition had the best of it. The Speaker wears a long powdered wig, like one of these Judges here, and a silk gown; over his coat he had the red ribband of the Bath, of which he is a Knight Grand Cross.

I went two evenings after into the House of Lords, and there, to be sure, I saw such a scene as I never could have anticipated even in this shopkeeping country. Lord Brougham, who is the great liberal, and represents the "Penny Magazine" in the Upper House, as Mr. Torrens does the "Globe" in the other, was jumping and skipping about, shrieking out contradictions and hooting out assertions in a tone better suited to what they call here, pottouses (I don't know if that is the way

to spell the word) than such an august assembly. And then, which I could not have believed if I had not seen it—a ~~black~~ bandy legged fellow, in full dress, walked into the House and gave the Chancellor a glass of something, sufficiently strong to have killed a French post-horse, which they call “groge,” or “grogg;” and there was a noise, and a scuffle, and a pertness of reply, and an insolence of manner; in short, I said to myself, if this goes on much longer, what we hear of the abolition of this House of Lords is likely, at no great distance of time, to be verified.

Lord Brougham is desperately hideous; and so is Lord Durham. You remember the mistake which occurred at the Salon when he was living amongst us, and when some flippant observation of his, was met by a man's saying to him, “Tais toi, Nègre,” mistaking him for a black. If I did not know this fact, I should have doubted it, because he is no more black than I am,—he is as yellow as a Napoleon.

He represents the “Times,” I am told, and is very angry at the present state of affairs: however, all I hear is from our fair friend with the curls,—an authority which, I ought to say, has never yet deceived me.

I was taken the other night to Kensington Palace to the *soiree* given by the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society; we waited a long time before the Prince made his appearance, for he had a dinner party and they sat late. I was a good deal amused by the way in which he addressed his chaplain, whom he called *Domme*, and still more pleased with a joke, which I am afraid I can hardly explain to you, although you insist upon my writing to you in English.—There was a Doctor Peacock dancing attendance upon him, and his Royal Highness's great delight was to call him Dr. Peafowl; at which everybody laughed excessively.

He has a very fine library, and seems very anxious to pass for a *savant*. Like all the Royal Family, he is extremely affable and good natured, very big and black about the whiskers, which I think must be darkened by some preparation, for the family are universally fair. Some men “die for love,” perhaps His Royal Highness “dyes for glory.” This is a pun which I shall leave you to make out.

I did not go to Oxford. I regret it because I have no doubt it was a fine *spectacle*; but I own my pleasure would have been a good deal deteriorated by the sight of Wellington so honoured, so venerated, so worshipped, I may say, as he was there. I did not, however, abstain on that account, for we who travel are adepts in the agreeable dissimulation which dresses the countenance in smiles, while the heart is bitterly affected; but I felt, as the University had so decidedly refused our Ambassador a degree, that it would be offensive for any of us to attend.

I ought to tell you a joke of M. de Talleyrand which will make you smile. The Prince happened to call upon the Duke of Wellington just as he was looking at two or three of the robes which, at certain periods of the ceremony of his Installation, he was to wear at Oxford. Talleyrand could not avoid his jest. “So,” said he to his Grace, “Canonicals! Why, Duke, you are going to end just where I began.”

The Duchess de Dino was a good deal cut up about the disappointment; and it was agreed that her not going should be put upon the illness of one of her children. I think I should have gone if *they* had; for I am told if Talleyrand had been made a Doctor, it was proposed that he and Lord Wynford should dance a *pas de deux* in the theatre.

It is the fashion with this overstarched religious nation, to go on

Sundays to the Zoological Gardens. I went there last Sunday with no compunctious visitings; but it does seem to me—the whole world is full of contradictions—that a steady, sober set of people, who at this moment are covering the table of the House of Commons with petitions for the better observance of the Sabbath, and to attain which end, three or four Bills are going through their Parliament, might, if they acted consistently, do something more suited to the day, than run to see an elephant wash, a rhinoceros canter, or little monkeys flirt. For us, luckily being what the vulgar folks here call Papists, we care little about such matters. Our Sunday is no day of gloom, and having performed our devotions, we feel ourselves justifiably fulfilling the injunctions of our Maker, by devoting to gaiety and pleasure the remainder of a day sanctified to Him, by the abstinence from all labour and care. But here, where I really believe many of the people go to evening church after having witnessed the washing of the beasts, it is too ridiculous!

One of the pious frauds which these very sedate islanders commit upon themselves, is that of having what they call Fancy Fairs for the benefit of certain charitable institutions. The people, I must own, are really and truly charitable—but they have a fashion even in that—instead of giving their guineas or pounds for those purposes, the young ladies go about and buy bits of gauze and ribband, and beads, and gum, and brushes, and gold paper, and artificial flowers; and bits of ribband and tinsel, and foil, and beads, and set themselves down to make little toys and trinkets, and card-cases, and purses, and watch-papers, and pen-wipers, and a variety of similar necessary articles which, at a certain time, they expose for sale in some public place, and the proceeds go to the uses of the favoured establishment. But lest these little innocent efforts, these pen-wipers, and purses, and card-cases, and watch-papers, should not fetch a sufficiently high price, the young ladies go themselves, and, *undressing* for the occasion in evening costume, stand behind the counters, firing off their most engaging looks and bewitching smiles in order to fascinate a crowd of strange men out of an extra shilling or two. And these are the shy misses who shudder at foreign assurance!

These fancy fairs are doubly bad; for while they reduce the daughters of the aristocracy to the level of *boutiquieres*, they seriously injure the *boutiqueres* whose vocation they so charitably assume. If they bought the articles and sold them again, the absurdity would be all the mischief; but when these ingenious young creatures, or, as the lower orders call them, “creechurs,” club their talents to supersede the industry and destroy the profits of their inferiors, they do more serious injury to the hard-working and industrious classes, than they do of good to the institutions for which they profess so great an interest.

I must, however, my dear Henriette, conclude my letter. You shall hear from me shortly again. Tell my aunt what you think proper as to my proceedings; and remember, if you write before I write again, it must be in English—that is our compact. Give my best love to G. and De S., and believe me, —Ever yours affectionately,



N.B. The signature is a *fac-simile*.

ODE TO MR. OWEN.

“ On sera ridicule, et je n’oseïai rire ? ”—BOILEAU.

Oh, Mr Owen, oh !
 Madman methodical, proser ecstatic !
 Enthusiast hard and parallelogrammatic !
 When shall thy moonish course a boundary know ?
 Bœotian bigot of the best intentions,
 Prolix Professor of the worst inventions,
 Folly’s Philosopher, Absurdity’s High Priest,
 Preparer of well-meaning nonsense,
 (Fit food for all who cannot con sense),
 Windy purveyor of a Bumerical feast !
 When will thy useless projects of utility,
 Thy barren anti non productive schemes,
 And barbarous dreams,
 Murdering poor possibility,
 Lose in thine eyes
 Hope’s fluttering dyes,
 And semblance of facility ?
 Chief of manacles blind leader of the blind,
 Prose Crabbe of human kind,
 Thy guide is retrograde !
 Thou wouldst go back to elemental buter,
 (Cashier the money trade,
 And make us all recede three thousand years !
 Thus wouldst thou make the world thy muty,
 Whilst Gaunt Denison standing by,
 With mouth awry,
 Would grin his bitterest jeers !—
 ‘ Do without gold ?
 Bah ! thy ‘ new system ’ is absurdly old !
 And canst thou deem, then, that the mind of man,
 Surrendering ’ its finer, freer shoots
 Of upward growth,
 And all its lower roots,
 (That is, its virtues and its passions both,)
 Decemst thou it ever can
 Be cut and pun d to thy Procrustean plan ?
 Alas ! this error thou dost hug poor elf !
 For this we must admit,
 If others thou dost cheat,
 Thou dost to others as unto thyself !
 Gentle Destructive, Leveller benign,
 Mild Revolutionist, sweet spoken Anarch,
 Who all the world wouldst change, except “ New Lanark,
 What very odd complacency is thine !
 Yet thus I can its source divine, —
 Folly, my Owen, loves thee for her own,
 For thee alone
 Her choicest gifts she culls,
 And from her special hands,
 Outvying thy demands,
 Thou hast that rare receipt for catching gulls,

That bait supreme,
 Thy new, old, quasi-would-be-social scheme !
 Oh ! wondrous dream,
 With how much wisdom grac'd,
 That would abolish Governments, to stop our quarrels,
 Make all things common, merit to advance,
 By scouting creeds and faiths, our souls improve,
 By four hours work per day our sloth remove,
 Increase our wealth by sweeping off finance,
 By tuneless fiddling regulate our taste,
 And by promiscuous dancing mend our morals !
 Shall plastic Nature run into one mould,
 And there turn cold ?
 Shall men's all-varying minds be hardened to one block,
 And split up into equal parts ?
 And all the throbbings of all human hearts
 Be as the ticking of one clock ?
 The harness of thy system
 Would clamp our kind, and twist em
 As Bertolotto tames the ' Industrious fleas
 Oh ! that like these
 He could treat thee, for thine illusions,
 Nor let thee jump to such absurd conclusions !
 If from some dullards, my blind is bats,
 Thy pleadings win applause,
 'Tis from a simple cause—
 All levelling systems must *take in the flats*.
 But thou, with expectations still *in alt*,
 Wouldst Owenize the world !—
 And so thou shalt,
 Modern-Confusius, when
 Chaos is come again,
 And Barbarism's burner is unfurled,
 When Dulness into Fancy's seat shall creep,
 When magpies shall for oracles be sought,
 And figs on thistles caught,
 And crabbed age and youth one pace shall keep,
 When property shall lose each proper tie,
 And all turn common, saving common sense,
 When Irish Dan shall cease to covet pence,
 And moles shall fly,
 When cauliflowers for human heads are seen,
 And hearts turn cabbages,
 And man a *log* arithmetic machine,
 Like Babbage's ;
 When every mountain shall become a plain ;
 When wing'd Ambition shall forget to soar ;
 When learning, woo'd, shall come to *dunce mane*—
 But not before !

GLIMPSSES OF LAFAYETTE, AND OF A FEW OF
HIS FRIENDS.

I HAVI just heard that Lafayette is dead,—the hero of two worlds, of three generations, the honestest man of his time, and that time including more than one era, a true resuscitation of the lover of liberty of old—Since I lately looked over Washington's letters, I do not think quite as much—perhaps I mean I do not *feel* quite as much—is I used to do about the American Cincinnatus—It would be too long to stop and tell why,—only I do not—so let it pass—This morning, May the 20th, 1834, at five o'clock, Lafayette died, and not France, nor England, nor America, to say nothing of the half advanced countries of the globe, can point to an individual of their people, and say—"That is a political man, as purely impressed with the love of liberty, and of the human race, as was he whom we have just lost."

But it is not my business to dwell upon the public character and virtues of Lafayette, both are either too well known, or will soon be too ably set forth to require my sketchy notices of them—I only wish to mention something of *the man*—very little indeed—which I picked up personally, and not during prolonged opportunities for observing him.

I came last to Paris in 1833, on the eve of the commemoration of "The Three Days"—He was then, and for some time had been, at his Roman farm, *Le Grange*, some distance from the metropolis, and this I selfishly regretted, because I had hoped for a chance of seeing him at some friend's *soiree*, had he continued at his house, *Rue d'Ingenieur St Honoré*—and now that such an accidental meeting seemed impossible, in consequence of the short stay I proposed to make in Paris, I despaired of ever fixing my eyes on the person of my earliest *l'au d'œil* of living honour and true greatness.

Great were my surprise, and pleasure, and fuss, at receiving, one morning soon after, a visit from two American ladies, sisters, esteemed friends of Lafayette, with an intimation that, having just arrived from the country, on business in Paris, he proposed calling to see me at half past one, and, as I was an invalid, another lady had sent them out from town—beyond a *barrier*, indeed—to tell me not to be too ill to receive him, and that lady was to come with him, and introduce us.

I was, in fact, ill enough in bed, but contrived, however, to be up, and on my sofa,—the best shift for an interview I could make then, or can now,—before the time named.

He came punctually with the lady—But, in all deference to Lafayette and to his memory, I will venture, before I speak of him, to say a word of her—She is the widow of Benjamin Constant, one of Lafayette's dearest and oldest friends—she is worthy of having been the wife of such a man—Lafayette, after her husband's death, distinguished her by, if possible, an increase of his former respect and affection, and (though the climax is very lamely made out) she has been most kind to myself,—and, for all these reasons, I take the liberty of alluding to her in the first instance.

I had the honour of meeting Madame Constant, for the first time, out of her own house—and then I was at once struck with the feminine

grace and motherly cordiality of her manner; with the variety and originality of her mind; with her feeling; with her smile; and with the peculiar expression of her mouth, which, whether smiling, or serious, or saddened, reminded me of that of a beloved and lost parent.

She left my side; and I was longing, in my heart, to meet her soon again at some other place, and wishing she might like me enough to long for me in a similar way, when, after having been introduced to my wife in another room, she returned to me with her, to make, as she said, a petition; and this petition was, that we would waive ceremony, and come to her the next evening. Expressing the sincere pleasure I felt, I readily assented. Victor Hugo, and other sights, might be with her; but though curious after show-animals, I confess the chief magnet to her *salon* was herself. She knew it was my privilege, though no great one to boast of, to contrive to get into a room before any one else, in order to secure a quiet stretch on a sofa; and she accordingly pressed me to come very, very early, which I did.

With the exception of the adhesive third person, whom, unfortunately, a married man can scarce ever shake off, we were, therefore, more than an hour alone; and I would not, upon any account, have been well enough to have forfeited the gratification thus afforded to me. It is sometimes a pleasant thing enough, particularly when a kind-hearted woman is concerned, not to be in rude, blustering, striding, impertinent, good health. A clever, good-natured, cranky little Irish doctor suggests, after *not* curing me, that I could get about very well if I liked; but that one of my reasons for continuing to pretend to ill health is, that I may retain the kind of sympathy to which I have alluded,—just as the negroes say that the monkeys won't talk, for fear they should be made to work. God bless him and them!

If I had liked Madame Constant out of her own house, much, much more did I like her in it. She spoke directly and unaffectedly of what she believed I should most wish to hear under the roof which then covered me—of her husband, his talents, his virtues, his philosophical and political creeds, his amiable peculiarities, and of his friends. The roaring of the Paris cannon, re-echoing to him in his retreat in the country, seemed to add years to his life, she said. He immediately started for Paris; clambered, with youth's vivacity, over the triumphal barricades; but when he found, some time after, the turn that things were taking—when he saw that for his large views, and for those of his party, the barricades had been erected in vain—"From that day," said his widow, "my husband never raised his head. The doctors, indeed, treated him for a disease of the spinal chord; but he had no such malady—he died of—the heart." And then, with moistened eyes, she prayed of me not to let them dose me, and *douche* me, and blister me, and burn me, for my own case; an advice which, to my sorrow, I have not had the courage to adopt.

She spoke of his literary works, and mentioned that, of all the lighter ones, "Adolphe" had cost him most care, and was his favourite; that at her instance, (if I rightly recollect,) he had suppressed a good portion of writing which originally was to have formed part of that work, and which contained in itself a separate story and interest; and that it was her intention, some day, to give to the world the valuable fragment. Of his friends I shall only say here, that at their head

was Lafayette. It would be impossible to repeat what she said of the affection existing between those two great men; an affection, up to the moment of Constant's death, truly juvenile in its moral development, though so venerable from their years. "But there was no one who knew him that did not love him," she said; and she went on, till she had pointed out, as illustrations of this assertion, his sad-faced valet who entered the room at that moment; and last, though not least, his glossy, well-brushed, over-fed Angola cat, which, by the way, I have for some time seen parading, and marching, and clambering about the room, over carpet, and arm-chairs, and sofas, and tables of knick-knackery—nay, even over tables which upheld more precious ornaments—just as if she were the mistress of the house—ay, and a very well brought up mistress too; for, with the exception of occasionally squatting or coiling herself upon a nice table-cover or a silken cushion—which, however, the daintified animal did not hurt nor harm—all her peregrinations were made in the most perfect order, and, it might seem, quite tastefully, and even deferentially, towards the various objects, great and small, slight and important, which surrounded her. "She was his great pet," said my hostess; "she attended him in the morning before he got up; she followed him into his study after breakfast; she played or she reposed there when she liked; and one day, when he was expected to make an important speech in the *Chambre des Députés*, his friends, finding that he was absent after his time from the arena, came to seek him at this house, and, going into his study, saw him quietly reading some book, which evidently had nothing to do with the matter in hand; and when they told him that everybody was waiting, and that they came for him—"What can I do?" he asked; "look there!—there's my cat sleeping in the sun on the papers I have prepared for my speech; and till she awakens, how can I drag her off them?"

We fell into deeper allusions to the memory of Benjamin Constant. I shall not soon forget the perfectly simple pathos of recollection and affection in which the widow showed his bust in marble executed by a celebrated Parisian artist, and which she had preserved under a glass cover on a *console*; the exquisite little model of the monumental statue proposed to be erected to his memory, moulded by the same hand; and the large gold-chased cup presented to him by his constituents;—but, above all, never can I forget the flowing eyes, the quivering lips, and the full, though subdued affliction of manner with which she asked me, "And are not these delightful *souvenirs* for me?"

Hugo did not come that evening. She told me she had even been to seek him, but that he was so ill of the throes of "Marie Tudor," and of sore eyes brought on by his absorbing studies, that he could not make an appearance. There were other people, however, possessing much interest; and amongst them, the artist who had executed the works to which I have just alluded; and he proved additionally attractive from being a believer in, and expounder of, somnambulism: and there was a lady who had been married to one of Napoleon's brothers, and, strange to say, was very like to Napoleon himself in the face: and there was also a little French gentleman, who told me he had personally known Napoleon very well, and instanced a good many new traits of his manners. But I must say that I came home that evening only thinking of my hostess, her husband, his friend Lafayette, and the bust, the monument model, the cup,

and (pardon me if I add) the cat. And I trust I have not now intruded in any way upon the unaffectedly peaceful and modest tastes of the lady of whom I speak. I would not indeed willingly do so. May the feelings she wishes to keep sacred, whatever they may be, always be held so. She is at present in England, and may probably read these lines. If she does she will soon know who is the writer of them, and at the same time believe that he esteems and respects her, as the kind one who, in a strange country, sat by his bed-side of pain, and cheered him with the recitation of the ballads of her own *Vaderland*.

When I first saw Lafayette, he was in his seventy-sixth year, I had known that fact before he appeared, and therefore, from former disappointments as to the question of age, I may be forgiven, notwithstanding my moral estimate of the individual, some doubts which I allowed myself to form as to his personal expression. But never were groundless apprehensions more speedily removed. I saw before me a man certainly looking more than ten years less than his attributed age—tall, upright, and, with the exception of a very slight stiffness in his left knee, apparently quite disencumbered of years; and even this was accounted for as an accident. He was fully clothed in black, and wore only one little ribbon, through one of the button-holes of his coat. It would be ridiculous to speak of his over-kind manner to myself, but as to his general manner and bearing, they impressed me, after some little experience of modern Frenchmen, with the idea of what perhaps is now somewhat scarce—perfect politeness without *courticism* or *sans-cullottism*,—I thought him, in fact, the most finished gentleman I had yet seen. Every word that he spoke in his deep, almost guttural, but still very melodious voice, was kind or forcible as the occasion required. His motions and action were perfectly graceful, though borrowed neither from the school of Louis XIV. nor from that of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. In his early days he must have been—taking face, and figure, and everything else into consideration—a very fine-looking animal, and along with his talents, virtues, and chivalrous character, how much natural accident must have saved him! His face, at seventy-six, was full-muscled, clear-coloured, almost unmarked by a wrinkle, tranquil, self-possessed, intent, but, above all—all benevolent. Indeed, I do not think I ever before saw in a living man, or in picture or statue, so much of benevolence as his countenance, taken altogether, conveyed. And yet, when brightened up with conversation, his fine manly eye opened more widely, and his out-breathing lips became more than usually compressed,—the unostentatious spiritedness, the tranquil but forcible truth of their character, indicated the volumes, and almost the century, which we know of this true hero.

I felt that I was speaking with, perhaps (to his exclusive honour be it spoken) *the* public man without an *arrière pensee*—with the unprovoked, and therefore the purer Mirabeau of the old Revolution—with the universal patriot who had studied Liberty in woods, before he returned to his own country to look for her in vain among courtiers and in palaces—who had begun his career of making his fellow-creatures more free and more happy, merely that they might be made so—who had never hidden under that God-like wish a single lurking notion of personal aggrandizement—who was as simple in the manifestation and in the elements of his individuality, as were the objects of his life-long ambition.

Yes, and there was chivalry, too, in him, upon him, and about him—chivalry, but balanced and directed—the chivalry of advanced society, or what ought to be advanced society—the chivalry of truth, of telling truth, and of acting by the telling of it, and that truth—Liberty Liberty without blood Liberty, accomplished without creating the occasion for encroaching upon the real peace or good of a living creature Easiness of character I had heard attributed to Lafayette, and in using this cant word “easiness,” a few that had discussed him in my presence used to smile, either really or pretendingly But he was, and is, far above any little attempt of that kind Lafayette has never yet acted from easiness of character, he has always acted from consistency, from *uniqueness* of character Talky people mention Versailles, and so forth, but they do so without looking at the man This must ever be said of him—that with the physical machinery often in his hands to work what he wished, he has invariably paused between his own dearest anticipations, and inhuman or uncivilized excess

It may be sneered or whispered, also, that he wanted energy or good observation, in dealing, from youth upwards, with the men he had to encounter But this is merely shallow In real largeness, and truth, and virtuous clearness of view, while considering means for his great end, Lafayette was beyond his age—honesty, and wiser than it But how was he to have learned, in the first instance, at least, his superiority over my men? Known, himself to be straightforward, disinterested, and philanthropic, was that a reason why he should have suspected others, at a glance, of crookedness of pultry selfish views or of savage cruelty, at the very moment that the words of his own heart and mind seemed echoed on their false lips? or was he to have tried to practise upon them, as they did upon him, and thus become even as they, and cease to be himself? 'Tis a silly aspersion of his true nature He took men, not, credulously, as they affected to be, but as what they ought to have been from their time, their position, and their experience If he did not so find them, whose was the fault and having once unasked them, could he act with them? what could he do but what he did—withdraw from them? Woe has been to France in consequence of Lafayette's having found few or none to build up with him a true liberty for her! and woe will visit her again, and the civilized world along with her, if men like him cannot be produced to stand at the helm of affairs, and smile at that coasting, shifting, cowardly, bad pilot—Diplomacy

You may scribble, if you like, on Lafayette's tomb, with a black lead pencil, that the very man he trusted to three or four years ago outwitted him, that is, deliberately deceived him, that is, seemed to tell him the plainest truth, but told him lies all the time but what has that to do with the real character of Lafayette? or can that scribble stain his real memory or his monument?

It has been announced in the “*Constitutionnel*” here, and not since contradicted, at least by that journal, that five *soi-disant* republicans, imprisoned at St Pelagie, illuminated the windows of their apartments the evening of the day that they received intelligence of his death And how can that circumstance affect Lafayette any more than the other? In truth, with the selfish, the intriguing, the despotic, or the ferocious, Lafayette never has had, never could have had any common cause No matter how factions and parties differed from each other, they were equally uncon-

nected with him. Terror did not scare him; the glory of military empire did not dazzle him, in restorations, he saw nothing restored; and in the very last attempt to mince matters, he felt that he still stood almost alone; and from each of the dominations alluded to, he retired, finding in estrangement his only self-assertion. Whenever he ought not to be abroad in the world, he was at home, at his own fireside. From the beginning of his youthful career to the hour of his death, there is indeed an almost univalued oneness in the great patriot's character. Yes—perhaps the very keystone of the arch of his fame is—consistency; that consistency meaning harmony with the good and the generous, as well as with the expanded and the aspiring.

A kind of niche had been remaining vacant in my mind, for want of a personal impression of Lafayette to fill it up, as it were, like a statue. We met, and it was immediately occupied, and in the manner that I had ever wished it to be. Had it been my fortune to have encountered him in the prime of his life, and in the first blossoming of his chivalrous honours, he could not, as an individual, have more gratified me. He knew I was Irish, and had even done me the honour of having looked over something of much that I have scribbled in connexion with my country, and, in the spirit of politeness and indulgence to me, Ireland was, therefore, his chosen theme. Her past history,—that is, as much of it as he had himself lived through,—he particularly glanced at. He spoke with warmth and enthusiasm of the old Volunteers, and made my heart throb, and, I suppose, my cheeks flush with pride, when he admitted them to be the first national guard, worthy of the name, that the world had witnessed. To my infinite surprise, he was as intimately acquainted with their more important proceedings and concerns as if he had been amongst them, or as if they had been his own countrymen. He could faithfully trace their rise, decline, and extinction, giving reasons as he went along. He had been in correspondence, during the best days of the Volunteers, with one of their most zealous abettors, Sir Edward Newenham; and towards the memory of that gentleman he expressed himself in terms of much respect and regard. The accuracy and promptness of his memory as regarded persons, places, dates, and events, were to me truly wonderful, and supplied me with an additional reason for concluding that years had not yet encroached, to the slightest observable extent, upon his strongly-framed mind.

Changing topics at his own pleasure, for I did not presume to start one, the good old man next asked questions or made observations with a view of giving the individual pleasure. He flattered my poor goose quill, he consoled with my inferior state of health, he inquired after my children, who he heard were at school in another town; he went up to a sketch of my little girl, praised its expression to her mother and to me; and, in fact, spoke and smiled in such a manner that, forgetting altogether the hero, it was impossible not to love the man.

Some one may possibly accuse me of making a great fuss about this visit—may sneer at me, and say, "He seems so proud of it!" I am prouder of it than of any other event of my life. It was unexpected, and, false modesty apart, not felt to be merited; and, therefore, perhaps I am prouder of it still: and, despite of my fears of criticism, I will add that, notwithstanding he had serious business to despatch in Paris, and that his stay was limited, the visit was a long, an unusually long one.

We seldom met afterwards. His residence in the country, my indisposition, and a Paris winter, separated us. But—and I boast again—I have in my possession an invitation to come and see him at *La Grange*, written in terms too flattering even for my vanity. He wrote to me, too, not many days before his death. The last time I saw him was at the gate of Père la Chaise; he had just come out from attending the ~~requis~~ of the poor young deputy who was killed, a few months ago, in a political duel with a general officer. The people were drawing him in his carriage. He looked exhausted and pale. I never heard more enthusiastic cheering; that day I learned that a French crowd *could* cheer, although former public scenes had led me to doubt the fact. As he passed me, our eyes met, and he saluted me cordially. I joined—I could not help it—in the “Vive le Général!” which rang around me; and whether it was that, or his kind notice of me, which produced the effect, I came in for a momentary and slight share of popular honours from a crowd who did not know a single thing in the world about me. The day was cold and bleak, and I fear that his long exposure to the air, bareheaded, while performing his duties to the deceased deputy in the churchyard, (that magnificent churchyard!) laid the foundation of the disease of which this morning he died. Indeed, I have heard as much. At all events, that was my last omnious glance of Lafayette.

N M.

Paris, May 24, 1834.

A PARTY OF PLEASURE;

Being a painful Retrospect of a TRIP.

A PARTY of pleasure! a party of four,
Too few if one less, and too many if more;
A man and his wife, and a beau and a belle,
Set out on a journey from—whence I si c'n't tell.

One sketch'd upon paper a plan of the tour,
A peep at all places of note to ensure;
Oh! think how divine, when the weather is fine,
To go *via* Brussels as far as the Rhine!

The Rhine is a river all tourists should see;
That any can miss it astonishes me!
No place of repute on the road we'll let slip,
But we look to the Rhine as the pride of the trip.

The bachelor beau, when we landed in France,
Was judiciously placed at the head of finance;
And ere we set out, as a matter of course,
He put in his pocket a very big purse.

I hate English money; I own that I doat
On the high-sounding name of a hundred-franc note;
Four pounds may sound paltry, but tell it in *francs*,
And we fear not a check to our travelling pranks.

But when four times four English pounds we can count,
(Which, changed into francs, to four hundred amount,)
To Constantinople away we may dash,
Without the least fear of exhausting our cash.

A Party of Pleasure.

We changed it to dollars before we set out ;
 We like solid coin, and a purse that is stout ;
 So the bachelor beau bought a sort of a sack,
 And he totter'd away with his load on his back.
 We travell'd by day, and we rested by night ;
 Our purse it was heavy, our hearts they were light ;
 We feasted like princes, but, sipping our wine,
 Said we, " We'll drink Hock, when we get to the Rhine."

At Brussels, delighted, we rose with the lark,
 The play-bill we read ere we walk'd in the Park ;
 "'Tis Robert le Diable ! how very divine !
 And to-morrow, of course, we set out for the Rhine !"

Gods ! what has befallen the man of finance ?
 How pallid his cheek ! how distracted his glance !
 Can the bachelor beau wear that visage of gloom ?
 Sure 'tis Robert le Diable, just fresh from the tomb !

" We're lost ! we're undone !" cried the man of finance,
 " Sure never had mortal so sad a mischance !
 What demon possess'd us ? Ah ! why did we come ?
 We hav'n't got money to carry us home !"

" No money !" exclaimed Mr. Dee, in despair ;
 " No money !" cried Mrs. Dee, tearing her hair ;
 " No money !" said frantic Elizabeth Roe ;
 " No money," responded the bachelor beau.

" I've only got money to take us half-way."
 " What ! none for a dinner ? what ! none for the play ?"
 " What ! none ? " said Elizabeth Roe, turning pale,
 " I wanted to purchase the sweetest lace veil !"

No dinner ! no coffee ! no supper ! no lace !
 And though we were each of us book'd for a *place*,
 'Twas no place at the play ;—no, we started at nine
 By a coach that did *not* go the road to the Rhine.

Oh ! had you but seen us at Lille the next day !
 How could we have breakfast with nothing to pay ?
 And the man of finance just awoke from a nap,
 With the purse on his head for a travelling cap !

Cried poor Mr. Dee, " Let our watches be sold ;"
 " And here," said his wife, " is my chain of pure gold ;"
 " And here are my ear-rings," Elizabeth muttered ;
 " Oh ! get me some coffee, and toast that is buttered.

But oh ! in that moment of panic and grief
 An elderly gentleman gave us relief ;
 When he heard of our wants, he unbutton'd his coat,
 And obligingly lent us a hundred-franc note.

MORAL.

Ye tourists, attend, and my moral discern ;
 Wherever you go, bear in mind your return ;
 And in some little pocket be sure that you pack
 Just money sufficient to carry you back !

T. H. B.

Antwerp, June 8th, 1834.

UNE MAÎTRESSE FEMME.

There are persons, particularly in the class of those "*qui vivent pour manger au lieu de manger pour vivre*," whose blood circulates through their veins in prestissimo or double quick time; a peculiarity usually betrayed in irritability of body or irritability of mind;—by rendering them fidgets, or making them manœuvrers. Lady Jane Restless, for instance, was a fretful child, and even the beauty of her girlhood was impaired by a sort of unnatural vivacity, extremely perplexing to her sober-suited parents, the Duke and Duchess of Droue; who, having been born to the laborious task of doing nothing, fulfilled their vocation with such scrupulous exactitude as to render the space they occupied on the face of the earth almost commensurate with the vastness of their social importance. They were, in fact, very big as well as very great people: and while the slender Lady Jane fidgeted into airy nothing the moderate portion of flesh and blood allotted to her by nature, her Grace slumbered away her days in useless obesity in her easy chair or easy chariot; and her nights ensconced amid those huge pillows of down, up-piled by fashionable upholsterers to facilitate the drowsiness of the great.

It was a marvellous thing to the fat Duchess, so soon as Lady Jane attained to woman's estate, to mark with what untirable animation she supported the labours of the season; her mornings devoted to rehearsals of the monstrous but busy farce of Vanity, her nights to its representation. Birthnight balls, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, the Ridotto, Marylebone Gardens, galas, operas, plays and breakfasts,—nothing came amiss. The hoop's bewitching round could not circumscribe the activity of her movements; the high-heeled satin shoe placed no impediment to her measures. She was here, there, and everywhere:—her feathers in an incessant state of vibration, her fan always in movement, her ruffles ever waving,—lips, eyes, even to her rosy finger-tips, a perpetual motion! As she scudded along the Mall of a hot summer's afternoon, while the panting Duchess and her attendant lacqueys toiled after her in vain, the course of the lovely Lady Jane and her humble servants was as distinctly perceptible through the crowd, as the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" through the tranquil lake cleaved by its impetuous waters.

But if such were her Ladyship's vivacity during the first year of her appearance in the gay circles of St. James's, to what did it not amount when, at the commencement of her second season, the young Marquis of Amesbury returned in his red-heeled shoes from the grand tour! The Marquis—sprung from a race of statesmen, and predestined to add another well-powdered portrait to the gallery at Amesbury House, with Garter on knee and Bath on breast, and tributary Golden Fleeces, and St. Annes, and St. Stanislauses without and in token of his ministerial alliance with foreign powers;—the Marquis, who had estates craving legislation in the wilds of Munster, the deserts of the Hebrides;—the Marquis, who had houses and establishments to legislate in half the counties of the kingdom! Poor Lady Jane's veins frothed as if under the action of a chocolate-mill, while she pondered upon the glorious toils likely to fall to the share of his future marchioness; and from the hour of her first acquaintance with the head and fount of so

much and such arduous occupation, left no manoeuvre unattempted to secure her promotion to the vacant post. Such billets as she indited to win the suffrage of his old-fashioned relations'—such aprons as she flowered for his lady sisters'—such courses to the New Exchange for lackered fans for his maiden aunts'—such ransacking of *Mis Chenevix's* shop for baubles for his guardian's watch-chain' The *Duchess's* meagre chairmen were even on the trot, and even the porter at *Drone House* dwindled away in his leathern chain under the anxieties now added to his calling' *Lord A*, meanwhile, inaccessible to all this mercurial activity, was pursuing, unobserved, his sober courtship of a gentle cousin to whom he had been betrothed from his boyhood, and lo' upon the summer birthday which annually sounded a tocsin of retreat into the country for the belles and beaux of the court of *George III*, *Lady Jane* had the satisfaction of witnessing the presentation of the *Marquis* and *Marchioness of Amesbury* "on their marriage," and of protesting that the bride was a poor, dull, tame, humdrum creature,—a picco of still life, emulating one of the stone greyhounds, couchant, that adorned the entrance gates of *Amesbury House*! Nevertheless the disappointment was a severe one. Most people had prognosticated that her *Ladyship's* manoeuvres would prove successful, and even the sleepy *Duchess* opened wide her eyes with amazement on learning that the unheard-of exertions of her daughter were labour lost, while *Lady Jane*, unable to revenge her mortification on others, resolved, as many an unate dame has done before and since, to revenge it on herself. She quitted *London* for *Drone Castle*, swearing to marry the first man who honoured her with the tender of his hand.

Now the lordly halls of *Drone Castle* were situated in the watery waste of the county of *Lincoln*, in the midst of a domain where, during the midsummer heats, the castle stood half hidden in the fertile pastures that resembled copious baths of verdure rather than mere vegetable growth, and where, during the dank autumn, the wide fen-ditches opened their gaping mouths, for the emission of ague and the drainings of the spongy soil. The aborigines of the domain of *Dromington* were said to be as speckle-breasted as frogs, and the place and the people were alike weary, flat, and stale, though not alike unprofitable. The very clouds seemed to sail lazily over the land,—the solemn rooks swung heavily through the air, like so many young members plodding through their maiden speeches,—even the leaves on the trees had a fat pulpy texture, and the flowers an overblown, apoplectic hue. There could not, in short, be a duller spot than the whereabouts of *Drone Castle*, unless it were that of *Cumber Hall*, a place about two miles deeper ensconced in fenhood, the place destined to send forth that luckless suitor threatened by *Lady Jane* with immediate acceptance.

Erasmus Cumber, its opulent inheritor, was a heavy-shouldered, well-doing, well-thinking young gentleman of five-and-twenty, from whom neither *Rugby* nor *Oxford* had shaken off the rusticity of *Lincolnshire* squirehood, and who, finding himself suddenly bereft of the matronly cosseting of the widowed mother by whom he had been reared to man's estate and the estate of *Cumber Hall*, a few months previous to the annual return of the *Drone* family to the *Fens*, with the world before him where to choose his place of rest, but without a guardian in cap and

petticoat for his guide, unhappily for himself took refuge from his self-mistrust at the feet of Lady Jane Restless, and was almost terrified by the hastiness of her assumption of office. Her Ladyship's "I will!" was instantaneous as an electric shock; and such was the rapidity with which she proceeded to urge on the hymeneal preliminaries, to issue orders for wedding clothes, instructions for the Herald's Office, and lists for favours and wedding cake, that the poor squire began to ponder secretly upon the eligibility of propping up the dilapidated walls and crazy chimneys of Cumber Hall; lest, peradventure, the activity of its new mistress should topple down some part or parcel of the old mansion-house during her honeymoon into the weedy moat below.

The precaution would have been premature! Already Lady Jane projected the total demolition of the place; and her only consolation in exchanging the bridal post-chaise of a marquis for that of a squire of the county of fat beeves and fat beer, was the consciousness that Lord Amesbury boasted nothing in his possession so susceptible of reformation and improvement as the old castellated manor of the Cumbers, with the house-leek tufting its parapets, and the "chimney-haunting martlets" colonizing its crazy abutments. Lady Jane beheld, as the brightest prospect in her marriage, a house to be thrown down,—gardens to be thrown up,—habits and customs to be thrown aside,—new conservatories, pineries, dairies, ice-houses, and ovens, to be erected on every side, and in every form which the London Gazette's last list of new patents might suggest to her preference; an avenue to be rooted up, and full-grown single trees to be transplanted here and there, according to the triumphant recipe of Sir Walter Scott and the Caledonian Agricultural Society.

But among all these projected constructions, there was still *one* on which her Ladyship had neglected to calculate,—a tomb-stone for her husband! Twelve months had not passed over the heads of the Squire and Lady Jane Cumber, the new mansion had risen but to its first story, and the new plantations were just attached by wisps of straw to the broom-sticks destined to "teach their young ideas how to shoot," when poor Erasmus, dunce as he was, became penetrated by the fatal truth, that the family vault of all the Cumbers would afford him a more tranquil retreat than that feudal stronghold on the Castle-hill at Lincoln by the vulgar yclept the county gaol; and almost with greater promptitude than the Lady Jane had snapped at his proposals, the grim monarch did come when Erasmus did call for him. The squire of Cumber Hall pined away, or was fretted into atrophy; and so rapidly, that his anxious wife scarcely found time to irrigate the conjugal clay, about to return to the dust, with more than three dozen varieties of quack medicines, before he breathed his last. Nothing remained but to bury him in a patent coffin, and erect a group of weeping Virtues in patent artificial stone to his memory; and then to devote her active cares to the education of the infant heir of the new hall; who, at six weeks of age, had already been inured to six different systems of diet and doctoring! Poor babe!—better had his cradle become his burial-bed at once, and spared him the hard labour—the more than pauper industry—of which he was about to become at once the object and the patient.

The *maitresse femme* was now the happiest woman in the world. Little as she had suffered the departed squire to interfere in her measures, she fancied herself, for the first time, independent; and while deploring to her country neighbours her hard fate, in having an only child to manage, workmen to control, bailiffs to bully, lawyers to out-chicane, she rose every morning merrily with the lark, to preside over her bricklayers and masons, and watched all night vigilantly with the owl to audit her accounts;—delighted to find that the affairs of the deceased squire were somewhat embarrassed, and that the mortgages necessitated by her genius for improvement threatened to involve the family in half a dozen law-suits;—nay! scarcely envying the Marchioness of Amesbury herself, when, on the roofing-in of the new house, it was discovered that the timber was full of dry rot, and that her wits might set themselves to work to cure or arrest the mischief!

Meanwhile the boy grew and grew; perhaps because it was the only thing his managing mother did not insist upon his doing. At three years old he had a learned preceptor; at five, a fencing-master. Lady Jane protested, that as public schools are favourable only to classical acquirements, he must be made a proficient in every modern language previous to being sent to Eton;—and to London, every spring, was young Erasmus dragged, to be tormented by dentists and dancing-masters, and taught to draw in crayons and play the fiddle; to ride as only riding-masters ride; and talk only as only sons are permitted to talk. The old Duke and Duchess were astonished to observe what a slender second had budded from their fussy family-stock, when the poor lad, slight and pensile as a fishing-rod, was daily exhibited at Lady Jane Cumber's dinner-table as an admirable Crichton of the rising generation.

Meanwhile, the Lady-mother had somewhat diminished the family rental by her mania for improvements,—by setting up a rope-walk, to be made from nettle-stalks; a china manufactory, based upon brick-earth; an oil-mill for sun-flower seeds; and a foundry of tobacco-pipes on a stratum of blue clay: she judged it at least indispensable to cram into the knowledge-box of her son a succedaneum for the paltry pelf she had extracted from the strong box of his inheritance.

The day for public schooling arrived; and the pale urchin already hailed with delight the prospect of Brocas meadows, and Serly Hall, and the Christopher, and all its clarets. But when the time came for separating from his mother, a totally different view of things was suddenly unfolded to his ken.

“Ras! my dear boy!” she cried, as she delivered into his hands a trunk-key and a christmas-box of no mean consistency, “remember that, next to the studies which are to fit you for parliament, your chief object at Eton must be the extension of your family connexions. Although so closely allied to the aristocracy, I have no hereditary rank to bequeath you. To be a squire, therefore, a Lincolnshire squire, is the utmost degree to which through life you can pretend; unless by the exercise of your own faculties you form such alliances and friendships as may tend to your advancement. I have been careful to place you in the same house with young Annesley and Lord Fitzwarren, whose fathers are both in the cabinet, and to whom I beg you will devote your utmost attention. Annesley, I am told, is but a few degrees removed from an idiot; and Fitzwarren is a martyr to scrofulous disorders.

But you will sleep in their room, and will naturally make every sacrifice to conciliate their friendship."

Poor Erasmus was astounded; and every letter received from home added to his dismay, by adding to the list of tufts he was doomed to toady some Honourable John, or Sir Frederick Somebody, whom his mother had just discovered among the intended patrons of his future preferments. Not a crony was he allowed to select, not a chum was he permitted to make his own, except under sanction of the Court Calendar; and whereas the Isis and the Classics happened to be in fashion, he found himself also required to qualify for a prize poem, and taunted into the ambition of becoming a second Canning. The "Talents" were just then in, and blue and buff your only wear. It necessarily ensued, that the only son of Lady Jane Cumber must be a Whig, and the favourite of Whigs. He could not pledge himself too deeply on this head to the little mealy-faced hereditary legislators with whom he was now studying Herodotus, and with whom, some day or other, there was a probability of his studying the long odds.

Nor did Oxford bring relief to his cares and embarrassments. Lady Jane insisted upon his being the first man of his year as well as the first sportsman of his college; at once the best-dressed and the best-placed under-graduate of Ch. Ch. The consequence was, that he became the butt of the bucks as a *sap*, and the butt of the *saps* as a buck; and only triumphed in his double vocation at the sacrifice of all his comforts and half his constitution. Up early with the hounds,—up late with his folios,—or up late with Chateau Margaux and Prince's punch, and early again for chapel. Such was the alternation of poor Erasmus's days and nights. He came off at last second wrangler, but with a complexion worthy to stand comparison with the ripest Seville orange in St Botolph's-lane.

"To Cheltenham with him!" cried Lady Jane, scared by the aspect of his yellow visage, at the very moment when she had three heiresses—a blind, a halt, and a deaf—waiting his selection; and, but that the Continent was fortunately closed by the Bonaparteian wars, it is probable that the academic squireling would have been promenaded over half Europe, from Spa to Vichy, from Vichy to Barrèges, from Barrèges to Lucca, from Lucca to Mehadia, for the regeneration of his beauty. Meanwhile Lady Jane presided, during his absence, over the bonfires and roasted ox destined to commemorate his majority at Cumber Hall; pledging herself and him, over head and ears, as to the liberality of his political principles, and canvassing slyly and *sub rosa* for his return at the next county election. And thus, having laid her night-lines and set her cel-baskets entirely to her satisfaction, she whirled back again to London, to make love, *par procuration*, to the lame heiress, who, although no chicken, was still less of a lame duck—having bonds and exchequer bills, and scrip and omnium, at her disposal, enough to line all the fen-ditches on the estate of Cumber Hall. Willing, however, to prepare an agreeable surprise for her son, she said nothing of her vicarious courtship in her letters to Cheltenham; and her own letters from Cheltenham, probably from a similar design, said nothing of a certain daughter of romance, a blue-eyed Miss Melusina Grubbs, residing in a rural retreat, with a green verandah and a parterre of marigolds, fronting the Montpelier Parade; to whom the invalid squireling was devoting, and in this case not by proxy,

his tenderest attentions. At length an epistle somewhat longer than the rest implored from the panic-struck Lady Jane her benediction upon an alliance for which the marriage settlements were already in progress; an appeal to which her Ladyship replied by enclosing Miss Muggins's formal acceptance of the proposals she had previously tendered in the name of Erasmus. The poor young man was distracted. On one side, Melusina threatened a prosecution for breach of promise; on the other, and more frightful still, stood performance of promise and his unseemly bride!

But he had little leisure for despondency! Parliament was dissolved, and it was now his cue to hasten down to Cumber Hall, and profit by whatever popularity might attach to the memory of the bonfires and the roasted ox. But alas! as the Cumber colours were seen traversing the Episcopal town, over whose chimneys Satan grins triumphant, they were saluted by an orchestra of marrow-bones and cleavers, instead of the anticipated merry peal. The tragical ditty of the Cheltenham heroine and her wrongs had already reached the hustings; and it was insinuated, on more than one placard, that the squireling had unhandsomely shirked a hostile meeting with Melusina's indignant brother, Ensign Phelim Grubbs, of the Tipperary Militia; whose cartel, by the way, had been dexterously intercepted and consigned to the flames by the officiousness of Lady Jane.

But it was not, alas! of adverse placards the candidate had a right to complain—it was of the hateful addresses issued in his own name and during his absence by his meddling mother. The dissolution of Parliament had originated in a change of ministry; and what so sure to follow a change of ministry as a change of politics on the part of the woman who was resolved that her son should achieve distinction and a peerage, at any cost of principle—at any loss of honour? Lady Jane, accordingly—who, in her surreptitious canvass, had desired it to be distinctly understood that Mr. Cumber, of Cumber Hall, was about to stand on the Dronington, or Whig interest—now took no shame to herself in setting forth in black and white, and in capitals as large as the town printer could emblazon his defalcation, that Mr. Cumber, of Cumber Hall, was standing upon the Cumber or Tory interest, with divers flourishes in honour of the Heaven-born minister, and the glorious and immortal memory of William of Orange! Yes! Mr. Cumber, of Cumber Hall, who had sacrificed a lobe of his lungs at Eton in officiating as fag to young Annesley and Lord Fitzwarren!—Mr. Cumber, of Cumber Hall, who had been goaded on to proclaim his liberalism with shawm and trumpet at all the spouting clubs and Whig meetings of the indignant University of Oxford!

The Tory member, therefore, finding vote after vote filched from him by these underhand proceedings, upbraided, in no measured terms, the perplexed Erasmus with tergiversation; leaving him but one mode of redress. Mr. Cumber could not, of course, accuse himself as being under the petticoat government of his *maitresse femme* of a mother; in his own defence he could only pen a challenge, send it, fight, and fall. He *did* pen it—“sent it—fought—and fell;”—losing first his election and next his life; a victim, at two-and-twenty, to maternal domination.

In process of time, the Duke and Duchess of Drone were roused out of one of their septennial dreams by Lady Jane Restless, arrayed in her sable bombasin and broad hems, to learn the premature decease of

Erasmus II. And unfeigned was their grief; for knowing that the estate of the Cumbers must pass immediately into the hands of the heir-at-law, they felt horror-struck at the certainty that their old age was about to be embittered by the busy filial piety of their only daughter; that, no longer able to resist her domestic tyranny, they were now to be physicked and dieted,—dragged hither for their health, and thither for their recreation; made to read books which they did not like, and compelled to adopt hours and habits abhorrent to their dozy natures.

Under these apprehensions, a bright thought—the first of his long life—dawned in the mind of the old Duke. Into the apartments, now arrogated to herself by Lady Jane, at Dronington Castle, he caused to be transported the works of Miss Martineau, Mrs. Marcet, Dr. M'Culloch, Say, Mill, and their kind; with a portfolio of plans for a new village on the system of the Rationals, to be erected at the farthest extremity of his estate in the Fens; and Lady Jane gobbled up the baits as eagerly as could be wished. From that moment she ensconced herself up to the ears in political and rural economy; and our *maitresse femme* is just now as busy as she could wish in repressing the increase of population, and encouraging the progress of agriculture, at a rising settlement among the fen-flies, known by the name of Restlesshaven, and emulating the parallelogram of New Harmony.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.—NO. III.

- Dialogue 1. Mr. Ewart, M.P. for Liverpool, and Sir Martin Archer Shee, Kt., P.R.A.*
 2. *Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr. Baines, M.P.*
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MR. EWART, M.P. FOR LIVERPOOL, AND SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, Kt., P.R.A.

Sir Martin Archer Shee. I am sorry, Mr. Ewart, to perceive that you have felt it necessary to make an attack upon the Royal Academy, of which I am at this time President. I think you were harsh in your censures, in consequence of being incorrect in your *data*. I assure you we do not deserve all that you thought proper to say about us.

Mr. Ewart. Why, to tell you the truth, Sir Martin, it is not to be expected that I should *know* much upon the subject. I act upon principle; and, ever since I have had a seat in the House of Commons, have opposed monopolies of all sorts, and endeavoured to open and annihilate all corporations.

Sir M. Your liberality deserves great praise; but I apprehend that, like a great many disciples of your school, you are not altogether so impartial as people might expect. You oppose corporations, and are, if I mistake not, a member of the Council of the London University,—a society which is most anxiously striving to be incorporated.

Mr. E. I treat *that* in the way of business. You know I come from a trading stock, and joint stock trading suits me; besides, it has an effect with my constituents.

Sir M. But surely such considerations as these afford scarcely sufficient justification for attacking a body of men who endeavour to do their duty

conscientiously, and who, I will venture to say, deserve well of their country.

Mr. E. You mean the Royal Academicians. Why, to tell you the truth, from what I have heard through a very clever man, and from circumstances which have come to my knowledge from other sources, I cannot agree with you in that opinion. I conceive that a school of painting, dependent as yours is upon the Crown, dignified, too, with the title of Royal, ought to do more for the encouragement of native talent than you seem to me to do.

Sir M. Dependent upon the Crown! What on earth do you mean? The Royal Academy—justly called Royal, as founded by King George the Third, who, although somewhat bigoted in matters of religion, was one of the most munificent patrons of art that ever sat upon the British throne—is no more indebted to the Crown for support than you would be to any client who might give you a brief—supposing that likely! All that the Academy owes to the country is the suite of apartments in Somerset House.

Mr. E. The most inconvenient for the purpose in London: to be sure, they would look a little more decent if they were cleaned and kept clean. Dust and rust I believe are essential to objects of *virtù*, but why a modern exhibition should be so filthily dirty in its approaches, it is impossible to say, except, I suppose, as our Liverpool proverb goes, “The shoemaker’s wife is always ill shod;” a place abounding with painters never gets painted.

Sir M. I admit the dirt, but that is no fault of ours; and I admit the advantages of the rooms, such as they are.

Mr. E. And nothing more?

Sir M. Yes: a sum of five thousand pounds, awarded by King George the Third out of his privy purse;—the only assistance it has received since its establishment in 1768.

Mr. E. Well, but you self-elected gentlemen pick up a pretty penny!

Sir M. And how disbursed? In the maintenance of the schools, in the salaries of Professors, Visitors, Keeper, Secretary, Librarian—

Mr. E. But how does this aid the art of painting?

Sir M. To begin with: besides the delivery of lectures, besides the encouragement of prizes, besides the opportunities of the Model and Life Academy, we maintain a student on the Continent,—we support all the requisite servants, and pay all incidental expenses; and all this is done, Mr. Ewart, out of the works of the artists themselves which are exhibited annually.

Mr. E. That is all mighty well: but it is not by the works of Academicians alone that the exhibition is produced or maintained.

Sir M. True: but unless a feeling of anxious desire that all artists should have fair opportunities of exhibiting their talents had induced the Royal Academicians to limit themselves to eight pictures they might have covered the walls of the rooms on each exhibition, and excluded all who were not belonging to their own body.

Mr. E. I’ll touch upon that subject, Sir Martin, in a moment. All I mean to say at present is, that you get hundreds of artists to contribute to your exhibition who derive no earthly benefit from the receipts.

Sir M. All artists are benefited by the receipts, Sir. In the first place, the Royal Academy has, out of the funds saved by its own exertions, expended above 250,000*l.* in advancing art,—in instructing students, in purchasing books, and in supporting decayed artists, their widows and children.

Mr. E. Ay, the widows and children of Royal Academicians,

Sir M. Not so; there is no such exclusion. The charity is neither confined to Royal Academicians nor to their relations or connexions. *All*

artists are relieved as far as our funds permit; and perhaps your opinion of the Academy may be somewhat changed, when I assure you that between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* have been expended in charity alone and to those who are not in any way connected with the institution.

Mr E. Well, charity, to be sure, covers a multitude of sins; but still I object to the hole-and-corner system—I object to the mode and manner of your elections. The whole affair is a job, Sir Martin, and I hate a job.

Sir M. I honestly confess I see no job in the affair. The Academy is governed by a President, chosen annually out of its own body by his brother Academicians, forty in number,—surely they are the best judges of his fitness for office. The President is assisted by a Council of eight members, four of whom go out annually, and four others, *in rotation*, according to the date of their election as Academicians, succeed them, so you see the administration is constantly moving.

Mr E. Something like the present Administration of the country—always moving, but never goes.

Sir M. I see no great resemblance between them, I confess—at least, in one point there is a striking dissimilarity, for in the government of the Academy, the system pursued completely puts an end to jobbing, of which you and your friends so unceasingly complain as regards the other.

Mr E. You elect yourselves.

Sir M. The whole body elect, when there is a vacancy, not the Council. The Council has no exclusive power in electing, or even recommending, members to fill any vacancies that may occur in the Academy, such election being vested in the whole body, and by ballot.

Mr E. Balloting affords the most favourable opportunities for chicanery and favouritism.

Sir M. Indeed. I thought I had heard that you were a staunch advocate for the ballot, and, indeed, pledged upon that point.

Mr E. Why, so I am, as far as Parliamentary elections go, but that is quite a different thing. I have no time to argue that question, but the matters are totally distinct.

Sir M. Well, then, we will drop the subject—and perhaps you will permit me to observe that the ballot being the mode adopted it becomes assuredly the interest of the Academy to attach to its body and its interests the most talented artists. It has, as I have already said, no extraneous means of support, except its exhibition, and therefore it is of the highest importance to secure the most approved or most promising men as its supporters.

Mr E. And do you fairly and conscientiously act upon this principle?

Sir M. In my conscience, yes; and when you have examined the list of our members, I think you will admit that, as a body, we may boast of some of the highest names in art,—I will not say in British art, but in European art. In me, it would be invidious to particularize, but I have no hesitation in saying that no existing school of painting in the world can produce greater names, in their respective walks, than that of England.

Mr E. Why, I confess, as far as that goes, I do not know enough of the art to institute a comparison, nor do I, at the present moment, recollect ever to have heard of any foreign artist, except David and Canova.

Sir M. Besides, look at the page of history. In the annals of our country stand recorded the names of Reynolds, Lawrence, Wilson, Gainsborough, Flaxman, and, indeed, many others, whose works have secured for them immortality. So much for the great dead. Of the great living, I must leave you to judge.

Mr E. I am no judge of the art, I repeat. I go at the body as a corporation; I strike at the monopoly. I say that you have no right to set up an *imperium in imperio*, and declare that no man shall be an Academician.

except by your will and pleasure. I contend that the affair is a national affair, and that the appointment should not rest in the members of the same profession.

Sir M. It does not, Mr. Ewart. The King himself must confirm the election of an Academician.

Mr. E. Very true; but then the Academician must be chosen out of the Associates, who *are* elected by the Academicians; so that the ultimate election of an Academician rests with the body itself, because, until qualified by your admission of him as an Associate, he is not eligible for the higher degree.

Sir M. How are all degrees conferred? In the Universities, what power grants honours and distinctions?—the power of the University itself.

Mr. E. Yes. I am rather doubtful as to the policy of the University system; so that you do not gain much by quoting those. However, the case is different. At the University, men of all professions and of no profession are united in one common cause of study, disconnected with present profit and actual advantage. Here you are all of one trade; and it is quite clear that it is your interest to keep down such men as you fancy likely to interfere with you; and, by preventing their accession to the advantages of Academicians, maintain your own superiority over them.

Sir M. In the first place, Mr. Ewart, all exhibitors are eligible for the rank of Associate, provided their names be put down within a prescribed period during the exhibition.

Mr. E. Yes; but what then? You ballot for those candidates; you yourselves, who, aware of the advantages of your own situations, select such men as are least likely to interfere with the loaves and fishes.

Sir M. Have you so mean an opinion of artists, and men of enlightened minds and liberal feelings, as to suppose that we make these elections purely matters of calculation?

Mr. E. I know that all these things go by favouritism; and the profits which you Academicians draw from the exhibition of the works of men whom you refuse to admit into your society, are too tempting to be looked at with indifference.

Sir M. Now, Mr. Ewart, except the honorary distinction, of what do you imagine the great advantages derivable by a Royal Academician to consist?

Mr. E. Oh there are Lectureships, and Professorships, and Auditorships, and Visitorships, and—

Sir M. There are, indeed, but perhaps your impression may be somewhat altered, when I tell you what the remuneration of a Visitor is, for attendance in the schools. He gets, for attending the Life Academy—an employment which, with going and returning, occupies more than three hours of his time—*one guinea*, and the Visitor to the Painting School, who gives up the most valuable portion of an artist's day to the instruction of the students at Somerset House for two guineas. Are these jobs?

Mr. E. I don't see why the payments should be derived from the labours of artists who have no chance of the emoluments. I would have the Academy a national concern, connected with the National Gallery, and—

Sir M. Incur a great national expense. If you propose to have a National Free-School of Design, with salaried Professors, and a pension-fund for sick and decayed artists, it must be, of course, an undertaking *de novo*; and the question is, whether the House of Commons would consent to appropriate the funds necessary for such an undertaking.

Mr. E. I think a Reformed House of Commons would.

Sir M. If they should, it would even then remain to be proved whether

this great national concern, with all its cumbrous machinery and heavy expenses, would do more for the advancement of art than has been hitherto effected by the existing institution, in which many great artists have been educated, and to which *all* artists, whether educated in it or not, are welcome; and which,—pray remember *that*, Mr. Ewart,—since its first establishment, has never asked for, or obtained one shilling of the public money, either by Parliamentary or other official grant.

Mr. E. I have an opinion, Sir Martin. One thing we should certainly get rid of by the success of my proposition,—I mean the system of favouritism which regulates the hanging of the pictures for the exhibition.

Sir M. I admit that the Academicians have the choice of good places for their pictures; but they share them with the artists who are not Academicians. And as for the complaint which I see was made, about putting up the pictures according to their shape and size, regardless of their merit, so that splendid works of art are mounted up to the ceiling,—I only beg to refer you to the top row in the present year, and ask you whether you think the “splendid works of art” in that sphere are much injured by their exaltation.

Mr. E. No; I must say, that I think there are many daubs nailed against the walls which ought to have had place nowhere.

Sir M. And, yet, if you could but know the number of pictures sent, and examine their quality and character, you would be more surprised at the atrocities of those which are rejected, than you appear to be at the admission of those which you have seen admitted.

Mr. E. Then I contend for the impropriety of the license which you take of “painting up” your pictures after they are hung; the effect of which is to paint down their neighbours.

Sir M. Some little privileges we claim, I grant.

Mr. E. In one instance, I believe, a few years since, this license extended itself to changing the colour of the background of a portrait (which happened to be a crimson curtain) into a green one, because crimson interferred with an adjoining picture by an Academician.

Sir M. That must have been before I was President.

Mr. E. I believe in the fact; and other facts speak for themselves. Why is not Martin, the king of English painters, one of your body?

Sir M. I apprehend because he does not choose to belong to us.

Mr. E. Why is Haydon, full of fire, genius, taste, and vigour, excluded from your conclave?

Sir M. That question I would with deference answer by another. Have you seen his picture of the “Reform Banquet”?

Mr. E. I have; and think it quite worthy of the subject and the noble purchaser. I admit, Sir Martin, that although you may believe me, as indeed I am, ignorant of the technicalities of the art, I am a devoted friend to native talent:—that is my great object, and the more I can advance it and exalt its profession, the better pleased I shall be, since that, in following the dictates of my own heart, I am fulfilling into the bargain the anxious desires of my enlightened constituents.

Sir M. I believe, Mr. Ewart, a splendid public hall has just been finished in the opulent town which has the honour of having you for its representative.

Mr. E. There has. And it is intended, in order to show you the taste of the inhabitants, to decorate and adorn it with paintings of the most classical character.

Sir M. Has Mr. Martin been consulted on this work?

Mr. E. No.

Sir M. Has Mr. Haydon been applied to?

Mr. E. No.

Sir M. To whom is the execution of this enviable task assigned?

Mr. E. Why; we have sent to Italy for a very celebrated——

Sir M. Mr. Ewart, you will excuse me, I have done. We need talk no more on this theme at present. No man can more highly appreciate your laudable exertions in support of native talent and English artists than I do—no man can more clearly perceive the real motives by which your solicitude for the prosperity of British painters is directed, than I; but as a most important opportunity for exhibiting to the world, generally, the sincerity of that anxiety, and the earnestness of that solicitude, has been overlooked by those whose opinions and tastes you profess to represent, perhaps you will permit me to say, that so long as the royal patronage, which we never have abused, is graciously continued to us, we shall hope to render our efforts in the cause in which we are embarked at least as efficient, as those which combine to send to Italy for an artist to paint a public hall at Liverpool. Good morning, Sir.

Mr. E. Good morning, Sir.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL AND MR. BAINES, M.P.

Sir Charles Wetherell. So, Mr. Baines, you are a strenuous supporter of the Cambridge petition for the admission of Dissenters to all the honours and advantages of the Universities.

Mr. Baines. I am, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Ah! that's extremely liberal, Mr. Baines. You have gotten into Parliament, Sir, in admirable time. No sooner do you set your foot on the floor of the House of Commons than, like

“*Mercury new lighted,*”

you break out into a verbal defence of all the opinions you have *literally* advocated for a quarter of a century.

Mr. B. I'm neither afraid nor ashamed to confess it.

Sir C. Some people are extremely bold. However, no matter;—every man to his liking, as that most respectable gentleman said who kissed his cow. But why don't you take a little time to consider, before you speak upon subjects which must be foreign to your comprehension, Mr. Baines? You take up the ground of the Cambridge petitioners——

Mr. B. I do. I do not see why Dissenters are to be excluded from the advantages of the University; and I go a step farther—I do not see why the London University should not have the privilege of granting degrees as well as Oxford and Cambridge.

Sir C. Well, well; let us discuss one thing at a time. Now, about the injustice done to Dissenters by the restrictions upon degrees; how is this, —what has made *you* take up the cudgels in this affair so earnestly?

Mr. B. A sense of right.

Sir C. A sense of Jack-puddingism! Come, now: I am as ready and willing to listen to you as I am to the rhodomontades of Grey, or Brougham, or any of that set; but you must not try to foist upon me small personal feelings for great public patriotism. You have a son,—haven't you? Take care, don't hurry your answer,—remember Sir John Key,—take time. I don't want any advantage.

Mr. B. You have no right, Sir Charles, to compare me with Sir John Key. What have I done——

Sir C. You mistake me. I never thought of such a thing,—never,—never. All I ask is, you have a son?

Mr. B. I have.

Sir C. He was entered at Oxford?

Mr. B. He was.

Sir C. Well, now; he, like yourself, was a Dissenter.

Mr. B. Admitted.

Sir C. And yet, at his matriculation, he subscribed the Articles upon which his present dissent is founded; and having qualified himself by all the oaths necessary for a degree, he took one.

Mr. B. Yes, he did.

Sir C. And so long as all this was going on, neither you, Mr. Baines, nor your son complained of the justice, or rather injustice, of the University.

Mr. B. No.

Sir C. What happened afterwards? This son stood for a Fellowship, did his best, and was plucked, then were his eyes and yours opened to this flagrant injustice about which you now rave. If Mr. Baines, junior, had succeeded in obtaining the desired honour and profit, I suspect that we never more should have heard of his dissent. I only just mention this in the outset, in order to show you that I am aware of the exact nature of your claims to public spirit as the champion of the Dissenters; and now we start fair.

Mr. B. Ah! have it all your own way, Sir Charles. I cannot stand up against you.

Sir C. I want no compliments; but I am sure, at a period like the present, when every absurd proposition meets with advocates, and falsehood and truth are so confounded that it requires no little trouble to sift and separate them, it is the duty of every man who feels the slightest regard for the constitution of his country, to endeavour, as far as in him lies, to tear asunder the veil of sophistry in which the commonest subjects are involved, and exhibit the real state of the case to his fellow-men.

Mr. B. Exactly the principles I have so long advocated in the "Mercury."

Sir C. Pshaw! nonsense! I am talking of the great and sacred institutions of the country, threatened as they are on every hand, and you throw your "Mercury" in my teeth!

Mr. B. The great and sacred institutions of the country are in no danger, unless from the tyranny and persecution of the party calling itself Conservative.

Sir C. Don't talk to me of persecution and tyranny; the vindication of the rights of the Universities is no party contention for monopoly, "it is the struggle of corporations exclusively Christian for the preservation of their own vitality."

Mr. B. How will their vitality be affected by a liberal concession to the spirit of the age, and the admittance of all sects of religion to their advantages?

Sir C. Spirit of the age, indeed! God knows enough has been conceded already;—a stand must be made somewhere. The admixture of which you speak—even were the intentions of the Dissenters with regard to the Establishment unquestionable—would of itself destroy the Universities in which the experiment of permitting it was tried. No system of education can be complete of which the inculcation of defined principles forms no part. As an able writer says—"There can be no religious education without preserving that 'unity of faith' which is the 'bond of perfection,'—there can be no formation of a moral character, unless we assume the existence of a moral constitution in human nature, and the truth of certain principles or maxims, according to which its development should be aided and directed. No religious character can be formed unless we assume the necessity of inculcating these doctrines, whether theoretical or practical. Youth is the season for instruction, and not for speculation. The understanding must

be built up, and not left to the impulses of its own unassisted energies. The heart must be disciplined, and not abandoned to the 'tender mercies' of instinct and passion."

Mr. B. And all this you contend is to be done by forcing a boy of sixteen to sign the thirty-nine Articles, which, in all probability, he has never read, and, if he have, he still more probably does not understand!

Sir C. That, Sir, is no answer,—no argument. You might as well say that teaching a child his Catechism or the Belief was an absurdity or a work of supererogation. The foundation of faith is laid; and, as the child grows, so his mind receives and comprehends that, to which, in the first instance, his parents and guardians have, in his infancy, bound him. The signature of the thirty-nine Articles, as a test of admissibility either to the University or to the ministry, is incalculably important.

Mr. B. I cannot comprehend that.

Sir C. Your son did, Sir; for, as I took the liberty of observing before, when he matriculated, he subscribed these Articles, and never found out the danger or difficulty of so pledging himself till he could not get what he tried for.

Mr. B. I must beg you, Sir Charles, to confine yourself to general illustrations of your argument. Putting my son out of the question, I contend that if men were allowed without any religious restrictions to enter into our Universities, and left to their own reason for the formation of their religious opinions, it would be a wiser and more beneficial course to pursue.

Sir C. Indeed! Well, now, suppose we cast our eyes about the world, and see the effects produced upon all those churches in which no general declaration of faith exists—all is anarchy and confusion; and the whole lives of their members are passed in unceasing controversies upon points of doctrine and discipline. The very fact that the tests at our Universities are so grievously distressing to the Dissenters, is in my mind the strongest possible proof of their efficacy in sustaining the Church against their attacks.

Mr. B. No; as Dissenters cannot conscientiously agree to the doctrines contained in these tests—

Sir C.—it is clear they are unfit for the advantages to which they aspire. The writer whom I have just quoted to you, says, very truly, that "If it be the primary duty of a church to preserve an 'unity of faith' on all those vital and important doctrines which constitute as it were the very essence of Christianity, some definite standard of faith must be adopted, and subscription to it must be required from all those who are likely in any way to influence the doctrines of an established religion."

Mr. B. That necessity I do not perceive.

Sir C. Nor the necessity of an established religion, perhaps? Permit me, however, to continue—"The Church of England has assumed to itself no power which the Scriptures do not authorize any Christian church to make use of; for the Scriptures enforce the necessity of orthodoxy, and consequently cannot be supposed to discountenance the most efficient mode by which this object may be secured. Can it be proved, then, that the Church of England has abused this authority, either by establishing as articles of faith any doctrines which are not contained in the Scriptures, or by corrupting those which are contained in the Scriptures by impure additions? Has she not confined her confession of faith to the most important doctrines? In the composition of these Articles she has discarded as much as possible the use of technical and scholastic language, unless so far as it might be necessary to meet the objections of those who hold heretical opinions, and to neutralize their nice distinctions and equivocations."

Mr. B. Go on, Sir Charles.

Sir C. I say, Sir, with the writer of the "Cambridge Petition" examined, that they are drawn up in view of all those controversies which at that period were agitating the minds of men, and though these controversies do not at present fill such a space in the public eye, yet this indirect record of their existence may serve to impress us with a deeper sense of the struggles of the true Church, and in a great measure to prevent their recurrence. To men, however, whose sympathies are powerful enough to emancipate them from being absorbed in the local and the temporary, to carry them out beyond the spirit of their own existence, to appreciate the merits of intellectual and moral character, however much it may have been modified by the "form and pressure of any particular state of society, this can only constitute an additional claim upon their admiration, and in this case the Church of England may well be contented to bear the sneers of the modern *illuminati*, who conceive everything foreign to humanity which is foreign to their own limited circle of ideas, and who feel a natural antipathy against the luminaries of the olden time, who have left them "nothing to discern but the secret of their own concerted ignorance."

Mr. B. I do not admit the force of this declamation; nor can I be taught by any rhetoric to love or venerate doctrines or institutions merely because they are old.

Sir C. To be sure not that, Sir, is the "spirit of the age," and to accommodate ourselves to *that*, everything is to be conceded. The Tories began the game, and the Whigs and Radicals will finish it, by giving up the little all which their predecessors left—but I am not going to discuss the painful details of their mistaken policy, I stick to my one first point—and that point I am prepared to establish—that the Universities are Universities of the Church of England, and are intended for the protection and instruction of those only who admit its tenets and conform to its discipline.

Mr. B. Then if that be the case, it is high time a new university should be incorporated, in which all religions should be tolerated, and men of all sects educated.

Sir C. Sir, you have a better university than that would be now—ay, at this moment—in the mud fields at the top of Gower street there, Sir, is a fine, magnificent building, which I am told the man who built it says has the finest portico in the empire and in which no religion at all is taught, there every man may suit himself.

Mr. B. Perhaps that is the wisest scheme, after all.

Sir C. I took the liberty of expressing my opinion upon that point before the Privy Council. I told their Lordships that "The Privy Council, who have to advise the Crown upon the concession or refusal of a charter for a new university, must first be intimated, upon a preliminary inquiry, what is, or what is not to be the religious discipline of the place." "Without information," said I "on this subject, how can you advise his Majesty? But from a sincere desire of saving your Lordships' time, I would waive calling for a statement upon the point of religious education, but I only do so, because it is an understood thing, that in this university, as it is already termed, not only the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England are not to be conformed to, but that no form of Christianity whatever is to be there maintained. *

Mr. B. And that is the case?

Sir C. I say this, because there having been some time since a council held in Gower-street, at which a distinguished member of Westminster Hall, now filling the highest situation in the county, was present, and in which discussion he took a part, it is allowed to be as clear as any

* Speech of Sir Charles Wetherell before the Privy Council.—Livington.
June.—VOL. LXI. NO. CLXIII.

mathematical datum, that within its walls, religion of no sort whatever is to enter. His words were—"As to the insinuation that the Council had given any sanction to a déparure from the great principle which was, he might say, the foundation and corner-stone of the Institution, in giving any particular form of religious instruction as part of a system of education within the walls of that University, he was sure his honourable friends and the other honourable proprietors were mistaken. The principle upon which the University was founded in that respect, was not one of indifference to religion, but one of real respect—one of universal tolerance, which kept aloof from any connexion with any one particular form of religion more than another, for the purpose of leaving every person connected with the University at perfect liberty to follow that which was most consonant with his own conscientious feelings. This was the principle on which that University was founded.

Mr B And Brougham said this?

Sir C Yes—my Lord Brougham, now Lord High Chancellor, keeper of the King's conscience, and patron of nine hundred church livings. But, Sir, that is not all, the plan of the Institution is perfectly adapted to this maxim—there is no church or chapel—no lecture room—no lecture on divinity of any sort or description—no test administered to the members—no sacrament or profession of faith—no chaplain—no preacher, reader, reading desk or congregation.

Mr B Are you sure of that.

Sir C Quite sure. It had so happened that a rumour was given out by some ill-natured person, that some sort of religious faith had endeavoured to creep into this University. Upon this, its dearest friends, its chief patrons, and warmest supporters, felt deeply for its interests—hence Brougham's speech. They said, "We shall be knocked up if there is any idea that anything of the kind is permitted—it cannot possibly go on—the shareholders will withdraw their subscriptions—the stock will vanish, and it will become almost as bad a speculation as the South Sea Bubble." All this I stated to their Lordships, and I overstated nothing.

Mr B But it seems to me, Sir Charles, that you jumped somewhat hastily to your conclusion. All Lord Brougham said was, that no one religion should be preferred before another, but that every man should be left to his own conscientious opinion. Now, surely that is not to be considered as declaratory of an intention to disaid religion altogether.

Sir C I admit that such might be the case, and that in this algebra of negation—this nullity of any particular faith—this perfect indifference to forms—the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures might be admitted without backing in upon the main principle, or, at least, left to its own fate; for the principle of indifference is to take no part for or against religion as disclosed in the Sacred Writings.

Mr B That is exactly what I say—that is the true construction of the Chancellor's speech.

Sir C. Agreed. But when we come to examine the London University Calendar, we begin to see how imperfectly the fairness is realized. As it appears to me at least, this philosophical neutrality is broken in several ways. Now, Sir, in the Hebrew department, page 46 of the Calendar, it appears that Professor Hyman Hurwitz is lecturer in Hebrew. One would be tempted under this title to expect that the Sacred Volume which, in the history of Christianity, is called the Bible—a name which, in common speech, carries with it some kind of respect—one would at least expect that the Bible should be called the Bible; but, really, in Gower-street, there is, what I was going to call—I do not know whether I am taking an improper liberty—a perfect *bibliophobie*—a fear, not only of admitting the contents of the Sacred Volume, but of speaking of it by its common name. "How,"

said I to the Council, "how do your Lordships suppose the Professor deals with it?" I shall quote his words—"I propose shortly to give during this period a brief sketch of the ancient Hebrew literature, to show its importance in a philosophical point of view." We hear nothing of the prophecies—nothing of the religious history of the Jews—nothing as to the promised appearance of the Redeemer of mankind upon earth.

Matters of this nature the Professor proposes not to lay before his pupils—in a religious point of view he has nothing at all to do with them. Now I am myself quite at a loss to know for what purpose the Old Testament is to be lectured upon, in a philosophical point of view, unless it is to lead the human mind into error, and to adopt *that* as philosophy which the doctrines of Christianity require us to believe as the Sacred Revelations of the Deity. If I look through the whole scheme of lectures in Hebrew, I do not find, from one end of it to the other, a word or a syllable, an implication, or approach to treating that Sacred Volume as a part of the Inspired Writings—the primitive state of mankind, the arts, and ancient geography, are the subjects of inquiry; and the Sacred Volume is to be estimated only in the same manner as you would read Josephus, Diodorus Siculus, or any Pagan historian.

Mr. B. I presume this is the case only with Hebrew literature?

Sir C. Excuse me, Sir. I entered into a similar examination of the Greek literature; I should have expected to have found some mention of the Greek Testament: but no, unless I am misinformed, the New Testament is not one of their class-books. It is not for me to criticise the literary scheme of the institution, but it has been a received notion for centuries in this country that the Greek Testament is most useful to initiate the Greek scholar, not looking at it merely as a work of religion, but as easy Greek. But these gentlemen say, "Though the Greek Testament is the easiest Greek, there is a certain tinge of religion about it, as a portion of the Sacred Writings, and it cannot be allowed."

Mr. B. I must admit the partiality is evident.

Sir C. And extends through all languages; for if I look to the English studies, I find, with great consistency and purity of reason, no Bible, no New Testament, no Prayer-Book, or any book of any religious description whatever. This principle of indifference to forms of religion is, therefore, in my apprehension, much more than fairly carried into effect. These gentlemen do not say as the Bible Societies do, "Read the sacred volumes—we will not oblige you to take our expositions and commentaries; you may read and be your own expositors of their doctrines." "No," say these Liberals—these ultra-Liberals, whose latitudinarianism you cannot measure by any line—"the Bible or the New Testament shall neither be heard of, nor spoken of, in this place, for this would carry with it a predilection in their favour from the professors or members of the University, and it would tend to make the pupils think they contain the Divine Revelation."

Mr. B. When you stated all this to the Privy Council, none of their Lordships contradicted the statement?

Sir C. Not one. Indeed, I put the matter home to them by supposing an extreme—literally extreme—case; I told them that there was to be no chapel or place of worship. "If," said I, "there should chance to be a sick professor or a sick student, there is to be no minister to offer him consolation—he is left to his fate '*in extremis*': even the last holy office, if it be deemed important, cannot be performed; or, in plain words, *there is an emancipation from, and banishment and repudiation of, even the name of religion, in any of its multiplied shapes.*"

Mr. B. I must confess the Chancellor being the advocate of this system—

Sir C. Forgive me; he was, when he made the speech which I quoted, the advocate, and not the Chancellor.

Mr. B. I am told you put him in a tremendous passion later in the day.

Sir C. Sir, he absolutely deluged me with so many impossible and possible cases, that I wanted a canoe to swim away upon. Out of fifty such questions, my Lord Chancellor was pleased to ask, "Does the visitatorial power exist for the benefit of the visiter, or is it coupled with a duty?—is it a power from the exercise of which the visiter has a right to withdraw?"

Mr. B. What did you reply?

Sir C. Why, I said, "My Lord, if any man were to put that question to me, I should take a pinch of snuff directly*." That stopped him; he floundered out another absurdity, and then he became quiet.

Mr. B. I confess I was not quite aware of the openness with which the London University rejected all religious books: for my own part, it is not with the religion of the University I quarrel, but with the restrictions.

Sir C. Ah! that is to say, you are for "Free Trade;" but, as your old friend, Jeremy Bentham, said, "Envy is never more at its ease than when it can conceal itself under the mask of public good; and for this reason, what ought to be considered as injustice is frequently approved of as an act of good administration and economy."

Mr. B. That is all very well; but when you recollect what a vast and important body the Dissenters form, their relative numbers to those of the Establishment——

Sir C. I see, exactly; you are going, as the book says, "to calculate the comparative area of churches and chapels, as if respectability were to be measured by the square yard." Their bragging has done them no good—it has shown their restlessness—and somewhat prematurely exhibited their intentions, it is this display which has aroused the ministers and lay members of the Established Church. As Stanley said to Johnny Russell, they have "upset the coach."

Mr. B. They desire admission to the Universities——

Sir C. As pigs might be admitted into drawing-rooms. Why?—for what reason? Why should men who avow the absolute necessity of a separation between Church and State be joined to a community whose principles and faith are in direct opposition to theirs? The Dissenters consider the union of Church and State spiritual adultery; they tell us that Government patronage is destructive of religious feeling; and at the meeting at Redcross-street—about which I rather flatter myself I worked my Lord Grey (who never took a degree in his life,—the people denounced the graduates of our universities as hypocrites and perjurers. How can these people amalgamate or associate together? Everything they say, everything they do, goes to strike at the Establishment, and yet they are to be admitted to its advantages—to be taught and fed under the wing of the Church, so that, when they are strong enough, they may strike at her vital parts and work her destruction.

Mr. B. But why, Sir Charles—why suppose the Dissenters wish to work her destruction?

Sir C. That is somewhat easier to answer than the rhodomontade suppositions of my Lord Chancellor Brougham. Why, at a recent meeting of the united committee of the three denominations, a Mr. James of Birmingham, in moving the first resolution, stated that they had met, not to congratulate each other on the success of their exertions, but to express their disapprobation of what his Majesty's Ministers had done, or rather what they had not done. "Their efforts as Dissenters," said the reverend gentleman, "were not directed to the downfall of the Episcopal Church——"

* Vide Speech of Sir C. Wetherell.

Mr. B. That is what I say.

Sir C. "But," added he, "of the *Establishment*." And whether their measures were tardy or precipitate, a man must be blind who did not see that they must end there. I say I think that Mr. James, like my Lord John, has upset the coach, and exhibited to moderate men, deluded men, and careless men, who permit others to think for them, the true state of affairs; and at this crisis, Mr. Baines, can you conscientiously seek the admission of Dissenters into the Universities?

Mr. B. I never said a word about conscientiousness.

Sir C. I beg your pardon for the unintentional mistake. I must have misunderstood you. Who is this coming up?

Mr. B. Mr. Whittle Hatvey.

Sir C. I wish you a good morning, Sir. [*Exit Sir Charles, hastily.*]

Mr. B. Well, I shall betake myself to the Drunken Committee. Harvey, see, has turned into the Whitewashers—so I have no time to lose.
[*Exit Baines.*]

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

XIII.

The London University.

As late the Lord Mayor, from the regions of barter,
Went up to the King for a Corporate Charter,
Quoth Jack, (playing billiards,) "I guess it won't do:
He'll meet with his match—for the King has his cue."
"Very true," cried the Marker, who stood near the place,
"The King has his cue, and the Mayor has his mace."

XIV.

Heraldry.

Where'er a hatchment we discern,
(A truth before ne'er started,)
The motto makes us surely learn
The sex of the departed.
If 'tis the husband sleeps, he deems
Death's day a "felix dies"
Of unaccustom'd quiet dreams,
And cries—*In celo Quies.*
But if the wife, she from the tomb
Wounds, Parthian like, "post tergum,"
Hints to her spouse his future doom,
And threatening cries—*Resurgam!*

XV.

Westminster Bridge.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
O'er Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
"I feel for the bridge," whisper'd Dick, with a shiver,
"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;
As a bridge, it can only be tried by its piers."

SKETCHES OF HUMAN FOLLY.—NO. II.

PERHAPS there is nothing less surprising in the history of human weaknesses than the deep and painful belief in the existence of spirits, of a friendly or of a hostile character, which may be traced through almost every age and every climate. When a man is walking alone in the gloom of night, he feels that he has to trust to his mind for the light that is to conduct him on his journey. The outlines of his own frame are no longer visible to the eye, all outward objects assume a similar shadowy form, and between the optical illusions which are produced by darkness, and his alarm for his own safety, he recoils more and more upon the spirit that is within him for the succour of which he stands in need. Under these circumstances, it is almost unavoidable, unless he be endowed with a firm and well-disciplined intellect, that being at the moment much more conscious of his ethereal than of his physical nature, he should people the forest or the plains around him with phantoms of every description.

I really do not believe, with some writers, that Cardan, who ranked high among the distinguished scholars of Germany in the fifteenth century, was altogether an impostor, when he assured the world in the account which he has given of his own life, that he was liable to fits of extasy, during which his soul altogether escaped from the vestment of the body, of which, however, it still retained possession, by the exertion of a supernatural energy. When I read a sublime passage in poetry, in which the language sounds like the voice of some celestial power, or when I hear the divine music of that hymn which Rossini has given in the opera of "The Israelites in Egypt," I confess that I feel precisely as Cardan tells us he felt, borne away by the rapture of the moment beyond the confines of a mere terrestrial existence. Nor is this kind of sensation at all to be wondered at, when we reflect upon the character and destiny of the soul itself. Ought we to be surprised that, before the plumage is perfect, which is eventually to bear the intellect to other worlds, it should occasionally try its wings, as the young bird makes several experiments before she abandons for ever the parental nest? These movements, or extasies—call them by whatever name you please—are very generally known to mankind from personal experience; and although they have been undoubtedly often affected for the purposes of deception, yet the very extent to which the fraud has succeeded proves that it finds the most powerful sympathies in the very constitution of human nature.

One of the most extraordinary instances that have fallen within my notice of the force of this remark, so far as concerns the general faith in the existence of spirits, and consequently in the possibility of the dead returning again to life, is the story of Johannes Cantius, which was related to Dr Henry More by a Silesian physician, and the truth of which cannot be disputed. I do not, of course, mean to express my belief in the tale that Cantius after his death appeared again in his native town; it is certain, however, that his townsmen were violently agitated for some time by rumours to that effect, and that these rumours were credited to a great extent throughout the whole province of Silesia.

Cantius was one of the aldermen of the town of Pertsch, and bore a

high reputation for integrity and good sense. The Mayor sent for him one day to assist in settling a dispute which had taken place between some waggoners and a merchant of Pannonia. When the reference was brought to a conclusion, the Mayor invited Cantius to supper, the invitation was accepted. The supper, as usual in all mansion-houses, was excellent, and nobody enjoyed the feast more than Cantius, who frequently exclaimed, while he quaffed the Mayor's best Rhenish, "It is good to be merry while we may, for mischiefs grow up daily." Being obliged, however, to leave the party early, in consequence of a journey which he had to perform, he returned home, went to his stable, and ordered out one of his geldings. When the horse was led to the door, it appeared to have lost a shoe. Cantius lifted the leg of the animal to look at the hoof, when it gave him a violent kick in the stomach. He cried out immediately that he was a dead man, for that his interior was all on fire. He fell sick, and exhibited the greatest agony of mind, saying that his sins were so enormous that they could never be forgiven. This disclosure was so inconsistent with the general habits of his life, that no person could account for it, until by some means it was discovered, or suspected, that, with a view to secure his worldly interests, he had sold his soul to the Prince of Darkness. It was then remembered, that, though a prosperous man, his riches came to him very suddenly, and that a mysterious black cat was seen frequently in his company. The moment of his death was signalled by the commencement of an awful tempest, which raged at his funeral still more tremendously, but when he was buried, all was calm again, as if the earth had been relieved of the presence of some demon.

After he was buried, a rumour arose that a spirit was seen walking about on the premises of the late alderman. The report received "confirmation strong" from the watchman of the ward, who deposed that he heard unusual noises in the house, as if persons were within it, throwing the furniture and everything else about in the most reckless manner. He added that the gates, which were carefully barred every night, were found wide open very early in the morning, although nobody was known to have withdrawn the bolts, or to have passed through the gates. The agitation of the scene extended even to the late worthy alderman's horses. They appeared in the morning covered all over with foam, as if they had been ridden vast distances during the night, and yet it would appear from the strange noises they made, that they had never been out of the stable. The dogs performed their part in the general incantation, for they kept the whole town awake by barking and howling the night long in a most extraordinary manner.

A maid-servant of Pertsch, who paid peculiar attention to the transactions that were going on, swore that she heard some person riding up and down the stairs on horseback, and galloping through the rooms. The house shook to its foundation, and she thought every moment that it would tumble about her ears. The windows were filled with flashes of a lurid light. The new master of the house, not knowing what to think of the matter, went out one morning to explore the adjacent territory; snow was on the ground, and he clearly traced upon it the impressions of feet, which were neither those of the horse, nor the cow, nor of any known animal. But the alarm of the town became indescribable, when it was ascertained that Cantius had been actually seen by

several persons riding up and down in the court-yard of his *ci-devant* domicile, and not only here, but also in the public streets, and along the neighbouring valleys and hills, with a terrific rapidity, as if he had been chased by some infernal huntsman. The ground flashed with fire as he fled on his couiser over the rocks and ridges of the mountains.

At one time Cantius was seen wrestling with an unhappy Jew, and torturing him with the most wanton ferocity. At another, a waggoner reported that, as he was approaching the town, Cantius met him and vomited fire in his face. The parson of the parish was every night rolled backward and forward in his bed by Cantius, who did not leave him until he was quite exhausted. The parson's wife was treated in the same manner by Cantius, who usually penetrated through the casement in the shape of a dwarf. A boy's lips were found pressed together in such a way that he could not open them again. This was the work of Cantius. At a certain hour of the night the candles burned with a dismal blue flame. It was the sure token of the approach of Cantius. Bowls filled overnight with milk were found empty in the morning, or the milk was turned into blood, old men were discovered in their beds strangled, the water in the fountains was defiled, cows were already sucked dry when the milk-maid claimed her usual tribute, dogs were seen dead with their brains knocked out, and the poultry disappeared—all these extraordinary occurrences were the doings of Cantius.

In the shades of evening a head appeared looking out from the window of an old tower, suddenly it changed its form, and assumed that of a long staff, or a horrible monster—it was Cantius. In short, so numerous were the shapes which this unquiet ghost assumed, and such was the terror which he excited among the good folks of Pertsch, that travellers avoided the town, trade decayed, and the citizens were impoverished so much, that measures were at length taken for the purpose of ascertaining whether the alderman was dead or alive. Accordingly, a body of the people proceeded to open his grave, all his neighbours non-existent who had been buried before or after him, were found to have undergone the usual process of "dust to dust," while the cuticle of Johannes was as soft and florid, and his limbs as supple, as if he had only just fallen asleep. A staff was put into his hand—he grasped it with the strength of a giant. His eyes opened and closed again. A vein in his leg was lanced, and blood issued from it in a copious stream. All this happened after Cantius had been reputed to have occupied his grave six months. An inquest was held on the body, for which there was a precedent in the case of a shoemaker of Breslaw, and the judges condemned the alderman to be burnt. But a difficulty still remained to be got over; for, with all the efforts they could make, they could not remove the body from the grave, it was so heavy. At length the citizens had the good luck to discover the horse which had killed Cantius, and, though the tug was tremendous, this animal succeeded in disinterring the remains. Another formidable obstacle to the absolute dissipation of the body remained to be conquered, it was placed over a fire, but it would not burn! It was then cut in small pieces, which were reduced to ashes, and the spirit of Cantius never appeared again! This is a very extraordinary story. But its preservation, and the minuteness with which it details so great a variety of circumstances, clearly show that, even if it had been wholly invented, it must have been, at all events, suited to the credulity of the age.

I have read many wonderful things about Ireland, in a strange legendary account of that country, which I have met with; but the tradition of the Laughing Skull possesses a sort of horrible drollery altogether unequalled. It is said that a comic actor or minstrel, by name Clepsanus, once flourished in that island, who was the Liston of his time; his face was such a farce in itself, that any person, no matter how much oppressed by the most agonizing grief at the moment, who looked at him, found it absolutely impossible to avoid laughing. Having fretted his hour upon the stage of this life, he made his exit, and was buried in the churchyard, where, in due course of time, all that was mortal of him disappeared save his pericranium. The grave-digger, while making room in the same spot for a new claimant, shovelled up the skull of the minstrel, and, without at all remembering to whom it had once belonged, placed it on a large stone that was on the surface of the earth. Some stragglers came into the churchyard, and happening to approach the said stone, they set up such a peal of laughter that the grave-digger was astonished. He looked about to ascertain the cause of their mirth, when his eye falling on that part of the caput, from which the mouth and tongue of Clepsanus had formerly set many an audience in a roar, he, too, yielded to the contagion, and laughed until he could dig no longer. The funeral train, for whose reception he had been preparing, next appeared, rending the air with that melancholy howl, which even yet may be heard in some parts of Ireland on such occasions. But as the procession advanced, and reached within view of the skull of Clepsanus, the notes were suddenly changed to shouts of irresistible merriment. The tradition adds, that this singular relic might be seen even within a century or two ago.

In many parts of the East, spirits are at this moment worshipped under a thousand different names. In Ceylon, the natives adore a great Black Spirit, who, they firmly believe, has the power of seizing men, terrifying them excessively, and of afflicting them with all sorts of disorders. He is usually represented with a black turban on his head, with a sword in one hand and a shield in the other, his face concealed by a mask, frightful to look at. He is supposed to be continually wandering about in the rivers and streams; and the only kindly feeling attributed to him is a love of flowers. The Cingalese are also fully impressed with the existence and power of another important spirit—with a monkey's head, and a bunch of red hair tied behind. He wears a breast-plate studded with images of the planets, and rides about on a bullock, which he guides by a golden bridle. Sometimes he walks for his amusement, and plays on the flute, and leads people astray by looking at them in the face, when they no longer know where they are. There is a third spirit which enters the bodies of those to whom he is unfriendly, and fills them with incurable maladies. Sometimes he is visible in the form of a blue cloud fringed with flames of fire, and speaks in a voice of thunder. "These are the sicknesses which this spirit causes," says a Cingalese poet, "by living among the tombs; chin-cough, itching of the body, disorders in the bowels, windy complaints, dropsy, leanness of the body, weakness and consumptions." This spirit is supposed to frequent the spots where three roads meet, and it is deemed dangerous to go out at night, lest he should be met with on the way.

But the malignity of this spirit might be encountered by the judicious composition of certain charms. For instance, in order to guard against

the maladics just mentioned, a prudent person would use one of the following prescriptions :—

“ Make two figures of a goose, one on each side—make a lion and a dog to stand at the left leg, bearing four drinking cups on four paws—and make an image of the moon, and put it in the burying-place.

“ Comb the hair, and tie up a large bunch with a black string—put round the neck a cobra-capella, and dress him in the garments by making nine folds round the waist.

“ Make seven sorts of cake of a red colour. Take the flesh of land and aquatic animals, and odoriferous meat-offerings. Put these things in a pot, and cover it with a black cloth.

“ Put the land-turtle's shell in a buffalo's horn, and fasten it with the clay used in the blacksmith's forge. The spirit is watching at the roads, by opening wide his mouth and doing mischief. He stands where three roads meet: therefore, take care, you that perform the ceremony dexterously, that the said enchantments are buried in one of these roads.”

The patient who would cure himself of fever and headache must scatter black sand, and offer camphor, sandal, flowers, beetel leaves, and all sorts of fragrance; two arches should be formed, wreathed with plantain leaves on both sides, and a cock should be sacrificed as a victim on the occasion. He who has the misfortune to be afflicted with asthma, pain in the breast, or other diseases attended with the loss of appetite, or who is visited at night by dreadful dreams of bullocks, wolves, and swine, or who is attacked by madness, should make two arches of a similar description, and form the ascent to them of seven logs of wood; he should repeat several incantations, and construct an image of the spirit, with three eyes, a demon face, five hoods on the head, two hoods on the knees, a bell and an empty pot in the hand. A wooden paling, raised to the height of the knee, should surround the image, and a cock should be slain and offered to appease his anger. Nor should the figure of the boat, formed of gold plates, be absent, in which the spirit sails about on the waters; there also should be formed a representation of the cat on which he rides over the earth.

We have from an inhabitant of Matura a very minute and curious description of the practices which are, at the present day, resorted to by those persons who call themselves Capuas, or enchanter, in Ceylon. When a young girl, for instance, gets a fever, she sends to the enchanter to inquire of him what is the cause of her indisposition. He, counting his ten fingers, shakes his head, and, looking as fierce as possible, tells the messenger that he will cure her malady with a single thread. He proceeds to the house of the invalid, “sits on the high seat, peeps into the room like a monkey, looks up and down, takes a thread, and, whispering and meacing, ties seven knots in it, and, after rubbing it with saffron, ties it on the sick person's head.” If this application fail to cure her, then he is certain that the disease is inflicted upon the patient by some demon, and he then prescribes the demon-dance as the next remedy. In the mean time an offering is to be made of certain bags of “paddy” and a sum of money, of which the capua takes possession. The demon-dancer is then employed, who dances with all his energies for a whole night round the mat on which the poor invalid is laid. The dancer is accompanied by the tong-tong beater; and while they are in the house they are pampered with the best food which the family can

supply It is an important point on these occasions to ascertain the exact name and character of the demon who is the author of the malady. For this purpose the dancer carries about with him a magic fan, which he opens and inspects, and in this fan he affects to discover the object of which he is in pursuit. The fan is the substitute for our European crystal. He then directs the family to make certain offerings, consisting of bundles of wood, bunches of the leaves of the cocoa and the areka tree, oil, rosin, and other ingredients. While these materials are burning, the sound of the tong-tong is resumed, the operator dances "like a mad dog, and the sick person beholding the dance bows down her head." Through the whole night they proceed according to the rules, "performing the music, and holding the bannets, singing, fiddling, and winnowing, and asking the favour to live from one hundred and twenty years to two hundred and forty."

"It was not the custom formerly," says the Cingalese poet, to whom I am indebted for this account, "but the operator now dances during twenty hours in a white cloth dress, over which a piece of red cloth is also thrown. He has a red hat on his head. He makes a noise like juckalls when they associate to drink the dregs of fermented liquor." At the conclusion of the performance, the cupua consults the fun, and reads in it that the patient will be half recovered, but that, as another demon has interfered to prevent her entire convalescence, fresh remedies must be resorted to. Water found in the cavities of trees, and stones, and in a certain lake, is to be procured, and, as this prescription is not always very easy to be made up, the cupua saves his character in case the patient dies. If the liquids can be procured, then three red cocks are to be sacrificed, and a variety of incantations are to be gone through. Should these applications be unsuccessful, then the failure is imputed to some deviation from orders in the preparation of the charms, the result is lamented as a misfortune, the invalid dies, and the cupua goes away laden with the spoils of which he has plundered the wretched family.

In all these proceedings, the dancing part of the exhibition alone excepted, there is a striking resemblance to the incantations and charms that obtained credence in Europe, even so late as the commencement of the last century. Indeed, if I be rightly informed, charms have by no means grown obsolete, even at this day, in the Isle of Man, in Wales, Devonshire, and Cornwall, and the wild districts of Ireland. I know a lady of considerable eminence in the literary world, who, a year or two ago, had her hand *charmed* for an unaccountable pain in the palm, which prevented her from writing without great difficulty. I have not heard that the pain is yet removed, but I know that what she does write is fascinating. The charm seems to have passed from her hand to her paper. Would that the incantation were extended to the poetry of the age!

It is remarkable that the sacrifice of a cock seems to have been an indispensable part of the operations of enchantment in almost every part of the world. The charge of having made an offering of this description was one of the accusations upon which the celebrated Galigai was condemned to the scaffold in France, in the early part of the seventeenth century. This unfortunate court favourite was born in the lowest ranks of society. Her mother was the nurse of Marie de Medicis, and when this princess went to France, in the year 1600, to marry Henry IV., Galigai, then the wife of an Italian named Concini, attended her as *femme*

de chambre. She speedily acquired so great an ascendancy over the mind of the queen, that, as Mezerai, the historiographer of France, informs us, she directed not only her majesty's attachments, but also her antipathies. She certainly encouraged, if she did not generate, the misunderstanding which prevailed for several years between Henry and his consort. The jealousy of the latter was awakened by well-wrought tales of Galigai's invention; and so formidable even to the peace of the royal household were the intrigues of this woman, that the king adopted measures more than once for expelling her from the country. But these measures were uniformly defeated by the queen, who, under the able advice of her *confidante*, succeeded in compelling John de Medicis, the principal agent of the king on this occasion, to quit France altogether.

The death of Henry IV. (assassinated by Ravallac) placed not only the queen, but I may add the interests of the kingdom, entirely in the hands of Galigai. Her ambition knew no bounds. Her husband was raised to the dignity of *Maréchal d'Ancre*, and provided with a munificent income. Her apartments in the palace were soon crowded with courtiers of the first rank in the country. She had the insolence to shut her doors against them, whenever she chose to be relieved from their importunities. It was said that when she thus secreted herself, she was employed in incantations, the object of which was to preserve her influence over the queen, and to render it immutable. The young king, Louis XIII., was one day playing in his apartments, which were near those of the *maréchale*. Disturbed by the noise, she went and told him that he must desist, for that the noise gave her the *migraine*. Outraged by her audacity, the youth answered, that if his noises reached her chamber, Paris was large enough for her to choose another. This slight occurrence got bruited abroad, and conduced not a little to direct the tide of public opinion against both Galigai and her husband; they were hated by the king, the nobility, and the people.

Several persons, who evinced peculiar hostility to the two adventurers, died in a mysterious manner. Their deaths were publicly attributed to the contrivances of the *maréchale*, to which her magical powers enabled her to have recourse. Concini was assassinated by the direct orders of the king. She heard the intelligence without a tear—without even the slightest emotion. But when she was informed that his body was exhumed and burnt as that of a convicted sorcerer, she trembled for the fate that impended over herself. She was ordered to the Bastille. Before she was removed from her apartments, they were plundered of every description of property which they contained,—her splendid furniture, her matchless caskets filled with jewels, and even of her wearing apparel,—under the pretence of searching for the instruments of her supernatural operations. She was obliged to appear before a commission specially appointed to try her. She was accused of being cognizant of the treason of Ravallac, and of assisting him to carry his designs into execution. But the principal charge against her was that of sorcery; and in proof of her guilt, certain letters were produced which were written by her secretary, addressed to a Jewish physician named Montallo. It was deposed that after the arrival of this Italian Jew at Paris, the *maréchale* ceased to attend mass, and that she very frequently carried in her mouth small balls of wax, from which she divined whether her enemies were likely to die or live. It was further stated by her own coachman,

that he had seen her sacrifice a cock in the church at midnight, and the procureur-général cited several authorities from Hebrew books to show that this oblation was Jewish and pagan, and could have had no other object in view than that of contributing to the magical ceremonies practised by the prisoner. It appeared also in evidence that the maréchale frequently expressed her repugnance to be looked at by particular persons, because they enchanted her, and that she was known to have often consulted Isabel, a famous sorceress at Paris in those days. Amulets were produced which she admitted to have worn, according to the common practice of the age, as preservatives against the powers of darkness, and several Hebrew books, which were said to have been found in her cabinet, were brought forward as proofs of the illicit means which she had adopted in order to enslave the mind of the queen. "My only sorcery," she nobly exclaimed, when interrogated on this point, "has been the power which a strong mind must always exercise over a weak one." She met her death with great firmness, the catastrophe was afterwards celebrated in a tragedy entitled "The Foreign Magician."

The manufacture of Brazen Men was at one period a favourite object of pursuit among the magicians of the continent. The best of these automata seems to have been the production of a celebrated Dominican friar, named Albertus Magnus, who was Bishop of Ratisbon in the twelfth century. He employed it as a domestic, and it was said that the image answered all questions that were put to it. This, of course, was an exaggeration. But certainly Albertus was no common practitioner in the art. Being desirous to pay his court to William, then Earl of Holland, from whom he wished to obtain a grant of a certain tract of land upon which he intended to erect a convent for his order, he invited the prince to a magnificent entertainment. It was the depth of winter, the ground was covered with snow, nevertheless, the preparations for the banquet were made in the open air. When William and his retinue arrived at the place where the festival was to be held, they were astonished and much annoyed to find that they were to dine exposed to all the inclemency of the season. Albertus bore their murmurs with great complacency, and with some difficulty persuaded them to take their seats at the table. They took care, however, to wrap themselves in their cloaks, and to secure themselves against the cold as well as they could. No sooner were they seated than the snows melted away, the trees put on their summer dress, and were peopled by various birds that made the air resound with their melody. The ground was carpeted with fresh verdure, and a group of youthful pages splendidly attired appeared ready to wait on the guests, and viands and wines of the most luxurious description seemed self-arranged on the table. The sudden transition from winter to summer extended even to the skies, for the temperature of the atmosphere became so high that the prince and his followers were obliged to divest themselves of their cloaks and other superfluous garments. The change was enchanting beyond expression. The prince was delighted, and readily yielded the suit of the friar. The grant was no sooner made than the table and the beautiful pages vanished, the snow came down from the heavens in sheets, the song of the birds ceased, the trees again faded to their wintry aspect, and the guests, hastening to resume the garments which they had put aside, were very glad to betake themselves to the neighbouring cottages for shelter.

The Emperor Jehangire, to whose curious autobiographical Memoirs I have already alluded, gives us an account of an entertainment which he received, very similar to that provided by Albertus, with this difference, that in the East the wonders of the scene were avowedly wrought by artificial means. He was proceeding in the winter season from Mandou to the province of Gujerat, when he was invited to spend some days at the villa of a nobleman near Ahmedabad, whose daughter was one of the inmates of his harem. The young lady was the director of the preparations on the occasion. "In the course of five days," says the emperor, "by employing various artificers of the town, to the number of four hundred individuals, in different branches of decoration, she had so effectually changed the appearance of the gardens, by making use of coloured paper and wax, that every tree and shrub seemed as abundantly furnished with leaf, and flower, and fruit, as if in the very freshness and bloom of spring and summer. These included the orange, lemon, peach, pomegranate, and apple; and among flowering shrubs, of every species of rose, and other garden flowers of every description. So perfect, indeed, was the deception produced, that when I first entered the garden it entirely escaped my recollection that it was no longer the spring of the year, nor the season for fruit, and I unwittingly began to pluck at the fruit and flowers, the artificers having copied the beauties of Nature with such surprising truth and accuracy. You might have said, without contradiction, that it was the very fruit and flower you saw, in all its bloom and freshness. The different avenues throughout the garden were at the same time furnished with a variety of tents and canopies of velvet of the deepest green; so that these, together with the verdure of the sod, contrasted with the variegated and lively tints of the rose, and an infinity of other flowers, left altogether such an impression on my mind, as that in the very season of the rose I never contemplated in any place, garden, or elsewhere, anything that afforded equal delight to the senses."

Next to the extraordinary performances of the Indian wonder-workers, which I have already described, on the authority of Jehangire, we must rank those of the Bohemian Zuto. In Europe, his deeds of enchantment are altogether unequalled. When his royal master, Wenceslaus, was about to be married to Sophia, daughter of the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, a great number of Bavarian jugglers attended the court of the latter to Prague, to assist in giving variety to the amusements which were to follow the nuptials. The day for their grandest performances having arrived, Zuto was present. In personal appearance he looked like a satyr. His mouth reached from ear to ear; and his shaggy hair and deformed features gave him the aspect of a monster. Mingling with the crowd of spectators, he watched the tricks of the jugglers, until, at length, he broke out into a violent passion, and reproached them with the bungling manner in which they went through their exhibitions on so important an occasion. The principal performer repelled the attack of the Bohemian with similar violence of language; and the controversy seemed likely to give rise to blows, when Zuto, without any further ceremony, to the horror of the court, swallowed up his antagonist, rejecting only his shoes, because they were dirty! He then retired for a few minutes, and returned again, leading the magician by the hand, as if nothing had occurred between them.

But this was not all. Ziito then successively assumed the likeness of a variety of persons; now resembling one individual, now another. At one moment he appeared in the most ragged attire, in the next his garments were of the most sumptuous description. He flew, as it were, in the air; not, however, as if he were sustained by wings, but as if he were sailing in an invisible ship, rising and descending with an undulating motion, without touching the earth; and all this without any apparent exertion on his part. The guests of the King were seated at the banquet; they put out their hands to help themselves to the dishes before them; in the very act their hands were converted, by the influence of Ziito, into cloven feet! He went down to the court-yard, where he appeared in a carriage drawn by cocks and hens. While the royal guests were crowding the windows to behold this exhibition, he planted the antlers of the stag on their heads. They could not withdraw from the windows; and he availed himself of the opportunity to apply to his own use the most dainty luxuries he could find on the table at which they had been sitting!

Ziito was at one time very much in want of some cash. He took up a few grains of corn, and metamorphosed them into as many hogs. These he drove to the house of a dealer in swine, to whom he sold them for ready money. He warned the dealer not to drive them to the river side for water—a hint which the man laughed at as a joke; but when he did drive them thither, the moment they touched the element the animals resumed their pristine character of grains of corn. The dealer, in a furious passion, sought out the enchanter all over Prague. At length he met with him in a shop, and charging him with the imposition which he had practised, demanded back the purchase-money. Ziito, having no money in his purse, preserved a dogged silence. The angry creditor took hold of his leg to pull him into the street; the leg and thigh came away from the body of Ziito, who summoned his mutilator before a magistrate for the injury he had received. His worship was of opinion that the loss of the limbs was a fair set-off against the debt, and Ziito escaped the persecution of his dupe.

It was currently believed in England, in the fourteenth century, that Raymond Lulli, a magician from Majorca, who was said to have gained possession of the philosopher's stone, and who was actually invited to this country on that account by Edward I., supplied that Monarch with six millions of money, to enable him to carry on the war against the Turks. Lulli boasted little of his power of transmuting the base metals into gold. He said that his "great art" was a certain hidden faculty, by which he enabled any person to argue for many hours consecutively in the most logical manner, on any subject whatever, even though the party had never before paid the matter the slightest attention. Had Lulli flourished in our days, he would be an invaluable acquisition to many Members of Parliament.

The art of transmutation was so fully believed in England in the fourteenth century to have been carried to perfection, that an act was passed in the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV., by which the manufacture of gold or silver from the base metals was made a felony! The ground solemnly alleged for the enactment of this law was the apprehension entertained by the commoners of those days, that if money were obtainable in this fashion, the King might supply himself with treasure

ad libitum, without the assistance of Parliament, and so convert it to the purposes of despotism. The prevalence of a similar belief here, even late in the fifteenth century, is proved by patents which were granted by Henry VI., with a view to encourage researches in pursuit of the philosopher's stone!

Before concluding this paper, I must remark, as one of those strange coincidences which sometimes take place between the thoughts of men, who have no sort of communication with each other, that Mr. Godwin and I appear to have been for some time engaged in investigating the same general subject, with very nearly the same object in contemplation. I can truly say that, until I saw his "Lives of the Necromancers" announced as published a few days ago, I was not at all aware that he had devoted his attention to an undertaking of this kind. I have since read it with great pleasure, and was not a little surprised to discover how closely we have been sometimes travelling together in the world of human folly, without coming in contact. My purpose in writing these papers is to show, that the extravagant fancies entertained by the men of former days were in a great measure the natural result of the mixed constitution of the human mind—fitted for existence here and for enjoyment hereafter. The yearnings of our ambition for that higher state to which we are destined, render us but too eagerly disposed to pursue any faint imaginary glimpses, which the intellect may catch of the invisible regions around us. But these impulses tend to convince us of the extensive ranges of conception over which the imagination of man is permitted to wander, in order to prove, as it were, the incipient wings which are eventually to bear the soul to higher stages of thought, and a nobler sphere of action. It was also my purpose, in re-producing the follies of the olden time, to compare them with some of those which we find prevailing at the present day, in order to show that, however the object of pursuit may be varied, the average of wisdom and madness in every age of the world remains very much the same. It would be impossible, I thought, that we should reflect upon these things without concluding that we are governed by an inward light, which, unless it be carefully tended, is exceedingly apt to "flare up," and to present objects to us in a most distorted point of view. Such also appear to have been the objects which Mr. Godwin has endeavoured to accomplish in his new volume—a volume, I must add, arranged in the most luminous order, and written in the purest idiom of our language.

My plan, however, differs in some degree from that which this popular author has pursued; he has confined himself principally to necromancy; I have made excursions in almost every region of action in which credulity has been conspicuous. His work has anticipated some of my materials, and therefore I shall not use them; but other topics still remain in abundance for rendering these papers not only entertaining, but also, I hope, instructive to the readers of this Journal.

THE DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

THE order of the Whitecross frequently numbers amongst its members captives of almost all the European nations,—Italians, Spaniards, Germans, and Frenchmen, were my fellow-companions; and, as may be imagined, often suffered great annoyance from their ignorance of Mrs. Malaprop's "vermicular tongue." An exotic from the clear skies and bright suns of Naples was planted in this cheerless garden by Mr. Bum-bailiff Levi; he was a man of the world, and of information, but his lamentable want of that knowledge upon which the celebrated lady just alluded to most piqued herself, threw him into a continual fever, which was heightened by an excessive degree of irritability, that rendered him sometimes irresistibly ludicrous, spite of all one's feelings of commiseration. Upon a particular day, having been called upon by an inferior person to pay a demand of two shillings, which he had previously discharged, his anger was extreme, but he could only answer, "I no pay not no more, for you have dreamed several *fois*; I say you have much big dream several *fois*;" and repeated this assertion at least a dozen times, his voice becoming more elevated with each repetition, the creditor declaring he was mad, for that he had not "dreamt" at all.

A little sexagenarian Frenchman, of Voltairian features, with whom I made an acquaintance soon after my arrival at Barrett's, was an amusing person; he had been compelled to apply to the Court for relief from debts amounting to 2*l.* only. This slender Gascon, (for he was awfully *maigre*, and from that province which entitled him to be so styled), possessing, in a tenfold degree, a love for bavardism, beyond that of his countrymen generally, brightened up with delight at any opportunity of jabbering away in his own "lingo." He soon whelmed me in a torrent of talk upon a variety of subjects, but *principally* upon such as related to himself; the tale of his woes which brought him to an acquaintance with the Whitecross knights was related with that degree of earnestness and energy for which his countrymen are so remarkable, and from his manner of recounting them must have had an effect upon any other than a heart of stone; he really excited my sympathy warmly, and I verily affirm occasioned me the stomach-ache for the remainder of the day!

Monsieur Frederick Adolphe Auguste Cure-dent and his family had been persons of consequence and consideration "from before the foundation of the world;" and some of his ancestors figured conspicuously in the court of Charlemagne! "La Grande Révolution," which reduced so many of the "ancienne noblesse" to "dust and ashes," was *particularly spiteful* to the family of the Cure-dents. His father having been ruined, Monsieur Frederick Adolphe Auguste was compelled to seek his fortunes in England, by teaching British youth a knowledge of the Gallic tongue. His fame extended far and wide. One bright sun-shining morning the twopenny postman brought him a summons, in the shape of a letter, bearing the coronet of a peer, to attend forthwith at No. — in Grosvenor-square. Monsieur Cure-dent arranged his toilette and his queue with more than usual care, attired his thin legs in black "shorts" and silk stockings, seized his cane, and departed, ruminating upon future fortunes and honours, to which he fondly believed this invitation was a prelude.

A certain Marquis, hearing of Mr. Cure-dent's capability, desired that his only and much-loved, spoiled and stupid son should be entrusted to his care for the purpose of acquiring the French language. The young gentleman being intended for the diplomatic department, his noble father at once made very liberal arrangements with the French tutor for his immediate reception, to the exclusion of all other persons; this was a *sine quâ non* with my Lord. Elated with the flattering confidence reposed in him, Cure-dent assented to all his Lordship's arrangements, dismissed his *plebeian* pupils, and received *him*, in whose veins and those of his ancestors high *patrician* blood had flowed during many past centuries.

Monsieur Cure-dent had for a long season silently and secretly mourned over the dulness and heaviness of the young nobleman's intellects, and summoned all his patience to bear with him. Months, however, rolled on, and my Lord could not, or would not, be taught; his density and incapacity were too much for the mercurial Cure-dent; they had already worn him to a mere skeleton, and he resolved to wait upon the Marquis and relate his sorrows. Arrived at his Lordship's house, he was received with that well-bred kindness and real politeness for which our true nobility are so remarkable, and which can but have an irresistible effect upon those who have the pleasure of an acquaintance with them. His Lordship's obliging manners had so much influence over Monsieur Cure-dent, that he felt for a moment embarrassed, and wished himself away. After a pause, however, he thus began—

“Mi Lor, your Lorship is vary kind to me; your Lorship is one vrai gentilhomme. I am vary mooch obleeged to your Lorship for vary mooch kindness to me. I ask your pardon, mi Lor, but your fils, my Lor your noble son—I have great respect for your Lorship, pardon, mi Lor—mais his Lorship can no possible larn de French. If God Almighty was to say to mee, which would you do, Monsieur, teach a dis boy de French or go to hell? I would tank God Amighty for his politesse, but I would mooch rader go to hell.”

By this declaration he lost his Lordship's patronage; his former scholars had found a new master, and poor Cure-dent fell into difficulties which ultimately brought him to this place.

Uproarious mirth and squalid misery are here not unfrequently companions at the same board. A poor woman, upon a visit to her husband, a care-worn tradesman, appeared the very personification of Grief. Streaming tears flowed down her blanched cheeks. At length, overcome by the deep affliction that oppressed her, she fainted in the arms of her husband, and appeared more like an inhabitant of another world than a visitor of Whitecross-street prison. A medical gentleman (a prisoner) restored her at once to life and to wretchedness;—her case excited the deepest commiseration. She lived in the neighbourhood of Bagnigge Wells, and had, on the preceding day, quitted her house with her husband's dinner, leaving it and her child (a boy six years of age) in the care of some persons who lodged in her wretched tenement, by the money paid for which she was alone enabled to maintain herself, and administer to her husband's necessities in prison. Upon her return home she found her house robbed of all its humble furniture, her lodgers flown, owing three weeks' rent, and her infant son—drowned! The tale of this accumulated distress she had come to impart to her husband, and never shall I forget the unutterable anguish with which the mother execrated the

monsters in human shape, who, by their villanous treachery, had occasioned the death of her child. She could have borne misery in any shape but this; the tears trickled fast as I endeavoured to administer consolation—she evinced her gratitude, but *could not* be comforted.

This wretched and afflicting case, to the honour of human nature be it recorded, called forth the warmest manifestations of sympathy from all her husband's unfortunate brethren; every member of the ward to which he belonged vying with his neighbour in substantial testimonies of kindness and condolence: this dreadful calamity brought on a premature accouchement, and the poor woman was soon afterwards delivered of a dead child; confined to her room, without friends, without money, in a precarious state of health, her husband still a prisoner, at the suit of an inexorable creditor for a debt of 6*l.*, the collector, accompanied by another person, called upon her for the King's taxes, amounting to thirteen shillings; he entered the room where she lay confined to her bed, and, upon her declaring her inability to pay, directed his companion to levy for the amount. At the poor woman's earnest entreaties to quit *that* room at least, I am glad to have an opportunity of stating that the tax-gatherer departed, promising to give her an additional week for the payment.

I should harrow the feelings, the very souls of my readers, were I to describe only a tittle of the misery, the wretchedness, that have fallen under my immediate observation during my stay in this place. Many persons having only the prison allowance whereupon to subsist, are glad to receive the very *crumbs* and *crusts* which fall from the tables of others. "Adversity tries friends." All the unhappy inmates of this place know from bitter experience the truth of this assertion; but I am pleased to render my testimony to the real disinterested kindness that exists amongst all towards each other.

I have been a wanderer over a large portion of the globe during the last fifteen years, and have had various opportunities of seeing and studying men of many nations. In earlier life I saw much of France and Frenchmen; from them I have received the greatest kindnesses—the truest hospitality. I have dwelt with Germans and Dutchmen, and the most agreeable recollections are connected with my sojourn amongst them. After years in official life, thousands of miles from "fair England," circumstances threw me into the midst of Swedes, Danes, and Spaniards, all of whom have given me opportunities of lauding their kindness and generosity; but I never, in my life, saw so *perfect* a display of the best feelings of our nature, as are in daily action and continual exercise under this roof. The society here appears one large brotherhood!

Association in sorrow softens and ameliorates the heart; selfishness is, perhaps, less known in this place than in any other "haunt of society." The *poorest* captive shares with *real pleasure* his meagre meal with his less fortunate neighbour; kindness of heart shines in brightest splendour.

I make this declaration with grateful sentiments to a few benevolent friends, with whom, amidst all my annoyances (and they have neither been few nor inconsiderable) I have had the happiness to be associated, and from whom I have received kindnesses of no common nature; whose every act towards me partook of genuine sympathy; and they may rest assured, that, whatever circumstances may separate us, the few of whom I write will ever be remembered with sincere affection.

The sympathy of the Whitecross knights for suffering humanity amongst their own order evinces itself daily. A poor woman came to visit her husband in a deplorable state of misery, without shoes, *almost* without clothing, and *certainly* without food; exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, this poor creature fainted in the yard; she had seen better days, but was now completely sunk in wretchedness. A subscription, in pence and halfpence, to the amount of seventeen shillings, was immediately raised, and with gratitude received.

Some time after this occurrence, a very respectable but unfortunate individual, unable to raise the sum of five pounds necessary to pay an attorney to conduct his business through the Insolvent Court, having endured many months' imprisonment, from which he saw no prospect of escape, his brother knights raised this sum by subscription, and something over, to which the governor added a donation of two pounds, from certain funds which lie at his disposal for the necessitous. The husband of the poor woman who had so recently experienced the chevalier's bounty, having in the intermediate time received a small legacy, hastened to show his sense of former kindness, by subscribing towards this person's necessities the full amount that had been raised for him under his own misfortunes. These are not rare instances of the good feeling which is daily exhibited towards fellow-captives. I could point out numberless instances, in which persons, *in the humblest walks of life*, have abundantly manifested the warmest sympathy towards their fellow-prisoners; amongst whom I must not forget my veteran publican and soldier, who so violently called for vengeance upon the knight of the shears, M'Twist. This man had served, nearly half a century ago, amongst the brave Highlanders of the 42d regiment. I have had frequent opportunities of observing; and am fully justified in declaring him to be in the strong literal sense of the words, "a rough diamond." I never saw a case of distress (and there were many) in which this man was not foremost with relief. He is blunt, and at times violent; but his heart is in the right place, warm and kind as ever inhabited the breast of "Albion's sons*."

"Little Bantam," whom I introduced to my readers in the Fives' Court, is a true, kind-hearted son of St. Patrick, ever ready to administer to the necessities of others, according to his ability, and his kindness will be appreciated many years to come.

Incongruous as this society is, I am constrained to declare that I have received civilities which place me under lasting obligations, and that I have become acquainted with a few persons in this place whose society has afforded me the truest pleasure—a delight which may be compared to that of the Israelites of old, when, exhausted with fatigue and thirst, they beheld water at Moses' bidding issue from the rock in the wilderness. Moments so passed in such a place, under circumstances similar

* Some time after the above account was written, this man, to use his own phraseology, was "a little the worse o' liquor," and, exceedingly wroth with one who had offended him, made use of very provoking language, for which he was booked †, fined, and called next morning before "the committee," who censured and condemned him to pay a certain fine; this he did forthwith, and thanking them for their lenity, turned round to the complainant, and apologized "for telling him some very disagreeable truths."

† All bad language is fineable, and the offender's name entered in a book, .

to those which surrounded us all, have been like the bright rays of Sol, shining amid the darkness and dreariness of night.

Here are to be found Jeremy Diddlers in sufficient number, though I must, in candour, state that it is smaller than, under the circumstances and composition of this little world, might be expected. Some there are who cannot but amuse observers, not only from their effrontery, but the determined good humour with which they receive the severest rebuffs, nay, downright insults, of those persons who will not suffer themselves to be duped by their "winning ways."

There is, however, occasionally, no lack of that class of persons emphatically styled "old soldiers,"—a selfish, disagreeable race, who pique themselves upon attention to their own interest, as a *paramount duty*, and a degree of foresight which enables them to baffle all attempts to evade their "rights:" thinking and living only for themselves, they *kindly* fancy all mankind to be equally the victims of egotism. There are also many persons who, by specious manners and deceptive promises, live upon the credulity of their brethren, and depart the place greatly in their debt. This accusation attaches most to that class of persons who call themselves, and would be highly offended if others refused so to designate them, *gentlemen*.

One of Mr. Barrett's "lions," at the period of which I write, was a good-humoured, kindly-disposed, simple-hearted man—at once tailor, quack, and parson! He mended old garments for "the outward-man," concocted little dirty doses of physic for the "inner," and lectured upon religion for the purpose of restoring poor unhappy human nature to that original state of purity known *only* to our first parents, and to *them* but for a brief space. Habited in an old grey dressing-gown, (not a little, but very much the worse for wear,) and military glazed cap, this compound of drugs and divinity hurries through the yard, at the rate of seven miles an hour; always with an eye to business, he most civilly accosts *all* persons that cross his path, and endeavours to make them converts either to his pills or preaching—the first being of the greatest importance, as their sale not only brings "grist to the mill," but they prepare the recipient (by a due evacuation of bile) the better for the doctrinal ordeal he has in store for them; having succeeded in fixing a dose upon his destined convert, and pocketed the cash, he politely leaves him, during the next twenty-four hours, to all the horrors of colocynth, aloes, and rhubarb. *The Doctor* (as he is deferentially styled) is vastly moderate in his charges: he physicks his brethren to their hearts' content, "for the small charge of one penny," by two of his pills, denominated "universal cures for all sorts of disorders." Hear this, ye Galens of the West; hide your diminished heads and extravagant charges! The pills having righteously pinched and tormented the patient, and, according to *the Doctor's* own phrase and prediction "thoroughly scrubbed" his intestines, he is then considered to be in a proper state of body to receive the infliction of a religious discussion; to enlighten the darkness of whose understanding, the Rev. Tailor Dr. Harmursby kindly desires him to propound *any* question upon which he may desire information, and it shall be answered, *he* being a perfect master of the Scriptures. If, however, the aspirant after holy knowledge be not over particular, *the Doctor*, preferring the "Book of Revelations," generally commences his exordium from one or other of its chapters, upon the joys of the heavenly world, in the mysteries of which he gets inextricably floundered himself, and surfeits the poor unhappy

being whom he thus contrives to ensnare with his talk. I have, alas! been most awfully victimized by him, but, I fear, to little purpose, as he still classes me amongst the unbelievers. His particular opinions, as far as I have been able to comprehend them, are, that, as our Saviour died for all men, *all must and will be saved*—that is, all men *whatsoever*. He was somewhat confounded when I inquired, where would be the incitement to virtue, if vice were equally to participate in its blessings? but, I imagine, not convinced.

There are other persons here, who, like the *well-intentioned Doctor*, disdain the pure, simple doctrines of the gospel, which “he who runs may read,” and worry themselves and acquaintances with the silliest opinions upon the most abstruse passages of Holy Writ, and make it their peculiar duty to elucidate them. Another little snip so bewilders himself about the mysteries of the Trinity, and torments his unfortunate brethren, that he has literally worn the component parts of which his stomach is formed into shreds, and driven his “friends and acquaintance far from him.” These persons, and a third (a Fatalist) have recently drawn so largely upon my stock of patience, that I am well nigh bankrupt. The last is one of a class amongst which he has evidently taken the lead, and acquired a degree of importance from the roundness and boldness of his assertions, at variance with all reason and common sense; the more unreasonable and senseless the doctrines, the more easily are the ignorant gulled by them. This man advocates necessitudinarian doctrines with the warmth of an enthusiast; he denies the existence of “free-will,” and declares that man, having no power of volition, whatever he does, he is, by irresistible necessity, compelled to do, and cannot do otherwise. I endeavoured, but in vain, to combat the absurdity of his opinions, by pointing out the effect they would necessarily have upon society, if true; that laws to restrain offenders or punish vice would not only be useless, but unjust; men being of necessity compelled to act as they do, could not, in justice, be called to account for actions over which they had no control. Into the effects of his doctrine, a Fatalist will never allow you to dive. This man stopped me short, and, afraid to meet his antagonist upon his own ground, I found him, as is invariably the case with all such persons, obstinate as that ill-used quadruped by which Balaam was rebuked; with such, it is invariably time lost, literally thrown away, to enter upon an argument. An uncultivated, ignorant man, he would have been a perfect nonentity but for the retention and promulgation of absurdly wild doctrines that will not bear the test of examination; he is, however, considered, by his own immediate associates, as a being of superior order, and they verify, though unknowingly, most strongly, the truth of Pope’s adage, that “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.”

My little quack doctor was summoned, in great haste, upon one occasion, to visit a worthy knight who had just been remanded by the Insolvent Court. He was a milkman by trade, and had, it is verily affirmed, swallowed * three milch cows! and as none other than the stomach of a veritable monster could have contained three such enormous creatures at one and the same time, the Doctor’s aid was required, and he forthwith presented himself with a long paper box, of the shape, but three-fold length, of a school-boy’s pen-case, filled with his “universal pills,” a

* This is a term applied to all persons who cannot or will not give satisfactory accounts of their property to the commissioners.

double dose of which were instantaneously dispatched into the stomach of the gourmand, in search of the devoured kine; but they, liking their quarters so well, would not be disgorged. The obliging Commissioners of the Court, fearing the effects of this vast meal upon the little milkman's constitution, kindly returned him to Mr. Barrett's custody for a six months' promenade in "Stony Park," at the expiration of which period, it is hoped, his digestive organs will be restored to their usual state.

My readers must not be surprised to hear that the Doctor's skill is in continual requisition. So great is his power over aches and pains, that, upon a recent occasion, a poor old man, afflicted with gouty twinges, was positively cured, by wrapping the enraged toe in the old grey dressing-gown, and looking, with devotional steadfastness, during eight hours, at the longitudinal pill-box.

Their Honours of the Insolvent Court have strange characters to deal with occasionally, who, by their knavish tricks, put the placidity of the Commissioners' temper to the most severe tests.

A stupid-looking, cautious fellow appeared before the Court from this place, within the present year, the honesty of whose transactions the Commissioner greatly doubted, but to all of whose questions for information upon points which required explanation he invariably answered—

"An plase you I be very deef, my Lord, it's all dooan upon peaper; I ha' signed it, and sweered to it, and I'll sweer it again an you do want me, it's all dooan upon peaper, but I be mortal deef."

Questioned, cross questioned, and re-questioned, no elucidation could be obtained from him, Mr Commissioner's serenity departed, but all to no purpose; and he, ultimately, *sheerly fatigued the Court out of his discharge.*

I advised the Doctor, upon the day on which he appears before the Court, to go provided with his pill-box, and if he should discover any bilious symptoms in the countenance of the Commissioner, respectfully to offer a double dose, and to hand his Honour the long case, in order that he may have an opportunity of selecting such as may find their way into his stomach with the least difficulty, and request to be heard the day *after* his Honour's purification*.

A more complete Bedlam cannot be seen or imagined than the wards present after the return of discharged insolvents from the Court; their wives, friends, children, and neighbours, from whom they have been separated, perhaps two or three months, having previously basked in the sunshine of "gun and cloves" or "heavy wet," or both together, generally attending them. JFume's and Rogers's "queer †" is at such times in great requisition, and drunkenness and quarrelling is not unfrequently the result. A Saturnalia so complete can be found *only* amongst the Whitecross knights. None but those who have experienced can form any adequate idea of its horrors. Vulgar, unsober women—screaming, ill-behaved children—and drunken, noisy men—form a trio that never was eclipsed by any party in any booth at London's famed fair of "Saint Bartlemy."

* This man has since passed through the Insolvent Court, where he afforded great amusement by the display of his eccentricities and knowledge of quackery. I must render him justice by saying that his pills are, as far as such nasty things can have claim to the title, very meritorious.

† By "queer" is meant the beverage sold for stout, so called by a wag from its doubtful nature and quality.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Oxford Installation—The Spanish Exiles—Cabinet Alterations—Affairs Abroad—A Marriage—Results of the Races—Speech to the Bishops—Freaks of Justice—The Spanish Press—Musical Festival—Court Movements—Public Amusements—Unseemly Exhibition.

OXFORD INSTALLATION.—THE principal feature of the past month has been the splendid Installation of the Duke of Wellington at Oxford. The details of this magnificent ceremony would occupy a much greater space in our pages than we are able to afford. Indeed, it would be impossible to convey by any description a just idea of the brilliancy of the spectacle, or the enthusiasm with which the illustrious Chancellor was received.

We conclude that a regularly authenticated account of all the proceedings of this memorable ceremony will be published in a convenient form for preservation. To garble the details, would be to do injustice to the affair, which we believe we may fearlessly assert to have been one of the most striking that ever was known.

THE SPANISH EXILES.—Don Carlos, the brother of the late King of Spain, has arrived in this country with his princess, a sister of Don Miguel, her sister-in-law, the Princess Berria, his three sons, and a numerous suite, amounting in all to fifty persons. They came to England in his Majesty's ship Donegal, which came to anchor at Spithead; to which place, Mr. Backhouse, the Under-Secretary of State, was despatched, with a proposition to the Prince, offering him all the honours granted to Princes of our own Blood Royal, and a large income besides that which he received from Spain, if he would renounce all claim upon the Spanish crown.

To this proposition, Don Carlos replied, that it was not a matter of choice; that at his birth he inherited his rights from his father, who derived them from God himself; and he could not relinquish them without violating his duty to Heaven: that he was not at all solicitous about receiving any personal honours; and that even if he could surrender his rights, which, for the sake of his sons and other persons connected with him, he could not, under any circumstances, do, he should never think of purchasing his liberty at so vile a price as the acceptance of a pension from a foreign power, while there continued faithful Spaniards to whom, if it ever should be necessary, he should alone address himself.

The negotiation having terminated, the royal party landed, and were to remain only a short time at Portsmouth, — Gloucester Lodge at Brompton, the residence of the late Mr. Canning, having been taken for them. A considerable degree of interest has been excited by the solicitude of Don Carlos for seven hundred of his followers, to whom permission was given to proceed to Hamburgh; they had no means to pay for their passage, nor could Don Carlos assist them. In this dilemma, the Princess of Beiria, his sister-in-law, and sister to Don Miguel, volunteered to raise the amount required, by either selling her

jewels, or depositing them as a security. This generous offer was accepted, and the adherents of the Prince's cause safely removed from Aldea Gallega.

We have no room for any observations upon the quadruple treaty which has been entered into between England and France, and the two *present* governments of Spain and Portugal; but, whatever may be thought of it now, we have little doubt that posterity will consider it one of the most extraordinary acts of diplomacy ever enacted.

CABINET ALTERATIONS.—There have been several changes in the Government during the month. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ripon, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Stanley, have seceded from the Cabinet, because they declined going the length of appropriating the church revenues to lay purposes; and their places have been filled up in, what some persons think, a very efficient manner. The Duke of Richmond is succeeded at the Post Office by the Marquis Conyngham, who will, no doubt, be equally assiduous with his noble predecessor, who did more good in the details of his office than people suppose. Sir James Graham is succeeded at the Admiralty by Lord Auckland, whose energetic exertions as Master of the Mint, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and Commissioner of the Exchequer, give satisfactory earnest of his vigour and promptitude at the head of our Marine. Lord Carlisle takes the Privy Seal; and Mr. Spring Rice, the Secretary of the Treasury, walks up to the Colonial Office, as Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Robert Grant proceeds as Governor to Bombay; and Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, distinguished in the last century for his lively conduct in Maidstone, becomes Judge Advocate General, with great influence over the *morale* of the army. He wrote a pamphlet forty years ago about something, and afterwards went to India, whence he has returned to be honoured and rewarded in his old age. Mr. Abercrombie (late steward to the Duke of Devonshire) is made Master of the Mint; and because he is opposed to the Coercion Bill, the clauses to which he objects are to be omitted. Colonel Maberley is made a Commissioner of Customs. Colonel Leith Hay, who advocated the expulsion of the Bishops from Parliament, is appointed Clerk of the Ordnance. Mr. Poulett Thomson becomes President of the Board of Trade; and Captain Byng, a young gentleman, who two or three years ago married Lady Agnes Paget, a daughter of Lord Anglesey, is made a Lord of the Treasury.

The Marquis of Clanricarde has resigned the Captaincy of the Yeoman Guard, because he wanted to be Postmaster-General; and Lord Mulgrave has refused the Postmaster-Generalship, because he wished to be in the Cabinet.

The Judges have been transplanted according to our previous announcement; and, as Lord Brougham mentioned in one of our "Dialogues of the Living," Mr. Justice Vaughan has been made a Privy Councillor: in a similar manner, according to the same authority, that arch-humbler, Mr. O'Connell, has been prevented from "joining the Radicals and blowing Lord Grey out of the water," by accepting some important obligation from his Lordship's Government.

AFFAIRS ABROAD.—There appears, just now, what the sailors

call "a lull" in continental politics. The King of France, raised to the throne by the barricades of the "three glorious days," denounces the crime of barricade-making, and carries his head higher, and his supremacy as boldly, as the last French usurper before him. He has done ten times more in a year to subdue popular feeling, and break the spirit of what is called freedom, since he has been King, than his two last predecessors did, or would have done, in the whole course of their lives. He has shown his wisdom: he has, by force and menace, separated the double character of his trembling people. They fancied themselves tigers,—he exhibits them to the world as monkycs.

In Spain, for the present, a remarkably nice little girl is Queen; in Brazil, a very good little boy is Emperor; in Portugal, a great fat girl is Monarch; and in Belgium, the husband of an extremely handsome young lady believes himself King. None of these things are likely to be permanent, but the position of affairs as regards the thrones of many of the European states is extremely curious. We trust nothing may happen to increase the intricacy and difficulty with which, to us, they seem to be invested. Russia "sleeps, or seems to sleep;" Austria and Prussia are reposing; but the time is not far distant when these giants will wake, and then will the cauldron bubble and boil again. We hope Dandy Palmerston will not burn his fingers in stirring up the mixture.

A MARRIAGE.—Colonel de Lacy Evans, one member for Westminster, has taken unto himself a wife, the widow of Mr. Hughes, and daughter of Colonel Robert Arbuthnot. The gallant colonel became a Benedict on the 21st of June, that being the longest day, with the shortest night, in the year.

RESULTS OF THE RACES.—The season is fertile in races; and there has been no lack of gaiety at those famous marts of beauty and sport, Epsom and Ascot; even Moulsey, which must bow to the superior attractions of its splendid rivals, made a good show.

Nothing could exceed the good humour at Epsom. Mr. Batson's horse Plenipotentiary won the Derby: this gratified everybody, except the immediate losers, who bore their calamity, however, with great composure. Mr. Batson, upon this occasion, as upon all others, where it has been necessary to assume any particular line of conduct, behaved in the handsomest possible manner. Nor was the result of the Oaks, won by Mr. Cosby's Pussy, less agreeable to the public. There are not two men upon the Turf more popular than the two winners of the season.

Ascot, although graced by the presence of their Majesties, felt severely the attractions of Oxford; but, if the leaders of *ton* were necessarily absent, their followers seemed scarcely diminished. The crowds were immense; and but for a fatal accident, which we have elsewhere noticed, everything went off well and gaily. The royal party were extremely well received, and on the last day were joined by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

Moulsey boasted no princes; for, unfortunately, the great day, Thursday, was fixed upon for the Queen's drawing-room, and the royal visit to the Opera; so that, although there was a good attendance of *lords*, there certainly was a scarcity of *ladies*. Mr. Theobald brought his

Rockingham to win the King's Plate, which he did; and, we presume, will perform a similar exploit at Guildford. There were numbers of booths for eating and playing—for replenishing and depletion—at which a great deal was done. The weather was beautiful, but hot; and the whole affair went off agreeably enough.

SPEECH TO THE BISHOPS.—Very great attention has been excited throughout the country by the speech of his Majesty, made to the Bishops, on the occasion of the celebration of his Majesty's birth-day. The warmth and energy with which the King expressed his determination to maintain inviolate the rights and privileges of the Established Church, of which he is the head, have inspired the friends of religion and good order with new confidence, and addresses from all parts of the country are pouring in, thanking the monarch for this new and gratifying proof of affection for his people. It was attempted, for a short time, to weaken the effect of this paternal and constitutional address, by spreading doubts of its authenticity. Those doubts, however, have been entirely set at rest by its authorised publication. Nothing has more tended to open the eyes of the country, as to the real authors and supporters of the attacks upon the Church, than this circumstance. However, as has been generally observed, no alteration has yet been made in the policy of those who are the King's advisers, consequent upon this manly and unequivocal avowal of the King's opinion.

FREAKS OF JUSTICE.—Some curious events have taken place in the Courts of Law and Equity, and even in the House of Lords. In the latter place, Lord Brougham, having summoned the Judges to assist him in hearing an appeal in the case of Solarte and Palmer, did not himself attend. The appeal having been adjourned for two days in consequence of there having been no law Lord in the House, the Chancellor, on the Wednesday, pronounced the case a clear one, and spoke in the strongest terms of asperity against the counsel who could recommend such a frivolous and disgraceful measure as an appeal, which his Lordship characterized as an attempt to obtain unfair delay, and finally dismissed it with an award of 36*l.* costs, in order to mark his feelings upon the occasion. It turns out that the Lord Chancellor, when Mr. Brougham, was one of the counsel, in the original cause, who recommended the appeal, at the suggestion of the late Lord Tenterden; and that, moreover, his Lordship at that time declared that the case of Hartley v. Case, which was cited as a precedent, was *wrongly decided*, and which, in discussing the appeal in the House of Lords, his Lordship quoted as *settling the question* against the appellant.

In the Court of King's Bench, a case of copyright was tried,—Dewar and Purday,—and the jury not being able to agree, were locked up. They continued locked up all night, and the next morning the foreman informed the Lord Chief Justice Denman that eleven of them were for the plaintiff, and one for the defendant; to this one, Lord Denman read over such parts of the evidence as bore upon his particular scruples, and the jury again retired. They again told the Lord Chief Justice that they could not agree; upon which, one juror only being for the defendant, his Lordship directed them to *nonsuit the plaintiff*. The Attorney-

General, on coming into court, expressed his surprise at a proceeding, not only unprecedented, but incompatible with the duties of a Judge; but Lord DeMan stopped him in no gentle manner, and desired to hear no more of it.

As far as the Attorney-General goes, his Lordship was obeyed; we suspect, however, that his Lordship is likely to hear a great deal more of it in other quarters.

The last and least—as far as the Court is concerned—of these cases occurred at Clerkenwell, where a jury returned a verdict of not guilty in favour of a prisoner, which, however, they subsequently retracted: upon which Mr. Rotch, the very highly distinguished Chairman of the Justices, sentenced the man to seven years' transportation. "You are a nice Chairman," said the poor fellow, "to sentence a man to be transported whom a jury of his countrymen have acquitted." Mr. Prendergast, counsel for the prisoner, attempted to address Mr. Rotch; but his worship, like his superior in a higher place, stopped him with some warmth, and desired to hear no more of it. Mr. Prendergast gave notice that he should move for a *mandamus* to compel the officer of the court to record the first verdict. This will be argued before Lord Denman!!!

The past month has been singularly marked by dreadful casualties. Sir William Cosway, a gentleman of some property in Kent, who opposed Sir Edward Knatchbull in a contest for the representation of that county, was thrown from the top of the Criterion, Brighton coach, near the Stone's-end, in the Borough, and killed. The verdict of the coroner's jury exonerated the driver from any blame.

A lady was killed on the deck of a steamer in the river, by a blow from the bowsprit of one of his Majesty's revenue cutters, which ran foul of the packet. Mr. Lillingston was killed by the falling of a tree on his own estate. Several deaths have been occasioned by fire, and several suicides have been committed. The most melancholy, perhaps, was that of Mr. Powell, of Harley-street, who had been for some residing at Dover. His son, Mr. Cotterell Powell, was killed by a fall from his horse at Ascot; and when the afflicted parent heard of the disaster, it produced such an effect upon him as to drive him to the desperate act of shooting himself through the head.

On the 17th, Lieutenant Parry, of the Life Guards, undertook to swim across the Serpentine river in his clothes. He dashed into the water, unattended by any boat, and without giving any previous announcement to the servants of the Humane Society, who are always in attendance. He had nearly reached the middle, when he was observed to endeavour to turn back; the effort failed, and he sank; and, although under water not more than five minutes, life was extinct.

Admiral Manby, who, as Captain Manby, brought over the late Queen Caroline to this country, and was subsequently upon terms of intimate friendship with her Majesty, died at Southampton, from having, as the verdict of the coroner's jury says, "incautiously taken too large a dose of opium."

We scarcely recollect so many distressing circumstances of a similar character to have happened in the same space of time.

THE SPANISH PRESS.—The new liberal Government of Spain has commenced its career by issuing a decree, by which no person is to be permitted to publish a newspaper until he has shown that its politics are to be in strict accordance with those of the Ministry. We suspect that our Ministers would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of following this example of upholding the liberty of the press. •

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The charitable, fashionable, and musical world have been for some time kept in a state of general fermentation by the announcement of the Grand Festival (as it is called) in Westminster Abbey. We were surprised and vexed to find the Duke of Newcastle objecting to the locality, and considering the performance of sacred music, in the sacred cause of charity, within the walls of the Abbey, in the light of desecration. The Bishop of London also objected, which is strange, seeing that the performance is under the immediate patronage of the King, who is constitutionally Head of the Church, and who, in sanctioning the present celebration, merely followed the example of his pious father, in whose moral and religious character the most canting busybody, in or out of lawn sleeves, could not, with justice, pick a hole.

The opinion thus partially expressed had, however, no weight, and the Abbey was prepared for the performance by Mr. Blore, under the superintendence of Sir Benjamin Stephenson, and fitted with seats for the accommodation of about three thousand auditors.

On Tuesday, the 24th, the first of the performances took place. Before nine o'clock visitors began to arrive; and at noon their Majesties, with a numerous suite, entered the royal box. They were accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Augusta: her Majesty's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, was also of the party. The magnificence of the different uniforms and costumes of the Court was brilliant and imposing.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Sophia of Gloucester were also present.

It is impossible to enter into any detailed criticism upon the performance; but the general effect produced was disappointment from the solo parts, and astonishment and wonder at the choruses. The band was splendidly led by Spagnoletti, and conducted by Sir George Smart. Upwards of 2500 persons were assembled, and the first day's music terminated about four o'clock. Owing to the admirable police arrangements, no accident occurred during the day; and by six everything resumed its quietude and tranquillity.

COURT MOVEMENTS.—The Court has been remarkably gay during the month. Besides the King's Levees, the Queen has held a Drawing-Room; their Majesties have visited the Opera House; the Queen has given two balls; as we have already said, their Majesties were at Ascot; and, besides, have honoured Lady Howe and Sir Wathen Waller at Twickenham, and Colonel Clithero at Ealing, with visits. The King has dined with the Duke of Wellington; and their Majesties have

visited Greenwich, where they attended divine service on the anniversary of the late Earl Howe's signal victory over the French.

The unassisted affability of the Queen, who, in addition to these visits, has appeared frequently in public at the Ancient Music, at the Zoological Gardens, and at the Opera,—is the theme of universal praise and admiration. Her Majesty will proceed to Woolwich, accompanied by the King, to embark on board the royal yacht, commanded by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and, after her Majesty's departure, it is understood the King will occupy a residence near Woolwich for a short time, during which his Majesty will inspect the dock-yards, arsenal, and barracks, and review the Royal Artillery.

The Queen will return, it is said, in the first or second week in August.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS—The places of public amusement continue to fill—the Opera to suffocation; and although Grisi has been hoarse, and Tagliani lame, still the crowd continued.

Drury-lane has closed its career of legitimacy for the season; a list has been published of the new pieces produced, in which native talent, as it is called, cuts but a sorry figure. Amongst the novelties was Byron's old "Sardanapalus" Amongst the originals, "The Wedding Gown," and "The Soldier's Courtship" Amongst the legitimates, three melo-dramas, "St George and the Dragon" (acted by horses), "Prince Le Boo," and "Anster Fair" Amongst the natives, a translation from the French called "The Minister and the Mercer," and another French piece called "Secret Service,"—in both of which Farren was inimitable.

Covent-garden closed two nights after Drury-lane, leaving behind the pleasing recollections of "Mother Hubbard," "The Ferry and the Mill," and "Pleasant Dreams," as three splendid specimens of original genius; the rest of the *native* productions consisting of seven *translations* from the French And it is for this, that the Gog and Magog of the theatrical world are licensed, and privileged, and patented, and chartered!

The Haymarket, without pretension, (we wish we could say without puffing, for the quackery of the play-bills, disgusting at the other places, is not necessary there,) has commenced its season, and a Mr. Vanderhoff is the hon—he is the elephant of the Haymarket likely to rival him of the Zoological; he is a well-practised actor, and possesses a fine person; but his particular friends who choose to mention John Kemble's name just before they begin to talk of *him*, are injudicious. It is extremely unfair, although the practice is universal, to judge of actors by comparing them with others. It is one of the misfortunes of the profession that there seems to be no other mode of estimating theatrical talent; but it is the height of folly for mistaken partizans to institute such a proceeding themselves, and the folly is much more evident when they start by reminding us of John Kemble, before they laud Mr. Vanderhoff in "Coriolanus," a part which was Kemble's masterpiece.

If Kemble's name be never whispered, Mr. Vanderhoff will be attended to in that character. His impassioned hits are the best, and to those who have strength of constitution adequate to weeping and perspiring at the same time, his acting in the Haymarket, with the thermometer at a hundred and twenty, will be found extremely effective.

Farren has joined the Haymarket company, and will much more seasonably contribute his quota to the merriment of, tragedies for hot weather, in which that house rejoices, in the shape of light comedies and broad farces. "Hamlet," in the pea-season, is quite out of character.

Yates and his wife are hard at work delighting the audiences at the Surrey; and Abbot and Egerton have parted company at the Victoria. But that which just now excites curiosity and interest amongst the playgoers is the growing beauty and convenience of the new English Opera-House, which has risen most rapidly to a state of completion. The ceiling, which is beautiful, is finished, and all the other parts of the building nearly so. The shape and size of the theatre gives every prospect of advantage to the audience in the particulars of seeing and hearing; and the exertions of Mr. Beazley, the architect, in preparing the building seem to have been emulated by Mr. Arnold in getting ready the furniture.

He has stationed an agent at Portsmouth to seize Mrs. Wood the moment she arrives, and offer her such terms as she cannot refuse. We hope the success of this dramatic envoy may be more complete than that of Mr. Backhouse with Don Carlos at the same place. It is intended to produce our native vocalist in a new opera, to be called the "Bride's Band," which is to be represented on the 28th of next month. Phillips will have the principal character, and Mr. H. Russell is the composer of the music. There is a namesake of his, Mr. James Russell, who, we should think, from his musical abilities and the variety of his talent, would be a very valuable acquisition to Mr. Arnold's company.

Vauxhall is this year "flat, stale," and must eventually be "unprofitable." The affair of the North Pole is contemptible; and we only wonder that Captain Ross, who has exhibited much laudable endurance, can have lent his name as a sanction to such an absurdity.

UNSEEMLY EXHIBITION.—An event has recently occurred which we cannot but consider most disgraceful and disgusting. We allude to the proceedings which have taken place in the dissenting meeting-house called the Tabernacle, in Moorfields.

It appears that a Mr. Campbell has been for some years officiating at that place of worship; and, as it seems, giving satisfaction as a minister to almost all the congregation; the minority, however, were more active in their efforts against Mr. Campbell than the majority expected; and while the reverend gentleman was on a visit in Scotland, the trustees of the meeting-house prepared and executed a new trust-deed which included the names of certain individuals to whom Mr. Campbell had previously objected upon high and important grounds. This step produced a letter from Mr. Campbell, stating that, if what he had heard was true, and that this new trust-deed had been executed, he must resign his functions, and that when he came to town he would give them due notice of his intentions and his reasons for having decided upon that course, to which letter he received a reply from the trustees "accepting his unexpected resignation."

As Mr. Campbell's was only a conditional resignation, and as, in fact, he only mentioned his intention to resign at a future period if certain things were done, he naturally felt surprised and indignant that the gentlemen composing the new trust should have so abruptly taken him

at his word and thrown him overboard; and when he came to town, he resolved to try the question and proceed as usual to the meeting-house and take possession of the pulpit. On his arrival, however, at the proper hour at the place of worship, he found, to his astonishment and dismay, another individual in the rostrum. This proved to be a Rev. Mr. Mulley of Marksgate, who had been installed at least an hour before the usual time for the commencement of the service by the new trustees; they, with Mr. John Wilks, Member of Parliament for Boston, taking their station at the bottom of the pulpit stairs, having, as well as placing the minister in his position, also inducted the clerk into the reading-desk.

A gentleman of the name of Bateman was proceeding to the pulpit to serve Mr. Mulley with a written notice to quit, and to inform him that Mr. Campbell had arrived and was ready to do his duty, but was hindered from doing so—at this period the congregation had assembled, and Mr. Campbell made his appearance. He was immediately stopped by the trustees, and told, if he attempted to go up the pulpit stairs, they would give him into the custody of a police force, which was in attendance under the order of Mr. Wilks's son, who is an attorney, and two of his clerks, in the vestry-room. After some expostulation, Mr. Campbell of course yielded to superior force, retired, disrobed, and returned into the body of the chapel, where he took his seat.

Then began such a scene as seldom is presented to the public eye; the clerk endeavoured to give out the hymn; Mr. Mulley moved his mouth and worked his arms like a semaphore—but all in vain. The pious congregation, shocked at being deprived of their favourite, drowned the voices of both parson and clerk by a combination of yells and noises unheard since the days of the O. P. row at Covent Garden playhouse. "Down with Mulley!" resounded through the sacred building—groans and hisses and cries of shame pealed along its walls, in the midst of which the persecuted Mr. Campbell rose from his seat, and suffered himself to be led from the disgraceful scene of confusion by two of his friends.

Mr. Bateman then told the congregation they had better disperse quietly, and that if they did not do so, force would be resorted to to expel them. Upon this intimation, the greatest part of the assembly retired; but such was the uproar and confusion, that many of the females fainted from alarm and excitement.

It appears that Mr. Campbell intends to assert his claim to the pulpit legally, and that proceedings will immediately be instituted for that purpose; but, as a correspondent of ours observes, it is not unamusing to find the peace of one of the most numerous congregations in the metropolis irreverently disturbed by the exercise of a power which churchmen will be astonished to find adopted by a dissenting community, and that, too, by the Honorary Secretary of the Society for the Protection of *Religious Liberty*. It is not the first time that the words "Wilks and Liberty" have been most unmeaningly associated.

We hear, since writing this, that Mr. Campbell has been allowed to resume his functions.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols.

We are not sure whether Sir Egerton Brydges be not the father of modern English literature. Of this we are certain, that if he be not the very oldest of those who have acquired distinction in the republic of letters, he is the most venerable of existing writers. For more than half a century has the worthy baronet been before the literary world. It is true that his popularity has not borne the remotest proportion to his merits, but if his countrymen generally have not appreciated as they ought the genius and learning of Sir Egerton, he has had the satisfaction of knowing that among the comparatively few who admired his works, were numbered many of the most distinguished *literati* of modern times. Every man of true genius will always infinitely prefer the approbation of a few of his contemporaries, distinguished for their superiority and discernment, to the ignorant applause of the multitude. The circumstance of bearing up under the neglect of those who are called the "reading public" indicates a mind of no common order. Perhaps there never was a more striking instance of bold and resolute struggling against the tide of unpopularity, than is afforded us in the case of Sir Egerton Brydges. From the appearance of his first work, upwards of fifty years ago, down to the one which preceded the publication of the present volumes, his literary career has been one uninterrupted series of failures,—not certainly as respects the merits of his works, but as regards the reception which they have met with from the public. There is not one man out of a thousand who, in the face of such continued and withering neglect, could have continued to prosecute his literary labours as Sir Egerton has done. On him it seems not to have had the slightest effect. Volume has succeeded volume from his pen with as much rapidity as if his works, as they severally appeared, had been greeted with the loud and universal acclamations with which the novels of Sir Walter Scott or the poems of Lord Byron were received. The gods are said to regard a man struggling with adversity as the noblest spectacle under heaven: if there be intellectual, as the ancients supposed there were moral, Deities, with what admiration and delight must they have beheld the fortitude of mind with which Sir Egerton has borne up under his uninterrupted and accumulated literary adversities!

The causes which have led to the worthy baronet's continued failures would open up a field for speculation far too wide. Without, therefore, attempting to trace the causes, we must content ourselves with stating our opinion that they are beginning to be removed—in other words, we think we can clearly perceive indications that the works of Sir Egerton are about to become better known, and his genius to be better appreciated.

As a profound thinker and eloquent writer on questions of abstract literature, Sir Egerton has no superior at this moment. The present volumes abound with proofs of this. Indeed, were it not for the genealogical details and contemporary sketches with which the author's speculations are interwoven, we would pronounce them one unbroken chain of the most strikingly original thoughts expressed in the most glowing language. And even in those instances—not few in number—where we differ from the sentiments of the writer, we feel ourselves equally constrained to admire the brilliancy of his ideas, and the purity and eloquence of his style.

Sir Egerton's Autobiography is not so much a personal as a mental history of the author; and on this account it is doubly valuable. The worthy baronet's personal biography has nothing in it which can be said to be out of the beaten track. It is such as we every day meet with in books, and in the daily walks of life. It is far otherwise with his mental

biography. His is a mind of a superior order, and it is at once an instructive and interesting occupation to trace the versatility and eccentricities of that mind in its unceasing activity and varied operations.

We never knew a more candid autobiographer than Sir Egerton Brydges. It is the besetting sin of most men, and especially of literary men, that while their vision is so acute in detecting the failings of others, they are blind to their own—not so with the author of this work. Of his infirmities of temper, which are great and manifold, he is quite sensible, and often does he speak of and lament them in the course of his Autobiography. His allusions to his morbid sensitiveness are often touchingly interesting. Nor is Sir Egerton at all sparing of himself in reference to the errors of conduct which, as to error is human, he has committed in the course of his long and chequered life—many of his statements and remarks on this point are full of instruction.

We believe there never existed a more passionate lover of literature than Sir Egerton Brydges. Literary exercise is necessary to his very being. His thirst for information was covetous with the earliest developments of his mind, and instead of diminishing as he advanced into the vale of years, has gone on increasing to the present moment. Literature may be said to be Sir Egerton's native element. With the exception of six or seven hours out of the twenty-four which he devotes to sleep and one or two for physical exercise, his entire time is spent in reading or writing. It is a tendency of his nature which can not be resisted, were it to be so, it would prove fatal to his mind if not to his body also. Sir Egerton neither seeks nor seeks society. His own thoughts, which to most men are but another name for solitude, are the most attractive society to which he can be introduced. He is indeed in a great measure shut up in a world of his own. Whatever information he receives of what is passing in the universe around him, he derives through the loop-holes of his retreat amidst the lakes of Geneva. He never had been confined forty-five years in the Bastille found himself in misery when he regained his liberty and was allowed to mix with the world. The streets of Paris were a perfect desert to him, and he prayed for the greatest boon that could be conferred upon him, to be thrown up in his dark and narrow dungeon. The ease is precisely similar with Sir Egerton Brydges. A love of solitude was constitutional with him, and his constitutional tendencies in this respect have like all other tendencies grown so much by influence that to force him again into society would be to him what banishment to some spot of the earth untroubled by human foot would be to the rest of mankind.

Sir Egerton's rank in the social as well as in the literary world, brought him of necessity in the earlier part of his life, into occasional contact with the most distinguished men of the latter part of the last century. His reminiscences of these persons are truly charming *morceaux*, and they are happily scattered throughout the work with no sparing hand. His estimate of the characters of his contemporaries is in the main correct, but even where it is erroneous there is something so original in his views, and racy in his manners, that the reader cannot fail to be pleased.

But the parts of the work with which we are most delighted, are those which contain Sir Egerton's opinion respecting genius—enthusiasm—imagination—eloquence—morit, &c. On these topics, which are but other names for the constitution of his own intellectual nature, he pours forth from the overflowing fountain of his mind a stream of the richest and most brilliant thoughts, clothed in the choicest language—thoughts and language to which we know of few parallels, except in those charming sonnets of his own, which Wordsworth with justice says are unequalled, either in point of originality or beauty, in modern literature. There are several sonnets in the volumes before us; were it not that it would, in appearance at least, have somewhat marred the continuity of the work, we could have wished there had been many more.

The peculiar characteristics of Sir Egerton's mind are visible in every page of his *Autobiography*, but none of his mental qualities are so strongly marked as the melancholy with which he is tinged. This melancholy temperament is partly constitutional, and partly produced by the numerous and grievous disappointments he has experienced. His sensitiveness to the disappointments and wrongs—for there has been no want of the latter also—which have been so largely mixed up in his cup of life, has led Sir Egerton to bring these matters too frequently and too prominently forward in the volumes before us, we look on this as one of the greatest faults of the work.

Another is that, in some instances, his animadversions on the merits of his more successful contemporaries are too severe. It is right, however, to say, that in no case, so far as we can perceive, does Sir Egerton depreciate their merits from the unworthy but too common feeling, especially among authors, of mortification at their being more fortunate than himself. So far from this, he is often forward to do all justice, and often, indeed, does more than justice to contemporaries who have been much more successful in their career as authors, though very inferior in merit. Whenever he is unduly severe, his severity does not arise from any considerations of literary ill will, if there be propriety in the expression, but solely from their works not coming up to some criterion of excellence which he has formed for himself.

Occasionally we meet with a repetition of the same sentiment, but even when we do, we hardly regret it, for it is sure to be expressed in different language, and that of the most beautiful kind. The instances in which repetitions do occur are amazingly few when we recollect that Sir Egerton never studies what he is going to say, but invariably writes from the impulse of the moment, and never corrects what he has written.

These are the only faults in the work before us. And what are they to its merits, though we have thought it right to point them out.

Sir Egerton has been accused of feeling unduly sore at the indifferent reception which his works have met with from the public. We could have wished he had felt less acutely on this subject, or that it was not to be expected in a man of his excessively morbid temperament, that his judgment had so far controlled his sentiments as to have prevented his expressing himself so frequently and so bitterly on the subject as he has done. While we say this, however, it is right to add that we do not at all wonder if Sir Egerton's sorrows on account of the neglect with which he has been treated by the public, when, in addition to his own consciousness of having deserved a better reception, he recollects the high eulogiums which have been so profusely showered upon him by Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Lockhart, and, indeed, by almost all the distinguished *literati* of the present century.

It is to be hoped, and, indeed, as already hinted we are persuaded, that one effect of the present volumes will be to direct public attention far more generally than it has been to the other works of the author. We are quite sensible that many of them have no chance of becoming popular, whatever means may be adopted to bring them into notice. In many instances, the subjects are unhappy, and the execution is not at all what it ought to be. On the other hand, however, we are equally satisfied that there are others of his works which, were they only known, could not fail to become among the most popular of modern times.

Of the present volumes, it is hardly necessary we should say aught in addition to the opinion we have already expressed. We look on Sir Egerton's *Autobiography* as altogether a most curious and interesting, as well as a clever work. It unfolds to us the workings of a very eccentric, but very superior and highly-cultivated mind. Pope has told us, that the proper study of mankind is man. Sir Egerton Blyden has adopted the suggestion of the poet, and made himself the principal subject of his study. The

fruits of that study are before us. The author has acquired a correct knowledge of himself, and he has communicated that knowledge so faithfully and minutely to his readers, that, with ordinary attention, they may know as much of his mental organization, and of his habits of life, as he himself does. For our own parts, we hesitate not to say that we have not derived so much pleasure from any work which has been published for sometime past, as from this *Autobiography of Sir Egeiton Brydges*; and we are confident that it will be read with equal interest and pleasure by all into whose hands it chances to fall.

Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. Jameson. 4 vols.

Thus, if not the golden age, may surely be termed the intellectual age of woman. It is with proud and gratified feelings we enumerate those who, within a few months, have sent forth prose works of striking merit and great interest. Miss Edgeworth, so deservedly valued by those of the past and those of the present time,—Mrs. Hofland, the gentle, the wise, the kind mountess,—Miss Porter, recording the fine chivalrous spirit of other days,—Miss Landon, whose gay and brilliant pen glances like an arrow, and dazzles like a sun-beam,—the polished intellect and sound sense of Mrs. Austin,—the keen and pointed intelligence of Mrs. Gore,—the sublime and dignified knowledge of Mrs. Somerville,—the unostentatious piety of the author of "*Olympia Morata*,"—the popularity achieved by "*The Buccaneer*,"—the playful, yet most pleasant cottage records of Miss Mitford,—and, though last, not least, the accomplished author of the volumes now before us. We are called to pronounce upon this production, which has been long looked for, both in public and private, with much anxiety. Rarely has a work been more admired, or more sought after, than "*The Diary of an Ennuyée*;" and the general opinion at the time of its appearance was, that it could not have been written by a woman. The writer, however, has since done better things, and we do not hesitate to say that her "*Characteristics of Women*" will live as long as there remains a love of virtue or truth in our native country.

Mrs. Jameson possesses not only a refined, but an analyzing mind: she tastes of the spirit that floats on the top of her golden cup, and then she analyzes the dregs—sometimes hastily—*too* hastily—but still, perhaps, more accurately than any with whom we are acquainted. Her mind is a remarkable and valuable blending of philosophy and feeling, uniting masculine strength with feminine delicacy—yet, in our opinion, sometimes drawing wrong conclusions, not from an incapacity to do justice, but from an eagerness to do it quickly. We must, however, leave art and artists to fight their own battles as they think fit: and as there must be at least two opinions on every subject, many will, of course, agree with Mrs. Jameson. The first two volumes contain "*Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character*;" a beautiful Essay on Mrs. Siddons; and an Analysis of Fanny Kemble's *Juliet*. Happily for Mrs. Jameson, and for the world in general, she is not one who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say "it is all barren." She has a love and a knowledge of art, which is the lot of but few; she has a quick ear, combined with a rich feeling of both melody and harmony: she has read much, and thought much—but kindly and like a woman, that is, she is merciful and gentle-minded in all she writes; and her book is rich in those eloquent thoughts that spring from a warm and cultivated imagination.

The two other volumes contain some of her republished *Tales and Sketches*, together with the "*Diary of an Ennuyée*," which has been a long time out of print. It is impossible for any work to be presented to the public in a more neat or elegant form. And we are sure they will be valued most truly by all possessed of a desire to improve, or have their taste directed to what is bright and beautiful in many lands.

Philip Van Artevelde. A Dramatic Romance, in Two Parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq.

This is a book of very remarkable intellectual power—more remarkable in that respect, we should say, than any poetical production that has enriched our time. To all those with whom poetry is less of a merely “moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy only, the affections, or the passions, than it is a great exercise and discipline of reason, an exposition of reflective truths in all their pomp of symbols and associations, or of the living, moving, and indestructible action of those faculties and propensities which are at once the glory and the consummation of our nature, Philip Van Artevelde will be a rich possession. Nor are these its only characteristics. The means employed for their development take a high and fitting place beside them. Mr Taylor’s pen has the true graphic and dramatic power—that which puts action, into feeling, and feeling into action, and carries itself as irresistibly to the eye as to the heart of the reader. With all this he has simplicity and earnestness, and can write in the old, modest style. In fact he has subject matter, and the power to treat it—a mystery *over* his subject as well as *in* it. Hence the various sustainment of his style, adding itself finally to no single class of individuals or passions, but various in its appeal as the workings of the intellect are, or as are the events of life and history. “A foot, an eye, a hand from nature drawn, says the poet, is worth a history. True, but can we manage both? Can we rightly proportion these into figures, group them, infuse them with life, and set them into bustling and mighty scenes to change with the changes of the world? To a certain extent Mr Taylor has done this in the pages of “Philip Van Artevelde” and the result is a little “history” of intellect and action from which the reader is not likely to relapse into mere visions or dreams or egotism or into the indulgence of lazy, self-involved sympathies. To restore such objects to poetry at such a time as this is a truly noble and honorable effort. We hail this new author—a man of undoubted genius—accordingly, and beg to present him our best thanks and our best wishes. We should have been glad to enrich this page with some extracts from his volumes, but we will not do them such injustice as to drag them from the connexion they so exquisitely preserve in the actual or philosophical progress of the story without the means of supplying that at present by detailed description. At another time, however, we may have some opportunity of adverting to it in more worthy fashion, and of that we shall certainly avail ourselves.

History of New South Wales, both as a Penal Settlement and as a British Colony. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., Principal of the Australian College, Sydney. 2 vols.

The colony of New South Wales has of late years excited unusual interest, in consequence of the tide of emigration having, in a great measure, set in in that direction. The extent of our information, however, respecting the real condition and resources of the colony has been hitherto very limited; and thousands of those who quitted this country to settle there, could, at best, be only said to be taking a leap in the dark. This need no longer be the case; if it be, emigrants will have themselves to blame, for in the volumes before us we have a most ample and minute account of New South Wales. We have never, indeed, seen a more complete or valuable work of the kind. We cannot conceive of anything further that Dr Lang has left us to desire. If his long residence in the colony, and the office which he held there, put the means of full and accurate information within his reach, he certainly has availed himself of his peculiar advantages with the greatest judgment, and turned them to the best account. The person who reads his work with attention may form almost as good an idea of the climate, the soil, the capabilities of the country, and of its moral, its social, and political

condition, as if he had spent a "seven years' residence in it. We had previously read a good deal respecting New South Wales, yet our information on the subject was not only limited but incorrect. In fact, until the appearance of Dr Lang's volumes, there was no work on the subject which was worth perusing. The only blemish we can discover in the work is that the author is sometimes unduly severe when speaking of men of whose conduct he disapproves. We could have wished that he had contented himself with simply condemning the improper actions, and not giving his observations the appearance of personality. We wish it to be understood, however, that we concur with the author, in almost every instance, in the condemnatory opinions he expresses. We only differ with him in some instances as to the manner in which his disapprobation is expressed. The work, we repeat, is one of great value. It is a plate with the most interesting information, and cannot fail to become a standard book for many years to come. It is particularly deserving the attention of our legislators. A new colony in South Australia is about to be formed with the sanction of Parliament. Dr Lang's work will furnish the noblemen and gentlemen with whom the project originates with many useful hints as to the way in which they ought to proceed, if they would avoid the errors into which other founders of colonies have fallen.

Report of the State of Public Instruction in Prussia. Translated by Sarah Austin. 1 vol.

It would be absurd, at this period, to attempt an argument as to whether it is or is not a matter of state or moral usefulness to educate the lower classes of society. Knowledge, hitherto mingled and spurious, but still knowledge—and a thirst after information, is so widely diffused through the country, that the question only arises as to the best method of supplying the want created by circumstances over which we can have no control. It is very extraordinary that England—so proud of her acquirements, holding the reins of power within her hands—possessing universities which, however incapable, in the present day, of sending forth men calculated either to stem or direct the current of popular opinion, were, in gone-by years, looked upon as miracles of wisdom and strength,—it is most strange that, with all these advantages, England should possess no national system of education, that its schools, whether public or private, male or female, should remain the worst arranged of all seminaries, conducted, in nine cases out of ten, by incompetent professors, and that a youth fresh from even Oxford or Cambridge may have attained the highest "honours" of his university, and yet be in total and painful ignorance of the necessary information that teaches the geographical division of the earth, and, above all, the philosophical discoveries and political events of the last fifty or five-and-twenty years, either in his own or other lands.

An Englishman, particularly one of what is called the middling class of society, can never fully appreciate his own ignorance until he has seen the quantity of information possessed, more especially as to the every-day, as well as the scientific, business of life by his Prussian and German neighbours, and we trust that the time is fast approaching when a proper system of national education, fitted for all classes, and yet in no degree removing any class from its own particular sphere, may be adopted throughout a kingdom which, if not provided with healthful, will most certainly furnish itself with poisonous, food. We would most earnestly direct the attention of the Legislature to the erection and direction of national education,—not the nomination of titled professors, or the building of magnificent houses, but the furnishing cheap and wholesome diet for the minds of the lower, middle, ay, and upper classes of society. We would especially wish to direct their attention to M. Cousin's report, so ably and correctly translated by Mrs. Austin.

Containing, as it certainly does, much that is inimical to the habits and

practice of our country, it is, nevertheless, full of information, and, if we may be permitted the term, *ideas*, as well as facts, all illustrating its great object, and all working together with a unity of purpose and a simplicity of design which we most highly venerate and admire.

Mrs Austin has not translated the Report of Education in Royal and Ducal Saxony, because she wished to present the English reader with a cheap volume, and because she omitted to notice the *secondary* mode of instruction, so that, to prevent confusion, and by M. Cousin's entire approbation, she has confined herself exclusively to the primary—namely, “That education which is absolutely necessary to the moral and intellectual well being of the mass of the people.” This wise and judicious arrangement renders the volume doubly valuable, as it is now capable of being appreciated by all ranks, and there is quite enough translated, not only to set people thinking, but to direct their thoughts.

The Report is introduced by a sound and beautiful preface, in admirable taste, and able to steer its own course without our aid. Although there are one or two points upon which we differ from the admirably July, whose power is steeped in strength. She intimates that, constituted as is our government, it would be contrary to reason and expedient to expect it to *originate* any great changes. We then that experience holds forth but few examples of a government originating change, but we hold that it would be most accordant with reason, particularly the reason of the present times, that our government should step boldly forward and originate a plan for the diffusion of education throughout the United Kingdom.

This would testify to the people that Government desired both their liberty and their happiness. We wish that they may prove it, and it would be most reasonable that they should. But we do not believe they will. If they do not, the public mind will stir the public spirit, and in this country, now, as Mrs Austin justly observes, “when the press is hotter, the strife keener, the invention more remarkable, the wants and wishes more stimulated by an atmosphere of luxury than perhaps in any country since the world began, something must be done, both well and quickly, to minister proper food to those who need.” It is a case in which the Legislature can interfere without any danger of being taxed with a desire to subject us to the tyranny of military government. As to the right of the State to interpose to rescue children from dangerous influences it has been twice formally recognized and proclaimed in the Court of Chancery—and that within our own time.

We could say much more upon this important subject, to which we will hereafter recur. In the meantime, we earnestly recommend the volume to our readers, and cannot sufficiently express our admiration of the talent, the wisdom, and excellent feeling displayed by Mrs Austin in her preface and translation. She is a lady whom we much honour, one of whom England ought to be most justly proud, whose rational and unaffected sense will yield a lasting benefit, when the light theories of Miss Martineau are forgotten, or spoken of as matters of amusement, not of practice.

We have just seen “An Outline of National Education, published by Cochrane and M’Crone; and though it is good in many parts, it is feeble as a whole; yet we welcome it as one of the heralds of intellectual good which we hope will shortly appear amongst us.

Colburn’s Modern Novelists —Highways and Byways. By T. C. Grattan, Esq. Concluding Series.

To look back upon the mass of novels produced in England during the last fifteen years, one would imagine that the introduction of phrenology into this country had been followed by an amazing increase of the imaginative organs. The truth is that the frogs panted to expand into oxen, and

all the misses and masters who could pen a letter indifferently well, believed they could write a novel. Books, during this period, have been printed, published, and wonderful to relate, read! Enormous prices were paid, even for indifferent publications, and authors thought that because much gold was given for books that it was the *golden age* of literary England! Things could not go on at this rate: the very nursery maids turned up their noses at the cluttered shelves of the circulating libraries, and it became evident to publishers that they were playing a losing game; they saw that a few, and only a few, authors could possess sufficient hold over the public mind to gratify the taste which grew by what it fed on, and now disdained all common food.

Thus it is that only works of real value are read, much less sold in a sufficient quantity to pay the expense of paper and printing. Mr. Grattan, a man of observation, good temper, and correct taste, has held a high place in past, and well maintains his ground in present times; he has the advantage of having travelled and seen the scenes he describes—seen them, also, under auspicious circumstances, and recorded all with a happy blending of feeling and judgment. His “Highways and Byways,” which forms the present series, is already advantageously known on the European and American continents: so much so, that we have little more to say to those who desire to possess or to complete a set of his works,—than that they can have this, the concluding series, for the small sum of twelve shillings! So much for literature, cheap and good.

Lays for the Dead. By Amelia Opie.

The name of Amelia Opie acts as a talisman upon our memory; it calls back the time when we read her “Simple Tales,” and wept over her “Father and Daughter,”—when we repeated her verses, and treasured her books under our pillows. Yet here she is tuning her harp to sweetest melody, though to a mournful story—one to which there is a chord to respond in every heart; for who is there that cannot number amid the dead those whom long they loved? This alone, without Mrs. Opie’s name, would ensure popularity for this beautiful little volume. Those who can enjoy and cultivate the best affections of the head and heart will often turn over these simple pages, and pay the tribute of their admiration by their tears.

We have heard that the Standard Novels, so long in publication, are nearly concluded; and we have been looking in vain for the name of Opie amongst those celebrated women whose works have already appeared in the series. Why was this? and why were her tales, so excellent in moral, so charming in execution, omitted? No female library can be considered complete without her works. We have felt the days of our youth return when we again saw her name before us.

Brother Tragedians. By Isabel Hill. 3 vols.

Miss Hill is already advantageously known to the public as the author of many entertaining and clever papers both in prose and verse: and we remember also, her having written a play possessing power and talent. “Brother Tragedians” is a work of considerable and varied incident, novel in its construction, and totally free from the affectations of modern fashionable novels. The two principal characters are drawn with a degree of force and spirit not often surpassed, and the interest, wherever they are concerned, is well carried forward and sustained. The scene is laid in Germany, but has no more to do with Germany than with the moon; and this is, with us, a grievous fault, as it is evident that the actions and prejudices are all English, and that the assumption of German names was a little *ruse* to avoid personality. The sketching throughout is light and animated, varied and piquant; and there are many observations that could only have proceeded from one who had both thought upon and felt the changes and chances of life.

There are certain small blemishes of style, little stones, as it were, that trip up the harmony of expression, abrupt terminations that ride rough shod through the volumes, which we are sure Miss Hill's good taste will teach her to avoid in future publications. Where we have so much to praise, it would be dishonest not to blame, and we may be excused for so doing, where we have so often expressed unqualified approbation. There is, at times, a vein of keen, clear, and yet neither unfeminine, or what is termed bitter, sarcasm running through Miss Hill's productions, which is as valuable as it is uncommon and whose lessons we consider extremely useful. We always remember one particular story she published in "The Forget-me-Not" as a perfect specimen of this style of composition. To those who would be initiated into much that passes in that little world, the theatre, "Brother Travellers" will be a sort of tell-tale like all tell-tales, conveying a due portion of truth and invention, but nathless well worth the trouble of a careful perusal.

Gleanings in Natural History. By Ed. Jesse, Esq. Second Series.

We remember every incident in the first series of this excellent author, and although the present is not either so novel or so varied it is a treasure-house of much that is good. Mr. Jesse has looked upon nature rather with the eye of a Christian than a philosopher, or to speak more truly he has combined the two characters into a pleasing and instructive whole. His observations are always just because they are always natural. This volume also contains some extracts from Mr. White's unpublished MSS. and all who possess (and who does not) the "Natural History of Selborne" must add Mr. Jesse's book to his collection to end a the interesting subject complete. We regret exceedingly that we cannot extract any of the anecdotes or portions of the delightful observations touching the migration of eels. We also regret that Mr. Jesse affirms that he will glean no more, we think that with his mind he can hardly retum—the field of nature is not half gleaned yet. We look forward to a richer collection by and by.

LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. St. John, author of "Egypt and Mohammed Ali" is now preparing a work of fiction illustrative of Oriental Manners entitled "Tales of the Rancidun."

The Aves of Aristophanes with English Notes, from the Original partly selected from the best Annotators and the Scholia, by H. P. Crookesley, B. A. Trin. Coll. Camb. is nearly ready and will form an octavo volume.

A Treatise on Primary Geology, being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical of the Older Formations. By Henry S. Boyd, M.D. Secretary to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall will shortly appear.

The New Forest, by the popular author of "Brambletye House," forms the July Number of the Series of cheap and sterling Works of Fiction, entitled "The Modern Novelists."

Dacre a Novel, edited by the Countess of Morley will shortly be published.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Deontology, or, the Science of Morality, by Jeremy Bentham, edited by John Bowring 2 vols 8vo 15s

The Picture of Scotland, by Robert Cham-

bers 31 edit with additions 2 vols 12mo 16s 6d 1 vol 12mo 10s

Cunningham's Life and Works of Burns, Vol. V 12mo 7s

Dixit Providence or the Three Cycles of Revelation, by the Rev. G. Croly, F. R. S. 8vo 10s

Public Record Commission. Sir F. Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs &c. (ch.) Vol. II 8s

Dictionary of Geography Ancient and Modern by Joseph Corder 12mo 12s

Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology by P. M. R. get M.D. 2 vols 8vo 11s being the 5th of the Bridgewater Treatises 1/ 10s

Israel's Curiosities of Literature, Vol. IV. 12mo 3s

African Sketches, by Thomas Pringle, fcp. 8vo 10s (d)

Willcock's Flora Picta, with coloured Plates 24mo 5s cloth, 6s silk; 6s 6d roan; 7s 6d morocco

The Entomological Cabinet being a Natural History of British Insects by George S. mouelle, A. L. S. 2 vols fcp. 8vo 3l.

The Captives in India, a Tale, and a Widow and a Will, by Mrs Hofland, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s 6d.

Description of the Burmese Empire, by Sangermano, translated by W. Tandy, D.D. 4to. 16s

Moors Oriental Fragments 8vo 10s 6d

Philip van Artevelde, a Dramatic Romance, by Henry Taylor 2 vols fcp 8vo 10s

Tutti Frutti, by the Author of "The Tour of a German Prince" 2 vols post 8vo 16s

Faust Papers, or Critical Remarks on Goethe's Faust, and its English Translations, by Dr W H Koller, small 8vo 6s

A Dictionary Practical, Theoretical and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation by J R McCulloch 2d edit considerably enlarged in one large vol 8vo 27 10s

Treatise on Arithmetic Theoretical and Practical, by Dr Lardner forming Vol I of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, small 8vo 6s

Opie's (Mrs) Lays for the Dead fcp 8vo 5s

London at Night, and other Poems, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley Post 8vo 5s

Brother Tragedians; a novel, by Isabella Hill, 3 vols. post 8vo 17 11s 6d

Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second, from 1621 to 1700, by John Dunlop 2 vols 8vo. 26s

Physiognomy founded on Phylology, by Alexander Walker Post 8vo. 14s half calf

Outline of a System of National Education, fcp 8vo 7s 6d

Ave ha, the Maid of Kars, by the author of "Zohrab" 3 vols post 8vo 17 11s 6d

The Poetical Works of Anne Radcliffe 2 vols post 8vo 12s

Hawkins's (Thomas) Memoirs of the Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, extinct Monsters of the ancient Earth Imp folio, 27 10s

A Series of 56 Fittings of Architectural Sketches, by John Coney 4to 12s

Lives of the Necromancers, by Wm Godwin 8vo 14s

Family Library, Vols XLIII and XLIV. Universal History Vols III, and IV 5s

A Summer's Tour through Belgium up the Rhine, and to the Lakes of Switzerland 12mo. 5s 6d

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS

The Princess Victoria. Painted by R Westall, R A ; Engraved by Finden

THIS is, we believe, a good likeness of the most interesting personage in Great Britain; and, except a little affectation, which we trust we may attribute to the painter, it is a pleasing and effective picture. The engraving is altogether excellent—the style is highly finished—perhaps too much so, but the work does credit to the engraver, and sustains his high reputation.

England and Wales. From the Drawings of M. W. Turner, R.A.

THIS is a truly national work—one that ought to be exceedingly popular; for, both in design and execution, it is of univalled excellence, and marvellously cheap, even in these cheap times, when the application of the burn to steel has brought art within the reach of persons whose means are limited. Turner is said to be more fanciful than true; but here, at least, he seems to have reined in his Pegasus; for our own acquaintance with many of the scenes he has painted enables us to bear testimony to his accuracy. The work is produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath: there is no one more competent to render justice to such a subject.

The Gentle Student. Engraved by S. Sangster; from a Painting by G S. Newton.

A small print after this picture has already appeared in one of the Annuals; we are glad to see it engraved on a larger scale. Mr. Sangster has performed his task with very great ability. It is a beautiful print, and will form a worthy companion to those of the "Dutch Girl" and the "English Girl," both so deservedly popular.

[His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint George Jones, Esq., R.A., to the office of Librarian to the Royal Academy of Arts, in the room of Thomas Stothard, R.A., deceased.]

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

It is very fit and proper that the critic's functions should be suspended on "benefit nights," and that the actors should then, at least, be left to their "own sweet will." They have got together a party of private friends—let them amuse them as they may. Let Braham act Hamlet, or Macready sing Artaxerxes! We should even then try, and if we could, be silent. The past, therefore, has been a month of license at these theatres, varied only by the occasional acting of a new piece called *Secret Service*, a new farce of *Pleasant Dreams*, the late revival of the second part of *Henry the Fourth*, and the production of two new ballets—*Cinderella*, the pleasant old fireside story, is the subject of one, the *Fair Sicilian*, or the *Conquered Coquette*, the name of the other. Both have been gorgeously "got up," but in both Mademoiselle Noblet is the chief attraction. She is very delightful. As the Prince in the old time said *Non parlo e dico gran cosa*. She speaks not, but she says many fine things. *Secret Service* was a very beautiful drama, cordial and characteristic. Mr. Follen played the Cuvé of the old régime, and nothing could be conceived more perfect than its humour, its simplicity, its pathos. *Pleasant Dreams*, a farce by that very pleasant writer Mr. Charles Dimec, restored to us the veteran Liston, whose humour is side shaking still, and will be long, we trust, before it turns into the stuff the farce is made of. The greatest treat of all, however and perhaps the most effective revival of the season, was that of the second part of *Henry the Fourth*. We make no allusion to the coronation and festival scenes tacked on to it, and now playing to empty benches at Covent-Garden—more contemptible even than disgraceful. We speak of Shakspeare's play, and the actors who sustained it. Follen's Justice Shallow is perfect. Blincheard's Silence well nigh so. Downton's Falstaff is the best we can get on the stage; Harley's Pistol is humorous. Webster's B. Rudolph not less so, and for Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Quickly, we think it as real and genuine as the "heavenly ground she treads upon." Mr. Macready's Henry the Fourth is—relatively to the subject its interest, and its passion—one of the noblest pieces of acting that the modern stage has witnessed. The address to Sleep is perfect—the various pathos of the scene that ensues, affecting to the last degree, and touched with the most exquisite and expressive colouring of domestic beauty—the interview with his son Henry truly grand, in its weakness, in its despairing strength, in its heart-struck agony, in its half-reconciled love, and in its struggle of the father's throes of affection with the heavy and reluctant pangs of the Monarch's fast dying power.

The address, usual at the termination of a season, was not delivered at Drury-lane, but is reserved, we understand, for the closing of the "after season" at Covent-garden—a project, by-the-by, very disgraceful, and, we are happy to add, far from successful. A few more days will put an end to it, when we shall be curious to hear how Mr. Bunn winds up his account with the public and the lovers of the drama.

HAYMARKET.

This pleasant theatre has opened for the season with every prospect of success—with a little opera by Buckstone and Bishop, with a pleasing drama by Mr. Planché, the promise of a comedy from Mr. Jerrold, and the restoration of far-famed *Uncle Fozzle*. All of which, without offence, we prefer to tragedies in hot weather, on all accounts, real and accidental. We like to hear the unbought applause of loud and involuntary laughter; and we do not like to hear the perpetual nervous straining of the sticks and the hands of Mr. Vandenhuff's admirers. We shall not speak of this gentleman's acting in our present Number, lest we do him an injustice. We are sincerely anxious not to do this, for many reasons. When he has played Hamlet,

Penruddock, and other characters we observe announced, we shall have had an opportunity of judging how far his own merits or demerits, the injudicious praising of his friends or our own prejudices, have to do with the judgment we entertain of his *Comolanus*. We confess it to be anything but favourable. We think he played "a part that he should blush in acting," for he never once reminded us of the mould of *Marcus*. Next month, however, we shall write at some length of this gentleman's performances. Meanwhile, let us exhort Mr. Morris to the production of light Haymarket comedies, as many and as fresh as possible. With his company, and such men as Jerrold, Dance, and others we hear of, to write for him, his game is very sure, if he plays it well.

VICTORIA.

So is that of Mr. Abbott, on whom the sole management and lesseeship of this theatre has now devolved. He has reopened it—after embellishments of great taste, elegance, and comfort—with a very admirable company. Mrs. Waylett, the very charming singer of ballads, Mrs. Oiger, the most cordial of comic actresses, and the incomparable Easton, "something *more* than ordinary," are among his phalanx of reinforcements. Nor have any of these dispossessed the old favourites,—we retain them all. That such efforts as these will prove successful we cannot entertain a doubt. Nor does Mr. Abbott seem disposed to confine them within any limited sphere. He has announced a tragedy in five acts from the pen of the accomplished Miss Mitford, and on a subject of deep and universal interest.—We have been reminded, by-the-by, of an omission we made last month in failing to notice a praiseworthy effort made in this theatre, now about to attach to itself another of the few living writers worthy of the older and better day, to distinguish itself also by the revival of an English play of that old time, the *Unnatural Combat* of Massinger. We owe it to the good taste and knowledge of Mr. Elton, the actor, to repair this omission. This gentleman adapted the play with great care—and, in his own acting, gave us a vigorous conception of the unrestrainable force of its hero's passion, of his lust and thirst after unrighteousness. One grievous defect in the adaptation, however, we must notice: it was soon apparent, and was, we suppose, inevitable. The main passion of the original is of too terrible and tremendous a nature for presentation on a modern stage. Mr. Elton had supplied its place with one of a more ordinary kind. In doing thus, he forgot a most important matter. The swelling grandeur of the phrases in which the old passion had been fitly clothed bore down the new. It fairly reeled and staggered under them. The speeches, in fact, left to their own support, the ground of a great passion cut from under them, were mere bravura speeches. They imposed on us for a time; but we recovered very soon, and in impatience at the deception. Where this objection was not felt, the play was masterly and powerful. The whole of the first act, for instance, was free from it, and the result was as striking an effect of interest and complete dramatic construction as we remember to have ever experienced. The artful accusations of the father against the son, the gloomy purpose and mysterious threatenings of the son against the father, filled and oppressed the stage with a weight of subdued yet fearful passion. The unnatural meeting, the parley before the fight, the desperate and deadly hatred of the father, the fate-struck resolution yet filial yearnings of the son—their combat, fiercely begun at the mention of a mother's name, and fatally ended for the poor youth—kept us in continual excitement, and in submission to a master's power, till the act drop fell.

[“The Buccaneer,” dramatized by the author, from the popular novel under that title, is, we understand, shortly to be performed at the Victoria Theatre. To those who have read the novel, its highly dramatic qualities, and the exceeding fitness of its story for the stage, are already familiar.]

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW LAW OF COMBUSTION

Dr WILLIAMS read a Paper on a new law of combustion. After illustrating, by experiment, the position, that combustion is a phenomenon accompanying strong chemical action of various kinds, and that it may be taken generally as an index of the intensity and rapidity of this action, Dr Williams proceeded to classify the various degrees. Beginning with the perfect and ultimate combustion of simple bodies and descending a scale of other kinds, in which either the strength of pre-existing affinities, or the less perfect permanency or simplicity of the products impart, in various degrees the intensity of the action and the vividity of the phenomena, he came to the lowest degree of chemical action attended by the phenomena of combustion, that namely, in which the elevation of the temperature is insufficient to develop the full affinities of the ultimate elements for each other, or insufficient to resolve entirely the pre-existing proximate affinities. The low combustion of phosphorus at ordinary temperatures of sulphur when thrown on coals nearly extinguished and of ether or other inflammable vapours by and on platinum wire cooled below redness, are the only hitherto known examples of this kind of combustion; but Dr Williams announced that he had found it to be very general amongst all combustible bodies that it constitutes as much a law as any of those modes of combustion with which we are already familiar. By darkening the room Dr Williams was able to exhibit the phenomena of this low combustion. A number of combustible matters as wax, cocoa oil, spermaceti, tallow &c were dropped on a plate or in a vessel heated below redness, and they immediately gave out a pale luminous flame quite distinct in character from their ordinary mode of combustion. It had previously been observed that boiling tallow is luminous in the dark, but this had been generally classed as a phenomenon of phosphorescence like that of fluor spar and other minerals which when heated give out light without sustaining any known change in their chemical condition. Dr Williams proved this opinion to be incorrect by showing that the low lights could not be produced in inflammable bodies without the access of oxygen and that when it was developed by heat them in the air it would be immediately extinguished by immersing them in carbonic acid gas. The same substances at the temperature causing the pale lights visible only in a dark room on being immersed in oxygen gas burst out into open vivid combustion. It would therefore no longer be doubted that this was a form of combustion and the lecturer said that in some substances as tallow and fine paper, he had found it to commence at a temperature below 500°. Amongst every one of the substances usually considered combustible metals among the number, may be made to exhibit it at a temperature very near the melting point. Potassium is subject to it at ordinary temperatures being luminous in the dark whenever it is cut or rubbed and when heated by aid of a moderate heat, consumes away with a faint light. The light of this form of combustion differs from ordinary low ignition in being destitute of red light and Dr Williams, discussing Sir H Davy's supposition, that the low light of phosphorus consisted of an attenuated state of high white heat, called the attention of his hearers to a pale degree of incandescence below red heat, which had escaped the observation of philosophers, and which he believes to be the cause of the phenomenon of low combustion, just as white and red heat are concerned in the formation of ordinary flame. The products of the low combustion of vegetable and animal matters, viz acetic acid ammonia, &c were next pointed out, as proving this process to be a link between combustion and fermentation or putrefaction, as it combines the phenomena of the first with the products of the two latter operations. He adverted to this part of the subject as worthy of further investigation, for

it could not be doubted that interesting, and perhaps useful products might be obtained from processes so easy and objects so universal. Dr. Williams concluded his observations by alluding to a number of obscure phenomena which this new law or mode of combustion tends in a great measure to explain. Among these were, the spontaneous combustions of greasy wool, oily tow, cotton, charcoal powder, damp hay, turf, flax, and hemp, which have been known to take place independently of external heat, and sometimes have caused most destructive fires. In these cases, the absorption of oxygen, fermentation, or some such cause, develops the first step of the heating process: this gradually reaches to 300°, the lowest degree of visible combustion, and it may then rapidly rise to open ignition. After quoting some instances of that extraordinary and horrible phenomenon *spontaneous human combustion*, he shortly explained, that by approximating certain processes which are known to take place in the body (the conversion of flesh into adipocere or fatty degeneration, and the production of animal heat) with the new law of low combustion, much of the mystery of this horrid catastrophe is removed.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Cowper read a Paper on calico and silk-printing. After some introductory observations on the nature of ornament and contrast of colour, illustrated by an ingenious diagram by Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Cowper explained the various modes of printing silks and calico from engraved wooden blocks, copper-plates, curved copper-plates invented by Applegath, copper cylinders, wooden cylinders curved with pins engraved so as to print from the surface, and the mode of producing a pattern on the cloth by discharging the colour, or by printing it with a protecting wax, which prevents the dye from staining the parts so printed. He also illustrated what is technically called tie-work; which consists in pinching up the cloth with the finger and thumb, and tying it round with a piece of thread. When a handkerchief so tied is put into the dye-vat, the colour cannot reach the tied part, but leaves a little white square spot, with a small coloured one in the middle, which is a very common pattern in silk handkerchiefs. The materials printed in the cloth by the blocks or plates, are either the actual colour wanted, or *mordants*, *i. e.* preparations to receive the colour from the dye-vat: the actual colours are called chemical colours, and are fixed in the cloth by steaming, after it is printed. The two principal mordants are acetate alumine and acetate of iron. If a piece of cloth be printed with seven different blocks, and we use acetate of iron with one block, three different solutions of acetate alumine with three others, and three different mixtures of it with acetate of iron with the remaining three blocks, and, after dyeing and washing, put the cloth into the copper with madder—the madder will raise a black when the iron is printed, three shades of red when the alumine, three shades of lilac or chocolate when the mixture is used. The mordants have a strong affinity to the cloth, and the dyes a strong affinity to the mordants. Colours so produced are “fast colours;” whereas chemical colours will not bear much washing. Mr. C. showed the curious operation of cleansing the superfluous colour off the copper plate after the colour had been rubbed into the crevices of the engraving. It is in fact scraped off by a thin flexible piece of steel, called by calico-printers “doctor steel,” or “the doctor.”

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

At a meeting of this Society, a paper was read by Dr. Apjohn, upon the limestone cave recently discovered in the county of Tipperary, and of which such exaggerated accounts have appeared in the public papers. It occurs within a limestone hill of about 100 feet in height, situated midway between Tipperary and Mitchelstown, and comprehends an irregular area, whose length is 900, and greatest breadth 600 feet. It is not, however, a single

excavation, but is composed of a series of chambers, connected by rugged and narrow passages. The floors of the different chambers are strewn with loose prismatic blocks of limestone, and both floor and roof abound in sparry productions of the most varied and fantastic appearance. Stalactites and stalagmites of all dimensions are everywhere to be met with; and, in many places, large calcareous pillars connect the ground and ceiling. Sheets of spar, of great extent and thinness, are also very frequent, which, when illumined by a torch, reflect and transmit the most brilliant colours, and in their glistening and graceful folds resemble the rich hangings of a modern drawing-room.

This paper, which was illustrated by a ground plan, and vertical section of the cave, concluded with some remarks on the manner of formation of the sparry productions, and upon the causes of the cavities which occur along the axes of stalactites, whose period of formation is comparatively recent.

VARIETIES.

The British Museum.—The receipts of the British Museum for 1833 were 23,220*l.*, the expenditure 19,184*l.*, leaving a surplus in hand of 3736*l.* The number of visitors has rapidly increased since 1828. In that year the number was 81,228, last year 210,495. Amount realized by sale of Museum publications, 462*l.* 1*s.*; expenditure for drawings and engravings of Elgin and Townley marbles, 333*l.* 18*s.*; in purchase of books and manuscripts, 235*l.* 19*s.*; in natural history, 1026*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; antiquities, coins, &c. 183*l.* 18*s.*; expense of classed catalogue, 360*l.* Number of visits made to reading-rooms for purposes of study and research, in 1810, about 1950; in 1833, 58,800. Number of visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture for study, in 1831, 4398; in 1832, 4740; in 1833, 4490. Number of visits to print-room, in 1832, 4400; in 1833, 2900.

The number of coins purchased by the British Museum between Christmas 1832 and Christmas 1833, was 3968, of which 659 were pennies of Wilham the Conqueror, found at Benorth, near Adresford—for 50*l.*; 296 coins, chiefly of Radulf, Eamed, and Athelred, kings of Northumberland, and of Vigmund and Eanbald, archbishops of York, and the ancient vessel in which the coins were found, at Newcastle-on-Tyne—20*l.*; a gold coin of Rhodes for 16*l.*; and a collection of 3312 coins, chiefly Greek and Roman, comprising 52 in gold, 1034 in silver, and 1926 in brass—for 1000*l.* from H. P. Borelly, of Smyrna.

The Post Office.—In the series of documents prepared by the Duke of Richmond respecting the improvements made, or contemplated, in the General Post Office, there is the following extraordinary statement:—“In addition to the immense quantity of property passing daily through the Post Office, the amount of which it is not possible to estimate, and the numbers of letters evidently enclosing sovereigns and money (about 700 *per diem* in and passing through London only), there are not less than 1000 letters annually put into the post *without any addresses whatsoever*. In many of these there are *valuable enclosures*, and in the course of a single year there have been above 100 letters of this description, which, on being opened for the purpose of being returned to the writers, have *contained property to the extent of between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.**”

There has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons, one of those frequent returns of the number of criminals in England and Wales, which, at the first inspection, are so well calculated to fill us with despondency and even despair. By this return, dated March 20, it appears that the number of persons charged with criminal offences in England and Wales, was, in the seven years ending with 1819, 72,216; in the seven years ending with

1826, 95,628; and in the seven years ending with 1833, 131,818: the number, therefore, in the last seven years, as compared with the first, having almost doubled in the short space of fourteen years.

It appears by a Parliamentary return "of offices abolished and created in the Court of Chancery during the years 1831, 1832, and 1833," that the income of the seventy Commissioners of Bankrupt amounted to 26,600*l.*, that of the Secretary of Bankrupt's office to 5289*l.*, and that of the Messengers to the Commissioners to 9368*l.*, making in all 41,257*l.* On the other hand, the return states the expenses of the Judges and Commissioners of the new Court to be 15,000*l.*, of the Secretary of Bankrupt's office, 2800*l.*, of the Messengers, 3322*l.*; and the salaries of the Registrars and Deputy Registrars, 8000*l.*, making in all 29,152*l.* The difference of expense, therefore, in favour of the new system is the difference between 41,257*l.* and 29,52*l.*—that is to say, 12,105*l.* This sum of 12,105*l.* is not, of course, wholly saved at present, because it is subject to a temporary reduction, owing to the compensation granted to the holders of the offices abolished. Still, however, the difference between the expense of the two systems is 12,105*l.*, and that sum will ultimately be wholly saved. *Times.*

English and French Newspapers—It has been agreed between the Duke of Richmond and M. Conte (the Director General of the French Post-office), that the newspapers of each country shall circulate in the other, without any charge beyond that to which they are subject in the particular country in which they are respectively published. Thus English papers will be liable to the payment of postage to the amount of *four centimes* each (four-fifths of a sou or halfpenny) for delivery in France, and French papers will be delivered duty free in England, because French papers are subject now to the above charges.

By a recent Parliamentary return, it appears that since the year 1816, the National Debt has been reduced from 516,311,910*l.* to 501,658,883*l.*, and the annual charge on the above from 30,458,207*l.* to 27,782,116*l.*

By a return to the House of Commons, it appears that the expense of the militia of Great Britain and Ireland, from 1816, to 1st of January, 1834, amounts to 6,084,406*l.* The largest expenditure was in 1821, when it reached 420,377*l.* Since then it has gradually reduced, the total of 1833 was only 222,173*l.*

The number of Admirals deceased, since the last promotion in 1830, being 22 Admirals, at 2*l.* 2*s.* per diem; 16 Vice-Admirals, at 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; 10 Rear-Admirals, at 1*l.* 5*s.*, and 5 Retired Admirals at 1*l.* 5*s.*, it results that it will lessen the annual half pay to officers in the sum of 33,196*l.*

Enclosure Bills—There has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons, a return respecting Enclosure Bills, "fees thereon, &c. From this it appears that on *one* Bill (the Rockingham Forest Enclosure),—

	£	s	d.
The Private Office Bill "fees" were	12	10	0
The House "fees" were	76	1	4
The Committee "fees" were	60	15	2
The Engrossing "fees" were	118	2	6
The Housekeeper's and Messengers' "fees" were	7	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£274	19	0

Thus for one Bill, at one House only, the "fees" were nearly *three hundred pounds*, which, of course, is for none of the work, being exclusive of all costs for attorneys, agents, counsel, &c.; and the average number of private bills each Session is upwards of 200! So that there are pretty pickings somewhere—and the expenditure is so useful!

Tides.—"It is intended to make a series of tidal observations round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland on the same days, for sixteen days

together, from June 7th to June 22d next. The object is, to ascertain by how much the time of high and low water at each place is before or after those times at the neighbouring places; and also to determine, wherever it can be done conveniently, the comparative rise and fall of the tide at the different periods of the moon's age, as well as the different intervals between the morning and evening tides, or any other differences which regularly affect their height. For this purpose the exact time of high and low water, especially of the former, and the height above or below some fixed mark, are to be observed every day and night during the above-mentioned period. The observations thus made, and the results of the comparison of these with others, will be published along with the names of the officers by whom they have been superintended."—From Instructions issued by the Admiralty.

Excise Duties.—It appears by a Parliamentary return, respecting articles charged with excise duties, which was delivered last week, that the average quantity of hops on which duty was paid in the years ending 5th of January, 1831, 1832, and 1833, was 27,991,502lbs.; and that the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 32,747,310lbs., making an increase of 4,725,808lbs. The average quantity of malt on which duty was paid in the same three years, was 36,535,056 bushels; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 40,005,348 bushels, making an increase of 3,470,292 bushels. The average quantity of tea on which duty was paid in the same three years, was 30,529,851lbs.; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 31,529,075lbs., making an increase of 1,229,224lbs. The average quantity of spirits on which duty was paid during the same three years, was 21,978,809 gallons; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 21,810,719 gallons; so that the decrease has been 138,090 gallons. The duty on tobacco last year produced 175,444*l.* more than it did in 1831; and the total amount of duty paid on that article, in the United Kingdom, during the last three years, is 9,185,227*l.* Nine millions sterling puffed away in smoke, or snuffed up the noses of a small portion of the intellectuals of Great Britain and Ireland in the space of three years!

Prosecutions for Libel.—A return of all prosecutions for libel since the accession of his present Majesty, William the Fourth, either by *ex-officio* informations or indictment, conducted in the department of the Solicitor for the affairs of his Majesty's Treasury:—

1831.—Rex v. William Cobbett	Indictment.
William Alcock Haley	Ditto.
Richard Carlile	Ditto.
1833.—Rex v. James Reeve	Ditto.
John Ager, Patrick Grant, and John Bell	Information.
Henry Hetherington and Thomas Stevens	Indictment.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

New Comet.—On the 8th of April, it is stated, Professor Gambart, at Marseilles, discovered a new comet, of a pale light colour, with a diameter of four or five minutes. Owing to the state of the atmosphere, and its disappearance on the 13th, little has been ascertained of the stranger, except that on the 10th, 16h. 32m. 45s. sidereal time, its right ascension was 20° 9' 7" and south declination 22° 33'.

Demi-infernal Showers.—The newspapers contain a letter of the 3d instant from Rodelheim, near Frankfort, which states, that during nearly an

hour each, on that and the preceding day, heavy showers of rain had fallen so impregnated with sulphur, that the water as it ran down the streets, was covered with a yellow crust, and quantities of the raw material might be scraped off the pavement.

Among the curiosities which M. Ruppel has brought from Abyssinia, are two remarkable manuscripts. One is a Bible, said to contain a new work of Solomon, one or two new books of Esdras, and a considerable addition to the fifth Book of Esther, all perfectly unknown in Europe. It also contains the Book of Enoch, and fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which was already known to the learned. The other manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians date from the Council of Nice (324), the epoch at which it was promulgated by one of their kings. This code is divided into two books: the first relates to canonical law, and treats of the relations of the Church with the temporal power; the other is a sort of civil code. There are also some remarkable hymns, because they present the return of consonancy, the only feature of poetry to be found in Abyssinian literature — *Galignani*.

There has been lately imported into France by a traveller of the name of Delangremer, a new fruit called "Nard d'Arabie." It would appear that this fruit possesses tranquillising and soothing properties, and that its medicinal use may be regarded as of high importance.

Odessa, April 22. Another valuable remnant of antiquity has been found at Keritsch. It is a magnificent sarcophagus of fine white marble, six feet in length, and twenty-seven in breadth. On the lid are two colossal figures; one is that of an old man, leaning on his left arm, and holding a half-unrolled paper. The other is a woman, on whose shoulder the old man rests his right hand. On the sides of the sarcophagus are several groups in alto-relievo. Every part of the sarcophagus is of admirable workmanship, and proves that the artists must have lived when Grecian art was in its greatest splendour. Unfortunately it is not entire. But all the pieces belonging to it have been found, so that it may be entirely restored.

The Russian journals give a statement of the present population of St. Petersburg. The number of male inhabitants is 291,290, and of females 157,815, total amount, 445,135. In this number, 1,908 are ecclesiastics, 38,894 belong to the nobility, and 47,548 to the army.

Paris Improvements.—According to the plans agreed upon for improving the city of Paris, houses covering 159,814 square toises of ground are to be pulled down. The average price paid for the ground during the last ten years has been 2,309l a toise, and as the annual expenditure for this purpose is only 1,200,000l, it will take at this rate three hundred years to complete the undertaking.

AGRICULTURE.

"Agricultural distress" has been so often reiterated, that it is not easy for one to obtain a hearing who is unwitting enough to make these words the beginning of a discourse.

There is, however, but too much reason to anticipate that this cry will be more frequent and more loud than ever—we shall show in brief why.

When, at the commencement of the Session, appeals were made to Parliament, Ministers silenced them by referring to the coming on of time and their measures. Relief, they promised, would arise from the commutation of tithes and the amendment of the poor-laws. The latter bill is nearly through the House of Commons: and, if all its beneficial provisions be not entirely abrogated, the measure is so thoroughly emasculated and deprived of its vigour, that the best practical judges anticipate anything

but advantage from its operation. The main principles laid down by the Commission of Inquiry were, it will be recollected, first, the total annihilation of the allowance system, by which it was argued the idle man would be impelled to find work, the alternative being a work-house in which his condition should be scanty fare and hard work—secondly, the reduction of the law of settlement to the simple head of birth, by which the expense of litigation and removals would be ended. These were the great points. Now, till all these are either modified or abandoned, discretion with relation to allowances, and local discretion, because liable to local interests, prejudices, or predilections, were especially to be eschewed. But the bill has substituted, as it was not difficult to foresee must be the case, not one, but many discretions, which must after all have reference to, and reliance upon, the representations of the local authorities; and this is virtually and practically to vest in them the power. Thus a mere system of complications is substituted for the plain natural circle of connexions and judgment. For who is so fit to ascertain the actual condition of the pauper, *who can ascertain it*, but the resident officer? And who else is so likely to adapt the relief to the circumstances? He will balance claims and interests; and if he be now subject to fears and passions, to partialities and antipathies, how does the contemplated act remove or remedy them? In whomsoever the execution of the act vests, against him will the hostility of the pauper be directed, if against any one. For, will the pauper look to the Central Board for his revenge? Certainly not: it will all be wreaked upon the parish officer as heretofore, simply because the man who thinks himself aggrieved knows no other agent in the business. Nothing can be so absurd as this endeavouring to fence round authority with distant powers. Every one must take, and ought to take, the natural responsibilities attached to his place and station; and, do what man will, he can neither shift nor evade this condition of nature and social institution. The effect of all this complicated machinery will only work (if it will work at all without knocking itself to pieces) to increase difficulties and multiply expense.

The alteration of the law of settlement was less important only than the primary consideration of extinguishing allowances to the able-bodied. It formed, indeed, not only a means of saving expense, but an essential and active aid towards employment. For the object was *to set labour free*. By the parochial system a man is confined to his place of settlement, if he seek work beyond its bounds, he is at any moment liable to be passed home, provided he cannot find the means of subsistence. The basis of any change ought then to have been, to give up the parochial system, and to have substituted a district or a county, or if possible to have made, in this sense, the kingdom one parish: for by such a provision only could the two grand objects be accomplished: first, to give to labour its fair and full scope—in a word, to enable the surplus population of one place to drain off towards another, where it was wanted, at all times and seasons; and secondly, to equalize the burdens which the superior prudence or power of one proprietor has placed upon the shoulders of others. And it is a curious fact in the history of this bill, that the great terror of settlements by hiring and service (which now-a-days every body is far too cautious to make) has been guarded against, whilst the main objects have been wholly overlooked. Perhaps it is not easy to say what the actual provisions of the bill are, until we see it reprinted with all its mutilations; but enough is known to prove that as a measure of relief it will be wholly inefficacious; indeed our hope is that it may not pass the House of Lords, for it promises very little besides expense and confusion. The matter lies in a nutshell. If employment at fair wages be not given,—and this only can be given (beyond a very partial and slight degree) by enlarging the area,—the same sums must be devoted to the maintenance of the idle. If the government interfere at all beyond the province of general legislation, a plan of employ-

mènt at home or abroad must be the foundation. All the enactments for partial inclosure, all the societies for appropriating small allotments to the labourer, even the workhouse system of the bill, are only shifts and expedients to effect this grand principle, and it would be far better for the legislature to make it imperative upon parishes to raise a capital upon their rates, for the settlement of paupers on waste lands at home or abroad, redeemable upon the value of the land so settled. To this we must come at last. A general inclosure would be a most important measure, to this intent, because it would attract capital to agriculture, and so increase employment, but nothing short of home or foreign colonization, upon an adequate scale, can be a completely efficacious remedy for the mere increase of population.

So much for the Poor laws Amendment Bill. With regard to the title commutation, it never could have been advantageous to the tenantry, except in one particular—restriction against the power of tithing the products of skill and capital. For, nothing can be more obvious than that all the relief which might have resulted in other respects would fall to the landlord's share. But this hope is completely baffled by the re-valuation clause, which, if it pass, puts a period to all leases. For if a farmer hire for any term exceeding seven years, the landlord must suffer to the amount of the title of his improvements: if on the contrary he hire for less than seven years (the average period must resolve itself into three years and a half), he himself will lose the title of his improvements. If the clause pass, it is clear leases and improvements are both at an end. But it can scarcely be believed that the landed interest should be so blind to their own, as well as the national interest, as to suffer such a proviso to stand. Let the House of Lords look to it.

It was our intention to have shown how facts connected with the growth of corn, and the commerce in that article, are now inevitably tending to aggravate the evils of the landed interest, but we have already said so much in the hope of opening the eyes of the public, and especially of the Peers, upon the effects of the measures before Parliament, that we must defer what we have to say on this head till another number, and proceed to the appearances of the crops and the markets.

The fears which were very justly engendered by the long drought are in a good degree dissipated. Gentle and successive rains have fallen, not alone in all parts of the United Kingdom, but of the continent of Europe, from whence the accounts of abundance are more cheering than heretofore. The speculators in foreign grain, who were already on the alert, are again fallen into inactivity, owing to the improvement in the crops. Everywhere but in Holland, prices are lower. The wheats, which began to feel the effects of the want of sustenance just as they were coming into ear, are greatly benefited; and though upon the light lands there are but too many short and small ears, upon the whole they look healthy and fine. They are almost entirely out of bloom, and in the midland districts have already in the first degree changed their colour towards the golden hues of maturity. The barleys are much recovered everywhere but in the extremely light soils, thus proving the truth of an adage common in the east county, that "a dry stunt is more easily got over than a wet stunt," which all who are conversant with the difference of soils are but too well aware of. There never was such a series of beautiful weather for the preparation of the turnip lands, and the sowing is already commenced. Indeed some of the Swedes are up. We do not observe that the Northumberland ridge system is on the increase—one of the strongest proofs that can be given of the disinclination of farmers to novel courses, however beneficial: for it is ascertained beyond all question, that this plan makes the turnip crop as certain as any other, by concentrating the powers of the manure immediately under the plant, and forcing it into so rapid a growth as to escape its great enemy, the fly; yet how partially is it adopted!

The harvest will this year be uncommonly early. The whole calendar of nature predicts it. The early earing of the corn, the assembling of the migratory birds, and the breed of pheasants and partridges, all indicate a premature ripening of natural products. This will preclude any rise in price; and if the crop be, as there appears no doubt it will be, but little if at all below an average, farmers can only look forward to the same low rate which has prevailed of late. Foreign speculation must stand still. Wool affords the only prosperous gleam. That article is in demand at prices approaching to 2s. a pound, and buyers are offering from 50s. to 54s. per tod for half-bred hog wool. Such prices and the certainty of sale will probably extend flock farming, and thereby give to the labouring population a chance of exchanging their almost entirely flour-diet for a better proportion of animal food. If the lambing season have not been so prolific of twins as that of the former year, there have been no losses by death, the weather having been throughout so remarkably propitious. To counterbalance this good fortune, the hay crop all over the light lands is a complete failure; in many instances yielding not half a load per acre.

The facts enumerated above have cast a gloom on the markets: every article is of dull sale, except (till lately) peas. Wheats declined in the last week 2s. on the best, and 3s. on the inferior qualities, per quarter. Oats are a trifle lower, and peas, which were in request, have come rather plentifully in, and again sunk in price.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Bone Manure.—It appears on dry sands, limestone, chalk, light loams, and peat, bones are a very highly valuable manure; they may be laid on grass with great good effect—on arable lands they may be laid on fallow for turnips, or used for any of the subsequent crops—that the best method of using them, when broadcast, is previously to mix them up with earth, dung, or other manures, and let them lie to ferment—that if used alone, they may either be drilled with the seed or sown broadcast—that bones which have undergone the process of fermentation are decidedly superior to those which have not done so—that the quantity should be about twenty-five bushels of dust, or forty bushels of large, increasing the quantity, if the land be impoverished—that upon clays and heavy loams, it does not yet appear that bones will answer. With respect to price, it is not important to note any particulars beyond the calculation of the expense of a dressing of bones compared with farm-yard dung. Twenty-five bushels of dust at the present price of 2s. would amount to 2*l.* 10s. Forty bushels of large bones at 1s. 10*d.* would amount to 3*l.* 13s. 4*d.*, and these are shown to be equal to an ordinary dressing of eight or ten loads of fold manure, which, at 10s., would amount to 4*l.* or 5*l.* But the most material saving will be in the carriage, and in the difference of expense between drilling bones with the seed and dressing the land over with dung in the usual manner. A still greater advantage accrues from their use in the saving of time, which may enable a farmer to put in the turnip-seed sooner than where there is so much carting to perform.—*Report of the Doncaster Agricultural Association.*

The Turnip Fly.—At a sitting of the London Entomological Society, on the 2d inst., it was announced that, as it was one of the primary objects of the society to render their labours practically serviceable, the council had resolved to appropriate the annual sum of five guineas, or a medal of the like value, to the writer of the best essay (to be derived from personal observation) upon the Natural History, Economy, and Proceedings of such species of Insects as have been found prejudicial to Agricultural Productions, to be illustrated by figures of the insect in its various states,

together with the result of actual experiments made for preventing its attacks, on, for destroying the insect;—the subject of the essays for the present year to be, the Turnip Fly. The essays must be forwarded to the Secretary, 17, Old Bond-street, with fictitious signatures, on or before the fourth Monday in January, 1835, when they will be referred to a committee, to decide upon their respective merits: after which, with permission of the writers, both the prize essays, and any others of value, shall be published.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MAY 23, 1834, TO JUNE 20, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

May 23—**J. M. MACHIN**, Waterloo place, Pall mall, wine merchant. **W. JONES**, Francis street, Tottenham court road, wine merchant. **S. C. BOYCE**, Wilbrook, oil and colour merchant. **F. HODGSON** and **R. OLPHERTS**, Ithampton and Retford, Nottinghamshire coach builders. **F. H. HURSTON**, Birmingham, linen draper.

May 27—**G. R. J. DICKINSON**, Faling Middlesex, surgeon. **D. I. COHEN**, Great Yarmouth, grocer. **I. HALLTON**, Coventry, rib and manufacturer. **G. EARL**, Stockport, Cheshire, hat manufacturer. **J. BARCLAY**, Pembroke general shopkeeper. **J. SAITER** and **W. BALSTON**, Poole, twine manufacturers.

May 30—**I. PISTON**, Broad st., Gold square, artist. **W. LEWIS**, Mortlake, grocer. **P. A. DUCOTE**, St. Martin's lane, lithographic printer. **H. SANDS**, **W. SANDS** and **H. SANDS**, un. Chancery street, scrivener. **G. SCHONSWAR**, Kingston upon Hull merchant. **J. GARDNER**, Lincolnshire, linen draper. **J. BOWKER**, Saltord, Lancashire dyer. **A. BROOKER**, Newport, Shropshire, scrivener. **P. SAINGS**, Wivenhoe Essex, shipwright. **C. ROSS**, Beverley, Yorkshire, wine merchant. **G. JENKINS**, Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire, cooper. **J. BOULRING**, jun., Wells, Somersetshire, innholder. **R. GENE**, East Charnock Somersetshire, sail cloth manufacturer. **W. WORLEY**, Birmingham, nursery and seedsman.

June 3—**P. A. CARTER**, St. John street, Clerkenwell, victualler. **J. COIBOURNE**, Stuninger, Dorsetshire, merchant. **P. BRANK**, Manchester grocer. **R. JACKSON**, Newcastle-upon Tyne, grocer. **J. DAWSON**, Liverpool scrivener. **H. BROWN**, **J. H. BRADLEY**, and **B. HARRIS**, Birmingham, merchants. **J. STOCK**, Bristol cabinet maker. **T. PEACOCK**, York, timber merchant. **J. BARROW**, Selby, Yorkshire wharfinger. **R. FORD**, Wotton under Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier. **J. WOOD**, Bolton le Moors, Lancashire, collier. **W. HUXTABLE** and **R. GENE**, Ilfracombe, Devonshire, ship-builders.

June 6—**W. KAY**, Isleworth, linen draper. **J. NEWMAN**, jun., Mark lane, corn factor. **S. P. WRIGHT**, Hatton-garden palating brush manufacturer. **J. WATSON**, Calthorpe-street, Gray's inn lane road dealer in music. **T. TURNINGTON** and **F. WINLAW**, Leeds, tin-

plate workers. **T. BARKER**, Sutton Saint Edmunds, Lincolnshire, tanner. **F. METFORD**, Bath, mealman. **B. DAVIES**, Manchester, clothes dealer. **C. PRITCHARD**, Bath, upholsterer. **R. GORE**, Liverpool, merchant. **W. A. ORTMANN** and **J. C. KEMP**, Liverpool merchants. **J. LAWLESS**, Manchester commission agent.

June 10—**J. and J. PIN**, Bartholomew close, merchants. **R. SMITH** sen., Lower Thames-street, wharfinger. **W. and S. B. PARKER**, Coppras lane, Church street Deptford, colour manufacturers. **J. WOOD**, Aldersgate-street chemist. **J. COLE**, Pridgewater, Somersetshire saddler. **R. MORRIS**, Liverpool, and **Over**, Cheshire, merchant and salt-manufacturer. **J. MISSENER**, Tenacroft, Cumberland, farmer. **H. BROWN**, Stoke upon Trent Staffordshire, scrivener. **J. HIGGINS**, Heaton Norris, Lancashire iron founder. **W. BUTT**, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, grazier. **C. I. ROYER**, Southampton, hosier.

June 13—**H. PAYNE**, Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer. **W. HARRIS**, Southampton-street Covent garden, laceman. **J. GORAN**, Orchard street, Portman square, scrivener. **F. WEDDON**, Southall Middlesex, victualler. **J. SCOTSON**, Wigan, Lancashire, druggist. **J. MATHEWS**, Locky street, Southwark, linen draper. **W. WILKINSON**, Dringhouses, Yorkshire, innkeeper. **P. BENNS**, Manchester, grocer. **J. PERRY**, New Sarum, Wiltshire, innkeeper.

June 17—**J. WELLS**, Lime street, City, hide dealer. **E. J. HOWARD**, Duke street, St. James's, money scrivener. **J. B. ASHLEY**, Hanway street, Oxford street bookseller. **H. R. WOERNLE**, Osulston street, Somers-town, victualler. **T. ANDERTON**, Liverpool, merchant. **I. R.** and **J. H. SHANKIN**, Birkenhead Cheshire, brewers. **H. GRIFFITHS**, Liverpool builder. **W. POUTER** jun., Needham Market, Suffolk, grocer. **T. CHAMPTON**, Sheffield, salsor-manufacturer. **T. MADDEN**, Cambridge, latter.

June 20.—**F. CONROY**, Leicester place, Leicester-square, wine merchant. **T. ATKINSON**, Gloucester, chemist and druggist. **J. SMITH**, Liverpool, currier. **O. D. WARD**, Manchester, merchant. **R. KNOTT**, sen., **R. KNOTT**, jun., and **W. DE LISLE KNOTT**, Bristol, iron merchants. **E. BROWN**, Heaton Norris Lancashire, cotton-spinner. **R. BRIDGES**, Twickenham, grocer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT

THE aspect of trade has, upon the whole, worn a more cheering appearance during the past month, there is a decided improvement in the demand for Colonial produce, both for exportation to the Continent and for home consumption, and the London and other Docks upon the Thames have received such an increased tonnage of ships and cargo as has caused them to present a scene of bustle and activity which had not been witnessed for a long time before. Some branches of the woollen manufacture are dull, particularly at Leeds, and the demand is not very animated for the hardware of Birmingham, but at Manchester a fair share of business is doing. The retail drapers in London have been shy of making purchases of late, under the impression that the approaching large sales of wool will affect prices, and the same remark may be extended to the dealers in silk goods. Iron and Lead are dull of sale, the former at a reduction of 5s per ton. Although there may be ground for stating that an exaggerated importance was given, in a national point of view, to the decline in the Sugar refining trade, still, with reference to the quantity of capital which has been expended on establishments for this purpose, and to the number of workmen who are unemployed, it affords abundant matter for regret that some nearer approach to equalization in the duties upon the raw production has not been effected. We are led to this reflection from the circumstance of a large crushing machine, which had been fitted up at the London Docks, being now on ship board for conveyance to the United States, clearly indicating a large extent of diminution in the foreign demand for refined Sugar from this country.

The settlement of the government of Portugal, by the expulsion of Don Miguel, will, of course, restore those commercial relations between the two countries which have now for a long time been suspended; but the expectation may be reasonably entertained that such increased freedom of trade, internally, will be permitted, as will make a large addition to the amount of mercantile transactions between this country and that portion of the Peninsula. Of this loosening of the bonds by which trade has been fettered, we have an earnest and a specimen in the Decree promulgated by the Regent for dissolving the monopoly of the Oporto Wine Company. This Company—originally formed in the

year 1756, and by the patronage of the Marquess of Pombal invested with the exclusive right of purchasing, at its own price, all or any part of the products of the vineyards within a limited district upon the Douro—the growth of which district was alone permitted to be exported to this country from Oporto—has proved no exception to the general rule, that monopolies are injurious both to those who are included within them, and to those who are excluded. The stimulus, which the destruction of these peculiar privileges will give to the great body of wine growers cannot fail to excite a course of industry and improvement which must produce benefits in which this country will share.

British Plantation Sugars are in fair demand and prices improving, those lately red & d. for Jamaica middling and g. 1/3 to 1/2, g. 1/4 brown 48s 6d to 52s brown 48s to 51s, Antigua 60 to 61, middling 52s to 54s, St. Vincent's and St. Kitts, strong g. 42s to 44s brown 49s 6d to 50 1/2, Barbadoes, brown and grey, 49s to 51s.

Martinique Sugars are (as) at an advance in demand and are better received, by public sale, brown has brought 49 1/2 to 50 well g. 42s, middling grey, 48s 6d to 53s, good and fine yellow 53 to 57s.

In East India and Foreign Sugars the transactions are limited, in consequence of the holders standing firm for an advance to which purchasers are not disposed to submit, for Manilla 23s. to 23s 1/2 could be obtained, and about the same price for Javas of low to good quality.

In the Refined Market, a demand has grown out of the contracted supply, and 52s is asked for fine crushed for exportation to the Mediterranean and has in some instances been obtained, for home consumption, also, prices are firmly maintained.

The last average price of British Muscovado Sugar is 117s 6 1/2 per cwt., that of the corresponding period of 1833 was 119s 6 1/2.

British Plantation Coffee has been sparingly offered of late, and purchases have therefore been freely made at an advance in prices; for Jamaica, 96s to 97s has been obtained for good middling, 76s to 85s for middling, and 60s to 75s, 6d for good to fine fine ordinary. In East India Coffee, there has been but little doing; Ceylon has been sold at 45s. to 47s 6d for ordinary

to good ordinary In Foreign Coffee, nothing to notice.

In Cocoa there has been little fluctuation and a limited demand, 23s to 23s 6d can be obtained for Brazil of good quality, and 171 bags of ordinary to middling Trinidad have brought 36s 6d to 42s at public sale.

Indigo is still extremely dull the quantity announced by the Company for sale on the 15th July is 3,946 chests, and it is known that this will be increased to 10,000 chests by the addition of the private trade.

Cotton maintains its price, and the demand has lately made some improvement. The quotations of recent sales are, for Surats, 5½d to 7½d, for Bowed, 8½d; for Smyrna, 7½d to 8d, for Bengal, 7½d, for Para, 9½d per lb in bond.

The Wool Market is now again exciting considerable interest, the quantity to be put up for sale during the last week in June and the first in July was upwards of 5800 bales, principally Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales. The quality is quite equal to that of last year, but some of it is not quite so clean.

The latest accounts from Mark Lane state that the recent rains have only been beneficial to the standing crops of Wheat, and as there was a fair supply, business was dull and prices lower. Barley has varied little of late, and Oats with difficulty support former quotations. Peas are in great demand and prices advancing. Beans are heavy.

In the Money Market, British Securities have been very steady during the month, the extreme fluctuation in Consols not having exceeded ¾ per cent. The Foreign Funds have, however, presented an arena for the most active speculation: in the interval between the

last settling-day (June 16th) and the settlement preceding it, Spanish Bonds had varied no less than 14 per cent; still the account passed over without a single defaulter. An attempt has been made at negotiation on the subject of the recognition of these Bonds, by a conference between the Spanish Envoy, M Allende, and a deputation of the Bond holders, the result of the meeting has not been to increase the confidence of the latter, it we may judge from the quotations of those Securities, which, about the time the conference was held, were about 52½, and have since declined to 47½. Portuguese Bonds, in consequence of the recent events in that part of the Peninsula, have ceased to be the object of so much speculative inquiry, and have assumed a steady attitude. Most of the South American Stocks have shown signs of improvement, those of the north of Europe have been almost immovable.

The closing prices of the principal Securities are subjoined—

BRITISH FUNDS

Consols for the Account, 92¼ ½—Exchequer Bills 49s 50s, prem—Bank Stock, 215 16

FOREIGN FUNDS

Belgian Five per Cent 98½—Brazilian, 76½—Colombian Six per Cent of 1824, 30½ 31—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent 52¼—Ditto Five per Cent, 97½—Anglo Greek 113—Mexican Six per Cent, 44½ 5¼—Portuguese Regency Five per Cent, 77¾ 8—Russian, 105½—Spanish, 47¾ 8—Ditto Five per Cent. of 1823, 44½ 5

SHARES

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 8, 9—Bolanos, 120, 130—Brazilian, Imperial, 34, 36—Real del Monte, 34, 35—United Mexican, 7, 7 10—Canada, 49 10, 50 10.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE close of last month was rendered memorable by an extensive change in the Administration. The resignations were those of Mr Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon. The following list of the Cabinet, and its *attachés*, exhibits the result.—

THE CABINET.

Earl Grey	First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord Brougham	Lord Chancellor.
Marquess of Lansdowne	Lord President.
Earl of Carlisle	Lord Privy Seal.
Lord Althorp	Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Lord Holland	Duchy of Lancaster.

Lord Palmerston . . .	Foreign Secretary.
Lord Melbourne . . .	Home Secretary.
Right Hon. T. S. Rice . . .	Colonial Secretary.
Lord Auckland . . .	First Lord of the Admiralty.
Right Hon. C. Grant . . .	President of the Board of Control.
Lord John Russell . . .	Paymaster of the Forces.
Right Hon. E. Ellice . . .	Secretary at War.
Right Hon. J. Abercromby . . .	Master of the Mint.

NOT OF THE CABINET.

Marquess of Conyngham . . .	Postmaster-General.
Mr. Cutlar Fergusson . . .	Judge Advocate General.
Mr. T. F. Baring . . .	Secretary to the Treasury.
Captain Byng . . .	One of the Lords of the Treasury.

The Marquis of Conyngham is brother-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, and will no doubt have the benefit of his Grace's assistance in following his plans for the reform of his department.

Colonel Maberly is appointed to the vacant Commissionership of the Customs, and Colonel Leith Hay succeeds Colonel Maberly as Clerk of the Ordnance.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 27.—The Marquess of Londonderry gave notice of his intention to make some observations upon the treatment of Sir John Campbell by the Portuguese Government. Earl Grey denied that Sir John Campbell had any claim upon the British Government; his treatment was not so harsh as the Noble Marquess had described it.—Earl Grey presented a petition against the London and Westminster Bank, and expressed his regret that such a Bill should have come up from the Commons.

June 1.—The Lord Chancellor consented, at the request of the House of Commons, to give evidence before the Committee of that House on the law of libel.—Lord Wicklow gave notice, that on Friday he would move for a copy of the commission lately issued to inquire into the state of church property in Ireland.—In answer to a question from Lord Londonderry, Lord Lansdowne said Don Miguel was at present on board a British ship of war.

June 5.—The House Tax Repeal Bill was read a second time.—The Marquess of Londonderry wished to know whether the Treaty with Portugal had been ratified by Don Pedro or not. Earl Grey explained that the Treaty had been ratified, but, in consequence of an accidental omission in the preamble, was of necessity sent back to have the omission corrected.

June 12.—The Lord Chancellor presented a petition from Edinburgh, signed by 6200 inhabitants, in favour of the Bill for removing the Civil Disabilities of the Jews. The Jews' Civil Disabilities Bill was brought up from the Commons.—The Earl of Rosebery moved the second reading of the Roman Catholic Marriages (Scotland) Bill. Lord Melville thought it should contain some provision to prevent Roman Catholic priests from marrying any persons but those of their own religion. The Earl of Rosebery promised to attend to the suggestion in the Committee. The Bill was read a second time.

June 16.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the House Tax Repeal Bill and several others.—Earl Grey, in reply to Lord Farnham, said it was the intention of Government to propose the renewal of the Irish Coercion Act, which expires on the 1st of August.—The Scotch Ministers Bill was read a third time and passed.—Counsel was heard on the London and Westminster Bank Bill, and the further consideration was postponed in order to have the opinion of the Judges on the subject.

JUNE 20.—The Marquess of Londonderry wished to know in what manner his Majesty's Government intended to treat the illustrious Prince who had landed at Portsmouth, having been driven from his country by the Noble Earl (Grey) and his other intimate allies. Earl Grey would say no more than that Don Carlos, whether he was or was not the legitimate Sovereign of Spain, since he had arrived in this country, would be treated with the honour and dignity due to a Prince of the Royal blood of Spain. On the motion of the Marquess of Londonderry, a return was ordered of the amount of money issued for the secret service of the Colonial Department and Foreign Office.—The Earl of Eldon said it was his intention next week to move a resolution that the Judges should never give their opinion to the House upon any question except in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, or some other Law Lord. The Lord Chancellor said it would amount to putting a resolution upon the books, that the Lay Lords were not equally competent to discharge their judicial functions as the Law Lords of the House. In the case to which the Noble Earl's remark applied, he had intimated that he should not be able to attend, and had appointed the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in his place; but most unfortunately, he also was quite unable to attend. When he was told that the Judges were ready, he said that if they could not get the Lord Chief Justice, he would immediately break up the Court of Chancery, and attend them. If the Judges did not choose to wait, it was not his fault. It was their duty to wait, even should he have sat half an hour. All that was done was a mere matter of form, and not of substance, and he thought the privileges of the House were not worthy of such a discussion as the Noble Lord had thought fit to raise. Lord E. explained, and said that his only anxiety was that the forms of the House should be observed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MAY 21.—The House re-assembled.—Mr. Lyall moved the second reading of the Merchant Seamen's Widows Bill, which was opposed by Government, but carried by a majority of 94 to 57.—The Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill was read a second time by a majority of 123 to 32.—The second reading of Mr. Fleetwood's Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath was negatived by a majority of 77 to 45.

MAY 22.—On the motion of Mr. Ewart, a return was ordered of the conditions on which the apartments of Somerset House were originally bestowed on the Royal Academy: of the number of visitors to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy for the last ten years; and of the number of professors, &c., attached to the Academy.—In the course of a conversation respecting the closing of the British Museum during holidays, Lord Althorp said he hoped a better arrangement would be adopted shortly.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer brought forward his motion for the repeal of the stamp-duty on newspapers, which, he contended, was necessary to counteract the injurious doctrines inculcated in the unstamped publications. After a long discussion the House divided, when there appeared for the motion 52, against it 90.—Mr. Pollock obtained leave to bring in a Bill "to abolish arrest for debt as to all debts contracted after the 1st of January, 1835, unless the debt be founded upon or secured by a bill of exchange, or promissory note, bond, or other security in writing."—Mr. Tooke moved a resolution, "That it be an instruction to the Select Committee on the Business of the House to consider and report on the expediency of establishing or encouraging the publication of an authentic report of the debates arising in the House relating to public and private business, and of the proceedings connected therewith;" which, after some discussion, was negatived by 117 to 99.

MAY 23.—Upon the order of the day being read for the House to resolve itself into a Committee on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, Mr. Shaw

asked whether any time was fixed for the discussion respecting Irish Taxes to come on, or whether it was indefinitely postponed? Also, whether the Irish Coercion Bill, which would expire on the 1st of August, was to be renewed? Lord Althorp said that he thought it would be much more convenient to go through with the Poor Laws Amendment Bill before any other business. With respect to the other question, he did not think it at all necessary, at the present moment, to state what decision the Government had come to.

May 26.—Mr. Clay moved the third reading of the London and Westminster Bank Bill. It was opposed by Ministers; but was eventually carried by a majority of 137 to 76.—The House went into a Committee on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, and several clauses were agreed to. - The Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill, and the House Tax Repeal Bill, went through Committee.

May 27. -Mr. Ward brought forward his motion relative to the Irish Church, which was seconded by Mr. Grote. The motion having been read from the chair, there was a general cry of "Lord Althorp!" His Lordship said, that since his Hon. Friend who rose to support this motion commenced his address, circumstances had come to his knowledge which induced him to move that the further debate upon it be adjourned to Monday. He could not now state what those circumstances were; but hoped the House had sufficient confidence in him to believe that he would not make such a proposition unless he were convinced of its propriety. His Lordship then moved that the further debate on the motion be adjourned to Monday next. The motion having been put and carried, the Noble Lord moved that the House, at its rising, do adjourn to Monday next.—Agreed to.

June 2.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on moving that the adjourned debate respecting the Irish Church should be resumed, stated that his Majesty had, by the advice of his Ministers, been pleased to appoint a lay commission of inquiry into the state of church property and church affairs generally in Ireland. Like inquiries were to be made in each parish and district with respect to Roman Catholics and to Dissenters of all descriptions; also as to the number of schools in each parish; the different religious persuasions of those who attended them; how supported, and if the numbers of the persons attending them were stationary, on the decline, or increasing, distinguishing the numbers and different religions in each case. The Noble Lord concluded by appealing to the Hon. Mover to withdraw his motion. Mr. Ward declined to do so, upon the ground that he had no confidence in the existence of the Administration. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then intimated his intention of moving the previous question, which he did accordingly. A long debate followed, and Mr. Stanley entered into an explanation of his conduct in separating from his former colleagues, and said, in reference to the question on which they differed, that the commission which had been issued since he had the honour of holding the seals of the Colonial Department, involved the principle which, out of office and in office, he had upon every occasion, and in every place, held it to be his bounden duty to oppose, as it involved a principle which he conceived to be destructive of the whole principle of a Church Establishment. Mr. O'Connell maintained that the commission would not give any satisfaction to Ireland, and exhorted the Government to change its course, with a view to do justice to that country. Sir R. Peel and Sir R. Inglis condemned the inquiry as disturbing church property, and establishing an example that might be extended to England. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Ellice contended that the reform, and not the destruction of the church, was the object, and that the Cabinet was united on the question of the commission, and the determination to act upon its report. Eventually the House divided—for the previous question, 396; for the original motion, 120.—The House Tax Repeal Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 3 — Mr Buckingham brought forward his motion for an inquiry into the causes and consequences of drunkenness among the labouring classes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, as a subject which Parliament could not deal with. The House, after some discussion, divided, and the motion was carried by a majority of 64 to 47. — Lord D Stuart moved a Committee of the whole House, to consider the propriety of presenting an Address to his Majesty for pecuniary assistance to the distressed Poles in this country, to be made good by the House. Agreed to. — A Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the best means of promoting a Steam Communication with India.

June 4. — Mr Plumpton presented a petition from several officers and privates of the British army, complaining of being obliged to attend processions and other Roman Catholic ceremonies, and gave notice, that next week he would bring before the House the case of an officer, who had suffered great oppression in consequence of refusing to attend at a Roman Catholic procession in the island of Corfu. Sir H Verney supported the petition, and said, that though he was anxious to preserve the strict discipline of the army, he thought that the Legislature ought to continue to protect British soldiers from being obliged to attend at ceremonies to which they had conscientious objections. After some further discussion, the petition was ordered to lie on the table. The Labourers Employment Bill was thrown out on the second reading, by a majority of 80 to 36.

June 5 — The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Sir R Peel, signified his intention of proceeding with the Irish Tithe Bill, omitting those parts of it which related to the redemption of tithe. His Lordship also explained the delay of the treaty with Portugal, as stated by Earl Grey in the House of Lords. — The Attorney General gave notice, for the 10th of June, of a Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, except in cases of fraud, and to effect other law reforms. — Mr Young moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the Reciprocity Duties Act, which, after a long discussion, was negatived by a majority of 117 to 52.

June 6 — In answer to a question from Mr Goulburn, Lord Althorp said that he proposed to proceed with the Committee on the Poor Law Amendment Bill in the morning sittings on Mondays and Fridays. — Mr Finch gave notice that he would move it be an instruction to the Irish Church Inquiry Commissioners to proceed with due caution, and to extend their inquiry to the condition of the Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

June 9 — Mr Cobbett's motion that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the cause of the increase of the poor-rates, was lost in a division by a majority of 140 against 8. — The House then went into Committee on the Poor Laws Bill. On the 23d clause being put, Colonel Torrens objected to the holders of property having more than one vote at vestries, and moved that the clause be omitted, and another prepared containing the principle he mentioned. Mr Hume seconded the motion. Colonel Evans and Mr Grote spoke against the right of allowing the owners of property in large towns having an accumulative vote. Lord Althorp defended the right, and said it was absolutely necessary, particularly in country parishes. He also defended the right of voting by proxy. After two divisions, the clause was carried. — On the motion of Lord Althorp, the Commissioners of the National Debt were authorized to pay off the holders of Four per Cent. Annuities who dissented from the resolutions of the 12th of May last. The stock of such holders so redeemed to be vested in the aforesaid Commissioners. — On the motion of Lord Dudley Stuart, an Address to his Majesty was agreed to, praying that a sum not less than 10,000*l.* be granted for the relief of the distressed Poles in this country.

June 10. — Sir S. Whalley rose to move his Resolution relative to the Repeal of the Assessed Taxes. The Hon. Member contended that the

assessed taxes were partial in their operation, and that a property tax might be substituted without subjecting any person to an inquiry into his private affairs. After a few other observations, the Hon Member said that he should not any longer occupy the attention of the House, and concluded by moving a resolution to the effect—"That the assessed taxes were prejudicial in their operation and partial in their application, and were the cause of large sums of money being spent out of the country, by forcing many persons to reside abroad, and that in their stead it would be advisable to substitute a moderate tax on real property, and on securities in the Funds." The resolution having been seconded by Mr Cobbett, Mr Robinson rose to propose an amendment to Sir S Whalley's motion, of which he had given notice, but had only proceeded with a few sentences, when Mr Gisborne moved that the House be counted, and there not being forty Members present, an adjournment took place.

June 11 — The Religious Assemblies Bill was read a third time, after a division, the numbers being—in favour of it, 98, against it, 33. The Transfer of Property Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee. The County Coroners Bill went through Committee, after considerable discussion and two divisions. —The Jewish Disabilities Bill was read a third time, and passed.

June 12 — Colonel Evans brought forward his motion respecting the Russian-Dutch Loan, which was couched in the following resolution — "That in the opinion of the House it will be competent to his Majesty's Government, in conformity with good faith and the law of nations, to suspend, or altogether discontinue, the annual payments now made by this country to Russia, should just ground appear for apprehending that the considerations distinctly laid down in the convention of the 16th November, 1831 (under which alone these payments can be demanded on the one hand, or justified to the British people on the other), are not faithfully, unequivocally, and completely fulfilled by the Court of Russia. Lord Palmerston resisted the motion, on the ground that none of the stipulations had been violated by Russia. After some observations from Colonel Davis and Mr Hume, the motion was negatived. —Lord Broughton moved for a Committee to inquire into the claims of certain British subjects, commonly called Spanish claims. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, and after a discussion of some length, it was lost upon a division. For the motion, 28, against it, 62. —The Attorney General brought in his Bill for abolishing arrests for debt, and pledged himself to do his utmost to have it passed this Session.

June 13.—The Merchant Seamen's Bill was committed *pro forma*, and the further proceedings postponed till Friday, the 20th instant, on the motion of Sir James Graham, who said that he had received many communications of importance from the outports, which induced him to make alterations in the Bill.—Mr P Thomson obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter the port dues of London, and by which a saving of 4000*l* a-year could be made to the trade.

June 16 —Mr O Connell, on finding it was the intention of Government to propose the renewal of the Irish Coercion Act, gave notice that he should move a call of the House.—It was stated by Lord Althorp that Lord Auckland would perform, gratuitously, the duties of Auditor of the Exchequer, until the Exchequer Act comes into operation on the 10th of October.—The House went into Committee on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.—Lord Althorp, in reply to Mr. Hume, said that the Marquess of Conyngham had been appointed Post-master-General.

June 17.—In answer to Mr. O Connell, Lord Althorp said that he could not at present state when the renewal of the Irish Coercion Act would be

proposed.—Sir E. Codrington moved, pursuant to notice, that the House resolve into a Committee, for the purpose of examining into the propriety of an address to his Majesty, humbly requesting that he will be pleased to take into his consideration the claims for pecuniary recompense of the officers, seamen, and Royal Marines, engaged in the battle of Navarino. The motion was at first opposed by Ministers, who, however, ultimately gave way, and the motion having been agreed to, it was ordered that the House do on this day se'night resolve itself into the said Committee.—The House was afterwards counted out on Mr. Buckingham's motion for the suppression of duelling.

June 18.—The House went into Committee on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, and after a long discussion and three divisions, several clauses were agreed to. The House also went into committee on the Punishment of Death Bill, but the discussion was adjourned in consequence of the lateness of the hour, it being then nearly four o'clock.

June 19.—On the motion of Mr. Hume, returns were ordered of the number of persons drawn by ballot for the Middlesex Militia in 1831, with the number of substitutes, and the rates of payment; of the establishment of the Customs in each of the British colonies, as it existed in January, 1834, with the amount of salaries, extent of reductions, &c.; of the promotions in the Navy, from June, 1833, to June, 1834; of the promotions in the Royal Marines; of the number of corporal punishments since the year 1825.—The Attorney-General gave notice that on Tuesday he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to establish uniformity in the law relating to Wills: and a Bill that certain associations may sue and be sued by their Secretary.—Col. Evans moved a resolution for the purpose of amending the Reform Act, which was negatived on a division, by 124 to 37.—Mr. H. L. Bulwer's motion for a Bill to protect the riband trade by prohibition, was rejected on a division, by 128 to 22.—A return was presented of the Consuls, Consuls-General, &c., holding appointments.

June 20.—Several petitions were presented against the admission of Dissenters into the Universities.—Mr. Shaw brought up a Bill for the purpose of regulating the serving processes in connexion with the Chancery and Exchequer in England and Ireland.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

Jamaica.—The Marquess of Sligo arrived at Black River on the 21st of April. His Lordship was received by the magistrates and inhabitants with the highest respect. Several addresses have been presented to the Noble Marquess, congratulating him on his arrival in the island. The new Governor, on his arrival, issued a proclamation, in which he expresses a confident reliance, "that the readiness evinced by his Majesty's Government to give effect to the praiseworthy and judicious measures of the legislature for the establishment of a social system, absolved for ever from the reproach of slavery, will stimulate the class for whom this great boon is secured to voluntary and effective industry." His Excellency was about embarking on board the *Rhadamanthus* steamer, for the purpose of making a tour of the island. Sums of money are already lodged in the towns to buy up apprenticeships.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney.—The increase of the colonial revenue for the year 1833, over the gross amount of revenue for the preceding year, amounts to 28,153*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* the total amount for the year 1833 is 164,063*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*

Swan River.—Accounts to the middle of last November state that this

settlement was in a tolerably thriving state it contained a population of 1,500 souls, the farms were gradually improving, and the appearance of the wheat fields was promising, with an average of about twenty bushels per acre, provisions were dear.

Van Diemen's Land—The last accounts from this settlement state that it was infested with bushrangers, not a day passed without some fresh robbery being committed.

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN

The decree convoking the meeting of the Spanish Cortes provides that on the 20th ult. an electoral junta shall assemble in the chief town of each arrondissement. Each junta is to select by ballot two electors, to these are to be added a third, in all cases where the population of the town exceeds 80,000, and another for every 20,000 inhabitants above the first named number. These electors are then to choose the stipulated number of Deputies or Procuradores, which assembly is to be limited to 188 of whom 14 are to represent the colonies of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The elections were to take place on the 30th ult. and the Cortes will assemble on the 24th inst. The qualifications of a deputy are that he shall be the son of Spanish parents of 30 years of age, be possessed of property equal to about 120*l* per annum, and be either a native of the district for which he is elected, or a resident there at least two years.

The government of Spain have issued a decree in which no person is to be permitted to publish a newspaper until he shall have shown that his political opinions are quite in accordance with those of the ministry.

The civil war in Spain, as well as in Portugal, has at length terminated. On the 18th of June, Don Carlos landed at Portsmouth from his Majesty's ship *Doncraig*.

PORTUGAL

The final submission of Don Miguel to the superior good fortune of his brother—his departure from Portugal—and the termination of the miserable civil war by which that country has been so long torn, are important events in the history of the month. By the aid of foreign bayonets, aided by the enterprise and skill of British seamen, Don Miguel has been at last conquered, but it certainly says a great deal for the Portuguese who supported him, that, in spite of the immense odds against them they were enabled to maintain the contest for such a period of time. We hope the rival brothers will now allow their differences to sink into oblivion, so far as concerns the future, and that by a wise and conciliating policy, that fine, but too long agitated country may be restored to its former state of tranquillity. It appears that the Duke of Terceira, after having defeated a strong body of Miguelites on the heights of Asserena, entered Santarem on the evening of the 18th May, which had previously been abandoned by the Miguelite army, who crossed over to the south of the Tagus, but being pursued by Donna Maria's forces, and their communication with Elvas cut off, they agreed to throw down their arms, after asking in vain for an armistice. His small army thus situated, General Lemos, who commanded them, wishing to avoid the further effusion of blood, accepted the terms offered to Don Miguel, who surrendered at discretion. This victory has been followed up by the publication of a general amnesty by Don Pedro, in favour of the adherents of Don Miguel, provided they declare their submission to the new government. Miguel has secured to himself an annuity of 17,000*l*. The eyes of all parties will now be directed towards "His Imperial Majesty, who moves in too eccentric an orbit long to escape observation; and some articles in the recent

Lisbon "Chronicas," lamenting the unsettled state of things in Brazil, as arising from "a minority which must prove a long one, and the influence of corrupt counsellors," would seem to intimate that Don Pedro still contemplates a design upon Rio de Janeiro. His recall to that country would be a happy event for Portugal, in whatever way it might operate upon the tranquillity of Brazil.

Don Miguel is to be allowed to retain possession of his private fortune, and his title as a Prince.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has contracted a loan for 25,000,000 of florins of convention money, called current metallic money; the reimbursement will be effected from year to year by premiums, in twenty-five drawings of different amounts, answering to the extension of capital and interest, calculated at the rate of five per cent.; amounting, together, to a total sum of 51,371,170 florins of convention money.

SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland seems to occupy a considerable share of Continental attention, and additional and strong remonstrances have been addressed to the Federal Directory by the Envoys of Austria and Sardinia, reclaiming from the Swiss Government the expulsion of the Poles and the other foreigners who have taken refuge in Switzerland. At the same time France, while she insists upon Switzerland giving up French refugees, seemed disposed to protect her against the designs of the other Powers, and a note has been sent by the French Government both to the Federal Directory and to Vienna, having these objects in view.

TURKEY.

It is said that the Sultan has approved of a plan for establishing a regular post through the whole Turkish empire. The Sultan has issued a firman ordering the formation of local militias throughout the Turkish empire.

SOUTH AMERICA.

An official account has been received of the late dreadful earthquake in South America. By this it appears that not only was the city of Pasto, with a population of 15,000 souls destroyed, but that that of Popayan, with double the population, suffered the same fate. In Pasto, all the religious houses, the churches of Jesus de Roi and San Andre excepted, which escaped with the loss of their steeples, were destroyed. The cathedral, and the churches of San Francisco, San Sebastian, Santiago, with their convents, and Santo Domingo, Mared, and Monjas, had been completely dashed to pieces. Only three or four houses escaped, and those with much damage; and in most of the buildings not a vestige even of the foundation remained. The country around presented one scene of desolation, and the houseless and wretched people were exposed by day to the scorching sun, and by night to the chilling frosts peculiar to the climate. It appears the earthquake commenced at seven o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, and that for four hours the motion of the earth continued. A repetition of the shocks occurred on the 22d, and completed the ruin. All the villages in the neighbourhood of Pasto, Laguna, Mocondino, Buesquillo, Pejindino, Puerres, Cunchalla, Tamondino, Tongovito, Gualmatan, Pandraco, and Tesuel had been much injured, and the churches all destroyed. In the districts of Malatuy, Yacuanquir, Tambo, Bucaco, Funds, and the neighbouring parishes, great injury had been sustained. The Commissioners appointed by the Government had reported that on the right of the large lake in the district of Sibundoy, a small rising ground had been observed, that vomited forth from its bosom large pieces of rock, and that huge and perforated caverns had appeared in the neighbourhood; that, of

the surrounding desert of Bondoniella, half had been swallowed up, and the other part so raised above the surface, that it had formed a mountain of stupendous elevation, like that lofty height between Sibundo and Ajua-drico, which, in its formation, overspread a great deal of the original soil. The Commissioners further state that this mountain has, from further convulsions of the earth, mouldered away, and covered the high roads, causing the formation of immense marshes in the neighbourhood; that portions of the earth had precipitated themselves into the bed of the river Baldayaco, and obstructed its course, the sudden and impetuous overflow of which had destroyed the lands and houses of the people of Santiago, forcing its waters even as far as Putumac, having been increased in its course by tributary streams to the number of ninety. The inhabitants had fled in great terror to the highest mountains. Almost the whole of the canton was overspread with large abysses, and the extreme of wretchedness prevailed throughout the country.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL BROOKING.

At his seat, Palestine, near Plymouth, on the 22d of May, in the 82d year of his age, Rear-Admiral Samuel Brooking. This officer was made a Lieutenant in 1778, by Lord Howe, in the first American war. In 1782, he was Acting-Commander of the St. Lucia, sloop-of-war, but did not get confirmed to the rank until 1794, and was then appointed to H. M. sloop, Drake. In July, 1796, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and for three years was very active on the West India station, in the command of H. M. ship Jamaica, of 20 guns. A small squadron of sloops and schooners being placed under his orders for the protection of the trade and the coasts of Jamaica, he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the House of Assembly, that, in November, 1799, he was presented by that body with a sword of the value of 100 guineas. The leading merchants and planters of St. Ann's Bay also expressed their gratitude for the services he had rendered them. Rear-Admiral Brooking was placed on the retired Admirals' list in 1819: it does not appear that he ever had a ship after the Jamaica, being compelled, by extreme ill health, to quit her and return to England. He devoted a great portion of his time to scientific pursuits.

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

At his house in Newman-street, Oxford-street, Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A. He was born in Long-acre, in August, 1775, and he was a self-taught genius. He was nursed at Dulwich, and was thence removed to Yorkshire. His great delight, even in his boyhood, was to pass hours in looking at an old picture in a store-room of the house in which he lived. At the age of fourteen he removed to Spitalfields, London, where he was bound an apprentice to a calico-printer. During his apprenticeship his master died, and being a favourite with his widow, he used to employ his spare hours in making drawings for her, some of which were arranged along the chimney-piece. It chanced that, in the course of business, a gentleman who saw these drawings was struck with them, and putting some questions to the widow as to the artist, he was told they were by one of her apprentices, who had made a great number. He took some of the drawings with him, and having shown them to a publisher of that day with whom he was intimate, this led to the employment of the young artist in making drawings for the booksellers. Mr. Stothard was, for a short time, employed as a coach painter. Mr. Harrison, the Paternoster-row bookseller, was the earliest employer of

Mr. Stothard. Many engravings for the "Town and Country Magazine," between 1770 and 1780, are from drawings by Stothard; but there is no name to them. On becoming an artist by profession, he took apartments in the Strand, opposite Somerset-house. Mr. Stothard has made more drawings than any man who ever lived—Chedowiecki, perhaps, excepted. His invention was only equalled by his taste and delicacy. On every subject he was completely at home. The manners and customs of all ages and nations were familiar to him. The collectors of his drawings and engravings are numerous. Many of our most distinguished engravers have obtained their chief reputation by engraving after Stothard. He has left behind him three sons—Alfred, who has gained much reputation for his masterly medallions. Henry, and Robert (an artist), and one daughter, who has watched assiduously over the artist during his declining years. Mr. Stothard was only confined to his room about a week. Till within these two years he was employed as an artist. He was about the middle size, of a compact make, exceedingly active, and enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. When about sixty years of age he has walked fifty miles in a day. He took delight in collecting moths and other insects. For many years of his life he was exceedingly deaf, and latterly so much so that it was painful to converse with him.

RICHARD LANDER.

Mr. Lander was born at Tiuro, on the 8th of February, 1801, so that, at the period of his decease, he was within a few days of attaining his 30th year. In boyhood he visited St. Domingo, where he remained for some time and afterwards travelled in South Africa, from Cape Town inland to the farthest extremity of the colony. He was the sole survivor of Clapperton's last and fatal expedition to Central Africa, and succeeded in making his way, defenceless and alone, from Socatoo in Haussa, to Badagry, on the western coast—a long, difficult, and dangerous journey, through countries inhabited by a variety of tribes, by whom he was not only unmolested, but treated, for the most part, with kindness and liberality.

His brother, John Lander, has written to the Editor of the "Literary Gazette," the following interesting particulars concerning the ill-fated traveller—

"His interesting and important expedition to trace the course of the Niger to its termination, and its successful issue, are already known to the public, who are indebted to Richard Lander for the solution of an intensely interesting question, which had engaged the attention of geographers for many centuries. It is a sorrowful reflection, that after all his painful toil and mental and bodily sufferings in the cause of African exploration—after having escaped, in a manner truly surprising, the treacherous and destructive influence of the climate, he should have met his death on the eve of returning to enjoy the fruits of his noble labours in the bosom of domestic peace, by the hands of heartless savages, amongst whom he was in the very act of endeavouring to introduce the blessings of civilisation and the arts of peace!

"Richard Lander was of short stature, but he possessed great muscular strength, and a constitution of iron. No stranger could help being struck, as Sir Joseph Banks was with Ledyard, 'with the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye.' He was gifted in an eminent degree with that passive courage which is so requisite a qualification in an African traveller. His manners were mild, unobtrusive, and highly pleasing, which, joined to his cheerful temper and ingenuous handsome countenance, rendered him a favourite with every one that knew him, by most of whom he was *beloved* in the fullest sense of the word. The many distinguished individuals of the metropolis to whose society he was introduced after his return from the Niger discovery will subscribe to the truth of this assertion; but no one knows, to the fullest

extent, except the companions of his boyhood, and the friends of his riper years, the unaffected benevolence of his character, and the excellence of his warm and generous heart. To them, and to every member of his disconsolate family, who were tenderly attached to him, his melancholy and most distressing fate will be the bitterest ingredient in the cup of life. So greatly was Richard Lander beloved by the untutored Africans, that at various places in the interior, where he had remained some time—at Katinga, Bousa, Yacorie, and other places—numbers of the inhabitants ran out of their huts to embrace him on his leaving their town, and, with hands uplifted, and eyes filled with tears, they blessed him in the name of their god. He has left a fatherless child, and an afflicted, broken-hearted widow, to mourn their distressing bereavement."

The following is the official despatch which contained the particulars of his death. It is dated Fernando Po, February 5th, 1834, and signed "Richard Meredith, Commander of His Majesty's sloop Pelorus."

"Mr. Lander left her some time since, for Cape Coast Castle, to procure boats, &c : and, having got one boat and two canoes, manned by four Englishmen, seventeen black men, and two boys, had proceeded up the Niger nearly to the town of Hammock (about 100 miles) confident of the friendship of the natives, he was tracking the boat along there, near the turn of the river and abreast of the island, which much narrowed the passage, when, at two P.M. on the 20th ult., the boat grounding, a heavy fire was opened from the bushes on both sides, and from the island, which killed two men and wounded himself with three others, a number of large armed canoes coming round the point at the same time, they were obliged to abandon the boat, take to the canoes, and make a running fight for four hours, in which they lost another Englishman killed and four blacks wounded, making a total of three killed and eight wounded.

"He got to the Crown cutter, waiting at the mouth of the river, late in the afternoon of the 21st, arrived here on the 25th, and died on the 2d of this month.

"Mr. Lander estimated the parties that attacked him at from eight to ten thousand, all armed with swords or muskets—a number, no doubt, much exaggerated—and felt convinced, from the judicious position they occupied, that some Europeans were assisting which, from the slavers being much opposed to the English, and any trade on the coast, is very probable."

MRS. FLETCHER.

[We extract the following from the "Athenæum;" our personal knowledge of Mrs. Fletcher was also near and intimate; and while we deeply lament the public loss that has been sustained, we sincerely join in the eulogium which the editor of the "Athenæum" has pronounced upon the excellent and accomplished subject of it:—]

"It is with feelings of more than common regret that we have to notice the death of Mrs. Fletcher, (late Miss Jewsbury,) on her way from Sholapore to Bombay—this took place on the 3d of October last. It seems but yesterday since we offered her our best wishes for her health and happiness on the long and arduous pilgrimage she was about to undertake, and we cannot but mournfully remember the eager pleasure with which she anticipated beholding the riches of nature and antiquity in the gorgeous East, and how 'she wished she could carry with her half the books in the British Museum.' Alas! the eager and active spirit, to which such aspirations were a second nature, is now at rest for ever!

"We believe that our friend was a native of Warwickshire. We know that she was early in life deprived of her mother, and thenceforth called upon to take her place at the head of a large family, (then removed to Manchester,) with the further trial of most precarious health. These cir-

cumstances are only mentioned as illustrative of the energy of her mind, which, under the pressure of so many of the grave cares of life, could yet find time to dream dreams of literary distinction, and, in the course of a very few years, to convert those visions into realities. An extract from a private letter which has fallen into our possession, dated but a short time before she left England, gives us an opportunity of referring to the progress of her mind in her own words

“ ‘The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand. I wish in vain for the simplicity that neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiencies of early idleness and common place instruction, intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course. I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and of sadness is come now, and with my foot on the threshold of a new life and a new world,

“ ‘I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care.”

“ It was at an early period of her life that she ventured to address a letter to Wordsworth, full of the impatient longings of an ardent and questioning mind—it is sufficient proof of its reception to state, that this led to a correspondence, and thence to a permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the development of her talents, and bringing them forth before the public by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alric Writts, at that time resident in Manchester, in obligation which she was always ready gratefully to acknowledge.

“ Her first work, we believe, was entitled ‘Phantasmagoria, or Essays on Life and Literature, which was well received by the public. This was followed by her ‘Letters to the Young, written soon after a severe illness, her ‘Fables for Leisure Hours, and, lastly, her ‘Three Histories, all of which have been deservedly popular. But many of her best writings are, unfortunately, scattered abroad. She contributed some of their brightest articles to the Annuals during the season of their prosperity of these we mention at random—‘The Boor of the Brocken, in the ‘Forget Me Not,’ ‘The Hero of the Coliseum, in the ‘Amulet, and the ‘Lovers Quartet, in the ‘Literary Souvenir. Many of her poems, too, dispersed in different periodicals, deserve to be collected, in particular, ‘The Lost Spirit, and the ‘Phantom King, written on the death of George the Fourth. During the years 1831 and 1832 she contributed many delightful papers to our own columns, and we need not remind our readers that ‘The Oceanides, perhaps her last literary labours, appeared there.

“ But we think that all these, excellent as they were, are only indications of what she might and *would* have achieved, had further length of days been permitted to her, that such was her own opinion may be gathered from further passages in the same letter from which we have already quoted.

“ ‘I can bear blame if seriously given, and accompanied by that general justice which I feel due to me, banter is that which I *cannot* bear, and the prevalence of which in passing criticism, and the dread of which in my own person, greatly contributes to my determination of letting many years elapse before I write another book.’

“ ‘Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon, it is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one like myself is at last seized upon by a blended passion for knowledge and for truth, he has probably committed

himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name." I would gladly burn almost everything I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered, somewhat at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst

" 'I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, may mature—may stamp themselves in act—but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will—

" 'I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart'

" 'My 'Three Histories' has most of myself in them, but they are fragmentary. Public report has fastened the 'Julia' upon me, the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions are correct, but all else is fabulous.

" 'In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea—*Death*—all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow, from having learned life rather in the vicissitudes of man than woman, from the mind being *Hebraic*. My poetry, except some half-dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion, but in all you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset and the bright green of spring—and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight' as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, cheerful on principle

" We can add little to these interesting confessions of one whose sincerity could well be relied upon. In conversation Miss Fletcher was brilliant and eloquent—she was active in serving others as well as herself—and we feel, as we record her untimely death, that a friend has been taken away from us, as well as a bright ornament from the female literature of this country.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

Married]—Captain Ricketts R N, son of Rear Admiral Sir R Ricketts Bart, of the Elms, Gloucester, to Henrietta, daughter of Colonel Tempest, of Tong Hall York

At Paddington Church T Grant, Esq, of Great Leighs Essex, to Rosina, daughter of J Vendramini, Esq

At Paris, Hugh, youngest son of the late Sir W Forbes, Bart, of Crablevar, Aberdeen, to Anne, daughter of J G Morgan, Esq, of Bristol.

At Glasgow, the Rev John Smith, Minister of St George's, to Violet, daughter of the late Major General W Lockhart

At Bath, J Christian Hoode Esq, of Lucknam, Wilts to Clementina, daughter of Vice Admiral Sir H W Bayntun

At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Leveson Gower, jun Esq, of Titsey place, in the county of Surrey, to Emily Josephine, second daughter of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart.

At Swanswick, Philip Charles Sheppard, Esq, of Upper Halliford, in the county of Middlesex, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Osborne Markham Esq, and niece of the Marquess of Bath

At St George's, Hanover square, the Rev. Frederick A S Fane, second son of John Fane Esq, of Wormsley, Oxon, to Joanna, youngest daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse Bart

At the Mauritius, C C Brownrigg, Esq, Capt 9th regiment to Rosa Matilda, second daughter of Lieut Colonel Myers, Commanding Royal Engineer in that island

Also on the same day, the Rev Ingrishe Banks Second Colonial Chaplain to Louisa, eldest daughter of Lieut Colonel Myers

At St Mary's Church Henry Robert, only son of the late John Addison, Judge in Bengal, to Grace, youngest daughter of Major General Robert Buxton, late of the 2d Life Guards.

Died]—At Angers, in France, the Hon Abraham Heley, Hutchinsons; aged 68, brother of the late Earl of Donoughmore formerly one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs

At Montreal, Lower Canada in the 47th year of his age, the Rev Brook Bridges Stevens, A M late Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces, and Lecturer of the Protestant Episcopal Church at that place

At Fromer Lodge Herts, of consumption Isabel Georgiana eldest daughter of Sir D and Lady Ogelby, aged 16 years

At Uddens House, Dorset, Sir James J. Fraser, Bart. in his 45th year

In Privy Gardens, aged 85, the Hon Catherine Gertrude Robinson, widow of the late Hon Frederic Robinson, and aunt to the Earls Malmesbury, Morley, de Grey, and Ripon

At Winchester Lady Caroline Knollys, eldest sister of the late Earl of Banbury

At Marine parade, Brighton, Ann Brummell, widow of Benjamin Brummell, Esq. late of his Majesty's Treasury.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON

Pure Water—Mr Martin, the artist, who some time ago proposed a plan for supplying London with water from the river Coln, has published it, combined with another proposition namely, to make the line by which the water is to come to London serve also for a railway forming a roof over the aqueduct, of strength sufficient to support the iron rails, and the carriages to move thereon, as far as Denham, a distance of fifteen miles from London in the direction of the projected great western rail roads. Mr Martin is also actively employed in forming a company for the purification of the river Thames, by the construction of sewers in a direction parallel to its banks.

CAMBRIDGE.

The new Colonial Secretary, Mr. Spring Rice has fought a hard battle at Cambridge against Sir Edward Sugden, he has, however, obtained the victory, beating his antagonist by a majority of 29, the relative numbers being—for Mr. Rice, 616, Sir Edward Sugden, 587. It must be admitted that this victory is no triumph on the part of Mr. Spring Rice, Sir Edward having a majority of 169 against him at his last failure two years ago at the same place. Both candidates, in their appeals to the people, had considerable difficulties to encounter. Sir Edward had the unpopularity of the Church Establishment to defend; and Mr. Rice had his vote on the *Pension List*, and the general tenour of Lord Grey's Administration, to palliate. Both these were dead weights on the energies of the two candidates, and tended much to weaken the exertions of their friends.

CORNWALL

Singular Cavern—Within the last few days a singular discovery has been made at Whael Prudence Mine, in the parish of St Agnes. Some men who were employed in extending the adit level, found, quite unexpectedly, what was at first considered a communication with some old workings. Steps were taken without delay to convey as good a current of air as possible to the spot, and after a few other preliminaries an entrance was effected into a small cavern. Pursuing their researches, it was found that the bottom was as complete a beach as that over which the ocean rolls daily, but nothing in the shape of a communication with that element could be traced. So complete was the state of the internal beach, that had there not subsequently been discovered a variety of conic pillars of oxide of iron, varying from six to eighteen inches in height (caused by dropping of water from the roof) it would most certainly have been conjectured that the barrier between the cavern and the sea had not been long formed, these cones, however, together with the hard iron incrustations of some particular portions of the sand, put it beyond doubt that the present obstruction to the sea's entrance has existed for many a long year. On proceeding southward about 120 feet, a very hard head of ground presented itself, which was at first considered the termination; but, on stooping down, a small aperture was seen, through which the captain of the mine groped, and on raising his eyes one of the most magnificent excavations ever beheld expanded to his view; the whole extent of the chasm measuring longitudinally 200 feet, varying from 30 to 70 feet in height, and in width from

20 to 40 feet! Amongst other things found, is the skeleton of a fish, measuring from the head to the lower extremity about two feet; the bones were apparently as perfect as possible, but the most trifling pressure would immediately crumble them to dust, with the exception of the skull, which was hard and firm. The whole distance from the sea to the southern extremity of the cavern is 400 feet.—*Falmouth Packet*

DORSETSHIRE.

The improvement which has been just commenced at Weymouth will be effected by the embanking of about fifty acres of the mud land of the harbour, of which about thirty five are to be devoted to the purposes of a park, and laid out in a style of great taste, in extensive rides and drives, well planted, and to which access will be obtained through two handsome entrance lodges; the one leading from King street, the other from the entrance to the town. On the remainder of the ground will be erected a crescent of thirty spacious houses, sweeping with a lawn and pleasure-ground in front, from the Belvidere to the spot on which the turnpike gate at present stands. The expense of erecting the long course of embankment wall, by means of which this extensive improvement will be effected, will be defrayed solely from the funds of the Corporation.

HAMPSHIRE,

Mammoth—Part of the skeleton of this extinct animal, in a state of complete petrification, has recently been discovered embedded in a cliff at the back of the Isle of Wight, consisting of a cylindrical bone, probably of the leg, one of the vertebrae, the bones composing one of the feet, and part of another.

KENT.

Skeleton of an Iguanodon found near Maidstone—The bones discovered by Binsted in a quarry of the limestone called Kentish rag, near Maidstone, prove, as we had anticipated, to belong to that monster of the ancient world, the Iguanodon, whose remains are so abundantly distributed throughout the walds of Kent and Sussex. The bones in question consist of the thigh and leg bones, many bones of the toes, several vertebrae or bones of the spine, two claw-bones, and fragments of other bones which are too imperfect to admit of determination. The remains of two teeth

render it certain that all these bones belong to this extinct lizard. The size of the thigh-bones indicates that the individual was about 75 feet in length. These relics are imbedded in a mass of limestone about 3 feet by 6 feet, which was unfortunately blasted with gunpowder by the quarrymen before its precious contents were observed. The intelligent proprietor of the quarry has, however, so carefully collected all the fragments, that by skill and perseverance the specimen might be rendered one of the most interesting possible. Many teeth of fishes, several marine shells, ossicula or little bones of echini, starfish, &c are imbedded in the mass. In the same quarry fossil-wood is found in abundance.—*Brighton Gazette*.

SUSSEX.

The men employed in lowering the hill at Falmer, between Brighton and Lewes, have already removed a considerable portion of the summit of the hill; the section of the soil exposed by their operations exhibits a thick bed of loam and of sand, of an olive-green colour; it does not contain fossils, but is evidently an outline of the tertiary sand which occurs at Castle Hill, near Newhaven, and at Chimney Castle, near Seaford, and which is frequently observed in fissures of the chalk; a proof that the tertiary strata once extended over a much larger surface than they now occupy. In the chalk the labourers dug up what they called a petrified sea-serpent, but which we scarcely need remark was an *ammonite*, an extinct species of marine shell-fish allied to the recent *Nautilus*.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Great Western Railway—In the course of his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, Mr Brunel said, "The whole time to be occupied in the cuttings and embankments on the whole line from Bristol to Bath would be about three years. The estimate is 206,900*l* for that line, excluding the purchase of land, and, adding for contingencies, is 227,700*l*. The cost of the tunnels is about 31,122*l*. The width and height of the tunnels is about 25 feet each; the longest tunnel would be lighted and ventilated by two shafts. The diameter of his shafts would be 10 feet, their depth about 35; crosses the river four times; the north branch, coming in contact with the coal pit line, is the branch proposed to be made, that is the

best line to what he considers the best point for a depôt; the part of the river to which the railway is now proposed to come is navigable to all vessels which drop their masts; has heard complaints from the parish of Salford about cutting off the springs; examined the wells and made inquiries of the man who sunk them, but found the cuttings would not interfere with the springs. There was some proposition (not his) for tunnelling under Bath, but it was given up from the utter impossibility of ascertaining the compensation to be given if they endangered the Bath springs, the great riches of Bath. In Salford the wells are deeper than the bottom of the tunnel; even if the springs should be cut off, the mischief might be avoided by deepening the wells, or constructing a reservoir; has allowed occupation bridges, for the conveyance of manure, &c. by water; could not have kept on the Keston side of the river, so as to have avoided Mr. Gore Langton's property: the embankment at these meadows would be about 15 feet high, which would allow sufficient room for occupation bridges. The price of land and houses from Bristol to Bath would be about 44,000*l.* Has been required, by the commissioners of the roads, to raise the bridges over the roads near Bath; would have to raise them three feet: it would involve no material additional expense; not 15,000*l.* certainly: has made ample allowance for it in the price of embankments and sundries. The whole elevation between Bristol and Bath is 50 feet. Mr. Townsend, of Bristol, took the levels on the Bath and Bristol end. This is the best line as a fixed point."

YORKSHIRE.

Education in Yorkshire and Lancashire.—From a paper published by authority of the Factory Commission, we find that in a certain number of factories, taken indiscriminately, there are (in

Yorkshire) 9,087 persons who can read; 1,630 who cannot read; 5,523 who can write; and 5,194 who cannot write. The proportion in every hundred is as follows:—85 who can read; 15 who cannot read; 48 who can write; 52 who cannot write. In factories in Lancashire there are 11,393 who can read; 2,344 who cannot read; 5,184 who can write; 8,553 who cannot write. The proportion in each 100 is as follows:—Can read, 83; cannot read, 17; can write, 38; cannot write, 62. The proportion of those who can read and write in the agricultural districts of these counties is, it is feared, much less.

Poor-Rates.—On the motion of Mr. Hodges, a detailed account of the poor-rates and county-rates in England and Wales, for the year ending March 25, 1833, has been printed, from which it appears that the whole amount levied was 8,739,881*l.*, of which 6,790,799*l.* was expended for the relief of the poor, 254,412*l.* in suits of law, and 1,694,669*l.* for other purposes. The diminution, as compared with the year before, is, on the whole, 4 per cent. The greatest diminution is found in Lancaster and Southampton, each 1 per cent.; the greatest increase in Bedford and Warwick, each 4 per cent. In Middlesex the diminution has been 6 per cent. In that year there was a considerable expense incurred on account of the cholera; and, from what has transpired, we run no risk in asserting that the diminution of the poor-rates in 1833-1834, will be considerable on the diminished expense of last year. The great evil, then, let us hope, is permanently on the decline; and let us now record the fact of a diminution last year, that we may not hereafter believe that the country is indebted for it to the Poor-Laws' Amendment Bill.—*Times.*

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE DEMOCRACY OF ENGLAND

‘ The real evil of our present Government is the enormous amount of the national debt. Were we to make any complete and total change in any one branch of our Legislature the people would soon inquire whether that change had lightened the burden of the debt. It would be no satisfaction to them to be told that by reductions in the army, and other establishments savings to the amount of three or four millions had been made. After requiring and obtaining a complete revolution in the form of the House of Commons, the seat of Government they would expect much greater alleviation than any economy could grant. *New and more violent changes will be demanded.* Law and prescription would be less regarded in every fresh change. The national creditor would in vain urge the justice of his claim to the payment of the interest due to him. I know there are many persons disposed to say, ‘ Why, this is the very thing we want—we only value Reform as a prelude to measures too comprehensive, or, if you will too violent for an old established government to undertake.’ Such is the feeling of the most able but I think, not the most prudent of the reformers. It is a question however of feeling, rather than of reasoning. For my own part I cannot understand how a man can have read the histories of Athens of Sparta of Venice of France, of Spain—how he can have looked for an hour into the history of the world—how he can have thrown a single glance at the governments existing in the world at the end of the eighteenth century—how he can have weighed the miserable result of the most benevolent plans, and the most brilliant schemes of Government—and not cling the closer to his native home. Corrupt is the administration of English affairs may be, it is impossible not to see that the laws afford a greater protection to civil, personal, and political liberty in England, than the general average of governments attain.—*Lord John Russell*

IF one who looks out upon the ocean from the deck of a small vessel were to promise himself that he could count the numbers, measure the dimensions, and ascertain the force of the billows that are rolling around him—that he could penetrate the depths and descry all that is hidden or dissolved in the world of waters, he would undertake a task scarcely more impossible than that he purposes who attempts to survey the complexities, and note the passions, predilections, and prejudices, the motives and incitements of that now extraordinarily mixed and varied portion of English society to which the mighty name of “ The Democracy ” appertains. For as nations depart from the simplicity which for so long a period confines them to small and distinct classes while the range of their wanderings and their experiences is limited, *society becomes as it were more and more individualized*, and when it has reached a point in the progression, marked, like that of our own age, by immense accumulations of knowledge and of property, by gigantic discoveries in science, by all-pervading inquiry and diligence in the search after information, and the acuteness, rapidity, and power that these things imply, almost every mind is as it were a single spring, acting with its own unconnected

and almost undirected force, and constituting one amongst many millions of similar movements. This chaos of the elements of intellectual agency is no less a characteristic of the time, than is that general impulse called "the spirit of the age," nominally and practically that desire of extreme and ultimate improvement, thus derived and thus formed; that would, if it were permitted, neither make stop nor stay till the "perfectibility" is accomplished, which a good many of the generation immediately preceding us believed might be achieved by the exertion of an imaginary energy, and which, though latent, they maintained to be an inherent and essential portion of the nature of man. He then who would begin such a survey must fix his most profound regard upon this principle, for by its activity alone will he be enabled to account for the various appearance that vex and disturb the ever-changing surface his field of vision embraces.

Nor does this principle contravene the tendency to effect objects by the concentrated efforts of masses of men, we see pervading almost all public operations; for this it is, not to speak irreverently, imaging while it performs the intention of Creative Wisdom, this it is which plants the seeds of their dissolution even at the moment it gives birth to associations powerful almost beyond control in their beginnings, feeble even to absolute nothingness in their end. While the understanding is strongly drawn to one pursuit, and constantly employed in it, uniformity of thinking, no less than the acquaintance with its several bearings thus acquired, engenders a confidence that impels the man to rely upon his own strength and his own superiority, whether real or imaginary. A multiplicity of objects, on the contrary, while it extends the perception of things necessary or desirable, inevitably weakens the reliance which the individual is, in the other case, induced to place upon his own means; and the very facility allures him to conceive, that by lending a part of his ability to general combinations, he may successfully exert his force in many ways. But it not less certainly happens that the want of intensity brings on indifference and mutability, to say nothing of that overweening self-opinion, and consequent contempt of others, which follow a little learning; and by the action of these subtle solvents, the ill-compacted mass soon precipitates and crumbles to pieces. This appears to explain the ever-changing fickleness of all republican forms; this, too, is the reason why Governments of another mould have so little cause to dread any lasting effect from the combinations or "unions" of numbers.

The English are of all nations the most *individualized*. Even our love of country has indeed been imputed to deeply-rooted selfishness. An Englishman loves the land of his birth, it has been said, merely because it gave *him* being, and his affections towards everything appertaining to it centre there because they are his. A very few words will explain this fallacy, which consists in a mere antithesis. The Frenchman, who loves his country because he belongs to it, and the Englishman, because it belongs to him, differ only in their mode of expression. The consciousness of mere possession confers neither pleasure nor honour, for no man would feel either satisfaction or pride in possessing what is worthless—it is the knowledge of the value of the possession that gives both. If the notion of property have anything to do with love of country, it is because the idea of greatness is connected with it. An Englishman, therefore, boasts

of his origin, and loves the *natale solum* because he feels and knows that it is a distinction among nations to belong to a country elevated into supremacy by that which can alone ennoble it, by the virtues of its offspring, those virtues which have won that supremacy, whether proceeding from valour or from wisdom, from arms or from arts. Were England notorious for the cowardice of its natives, for vice and poverty—were the King a tyrant, and the people slaves—it would still be his country, but would any man congratulate himself that it was so? Certainly not. It is then the pride of the majesty of England's station and character, not the notion of possession in any other sense, that constitutes the ground of this love of country.

But even were it so, the Englishman has perhaps a right to judge of it in this manner, because he has a greater share in making the advantages his own. For if we inquire to what these accidents (glory, and wealth, and dominion are accidents) are owing, we shall find they arise from causes intimately connected with this same individuality. We pass over the instinct every man is supposed to feel towards his father-land, for it is a matter of belief, not of demonstration; we pass over the attachment generated by habits, manners, and associations, for these also are accidents, and go down to the physical cause of the formation of character. An Englishman's wants are greater than those of nations planted nearer to the sun. Hence he must exert more effort, if only to gain his subsistence. Effort is the parent of hardihood, not less than of acquisition, and hence it is that in the English character there is more strength, more self-dependence, as well as more independence, than in the character of other nations. The man born where climate lays upon him the necessity of providing animal food and strong drink, must labour more than he who can find sufficient support for the day in a slice of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a glass of iced water. Nature has made it imperative upon the Englishman to work, and to work hard; individual power becomes national power, in whatsoever direction it is exercised. Property and personal exaltation are but the natural consequences, the natural rewards. Thus the distinctions of affluence and aristocracy have been born and nurtured of individual exertion, and thus also they re-act in re-producing their origin. But still they are only secondary causes*.

* It is singular that the author who has attributed our love of country to selfishness should have so clearly perceived the effects of industry upon the national character, without tracing it to its source, or following it out still further upon our affections and habits. "I think," says Mr. Bulwer, "that I need take no pains to prove the next characteristic of the English people—a characteristic that I shall but just touch upon, viz. their wonderful spirit of industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws, and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word, the distinguishing quality of our nation, the pervading genius of our riches, our grandeur, and our power!

"Every great people has its main principle of greatness, some one quality, the developing and tracing, and feeling, and watching of which has made it great. Your Excellency remembers how finely Montesquieu has proved this important truth in the 'Grandeur et Décadence des Romains.' With France that principle is the love of glory, with America it is the love of liberty, with England it is the love of action;—the safest and most comprehensive principle of the three; for it gains glory without seeking it too madly, and it requires liberty in order to exist. Now I think

And if we follow this clue, it will guide us to the preference, the natural preference of home, which binds all our hearts in so firm a chain. Our affections are by this means concentrated, not dispersed, for dissipation belongs not to laborious occupation. But the English are unsocial!—they are so only in proportion as they are hearty and sincere in their feelings. A strong moral attachment to wife, children, and friends, nay, even to localities and things, grows out of this concentration. That interpretation of social life which implies wide and various society, a life of casual, public, and general admixture, rather than of intimate, private, and particular combination, wars against this moral attachment. An Englishman thinks even more than he acts, for he thinks while he does, and while he does not act. His thoughts and his sentiments are stedfast and profound, mere isolated amusement is seldom his desire, for he is moral even in his amusements, where it is not so, his natural dispositions have been changed, not to say corrupted, by the laxity which accompanies habits and affections dissipated over a large surface of society, and attenuated by such dissipation. Thus we perceive the variance, and we perceive also why acquisition, being the measure of individual power, comes to be held so high in estimation.

This theory has been even more strongly illustrated by the American writer, Dr Channing. "Generally speaking," says that able man, "we can do much good by individual action, and our own virtue is incomparably improved by it * * * * * "All the great works of genius come from deep lonely thought" and when speaking of natural associations in opposition to the wisest and best of those founded by men, he thus forcibly establishes the superiority of natural relations— "We can easily illustrate by examples the inferiority of human associations. In Boston there are two asylums for children, which deserve, we think, a high place among useful institutions. Not a little time is spent upon them. Hundreds conspire to carry them on, and we have anniversaries to collect crowds for their support. And what is the amount of good accomplished? Between one and two hundred children are provided for, a number worthy of all the care bestowed on these charities. But compare this number with all the children of this city, with the thousands who throng our streets and our schools. And how are these fed, clothed, educated? We hear of no subscriptions, no anniversaries for their benefit, yet how they flourish compared with the subjects of asylums! These are provided for by that unostentatious and unpraised society which God has instituted, a family—that shelter, home, which nature rears, protects them, and it is an establishment worth infinitely

that your Excellency (than whom if no man sees more the folly in a state man of over refining, no man also, I apprehend, sees more clearly the necessity of his piercing beyond the surface, and seizing from the confused history of the past some one broad though metaphysical principle by which to guide and work out his policy,)—I think, I say, that your Excellency will perceive that when we have once discovered the national quality which has chiefly made a nation great, we cannot too warmly foster, and too largely encourage it; we should break down all barriers that oppose it; foresee, and betimes destroy all principles that are likely to check or prevent it. It is the vestal fire which daily and nightly we must keep alive; and we should consider all our prosperity to be coupled with its existence. Thus, then, if industry be the principle of our power, we cannot too zealously guard it from all obstacle, or too extensively widen the sphere for its exertions"—*England and the English*, vol. 1, p. 83.

more than all the institutions, great or small, which man has devised. In truth, just as far this is improved, as its duties are performed, and its blessings prized, all artificial institutions are superseded. Here then is the sphere for the agency of the wise and good. Improve the family, strengthen and purify the relations of domestic life, and more is done for the happiness and progress of the race than by the most splendid charities."

It is of such materials that English society is formed, and from such proceeds its compact, indissoluble power in all its relations.

We have endeavoured to go to the foundations of national character, before we commence our inquiry into the changes, whether for good or for evil, visibly taking place. In a late article* we considered the real influences of the aristocracy, rightly so called, upon our institutions, manners, and habits; we are now to examine the reciprocating powers of the democracy of our constitution. Of what is that portion of our State composed?—as we define it, of all below the Crown and the families of the House of Peers.

Though not equally distinct as before the growth of a population so increased in numbers that almost every village is a town, every town a city, before distances were reduced, and intercourse so infinitely facilitated by modern wealth and invention, the inhabitants of the rural districts are still a separate race from those of larger places. Agricultural and manufacturing are still the generic titles, but, though still distinct, the characters are every day blending more and more. The simplicity of rustic manners is gone,—the pure morality is gone. We are not now inquiring into causes,—they have been already explained at length in our pages†,—we have to do only with the fact. The villager retains much of the dulness without the honesty of his nature and employment. It is a practical observation that, if you would have zeal and activity, you must engage youth in the service, if sobriety, judgment, and discretion, you must seek age and experience. But even these characteristics are obliterated, for there is little zeal where there is no natural tie but money-payment, and especially where even that reward is confessedly insufficient not only for the work, but inadequate to support the workman. Cunning, and evasion and idleness, indifference, and dishonesty and disrespect have supplanted the natural affection, unwearied industry, the sober content, and dignified humility which once bound to each other the farmer and his workman. The rural population is, therefore, reckless and ripe for change; not daring enough to begin a general revolt, (their late partial experiment failed,) but ready and eager to join in any contest which might promise to better their own condition, by intimidation or plunder of their superiors. Moral restraint—the impalpable monitor which subdues evil dispositions and teaches the great lesson "to do unto all men as you would they should do unto you,"—that homely and domestic, but wholesome code of practical honour which might truly have been called the unbought grace of life, and the cheap defence of person and property, is gone. All the pride of industry and virtue is extinct, and the vices of the country are

* On the Aristocracy of England.—*New Monthly Magazine* for May, 1834.

† See the article on the Rural Population.—*New Monthly Magazine* for March, 1832.

only of less dangerous dimensions than those of the city, in so far as they are less combined, active, and daring, directed to frauds of low and petty amount, while perhaps they are far more corrupting and constant, and scarcely less irritating in the manner, or important in the aggregate. The one great exception, incendiarism,—the evidence as much of universal as of individual poverty, exasperation, and vengeance,—exalts rural crime, by the terrors attending its infliction of positive loss, to a height not yet reached even by the bank-robber and the wholesale burglar of the metropolis. But what are the political indications? how do these bear upon the nature of “the democracy” (of which we shall soon show the labourers in husbandry are, indeed, no portion) as part and parcel of the Constitution of England? Why thus,—they are ripe for revolution,—by which single word they understand any change to be effected by violence, and holding out the lure of an improved condition, by the plunder of property. Released alike from the bonds of natural affection and moral regulation, they present a fearfully unconnected mass, the subjects of continual legal terror and compulsion, to be kept under by scarcely any other restraint.

Is not this strange? Is it not still more strange that, while the disorder and its consequences are so palpable, the Government should be about to apply the multifarious agency of the complicated machinery (for torture) of the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, instead of the simple lenitive—employment? For poverty, the most abject poverty—the inseparable attendant of idleness produced by the too severe competition of superabundant numbers, has been, and must continue to be, the destruction, while it has also been, and still remains, the universal misery of the rural population. And if it be argued—and instances adduced to prove that crime is not always committed through the immediate temptations of indigence, it ought never to be forgotten that the demoralization may be only a secondary cause, springing out of poverty. Crime is, indeed, the offspring of a reckless immorality, but that state of mind in the rural population has been gradually, but certainly brought on by the pressure of extreme necessity, working this enormous evil through the perverted agency of the Poor Laws*.

It presents a curious anomaly in the practice of the British Constitution, that the hind, the labourer in husbandry, enjoys no share in the representation, while the operative in every other branch has an opening to a participation of the franchise by birth or servitude. Even the new Magna Charta of Reform has left him in his original state of villenage. Nor does this vast proportion of the people of England, although standing in the ratio of about seven to eleven compared with those employed in other callings, possess the slightest political influence. This privation and weakness may, in some degree, account for the neglect of their superiors, and, what is worse, the tendency of legislation to abase, rather than to exalt them. Denied all share of power, and abandoned by their natural protectors, the distance which separates these living atoms and

* “Of all popular suppositions, the most common among our philanthropical philosophers is, to believe that in England poverty is the parent of crime. This is not exactly the case. *Pauperism* is the parent of crime, but *pauperism* is not poverty. The distinction is delicate and important.”—*England and the English*, vol. 1, p. 211. Mr. Bulwer has here again removed the cause a step: poverty is the first cause of pauperism—the abase of the poor-laws a secondary agent.

prevents their cohesion robs them at once of all gravity and impulsion in the state.

Next in degree amongst the rural peopling stands "the bold yeoman," the native oak in the English forest of power. He, too, is changed, and alas that he is so! But what has altered him? The sudden growth to affluence, and the not less sudden decline. He, too, is individualized, but less, perhaps, than any other class*.

* "Sir Thomas Smith, Knight, Doctoure of both Lawes, and one of the principall Secretaries unto two most worthy Princes, King Edward and Queene Elizabeth thus quaintly describes this class in his time — "Those whom we call Yeomen, next unto the Nobilitie, Knights, and Squires have the greatest charge and dunnings in the Commonwealt, or rather are more travell'd to serve in it than all the rest, as shall appeare hereafter. I call him a yeoman whom our Lawes doe call *legitimus homo*, a word familiar in Writs and Requests, which is a freeman borne English and may depend of his owne free Land in yearly revenue to the summe of fortie shillings sterling. This maketh (if the just value were taken now to the proportion of monies) sixe pound of our currant money at this present. This sort of people confesse themselves to be no Gentlemen, but give the honour to all which be or take upon them to be Gentlemen, and yet they have a certain preeminence, and more estimation than Labourers and Artificers, and commonly live wealthy, keep good houses, and doe their businesse, and travell to acquire riches, these (for the most part) I accommends unto Gentlemen, which with grazing, freighting of markets, and keeping servants not idlye is the gentleman doth. But as they get both their own living and part of their masters, and by these means doe meete such wealth that they are able and duly doe buy the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and after setting their sonnes to the school at the Universities, to the Lawes of the Realme, or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereon they may live without labour, doe make their said sonnes by those means Gentlemen. These bee not called Masters, for that (as I said) pertaineth to gentlemen only. But to their surnames men, the Goodman, as if the surname be *Fisher*, *White*, *Bouche*, they are called *Goodman Fisher*, *Goodman White*, *Goodman Bouche*, amongst their neighbours. I meane not in matters of importance, or in Law. But in matters of Law, and for distinction, if one were a Knight, they would write him (for example sake) *Sir John Fisher* Knight, so if he be an Esquire, *John Fisher*, Esquire or Gentleman, if he bee no Gentleman, *John Fisher*, Yeoman. For amongst the Gentlemen they which claime no higher degree, and yet be to be exempted out of the number of the lowest sort thereof, bee written Esquires. So amongst the Husbandmen, Labourers, the lowest and rascall sort of the people, such is bee exempted out of the number of the rascallitie of the popular, bee called and written Yeomen, as in the degree next unto Gentlemen. These are they which old *Cato* calleth *aratores* and *optimus cives in Republica*, and such as of whom the writers of Commonwealths praise to have many in it. Aristotle, namely, reciteth *νοθακα μιστραμα*, these tend their own businesse, come not to meddle in publike matters and judgements, but when they are called, and glad when they are delivered thereof, are obedient to the Gentlemen and Rulers, and in warre can abide travail and labour, is men used to fight for their Lords of whom they holde their Lands, for their wives and children, for their country and nation, for praise and honour against they come home, and to have the love of their Lord and his children, to be continued towards them and their children, which have adventured their lives for and with him and his. These are they which in the old world gate that honour to England, not that either for wit, conduction, or for power, they are or were to be compared to the Gentlemen, but because they be so many in number, so obedient at the Lord's call, so strong of body, so hard to endure paine, so couragious to adventure with their Lords or Captaine, going with, or before them, for else they be not hastie nor never were, as making no profession of knowledge of warre.

"These were the good Archers in times past, and the stable troupe of Footmen that affraid all France, that would rather die all than once abandon the Knight or Gentleman their Captaine; who at those days commonly was their Lord, and whose tenants they were, ready (besides perpetuall shame) to be in danger of undoing themselves, and all theirs, if they should shew any signe of cowardise, or abandon the Lord, Knight, or Gentleman, of whom they held their living. And thus they

The period of agricultural prosperity seemed to be highly favourable to the independence of this class, for while but too many spent the chief portion of their inordinate profits nearly as soon as they got them, the more provident vested them in land. The growth of small freeholders was perhaps greater from 1800 to 1813 than during any preceding similar cycle. Nor was this the only stimulus to the improvement of the body of the tenantry. During the excitement of the war they learned to take an interest in the public affairs, and, almost for the first time, to know that they had one. Hitherto they had been (what they are very much now) the followers of the landlord or of some county political chieftain. But the events of that justling period roused their curiosity and excited their feelings. A few were republicanized, but the million enlisted under Mr. Pitt's banner: they joined the yeomanry corps, and imbibed, not a natural, but a furious spirit of loyalty. The advantages of his system, as it was called, were most powerfully experienced by the agricultural body; their passions were gratified and their pockets filled* by the same process; and to this coincidence probably was owing in no slight degree the stream of popularity which bore that minister so irresistibly forward. But with the peace came a total revulsion. It should almost appear that this crisis had never been anticipated, and when the fall was at hand every exertion was essayed to perpetuate high prices. The reports of agricultural committees †, and the legislation upon them, declare the madness. But the consequences upon the property of the landed interest are well known. Our search is addressed to political results, and these have been, first, to make the body more inquiring and less inert, ultimately more dissatisfied. Dependent though the occupiers still are upon the large proprietors, it has become infinitely more difficult, and in many instances impossible, for landlords to command the votes of their tenants with the same absolute autocracy they did in the olden days. The non-residence of the clergy and the bickerings concerning tithes have turned many away from the Church, and dissolved much of the power of that influential body, hitherto, with few exceptions, always working with the Government. The multiplication of small landholders has coincided with the dissolution of the influences of personal regard produced by the known embarrassment and absenteeism of country gentlemen from their estates ‡ and their own districts, wherein the yeomanry—literally the yeomanry—have not only the power, but the will to

have amongst them from their forefathers, told one to another."—*The Commonwealth of England, and the Manner and Government thereof*, p. 62.

* During the latter years of the contest with France, "Buonaparte and a long war" was drunk at a public dinner of farmers in one of the eastern counties, and the sentiment was universal amongst them. "What are the opinions of the farmers?" asked a nobleman of his agent, after the dissolution of the last Parliament. "That," my lord, "depends upon the price of barley," replied the steward.

† The first fixed the protecting-duty at 120s. a quarter!!!! the second at 80s.!!! the third at 60s.!! and the last by a graduated scale! It needs not be argued that none have afforded protection, adequate protection; for the agriculturist is only just above the verge of ruin—landlord, tenant, and labourer.

‡ It is marvellous that country gentlemen should not perceive that if they turn their backs on their tenants, their tenants will gradually cease to know, regard, or respect them. Almost every landlord, whose fortune will allow him, quits his place from the end to the beginning of the shooting season—thus practically declaring that partridges and pheasants have a deeper interest for him than the cultivation of his estate, the prosperity of his tenantry, and the well-being of the peasantry.

nominate and bring in their own candidate in absolute opposition to the desires of the landed aristocracy. Not a few now seek information from sources beyond the county journal, and that which they principally desire is of politics. They are earnest inquirers into the grounds and effects of taxation; objectors against tithes, almost to a man, for the simplest and best reasons,—because they consider them a bar to improvement, and a tax, an unjust tax, upon their skill and capital, and the fertile source of dissension and dissent—the latter being an almost unshunned consequence of the former. The ancient thralldom to the landlord and their regard for his person no longer blind them to the fact of their own degradation, even when they submit to the dictation. They are not, then, to be counted upon as heretofore by their adhesion to men, or indeed to a particular sept of politicians, the division of leaders relaxes still more the ardour of followers. Even upon the subject most near to their welfare—the commerce in corn—they are divided and dividing. No small number perceive that the protecting duties are for the revenue, and the landlord, and the parson,—not for them. Some, indeed, have discerned too late that their capital has been drained by the delusion. The last and strongest facts are, that farming being no longer an occupation certain in its success, good tenants are more scarce than farms, while bankers withhold their advances from a speculation not dangerous only when the property and character of the individual ensure the most consummate prudence. All these are reasons for an independent tone of thinking and acting, and thus, while the yeomanry are become a better-instructed and more self-balanced class, they are, at the same time, less manageable, considered in the light of a body politic, and are, on the whole, decidedly dissatisfied, whether Whig, or Tory, or Radical. One of the plainest symptoms of their restlessness and disgust may be seen in the multitudinous petitions presented to Parliament not on great occasions, and from county meetings,—once the weighty and comprehensive mode of expressing the sentiments of the landed interest,—but from hundreds and parishes, and even from individuals, touching every grievance and every speculative point, from the compulsory enforcement of the better observation of the Sabbath, to the corn laws, the tithes, and the dissolution of the connexion between Church and State.

Such are the results of *the individualization* induced out of circumstances, and augmented by knowledge, upon an order of men hitherto the most sound and stable, the most careful, prudent, and untritable of any in the commonwealth. They now stand alone, divided from the classes on which they used to depend not less than from those which depended on them. If not dangerous to Government, they must, nevertheless, be the objects of a far more anxious solicitude, and of a far different treatment than when they could be counted by the head like cattle, to be led or driven to the hustings or the Common Hall, by those under whom, in the language of feudality, they held. They are even now formidable, and were it not for their separation by local distance—a reduction of power they are endeavouring to remedy by district associations—they would be no less the subjects of ministerial watchfulness and surveillance than the Trade Unions of London, Manchester, and Birmingham.

The political sentiments, relations, and weight of the class of the larger landed proprietors (below the real aristocracy) is not less altered

by the movement of that incessant immitigable innovator—Time. They revelled and rejoiced also above measure in the exaltation of the value of land, and they obeyed the impulse with even more sensibility and alacrity than their tenants. The affluence which brought high thoughts; the aspirations which accompanied the sudden influx of wealth; the allurements of the society and amusements of the metropolis*; the diffusion of literature and the arts amongst them; while all these things inspired a new, and prouder, and more independent tone of thinking and of action, they relaxed the ties, broke the associations, and infused a distaste for natural occupations and natural connexions. This was perfectly in order. But then came a reverse, and to retrograde is the difficulty, not to say the impossibility. Their expensive establishments could not be relinquished, scarcely retrenched. “The squire of five hundred a year,” when he became the master of half as many thousands was a totally different person. But once accustomed to the warmth and support, as well as the splendour of his rich plumage, he could not bear to be stripped down to “the squire of five hundred a year” again. Yet is the reduction and reverse from the date of “the high times” scarcely less, and it must, probably, hereafter be more. Mortgages and loans stayed off the day of reckoning; the return to cash payments accelerated its advent. It is drawing nigh; and many a bitter politician has its warning made, because it has rendered all who are not impoverished, but brought back to an approximation to their original level, dissatisfied. Thus is this class *individualized*. Although they are busier in the active concerns of politics, although they are no longer implicit followers of a leader, their imaginary importance—their real embarrassment—their haughty exclusion from all above and all below them, and even from each other, cast them loose, while the want of decided parties in the state, the fear and the desire of change, both operating to distract their views, the loss

* We often quote Mr. Bulwer’s “England and the English,” because, though differing upon many principles and inferences assumed by that gentleman, it is not to be doubted that his book is incomparably the most popular and will sink deeper into the minds of the many than any book of the time. In the whole varied extent of its eminent ability and power, it does not contain a more just or striking illustration than the following passage, which bears directly upon what the character of the country gentleman ought to be, and what it but too universally is not. “What an enviable station,” he says, “is that of a great country gentleman in this beautiful garden of England! He may unite all the happiest opposites—indolence and occupation, healthful exercise and literary studies. In London, and in public life, we may improve the world—we may benefit our kind, but we never see the effects we produce; we get no gratitude for them; others step in and snatch the rewards;—but, in the country, if you exert equal industry and skill, you cannot walk out of your hall but what you see the evidence of your labours. Nature smiles in your face and thanks you! You trees you planted; you corn-fields were a common—you called them into existence; they feed a thousand mouths, where, ten years ago, they scarce maintained some half-a-dozen starving cows. But, above all, as you ride through your village, what satisfaction creeps around your heart! By half that attention to the administration of the poor-laws which in London you paid to your clubs, you have made industry replace sloth, and comfort dethrone pauperism. (Oh, if a country gentleman would awake to a sense of what he might be!) You, a single individual, have done more for your fellow-creatures than the whole legislature has done in centuries. This is true power; it approaches men to God; but a country gentleman often refuses to acknowledge this power—he thinks much more of a certificate for killing partridges!”

† “The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.”—*Junius*.

of the command over their tenantry and dependents, occasioned by the infinite diversity of causes we have already enumerated, have diminished their influence in the commonwealth almost to comparative insignificance. The great party of the landed interest is thus broken to pieces. The interior and intimate combinations, its elective attractions so to speak, being sundered or dissolved, its weight and its properties are lost or neutralized. It becomes, however, only the more difficult to guide and determine their effects. Formerly, the minister of the day could compute his strength by the numbers of his loftier adherents, who were the heads and leaders of ascertained political sects, devoted partisans, or personal dependents. He has now no such facile means of calculating his forces. He must consult opinion, which is diverse and versatile as the dispositions of the individuals composing that heterogeneous mass, now incomprehensibly more heterogeneous than ever, whether rightly to be called the public or the people.

We have thus coursed, perhaps it may at first glance be thought too inactively, through the entire compass of rural life, but with the buoyancy of all theorists, we imagine we have found the principle, and done no injustice to the subjects of our examination. We are endeavouring to describe the natural appearances of disorder, and to dive down to their origin, and if we have not discovered the single source of much of the visible disorganization, we, at least, enable the inquirer after truth to detect the grounds of our self-delusion, by giving the details which have misled our judgments.

Ascending the scale of political power and influence as they affect the whole society of England, we arrive at the population of great towns. The generic division is nearly and numerically the same,—1st, the artizan, or, in the fashionable phrase, the operative, 2nd, the middle, and 3rd, the opulent classes, but their specific characteristics are widely different when compared with the same gradations of rural life.

Amongst the artizans of a large manufacturing town is to be found every shade, from the most active intelligence, the most unceasing industry, the steadiest principle, and the results of these qualities, the amplest comfort, down to the lowest and darkest, and most brutally ferocious ignorance, the most reckless idleness, the most confirmed intemperance and vice, and the most ungoverned insolence, with the necessary consequences, a depth of indigence and misery inconceivable * to all but those who have sought out the abodes of this abandoned race.

Again we must repeat, we are not inquiring into causes, but describing effects, political effects. Upon this class, the two most powerful agents, intellectually speaking, religion and literature, have wrought very striking changes. The former, where its consequences are most visible, is the religion of dissent, and it is mere justice to the great denomina-

* During the access of the cholera a gentleman visited a court or yard in a manufacturing city where there were thirty patients suffering under the disorder. He wished to bleed one of them, and in all the surrounding habitations no utensil to hold the blood of any sort could be found. In one room, where the family consisted of a father, mother, and nine children, there was literally no furniture, except two broken chairs and a table, and when they laid down on their straw to sleep, the room was divided by a miserable rag called a curtain. The writer of this article heard innumerable relations of this kind from the visiters of these wretched abodes in various parts of the kingdom.

tions, the Wesleyans and Baptists, most especially, to admit that, morally, they have done much service. The Church of England takes a comparatively loose hold of its followers—its mild and lenient spirit, both in doctrine and discipline, is its boast. The sectaries allow no such latitude, and the result is not alone that the members of their societies are strongly bound together, but that there is a check upon all their actions, exterior as well as interior, restraining them, not alone by the inward consciousness of religious hopes and fears, but by the terror of worldly exposure and reprehension. Hence that very numerous class (the dissenters) is, for the most part, distinguished by habits of industry and temperance, by reflection and energy (a part of the religious temperament), and by a consent of motives and opinions common to the body. They are to a man liberals in politics, in by far the greater number of instances verging so near to republicanism, that in any doubtful question they go to the extreme with the people and against the privileged orders. Searching, rigid and economical in their own affairs, they allow no admission to the extenuations of rank, station, and luxury, they carry the same dispositions into their notions of government, and are most earnest and eager advocates of reduced taxation, the disjunction of the church from the state, the maintenance of the ministers of religion by their own flocks, of peace and free trade. Their enthusiasm, patience, perseverance and combination—their modes of action, however astute, and even cunning in the preparation, yet always rapid, vigorous and direct when the preparation is complete, invest them with a degree of vigilance and power, known to no other division of the subjects of the commonwealth. They are, also, content to “bide their time” with the most patient pertinacity. For all these reasons they are inaccessible to the ordinary means of detaching individuals, or of guiding societies. They adhere to their principles strictly and to extremity, they are to be counted upon only in proportion to the affinity the measure or the man is supposed to bear to those principles. Immoveable in the stern fixity of religious doctrine and discipline, their principles are, nevertheless, principles of change, partaking also of the right and exercise of a sturdy private judgment, and that desire of ultra freedom and simplification of manners, laws, and government, which is one of the strongest characteristics of republicanism. Their literature is scarcely less sectarian than their faith, they read few or no works that advocate any course opposed to their own tenets, and they are no less heated and severe in their practice than in their theory of politics. They go all lengths in condemnation or support. They endure rather than they tolerate, not only on the score of their principles, but because the Church and State, the former more especially, have in their pride continually taunted dissenters with the toleration power has enabled them to inflict. Upon the rest of the class floating free and at large in the ocean of opinion, the tendency towards mental rather than sensual pleasure acts very much in the same way. It is observed in Mechanics’ institutions, from whence is propagated almost all of beneficial knowledge which reaches them, that the Tories or Conservatives are very, very few. It consists, indeed, with the essential distinction between those who are anxious for improvement, whether speculative or practical, and those who are satisfied with “things as they are,” that the one should be more inquiring than the other; and it no less accords with the dispositions

of nature and society, that those writings which are most violent in condemnation of abuses, real or assumed, and which go to reduce the estimation of superiors, should enjoy a wider reception amongst inferiors than any other. It is not to be concealed that the press has been most vilely prostituted; the corruption of the morals of those who should be the industrious classes has been effected by the sporting papers and the penny publications. Thus have these classes been prepared for the wildest political and popular fallacies. We consider this, however, not to be a permanent but a temporary appearance, resulting from the state of transition and the hitherto very imperfect organization of any national scheme for the moral and political instruction of the people. But the immediate consequence is to inoculate almost the whole of this entire class with a disorder of irritability and virulence dangerous above measure; for to the operatives belongs a power which is not delegated to the rural labourers. They are a most efficient portion of the electors of great towns. While the first returns of a Reformed Parliament have, in but too many instances, shown that the extension of the franchise to the ten-pound householders has only allowed a freer scope to corruption, co-operating with the decline of the influences of personal respect, of the estimation of place, of the connexion of master and servant, and of the great distinctions of party; we shall still perceive amongst this, the most numerous and heterogeneous class, the operation of that individualization, which renders the task of government so incalculably difficult. This it is which assists to consummate the ascendancy of commercial wealth and importance in densely populated places, over the scattered interests of landed property. There is no equivalent counterpoise to this the purely democratical portion of the commonwealth. Nor is it a minor consideration that the meeting-house so often supersedes the church amongst this section of the people. Dissenters are even now comparatively rare amongst those exalted by station or wealth.

The middle class of the inhabitants of towns, if the most virtuous in their morals, the most regular in their habits, and the most stable in the trains of political action, have, notwithstanding, suffered change in common with the rest of English society. They are beyond all computation the most imbued with the desire of knowledge, and the most ardent in the cultivation of letters. By this somewhat ambitious phraseology, we do not mean to describe them as regular, devoted students, but as decided readers—not as the followers of deep learning and high science, but as having imbibed the love for general information which has converted them from eaters and drinkers into persons of no contemptible taste for books and the fine arts. The symbols are everywhere to be seen in their houses, and to be traced in their conversation and pursuits. The sons of traders of almost all descriptions and degrees, as well as of the professions, have some tincture of classical learning, while the easy access to public libraries and reading rooms, and the diffusion of cheap depositories of general information, together with their patient habits, derived from attention to business, so favourable to acquirement, have not only spread a vast portion of superficial intelligence amongst these classes, but made a sounder acquaintance with the elements of history, polite literature, and natural philosophy almost indispensable. The professors of liberal science, and those engaged in

the faculties of law and medicine, it has been constantly observed, incline to ultra-liberal sentiments; they do so because their acquirements not only make them more discerning, but enforce more upon them than any other class the effects of individualization. Their calling is one of judgment, more independently exercised, because more resulting from individual qualities than any other, and hence the universal tendency towards republicanism for, as they derive all their importance from their intrinsic capacities, they are the more impatient of those artificial superiorities which but too often give to men of inferior abilities a place above them. The very talent by which they win their way, always more sensitive than that of persons of less quickness and attainment, teaches them to feel this superiority as an injury and an injustice, and they the more urgently desire a form of government which allows the fullest and freest scope to genius, industry, and information. This state of things has been no little advanced by the universal education of the females. There is scarcely a tradesman's daughter who is ignorant of French and Italian, and who is not to some extent a musician or an artist. They are very commonly creditably read in history and poetry, and indeed in most of the productions of name of the time. The fact is strongly manifested by the numbers employed in private tuition, and by the enormously increased catalogue of authors. Hence the middle class is more than any other distinguished by its intellectual character, and all the tendencies of these associations go to raise and propagate the power of literature. A certain refinement of taste and manners, not without a loftiness of public sentiment, is inculcated throughout, and although every appetite for luxuries is an opening at which corruption may creep in, there can be no question that the conduct of public men is now submitted to a much more discerning and severe scrutiny than was ever before known, and if the examination be more captious, it must also be admitted, that, in proportion to the knowledge, the judgment is likely to be the more correct, the upright assents and watchfulness directed towards the most prominent public functionaries extend in all directions, and pervade the body, opinion becomes an universal censor; each man is the superintendent of his fellow, and violence or apathy, prostitution or aberration in political affairs, is certain to be visited by avoidance or disgrace, marked and effectual. Wealth and station must always have influence, but that influence is far less upon this class than it used to be. It is also diminished by division; the number of the rich is greater, they become antagonist forces, and neutralize each other. The augmentation of the constituency has lessened the force of both agents by diffusion. If twenty are to be cajoled or purchased instead of ten, it is clear that twice as much money and art must be employed; the task becomes doubly irksome and doubly expensive, even when it can be attempted with any chance of success, and the decline of such domination is ascertained (though we are satisfied the effects are yet very partial, and stop far short of their future strength) by the returns to the Reformed Parliament. The grand and momentous consequence is, however, the increase of the power of the democracy.

The wealthier portion of the inhabitants of populous towns and cities are, what they always have been, strugglers for power and predominance, taking their political hues from their connexions amongst the aristocracy. But their influence is abated; not so much because the incen-

tives which make men bow down to station and opulence have less allurements, but because, we repeat, the numbers to be gratified are augmented beyond the inclination of the rich to expend, or their capacity to purchase. General means, however, are still resorted to. Corporations, where they are entrusted with the distribution of public property, either in the shape of patronage or poor-rates, are engines of considerable potency for individual interests or party purposes.

From this rapid but concentrated view of the religion, morals, manners, and opinions of the various classes of English society, it will be gathered that we consider the power of the democracy to be incalculably increased. Touching the once primary motive of human action, religion, it is to be feared not only that its influence is, upon the whole, reduced, but also that, where it still retains its place and supremacy, the mode of its operation is entirely altered. The spread of dissent declares, by the incontrovertible demonstration of the fact itself, that there is something essentially and inherently defective in the ministration of the Church. It is but reasonably to be suspected that an erroneous education of the Clergy, the qualifications which are the passports to holy orders, the consequent and disproportioned distribution of the rewards of ecclesiastical service, the non-residence, the want of a due provision for the religious and moral instruction of the people, the collection of tithes, and above all the haughty and unpopular demeanour of the clergy, have assisted far more than differences concerning doctrine, to alienate those who have separated. The freedom with which not alone religious topics, but the abuses of the establishment are discussed, the pertinacity of the hierarchy and the body in maintaining claims at total variance with the character of the times, have heated their enemies and cooled their friends; and upon that vast proportion of the people, now amounting, it is avowed, to a majority of those who really and seriously take a part in the controversy, the political effect of both doctrine and discipline is to incline them to republican forms, because these appear to be the most likely to rid them of ecclesiastical burdens and a State-religion. It has happened in this particular as in Parliamentary Reform, that the blind and obstinate refusal of partial redresses has brought the *whole* question to issue. The dissenters are not perhaps yet sufficiently strong to insist potentially upon the disjunction of the Church from the State, or the equal support of every Church, so to speak, by the State; but Mr. Burke's maxim of comprehensive and concentrated wisdom is fast coming to be the prevailing sentiment, namely, that "*The cause of the Church of England is included in that of religion, not that of religion in the Church of England.*" The furious display of zealotry at Oxford will at once confirm the antipathies of sectaries of all denominations, while it will terrify the timid and disgust the moderate (by far the two greater sections) of the supporters of the Church. Such appearances all unite to favour and promote the power of the democracy.

When we examine the moral state of the country, there are, alas, but too many symptoms of its absolute decay. The purity of village life, we have already said, and we repeat it emphatically, has departed with its simplicity. The calendars of county crime might be brought for proof, strong as holy writ, but there is the larger and all-embracing demonstration of pauperism, the relaxed ties of rural life producing a total want of respect for superiors, and the thousand incidental circum-

stances of depravation that daily show themselves, yet do not rise to the general observation in the shape of legal accusation. The wholesome influences that made rural society a sort of patriarchal government, and which none other can replace, are lost in the changes of manners, and thus an individualization is engendered which will be re-combined only for personal redress. The depression of agriculture will but increase the exasperation. The disorder indeed has been suffered to grow till there is scarcely a hope, while the proposal of the Commissioners, founded upon very extensive inquiries, and embodied in the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, is open to the palpable objection, that it suggests no lenient palliative, no substitute for the actual want of employment but the work-house, no incentive to industry and virtue but penal privation*. The fiscal-benefits are more than doubtful, its exasperation certain, while the arbitrary nature of its intended scheme of Government is alike diametrically at opposition with the Constitution of England, "the spirit of the age," and the principles of the Administration. These facts counteract the hope of gradually restoring the health of this portion of the commonwealth by safe but speedy reformation, and seem more likely to fill the country with a despair most tempting to violent courses. They diminish the authority of the superior and the few—they stimulate the dissatisfaction and reinforce the discontent of the many.

There is even in the slow and imperfect progress of the science of political economy much to republicanize. It is yet in its very infancy. The practice of agriculture and commerce has taught, by the vast accumulations of capital showing themselves in every shape around us, that skill and industry can produce all that man requires or can covet in an indefinitely increasing superabundance compared with population, space being given. So far from the Malthusian doctrine being practically true, it ought never to begin to be felt till the whole earth is densely covered with the dwellings of man; for the numerical proportions of the productive and non-productive classes, no less than all the symbols of wealth created, and we may almost say perpetuated, by labour over the entire surface of the yet peopled globe, declare that a few can provide, amply provides, for the wants, conveniences, and most extravagant luxuries of the many. There are, indeed, no bounds but the limits of space to productive power. Nor can even that limitation be ascertained till the limit of science is also fixed. But possessing this power, so ill is the distribution of goods yet understood, that even in this land of enormous capital, prodigious science, and untiring industry, millions live and die in unprovided wretchedness. The knowledge which discloses the one fact can but augment the discontent at the other; and the distressed will imagine that the evil must lie in the forms of the institutions and the government. The self-same knowledge, from its very imperfection, renders the possessor a restless seeker of relief from change, and here it is that the individualization operates against any and all settled order. He who cannot fathom the cause can feel the pressure. He attributes to rulers a control over mundane affairs they have never yet been permitted to exercise; his dissatisfaction prompts him to action, but relaxed as are now all

* Earl Grey, in his address to the House of Peers, when he signified his resignation, according to the reports in the papers, represented this measure as "forced upon Ministers by the Commissioners."

those bonds which used to combine men into parties upon understood principles, the unhappy casuist, made more acute by the incomplete information he has attained, and more envious, by the same agency, of the advantages others appear to possess, becomes the ready dupe of his own impulses, and adopts the theory of the day, which best suits his fortune or hits his fancy. This mighty error was encouraged and even nurtured into its present growth, when Government assented to the formation of societies, even for beneficial purposes (years and years before the scheme of Unions was promulgated), superseding in any degree its proper office. The consequence has been that it can no longer combine masses for its own objects, nor dares it put down those *imperia in imperio* which are united, not nominally indeed, but practically, to the destruction of all Government; but rather proposes, wisely as it appears, to trust their dissolution to their natural want of cohesion. All these agents are more palpably and distinctly visible amidst the dense and demoralized population of the metropolis and of the manufacturing districts, wherein the recklessness of luxury and the almost boundless expense exacerbate the disease.

If our delineation be at all true, it cannot be denied that the power of the democracy has fearfully enlarged itself, enlarged itself greatly beyond its just relation to the other branches of the constitution. Has reform done this? Yes: but not the Reform Bill. The Reform Bill has rather acted like the safety valve, by removing a pressure which could not longer be borne. To the proof:—A Conservative Administration, headed by the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of a permanent peace after a war of a quarter of a century (for that of 1802 was a mere truce), an Irishman, too, in the full plenitude of his power, could not, dared not, in spite of his acknowledged conviction of its mischievous tendency, could not, dared not, refuse to his countrymen, backed by an indefinite proportion of the British nation, the measure of Catholic Emancipation. It was forced upon his ministry, who forced it upon their sovereign by the growing (in this respect the full-grown) intelligence of the times. That same leader could not withstand the same power of intelligence which drove him from office, and carried the reform he so fruitlessly refused to the very same voice to which he conceded emancipation. Such is the development, such the manifestation of the power of the democracy. The demonstration that it is irresistible is complete. And what is this power? Opinion. And what is opinion? Justice working by knowledge.

And if opinion be sooner formed, sooner and more universally expressed now than heretofore, it is owing to the instrumentality of the periodical press which, with inconceivable rapidity and impulse, assists in moulding, while it reflects, popular sentiment. And the periodical press, as a whole, is eminently liberal. The ablest London and provincial journals, having engaged in their service a very efficient portion of integrity and talent, are conducted by Whigs or ultra-Whigs. The circulation of the Conservative papers is small in the comparison; a sufficient indication not only of the present state of opinion, but of its probable future bearing. For we repeat, the operation of the journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, political and literary, is to reflect even more than to lead the public mind, and to diffuse the general judgment with

astonishing rapidity. Nor is the entire literature of the country free from the same bias. The men of letters, cautioned and instructed by the progress of the French Revolution of 1789, are still moved by the spirit of improvement,—by the belief always cherished by study, that knowledge is the only true source of power,—that power ought to be their meed, and may most safely be entrusted to those who possess it. It is this power alone which overthrew Toryism, after its uninterrupted reign of nearly a century, while it still united the undivided patronage of the state, and the majority in both houses of Parliament by the boroughs. No other power could have accomplished such a reversal. And this power still wars on the side of the democracy.

What, then, it will be demanded, is to stem the current which sets so strongly towards change, and, it should seem, towards change which menaces the public credit, no less than the Constitution in its unity of Church and State, and in the equipoise of its triple combination of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, by the preponderance of the latter?

Amongst the best instructed and most virtuous portions of the people, there is not only a prejudice, but a rational conviction—not only a rational conviction, but a feeling amounting almost to intuition, communicated from our very birth upwards, and confirmed by all the experiences of after life, that, well administered, the British Constitution is theoretically the most perfect—practically the most free—of any scheme of government; and that, upon the whole, it has conferred the greatest happiness for the longest period upon those who live under it. However divided with regard to the derangement of its forces—however much the Tory deploras the loss of power to the crown and the aristocracy, entailed by the extinction of the close boroughs—however much the Whig denounces the prejudices of the aristocracy which clog the speed of further reforms, they will both declare for the constitution with original and unabated fondness. They both desire to preserve that character of liberty and protection in its purity; they differ only concerning the preponderance of one or other branch, and the fittest means of restoring the balance. A regard for property, and a sense of the important necessity of guarding its rights, if merely with a view to individual safety, pervades every class of Englishmen, excepting only those whom the old statesman we have before cited quaintly denominates “the rascabillie of the popular.” These two principles have hitherto kept, and will continue to keep, us from revolution, while they are allowed to act with their own natural vigour, neither depressed by the fears, nor maddened by the fury of civil contention in its wildest form, and will be the safeguard of the commonwealth of England. For though the numbers of the reformers are almost countless, taken in all their shades and gradations, republicans and revolutionists, *alter et idem*, are comparatively extremely few. The great reformer, whose prediction we have taken for a motto to this paper, penetrated with the glance of a prophet into the hopes and extravagancies that would be engendered by the Reform Bill in its first workings. “Savings to the amount of three or four millions have been made,” yet “new and more violent changes” are “demanded.” But in the same spirit of wisdom he has made appeal to the judgment of his countrymen, and in a coinciding temper of pru-

dence will they respond. Nothing but a haughty resistance on the part of the aristocracy against improvements required by justice will precipitate the sober, reflecting, the honest and industrious people of England into a violent and forcible contention even for their own rights. The Crown and the aristocracy have had too many warnings to adopt a course so dangerous. No honourable, no honest politician, denies the provocation, the extreme provocation, which idleness and want have given the humbler classes, and all such are earnestly and eagerly solicitous to remove the excitement by enlarging the scope of agricultural employment, (the true intent and meaning of the small allotment scheme, adding gardens to cottages, plans of emigration, &c &c,) and by removing every legislative restriction upon commerce. These are but measures of redress, and measures which, instead of bringing the aristocracy and democracy into conflict, would draw them into union. For, although the latter has incalculably augmented its power, it has, in fact, only attained its real place in the constitution. It can now defend its own rights, in the manner and to the degree contemplated by that constitution. There has been no abatement of the just and natural influences of the aristocracy. But aristocracy cannot now trample upon the people, except by the means of their own corruption. And this is the Constitution of England.

The path is, therefore, plain, and we may conclude our Essay in the words of the temperate and judicious reformer, whose clear sight has anticipated the possible evils of an abuse of the power always recognised by the constitution, but now, for the first time, really and truly surrendered to the people. For in his words may be traced the way to the utmost point of political improvement and national prosperity, without the slightest compromise of the majesty of the Crown, the dignity of the Peerage, or of the safety of the Commonwealth. It is thus, then, that Lord John Russell closes his book. —

“ In plain words, they must consent to reform what is barbarous, what is servile, what is corrupt in our institutions. They must make our government harmonise one part with another, and adapt itself to the state of knowledge in the nation. I would fain hope that it will be so. I trust that the people of this great community, supported by their gentry, will afford a spectacle worthy of the admiration of the world. I hope that the gentry will act honestly by their country, and that the country will not part with the blessings which it obtained by all the miseries which a nation can encounter, by suffering persecutions, by confronting tyranny, by encountering civil war, by submitting to martyrdom, by contending in open war against powers that were the terror of the rest of Europe. I would fain believe that all ranks and classes of this country have still impressed upon their minds the sentiment of her immortal Milton—‘ Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.’ ”

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

A SERIES OF SONNETS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring! midst thy victorious glow,
 Far spreading o'er the awaken'd woods and plains,
 And streams that bound to meet thee from their chains,
 Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
 For human hearts; and in the exulting flow
 Of thy rich songs, a melancholy tone,
 Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,
 Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go
 Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
 Never to feel the breathings of our prime,—
 Never to flower again!—But *we*, O Spring!
 Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
 Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
 As here thy birds and flowers press on to bloom and sing.

II.

TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar-bough,
 Which o'er my opening life wild music made,—
 Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
 And flashing streams, whereby my childhood play'd;—
 In the dim city, midst the sounding flow
 Of restless life, to *thee* in love I turn,
 O thou rich Sky! and from *thy* splendours learn
 How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
 With thee all shapes of glory find their home;
 And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
 By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
 Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
 That Nature's God hath left *no* spot unblest'd
 With founts of beauty for the eye of love!

III.

ON THE MEMORIALS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

*Written after reading some unpublished Fragments by the late
 Mrs. Tighe.*

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those
 Who, richly dower'd for life, are call'd to die
 Ere the soul's flame through storms hath won repose
 In Truth's pure ether, unperturb'd and high.
 Let their mind's relics claim a trustful sigh!
 Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
 First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
 By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
 Of many inspirations met, and held
 From its true sphere. Oh! soon it might have swell'd

Majestically forth!—Nor doubt that He,
 Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
 Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
 Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free.

IV.

ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKYLARK.

Upward and upward still! In pearly light
 The clouds are steep'd; the vernal spirit sighs
 With bliss in every wind; and crystal skies
 Woo thee, O Bud! to thy celestial height.
 Bud, piercing heaven with music, thy free flight
 Hath meaning for all bosoms,—most of all
 For those wherein the rapture and the might
 Of Poesy lie deep, and strive and burn
 For their high place. Oh, heirs of Genius! learn
 From the sky's bird your way!—no joy may fill
 Your hearts,—no gift of holy strength be won
 To bless *your* songs, ye Children of the Sun,
 Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward still!

V.

A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound—
 Thy solemn shores—thou ever-chanting Main!
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain
 As the vast shining floor of some dread lane,
 All paved with glass and fire! Yet oh, blue Deep!
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
 Never to thee did Love, with silvery chain,
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
 What waves deny,—some bowel for *steadfast* bliss;
 A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
 As with sweet flowers. But chasten'd Hope for this
 Now turns from Earth's green valleys, as from thee,
 To that sole, changeless World where "there is no more sea."

VI.

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain-dale,
 Oft let me hear, as oft-times I have heard,
 Thy swell, thou Deep! when eve calls home the bird,
 And stills the wood; when summer tints grow pale,
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil;
 And peasant-steps are hastening to repose;
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close,
 To the last whisper of the falling gale.
 Then, midst the dying of all other sound, "
 When the soul hears thy distant voice profound
 Lone worshipping, and knows that through the night
 'Twill worship still, *then* most its anthem-tone
 Speaks to our being of the Eternal One
 Who girds tired Nature with unslumbering might!

VII

TO THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES.

O Cambrian River with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers,
 Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers,—
 Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine whose voice yet haunts my dream,
 Though time, and change, and other mighty powers,
 Far from thy side have borne me Thou, smooth stream,
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
 Mumbling to cottage and gray hall thy song—
 Low sweet, unchanged My being's tide hath pass'd
 Through rocks and storms, yet will I not complain
 If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep at last

VIII.

ORCHARD BLOSSOMS

Doth thy heart stn within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
 Doth their sweet household smile wait back the glow
 Of childhood's morn?—the marvel, the delight
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright—
 A joy of fairy-land? Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first lov'd book,
 Rise on thy soul, with furt streak'd blossoms white
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreamy chime?—Oh, gentle friend!
 The *World's* cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves
 Of vernal gifts,—*Time* hallows what he leaves,
 And will for *us* endear spring memories to the end

IX.

TO A DISTANT SCENE.

(A Woody Dingle in North Wales)

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
 O far off grassy dell! And dost thou see,
 When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
 The star gleam of the wood-anemone?
 Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee still?—the bee
 Hing on thy flowers, as when I breathed farewell
 To their wild blooms?—and round my beechen tree
 Still, in rich softness, doth the moss bank swell?—
 Oh, strange illusion, by the fond heart wrought,
 Whose own warm life suffuses Nature's face!
 My being's tide of many-coloured thought
 Hath pass'd from thee; and now, green, flowery place,
 I paint thee off, scarce consciously, a scene
 Silent, forsaken, dim—shadow'd by what hath been,

THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE.

BY DISRAELI THE YOUNGER, AUTHOR OF "IXION IN HEAVEN."

PART THE SECOND.

I.

LET us change the scene from Hades to Olympus.

A chariot drawn by dragons hovered over that superb palace whose sparkling steps of lapis-lazuli were once pressed by the daring foot of Ixion. It descended into the beautiful gardens, and Ceres stepping out sought the presence of Jove.

"Father of gods and men," said the majestic mother of Proserpine, "listen to a distracted parent! All my hopes were centered in my daughter, the daughter of whom you have deprived me. Is it for this that I endured the pangs of childbirth? Is it for this that I suckled her on this miserable bosom? Is it for this that I tended her girlish innocence? watched with vigilant fondness the development of her youthful mind, and cultured with a thousand graces and accomplishments her gifted and unrivalled promise?—to lose her for ever!"

"Beloved Bona Dea," replied Jove, "calm yourself!"

"Jupiter, you forget that I am a mother."

"It is the recollection of that happy circumstance that alone should make you satisfied."

"Do you mock me? Where is my daughter?"

"In the very situation you should desire. In her destiny all is fulfilled which the most affectionate mother could hope. What was the object of all your care, and all her accomplishments?—a good *partie*; and she has made one."

"To reign in hell!"

"'Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.' What! would you have had her a cupbearer like Hebe, or a messenger like Hermes? Was the daughter of Jove and Ceres to be destined to a mere place in our household! Lady! she is the object of envy to half the goddesses. Bating our own bed, which she could not share, what lot more distinguished than hers? Recollect that goddesses, who desire a becoming match, have a very limited circle to select from. Even Venus was obliged to put up with Vulcan. It will not do to be too nice. Thank your stars that she is not an old maid like Minerva."

"But Mars? he loved her."

"A young officer only with his half-pay, however good his connexions, is surely not a proper match for our daughter."

"Apollo?"

"I have no opinion of a literary son-in-law. These scribblers are at present the fashion, and are very well to ask to dinner; but I confess a more intimate connexion with them is not at all to my taste."

"I meet Apollo everywhere."

"The truth is, he is courted because every one is afraid of him. He is the editor of a daily journal, and under the pretence of throwing light upon every subject, brings a great many disagreeable things into notice, which is excessively inconvenient. Nobody likes to be paragraphed;

and for my part I should only be too happy to extinguish the Sun and every other newspaper, were it only in my power."

"But Pluto is so very old, and so very ugly, and, all agree, so very ill-temper'd."

"He has a splendid income, a magnificent estate; his settlements are worthy of his means. This ought to satisfy a mother; and his political influence is necessary to me, and this satisfies a father."

"But the heart——"

"As for that she fancies she loves him; and whether she do or not, these feelings, we know, never last. Rest assured, my dear Ceres, that our girl has made a brilliant match, in spite of the gloomy atmosphere in which she has to reside."

"It must end in misery. I know Proserpine. I confess it with tears, she is a spoiled child."

"This may occasion Pluto many uneasy moments; but that is nothing to you or me. Between ourselves, I shall not be at all surprised if she plague his life out."

"But how can she consort with the Fates? How is it possible for her to associate with the Furies? She who is used to the gayest and most amiable society in the world. Indeed, indeed, 'tis an ill-assorted union!"

"They are united, however; and, take my word for it, my dear madam, that you had better leave Pluto alone. The interference of a mother-in-law is proverbially never very felicitous."

II.

In the meantime affairs went on swimmingly in Tartarus. The obstinate Fates and the sulky Furies were unwittingly the cause of universal satisfaction. Every one enjoyed himself, and enjoyment when it is unexpected is doubly satisfactory. Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Ixion, for the first time during their punishment, had an opportunity for a little conversation.

"Long live our reforming queen," said the ex-king of Lydia. "You cannot conceive, my dear companions, anything more delightful than this long-coveted draught of cold water; its flavour far surpasses the memory of my choicest wines. And as for this delicious fruit—one must live in a hot climate, like our present one, sufficiently to appreciate its refreshing gust. I would, my dear friends, you could only share my banquet."

"Your Majesty is very kind," replied Sisyphus, "but it seems to me that nothing in the world will ever induce me again to move. One must have toiled for ages to comprehend the rapturous sense of repose that now pervades my exhausted frame. Is it possible that that damned stone can really have disappeared?"

"You say truly," said Ixion, "the couches of Olympus cannot compare with this resting wheel."

"Noble Sisyphus," rejoined Tantalus, "we are both of us acquainted with the cause of our companion's presence in these infernal regions, since his daring exploit has had the good fortune of being celebrated by one of the fashionable authors of this part of the world."

"I have never had time to read his work," interrupted Ixion. "What sort of fellow is he?"

“ One of the most conceited dogs that I ever met with,” replied the King. “ He thinks he is a great genius, and perhaps he has some little talent for the extravagant.”

“ Are there any critics in hell?”

“ Myriads. They abound about the marshes of Coccyus, where they croak furiously. They are all to a man against our author.”

“ That speaks more to his credit than his own self-opinion,” rejoined Ixion.

“ *A nous moutons !*” exclaimed Tantalus ; “ I was about to observe that I am curious to learn for what reason our friend Sisyphus was doomed to his late terrible exertions ?”

“ For the simplest in the world,” replied the object of the inquiry— “ because I was not a hypocrite. No one ever lead a pleasanter life than myself, and no one was more popular in society. I was considered, as they phrased it, the most long-headed prince of my time, and was in truth a finished man of the world. I had not an acquaintance whom I had not taken in, and gods and men alike favoured me. In an unlucky moment, however, I offended the infernal deities, and it was then suddenly discovered that I was the most abandoned character of my age. You know the rest.”

“ You seem,” exclaimed Tantalus, “ to be relating my own history ; for I myself led a reckless career with impunity, until some of the gods did me the honour of dining with me, and were dissatisfied with the repast. I am convinced myself that provided a man frequent the temples, and observe with strictness the sacred festivals, such is the force of public opinion, that there is no crime which he may not commit without hazard.”

“ Long live hypocrisy !” exclaimed Ixion. “ It is not my forte. But if I began life anew, I would be more observant in my sacrifices.”

“ Who could have anticipated this wonderful revolution !” exclaimed Sisyphus, stretching himself. “ I wonder what will occur next ! Perhaps we shall be all released.”

“ You say truly,” said Ixion. “ I am very grateful to our reforming Queen ; but I have no idea of stopping here. This cursed wheel indeed no longer whirls ; but I confess my expectations will be very much disappointed if I cannot free myself from these adamantine bonds that fix me to its orb.

“ And one cannot drink water for ever,” said Tantalus.

“ D—n all half-measures,” said Ixion. “ We must proceed in this system of amelioration.”

“ Without doubt,” responded his companion.

“ The Queen must have a party,” continued the audacious lover of Juno. “ The Fates and the Furies never can be conciliated. It is evident to me that she must fall unless she unbinds these chains of mine.”

“ And grants me full liberty of egress and regress,” exclaimed Sisyphus.

“ And me a bottle of the finest golden wine of Lydia,” said Tantalus.

III.

The infernal honey-moon was over. A cloud appeared in the hitherto serene heaven of the royal lovers. Proserpine became very unwell. A

mysterious languor pervaded her frame ; her accustomed hilarity deserted her. She gave up her daily rides ; she never quitted the palace, scarcely her chamber. All day long she remained lying on a sofa, and whenever Pluto endeavoured to console her, she went into hysterics. His Majesty was quite miserable, and the Fates and the Furies began to hold up their heads. The two court physicians could throw no light upon the complaint, which baffled all their remedies. These indeed were not numerous, for the two physicians possessed each only one idea. With one, every complaint was *nervous* ; the other traced everything to *bile*. The name of the first was Dr. Blue-Devil ; and of the other Dr. Blue-Pill. They were most eminent men.

Her Majesty getting worse every day, Pluto, in despair, determined to send for Æsculapius. It was a long way to send for a physician ; but then he was the most fashionable one in the world. He cared not how far he travelled to visit a patient, because he was paid by the mile ; and it was calculated that his fee for quitting earth, and attending the Queen of Hell, would allow him to leave off business.

What a wise physician was Æsculapius ! Physic was his abhorrence. He never was known in the whole course of his practice ever to have prescribed a single drug. He was a very handsome man, with a flowing beard curiously perfumed, and a robe of the choicest purple. He twirled a cane of agate round which was twined a serpent of precious stones, the gift of Juno, and he rode in a chariot drawn by horses of the Sun. When he visited Proserpine, he neither examined her tongue nor felt her pulse, but gave her an account of a fancy ball which he had attended, the last evening he passed on *terra firma*. His details were so interesting, that the Queen soon felt much better. The next day he renewed his visit, and gave her an account of a new singer that had appeared at Ephesus. The effect of this recital was so satisfactory, that a bulletin in the evening announced that the Queen was convalescent. The third day Æsculapius took his departure, having previously enjoined change of scene for her Majesty, and a visit to the Elysian Fields !

IV.

“ Heh, heh ! ” shrieked Tisiphone.

“ Hah, hah ! ” squeaked Megæra.

“ Hoh, hoh ! ” moaned Alecto.

“ Now or never,” said the infernal sisters. “ There is a decided re-action. The moment she embarks unquestionably we will flare up.” So they ran off to the Fates.

“ We must be prudent,” said Clotho.

“ Our time is not come,” remarked Lachesis.

“ I wish the re-action were more decided,” said Atropos ; “ but it is a great thing that they are going to be parted, for the King must remain.”

The opposition party, although aiming at the same result, was therefore evidently divided as to the means by which it was to be obtained. The sanguine Furies were for fighting it out at once, and talked bravely of the strong conservative spirit only dormant in Tartarus. Even the Radicals themselves are dissatisfied : Tantalus is no longer contented with water, or Ixion with repose. But the circumspect Fates felt that a false step at present could never be regained. They talked, therefore, of

watching events. Both divisions, however, agreed that the royal embarkation was to be the signal for renewed intrigues and renovated exertions.

V.

When Proserpine was assured that she must be parted for a time from Pluto, she was inconsolable. They passed the night in sorrowful embraces. She vowed that she could not live a day without him, and that she certainly should die before she reached the first post. The mighty heart of the King of Hades was torn to pieces with contending emotions. In the agony of his overwhelming passion the security of his realm seemed of secondary importance compared with the happiness of his wife. Fear and hatred of the Paræ and the Eumenides equalled, however, in the breast of Proserpine her affection for her husband. The consciousness that his absence would be a signal for a revolution, and that the crown of Tartarus might be lost to her expected offspring, animated her with a spirit of heroism. She reconciled herself to the terrible separation, on condition that Pluto wrote to her every day.

“Adieu! my best, my only beloved!” ejaculated the unhappy Queen; “do not forget me for a moment; and let nothing in the world induce you to speak to any of those horrid people. I know them; I know exactly what they will be at the moment I am gone, they will commence their intrigues for the restoration of the reign of doom and torture. Don’t listen to them, my Pluto—Sooner than have recourse to them, seek assistance from their former victims.”

“Calm yourself, my Proserpine. Anticipate no evil. I shall be firm; do not doubt me. I will cling with tenacity to that *juste milieu* under which we have hitherto so eminently prospered. Neither the Paræ and the Eumenides, nor Ixion and his friends shall advance a point. I will keep each faction in awe by the bugbear of the other’s supremacy. Trust me, I am a profound politician.”

VI.

It was determined that the progress of Proserpine to the Elysian Fields should be celebrated with a pomp and magnificence becoming her exalted station. The day of her departure was proclaimed as a high festival in Hell. Tiresias, absent on a secret mission, had been summoned back by Pluto, and appointed to attend her Majesty during her journey and her visit, for Pluto had the greatest confidence in his discretion. Besides, as her Majesty had not at present the advantage of any female society, it was necessary that she should be amused; and Tiresias, though old, ugly, and blind, was a wit as well as a philosopher, the most distinguished diplomatist of his age, and considered the best company in Hades.

An immense crowd was assembled round the gates of the palace on the morn of the royal departure. With what anxious curiosity did they watch those huge brazen portals! Every precaution was taken for the accommodation of the public. The streets were lined with troops of extraordinary stature, whose nodding plumes prevented the multitude from catching a glimpse of anything that passed, and who cracked the skulls of the populace with their scimitars if they attempted in the slightest degree to break the line. Moreover, there were seats erected which any one might occupy at a very reasonable rate; but the lord

steward, who had the disposal of the tickets, purchased them all for himself, and then resold them to his fellow-subjects at an enormous price.

At length the hinges of the gigantic portals gave an ominous creak, and, amid the huzzas of men and the shrieks of women, the procession commenced.

First came the infernal band. It consisted of five hundred performers all mounted on different animals. Never was such a melodious blast ! Fifty trumpeters mounted on zebras of all possible stripes and tints, and working away at huge ramshorns with their cheeks like pumpkins. Then there were bassoons mounted on bears, clarionets on camelopards, oboes on unicorns, and troops of musicians on elephants playing on real serpents, whose prismatic bodies indulged in the most extraordinary convolutions imaginable, and whose arrowy tongues glittered with superb agitation at the exquisite sounds which they unintentionally delivered. Animals there were, too, now unknown and forgotten ; but I must not forget the fellow who beat the kettledrums, mounted on an enormous mammoth, and the din of whose reverberating blows would have deadened the thunder of Olympus.

This enchanting harmony preceded the regiment of Proserpine's own guards glowing in adamantine armour and mounted on coal-black steeds. Their helmets were quite awful, and surmounted by plumes plucked from the wings of the Harpies, which were alone enough to terrify an earthly host. It was droll to observe this troop of gigantic heroes commanded by infants, who, however, were arrayed in a similar costume, though, of course, on a smaller scale. But such was the admirable discipline of the infernal forces that, though lions to their enemies, they were lambs to their friends ; and on the present occasion their colonel was carried in a cradle.

After these came twelve most worshipful baboons in most venerable wigs. They were clothed with scarlet robes lined with ermine, and ornamented with gold chains, and mounted on the most obstinate and inflexible mules in Tartarus. These were the Judges. Each was provided with a pannier of choice cobnuts, which he cracked with great gravity, throwing the shells to the multitude,—an infernal ceremony there held emblematic of their profession.

The Lord Chancellor came next in a very grand car. Although his wig was even longer than those of his fellow functionaries, his manners and the rest of his costume afforded a very strange contrast to them. Apparently never was such a droll lively fellow. His dress was something between that of Harlequin and Scaramouch. He amused himself by keeping in the air four brazen balls at the same time, swallowing daggers, spitting fire, eating yards of pink ribbon, which re-appeared, after being well-digested, through his nose, and turning sugar into salt. It is unnecessary to add after this, that he was the most popular Lord Chancellor that had ever held the seals, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers, which apparently repaid him for all his exertions. Notwithstanding his numerous and curious occupations, I should not omit to add that his Lordship, nevertheless, found time to lead by the nose a most meek and milk-white jackass that immediately followed him, and which, in spite of the remarkable length of its ears, seemed the object of great veneration. There was evidently some mystery about this

animal difficult to penetrate. Among other characteristics it was said at different seasons to be distinguished by different titles: for sometimes it was styled "The Public," at others "Opinion," and occasionally was saluted as the "King's Conscience."

Now came a numerous company of Priests, in flowing and funeral robes, bearing banners, inscribed with the various titles of their Queen, on some was inscribed Hecate, on others Juno Inferna, on others Theogamia, Libera on some, on others Cotytto. Those that bore banners were crowned with wreaths of narcissus, and mounted on bulls blacker than night, and of a most severe and melancholy aspect. Others walked by their side, bearing branches of cypress.

And here I must stop to notice a droll characteristic of the priestly economy of Hades. To be a good pedestrian was considered an essential virtue of an infernal clergyman, but to be mounted on a black bull was the highest distinction of the craft. It followed, therefore, that, originally, promotion to such a seat was the natural reward of any priest who had distinguished himself in the humbler career of a good walker, but in process of time, as even infernal as well as human institutions are liable to corruption, the black bulls became too often occupied by the hilt and the crippled, the feeble and the paralytic, who used their influence at Court to become thus exempted from the performance of the severer duties of which they were incapable. This violation of the priestly constitution excited at first great murmurs among the abler but less influential brethren. But the murmurs of the weak prove only the tyranny of the strong, and so completely in the course of time do institutions depart from their original character, that the imbecile riders of the black bulls now avowedly defended their position on the very grounds which originally should have unseated them, and openly maintained that it was very evident that the stout were intended to walk, and the feeble to be carried.

The priests were followed by fifty dark chariots, drawn by blue satyrs. Herein was the wardrobe of the Queen and her Majesty's cooks.

Tiresias came next, in a basalt chariot, yoked to royal steeds. He was attended by Manto, who shared his confidence, and who some said was his daughter, and others his niece. Venerable scur! Who could behold that flowing beard and the thin grey hairs of that lofty and wrinkled brow without being filled with sensations of awe and affection? A smile of bland benignity played upon his passionless and reverend countenance. Fortunate the Monarch who is blessed with such a counsellor! Who could have supposed that all this time Tiresias was concocting an epigram on Pluto!

The Queen! The Queen!

Upon a superb throne, placed upon an immense car, and drawn by twelve coal-black steeds, four abreast, reposed the royal daughter of Ceres. Her rich dark hair was braided off her high pale forehead, and fell in voluptuous clusters over her back. A tiara sculptured out of a single brilliant, and which darted a flash like lightning on the surrounding multitude, was placed somewhat negligently on the right side of her head; but no jewels broke the entrancing swell of her swan-like neck, or were dimmed by the lustre of her ravishing arms. How fair was the Queen of Hell! How thrilling the solemn lustre of her violet eye! A

robe, purple as the last hour of twilight, encompassed her transcendent form, studded with golden stars!

VII.

Through the dim hot streets of Tartarus moved the royal procession, until it reached the first winding of the river Styx. Here an immense assemblage of yachts and barges, dressed out with the infernal colours, denoted the appointed spot of the royal embarkation. Tiresias dismounting from his chariot, and leaning on Manto, now approached her Majesty, and requesting her royal commands, recommended her to lose no time in getting on board.

“When your Majesty is once on the Styx,” observed the wily seer, “it may be somewhat difficult to recall you to Hades, but I know very little of Clotho, may it please your Majesty, if she have not already commenced her intrigues in Tartarus.”

“You alarm me!” said Proserpine.

“It was not my intention. Caution is not fear.”

“But do you think that Pluto——”

“May it please your Majesty, I make it a rule never to think I know too much.”

“Let us embark immediately!”

“Certainly, I would recommend your Majesty to get off at once. Myself and Manto will accompany you, and the cooks. If an order arrive to stay our departure, we can then send back the priests.”

“You counsel well, Tiresias. I wish you had not been absent on my arrival. Affairs might have gone better.”

“Not at all. Had I been in Hell, your enemies would have been no way. Your Majesty’s excellent spirit carried you through triumphantly, but it will not do so twice. You turned them out, and I must keep them out.”

“So be it, my dear friend.” Thus saying, the Queen descended her throne, and leaving the rest of her retinue to follow with all possible despatch, embarked on board the infernal yacht, with Tiresias, Manto, the chief cook, and some chosen attendants, and bid adieu for the first time, not without agitation, to the gloomy banks of Tartarus.

VIII.

The breeze was favourable, and animated by the exhortations of Tiresias, the crew exerted themselves to the utmost. The barque swiftly scudded over the dark waters. The river was of great breadth, and in this dim region the crew were soon out of sight of land.

“You have been in Elysium?” inquired Proserpine of Tiresias.

“I have been everywhere,” replied the seer, “and though I am blind have managed to see a great deal more than my fellows.”

“I have often heard of you,” said the Queen, “and I confess that yours is a career which has much interested me. What vicissitudes in affairs have you not witnessed! And yet you have somehow or other contrived to make your way through all the storms in which others have sunk, and are now, as you always have been, in a very exalted position. What can be your magic? I would that you would initiate me. I know that you are a prophet, and that even the Gods consult you.”

“Your Majesty is complimentary—I certainly have had a great deal of experience—My life has no doubt been a long one, but I have made it longer by never losing a moment—I was born too at a great crisis in affairs—Everything that took place before the Trojan war passes for nothing in the annals of wisdom—That was a great revolution in all affairs human and divine, and from that event we must now date all our knowledge—Before the Trojan war, we used to talk of the rebellion of the Titans, but that business now is an old almanac. As for my powers of prophecy, believe me, that those who understand the past are very well qualified to predict the future—For my success in life, it may be principally ascribed to the observance of a very simple rule—I never trust any one, either God or man—I make an exception in favour of the Goddesses, and especially of your Majesty,” added Tnesias, who quitted himself on his gallantry.

While they were thus conversing, the Queen directed the attention of Manto to a mountainous elevation which now began to rise in the distance, and which, from the rapidity of the tide and the freshness of the breeze, they approached at a very swift rate.

“Behold the Stygian mountains,” replied Manto—“Through their centre runs the Passage of Night which leads to the regions of Twilight.”

“We have then far to travel?”

“Assuredly it is no easy task to escape from the gloom of Tartarus to the sunbeams of Elysium,” remarked Tnesias, “but the pleasant is generally difficult, let us be grateful that in our instance it is not, as usual, forbidden.”

“You say truly, I am sorry to confess how very often it appears to me that sin is enjoyment. But see! how awful are these perpendicular heights, piercing the descending vapours, with their peaks clothed with dark pines! We seem land-locked.”

But the experienced master of the infernal yacht knew well how to steer his charge through the intricate windings of the river, which here, though deep and navigable, became as wild and narrow as a mountain stream, and, as the tide no longer served them and the wind, from their involved course, was as often against them as in their favour, the crew were obliged to have recourse to their oars, and rowed along until they arrived at the mouth of an enormous cavern from which the rapid stream apparently issued.

“I am frightened out of my wits,” exclaimed Proscarpine—“Surely this cannot be our course?”

“I hold, from your Majesty’s exclamation,” said Tnesias, “that we have arrived at the Passage of Night. When we have proceeded some hundred yards, we shall reach the adamantine portals—I pray your Majesty be not alarmed. I alone have the signet which can force these mystic gates to open. I must be stirring myself. What, ho! Manto.”

“Here am I, father. Hast thou the seal?”

“In my breast. I would not trust it to my secretaries. They have my portfolios full of secret despatches, written on purpose to deceive them; for I know that they are spies in the pay of Minerva; but your Majesty perceives, with a little prudence, that even a traitor may be turned to account.”

Thus saying, Tnesias, leaning on Manto, hobbled to the poop of the vessel, and exclaiming aloud, “Behold the mighty seal of Dis, whereon

is inscribed the word the Titans fear," the gates immediately flew open, revealing the gigantic form of the Titan Porphyriion, whose head touched the vault of the mighty cavern, although he was up to his waist in the waters of the river.

"Come, my noble Porphyriion," said Tiresias, "bestir thyself, I beseech thee. I have brought thee a queen. Guide her Majesty, I entreat thee, with safety through this awful passage of Night."

"What a horrible creature," whispered Proserpine. "I wonder you address him with such courtesy?"

"I am always courteous," replied Tiresias. "How know I that the Titans may not yet regain their lost heritage? They are terrible fellows; and ugly or not, I have no doubt that even your Majesty would not find them so ill-favoured were they seated in the halls of Olympus."

"There is something in that," replied Proserpine. "I almost wish I were once more in Tartarus."

The Titan Porphyriion in the meantime had fastened a chain cable to the vessel, which he placed over his shoulder, and turning his back to the crew, then wading through the waters, he dragged on the vessel in its course. The cavern widened, the waters spread. To the joy of Proserpine, apparently, she once more beheld the moon and stars.

"Bright crescent of Diana!" exclaimed the enraptured Queen, "and ye too, sweet stars, that I have so often watched on the Sicilian plains; do I, then, indeed again behold ye? or is it only some exquisite vision that entrances my being? for, indeed, I do not feel the freshness of that breeze that was wont to renovate my languid frame, nor does the odorous scent of flowers wafted from the shores delight my jaded senses. What is it? Is it life or death—earth, indeed, or hell?"

"'Tis nothing," said Tiresias, "but a great toy. You must know that Saturn—until at length, wearied by his ruinous experiments, the Gods expelled him his empire—was a great dabbler in systems. He was always for making moons brighter than Dian, and lighting the stars by gas; but his systems never worked. The tides rebelled against their mistress, and the stars went out with a horrible stench. This is one of his creations—the most ingenious, though a failure. Jove made it a present to Pluto, who is quite proud of having a sun and stars of his own, and reckons it among the choice treasures of his kingdoms."

"Poor Saturn! I pity him—he meant well."

"Very true. He is the paviour of the high-street of Hades. But we cannot afford kings, and especially gods, to be philosophers. The certainty of misrule is better than the chance of good government; uncertainty makes people restless.

"I feel very restless myself; I wish we were in Elysium!"

"The river again narrows!" exclaimed Manto. "There is no other portal to pass. The Saturnian moon and stars grow faint—there is a grey tint expanding in the distance—'tis the realm of twilight—your Majesty will soon disembark."

(To be continued.)

GILBERT GURNEY.

CHAPTER II.

WITH my head full of bright visions I returned to my lodging, and having retired to bed, passed a feverish, restless night. I had heard conversations on subjects which were new to me; I had been admitted into the secrets of what, to a young and ill-regulated mind, is a very striking profession; I had been told stories and anecdotes of the private lives of public characters; and madder than ever with pleasure at the anticipation of the enjoyments I should reap from the acceptance of my farce, and my consequent familiarity with the geniuses and the players, I could not settle myself to sleep.

In the morning I arose unrefreshed, ate a tasteless breakfast, and mingled the azure milk with the almost colourless tea, without caring, or even thinking, what I did. Still, however, there was a clog of deeper anxiety hanging over my mind than this fitful, feverish kind of irritation. I had to make a visit to my mother; I had to express my regret as to the unconquerable difficulties which I thought interposed in my path towards the Bench, or even the Bar, and to decide the question so deeply interesting to my respected parent as to my future career; yet, somehow, my one day's association with wits and worldlings had very much altered the tone and character of my sentiments towards the old lady. I felt rather ashamed of my dutiful anxiety about her, and wondered what had hitherto made me so diffident in speaking out my mind, which, in the end, I resolved to do, cost what it might.

But a circumstance occurred the next day which, at any other time, would have been regarded by me as most important and exciting; as it was, it made but little effect. My mother had received a letter from my brother Cuthbert (at that period more than thirty years old), informing her that he had been admitted a partner in the great commercial firm in Calcutta, in the service of which he had passed several years of probation, and that he felt it would be greatly advantageous to me, and, in short, open the road to a splendid fortune, if I were to be placed in some banking or other mercantile establishment in London, to ground myself in all the arcana of the counting-house; and, after a certain period of education in that school, proceed to join him in India.

At that time the amusing pursuit of "shaking the pagoda-tree," once so popular in our Oriental possessions, had not been entirely exploded; and, it must be confessed, the way in which he wrote was extremely tempting to a young gentleman endowed with a strong disposition to extravagance. Lacs and crores of rupees—maunds of indigo—pekuls of indigo—and a thousand things of which I had never heard before—sounded magnificently; and, to a young and sanguine mind, perhaps the novelty itself was even more attractive than the vastitude of the expressions contained in his despatch; but more than all, when he described the women—the ladies of the City of Palaces,—their sway,—their charms,—their interesting indolence,—their lovely listlessness,—the amiable manner in which they passed their mornings, playing with their lank ringlets before looking-glasses, till tiffin-time,—and then the amiability with which they performed the ceremonies of that pecu-

liarly-named Eastern repast;—this combination of beauty, grace, languor, and tenderness,—with a detail of the vestibules, varhandahs, kitmaygars, hurkaraahs, peons, palanquins, and punkahs,—influenced my mind for a moment, until I recollected that the scenery of “Blue-Beard” was infinitely more beautiful than that of Bengal; and that Mrs. Senior Merchant Mækirkincroft, or Mrs. Secretary Macnab, was, after all, like the ale she imbibed, of home manufacture, or rather, as the old joke goes, like a pack of playing-cards made in England for exportation, with a penalty marked upon it if used in Great Britain, or re-landed.

No, thought I, there can be no attraction that way from England; yet I must own the prospect of great wealth had a dazzling effect for a moment. It was but for a moment. A laugh in the street attracted me to the window, and I saw two of the *dram. pers.* (female) walking to rehearsal, with a fresh breeze blowing in their pretty faces, and pekuls, pagodas, peons, palanquins, and punkahs were instantly banished for ever from my thoughts. Nevertheless, the letter required attention. The proposition was one submitted to me by my mother, and must be attended to, and I resolved, *coûte qui coûte*, to make my visit to Teddington the very next day.

Still I could not quite abandon my “gallipot;” and so to work I went upon my precious drama, in order to write two comic songs, in a style which was then somewhat popular. Indeed, that of “Miss Bailey,” which then continued in fashion, afforded the strongest proof of the effect produced by Colman in the narrative style. It has been translated into Greek, Latin, French, and German, and I am not quite sure that it is not completely the rage at this moment in the best circles of Spitzbergen and Kamtschatka. As proofs of what a young author fancies good, I have preserved from the wreck of my papers these two “poetical” efforts; and I am sure that, at the time I wrote them, I fancied them quite equal to O’Keefe, or Dibdin, or Colman even himself. Nothing is more extraordinary than a reference to such records, in order to prove what were the feelings and opinions by which we have been acted upon at some former period of our lives.

The first was to be sung in the character of Sir Jeffery Boot-top, by Mathews, founded upon an incident in real life; and thus it ran.—

SONG.

The plump Lady Tott to her husband one day
Said, “Let us go driving this evening, I pray.”
(Lady Tott was an alderman’s daughter.)
“Well, where shall we go?” said Sir Tilbury Tott.
“Why, my love,” said my Lady, “the weather is hot,
Suppose we drive round by the water,—
The water,—
Suppose we drive round by the water.”

The dinner was ended, the claret was “done,”
The knight getting up,—getting down was the sun,—
And my Lady agog for heart-slaughter;
When Sir Tilbury, lazy, like cows after grains,
Said, “The weather is low’ring, my love; see, it rains—
Only look at the drops in the water,—
The water,—
Only look at the drops in the water.”

Lady Tott, who, when earnestly fixed on a drive,
Overcame all excuses Sir Til might contrive,

Had her bonnet and parasol brought her :
Says she, " Dear Sir Til, don't let *me* ask in vain ;
The dots in the pond which you take to be rain
Are nothing but flies in the water,—

The water,
Are nothing but flies in the water."

Sir Tilbury saw that he could not escape ;
So he put on his coat, with a three-doubled cape,
And then by the hand gently caught her ;
And lifting her up to his high one-horse " shay,"
She settled her " things," and the pair drove away,
And skirted the edge of the water,—

The water,—
And skirted the edge of the water.

Sir Til was quite right ; on the top of his crown,
Like small shot in volleys, the rain peppered down,—

Only small shot would do much more slaughter, —
Till the gay Lady Tott, who was getting quite wet,
Said, " My dear Sir T. T.," in a kind of half pet,

" Turn back, for I'm drench'd with rain-water,—
Rain-water,—
Turn back, for I m drench'd with rain-water."

" Oh, dear Lady T.," said Til, winking his eye,
" You everything know so much better than I,"
(For, when angry, with kindness he fought her.)
" You may fancy this rain, as I did before ;
But you show'd me my folly ;—'tis really no more
Than the skimming of flies in the water,—

The water,—
The skimming of flies in the water."

He drove her about for an hour or two,
Till her Ladyship's clothes were completely soak'd through,

Then, home to Tott Cottage he brought her,
And said, " Now, Lady T., by the joke of to-night,
I'll *reign* over you ; for you'll own that I'm right,
And know rain, Ma'am, from flies in the water,—

The water,—
Know rain, Ma'am, from flies in the water."

This was one of the effusions for the sake of which I abandoned my studies, neglected my parent, and expended two hours ; yet I confess, when it was finished, I thought I had " done it." But I had another to do ; for it had been hinted to me, during the time that my maiden production was undergoing the process of examination by the manager, that it wanted enlivening ; and, moreover, that if Mr. Mathews had a song, Mr. Liston would expect to have one also ; that these were little points of professional etiquette which were as rigidly observed as the rules and ceremonies of other services ; and that there would be as great an impropriety in offering a secondary part to a first-rate actor, or putting a secondary actor into a first-rate part, as there would be in giving a lieutenant a field-officer's command, or sending a commander to commission a seventy-four.

I was somewhat puzzled for a subject, fancying that the songs of a

drama should have some reference to the plot and dialogue of the piece ; but upon this point I was very speedily enlightened. Instead of following the example of Gay, in the "Beggar's Opera," Bickerstaff, in "Love in a Village," or Sheridan, in the "Duenna," in which operas the music seems but an adjunct to the dialogue, and the songs, the natural sentiments arising out of it, only versified,—I was told that, much after the fashion of the man who introduced his story of a gun, *à propos* to nothing, a song, no matter what its subject or purport, might be cleverly and properly introduced by three lines of preparatory prose.

This principle established, I had no hesitation in proceeding to my task. At that period it was the rage to parodize tragedies. James Smith wrote a parody on "George Barnwell;" Horace Twiss did another; and Theodore Hook indulged the town with one upon "Othello," and, I believe, a second *extremely facetious* ridicule of "Hamlet." The good taste of such proceedings I do not mean to discuss; that these things *had been* successful was enough for me, and I determined to follow in the wake, and accordingly produced the following travestic of "Venice Preserved," which was to receive additional point and piquancy by being sung with an Irish brogue:—

Tune—*The Sprig of Shillelagh.*

Och, tell me the truth now, and did you ne'er hear
Of a pair of big traitors, called Jaffier and Pierre,
Who thought that their country was shockingly served?
Who met in the dark, and the night, and the fogs,—
Who "howl'd at the moon," and call'd themselves "dogs,"
Till Jaffier to Pierre pledged his honour and life,
And into the bargain his ilgant wife,—
By which very means was ould Venice preserved?

The ringleaders held a snug club in the town,
The object of which was to knock the Doge down,
Because from his duty they thought he had swerved.
They met every evening, and more was their fault,
At the house of a gentleman, Mr. Renault,
Who—och, the spalpeen!—when they all went away,
Stayed at home, and made love to the sweet Mrs. J.,—
By which, in the end, was ould Venice preserved.

When Jaffier came back, his most delicate belle—
Belvidera they call'd her—determined to tell
How she by old Renault that night had been served.
This blew up a breeze, and made Jaffier repent
Of the plots he had laid: to the Senate he went.
He got safe home by twelve: his wife bade him not fail;
And by half-after-one he was snug in the gaol,—
By which, as we'll see, was ould Venice preserved.

The Doge and the Court, when J.'s story they'd heard,
Thought it good for the country to forfeit their word,
And break the conditions they should have observed;
So they sent the police out to clear every street,
And bring whomsoever by chance they might meet;
And before the bright sun was aloft in the sky,
Twenty-two of the party were sentenced to die,—
And that was the way was ould Venice preserved.

Mr. Jaffier, who peach'd, was let off at the time ;
 But that wouldn't do, he committed a crime,
 Which punishment more than his others deserved ;
 So when Pierre was condemn'd, to the scaffold he went.
 Pierre whisper'd and nodded, and J. said " Content."
 They mounted together, till kind Mr. J.,
 Having stabl'd Mr. P., served himself the same way,—
 And so was their honour in Venice preserved.

But och ! what a scene, when the beautiful Bell,
 At her father's, found out how her dear husband fell !
 The sight would the stoutest of hearts have unnerved.
 She did nothing but tumble, and squabble, and rave,
 And try to scratch J., with her nails, from the grave.
 This lasted three months, when, cured of her pain,
 She chuck'd off her weeds, and got married agam,—
 By which very means was this *Venus* preserved.

In this piece of tom-foolery I trace the first fruits of that disposition to treat high and serious subjects farcically which is engendered and fostered in the society of those who, as my poor mother said in her letter, from which I have already made an extract, are habituated to judge of real events histrionically. The effect the thing produced at the time remains to be told.

Having done my task, I inclosed my effusions to my Mæcenas, and prepared for my departure on the next morning to Teddington, endeavouring if possible to fix my thoughts upon the proposition contained in my brother's letter, and upon the solicitude which I well knew my excellent parent would feel as to my decision ; but I found this a much more difficult task than the grave and sober-minded may suppose. The moment I had settled myself, some trivial accident would scatter my thoughts ; and while I was pondering upon my future destiny, I found myself singing the most important passages of Cuthbert's despatch to the tune of the " Sprig of Shillelagh," to which I had written my ridiculous parody.

I was still in the agonies of suspense—eight-and-forty hours had elapsed, and no tidings of my drama. Every man fancies his own affairs of paramount importance. Dennis the critic came away from the seaside because he fancied the King of France was sending a ship to carry him off, in consequence of his having written a severe squib against him in the shape of a pamphlet ; and I once knew a young man who, expressing to me his anxiety that a leave of absence which was about to be granted him should be correct to the letter, told me that he was the more solicitous, as he had only entered the service three days before, and the eyes of the whole army were upon him.

It never occurred to me, while I earnestly watched every knock or ring at the door in expectation of Mr. Colman's fiat, that Mr. Colman had fifty other things to do besides reading my farce—that perhaps he had never even opened it. I did not then know the story of Sheridan and the playwright, which is vouched for, upon good authority. The playwright had sent a comedy to Mr. Sheridan for perusal, and of course approval, and of course heard nothing more of his comedy. He waited six months patiently—the season was then over, and he therefore resolved to wait on till the next season began : he did so—he then called at Mr. Sheridan's, who at that time lived in George-street, Hanover-

square—not at home, of course—he then despatched a note—no answer—another—ditto—another call—still the same result. At last, however, the author hit upon the expedient of posting himself in the hall, on a day in the evening of which there was to be an important debate in the House of Commons. This was a blockade which even the ingenuity of the wit could not evade; the author was therefore admitted.

His inquiries were respectful, but earnest. “My comedy, Mr. Sheridan I——”

“Yes—to be sure—clearly—the ——?”

“*Fashionable Involvements*, in five acts,” said the author, helping his great friend to the name, which he hoped might recal the work to his recollection—a hope most vain.

“Upon my word,” said Sheridan, “I—I m in a great hurry—I really don’t remember—I am afraid your play has been somehow mislaid.”

“Mislaid!” exclaimed the anxious parent of the lost bantling. “My dear Sir, if it is, I am ruined—I have no copy of it.”

“It is very unfortunate,” said Mr. Sheridan, “very—I’m sure I regret—I——”

“But what can I *do*, Sir?” said the author.

“I tell you what, my dear friend,” replied Mr. Sheridan, “I cannot promise you your own play back, because I don’t know where any of the last year’s pieces are, but if you will open that table-drawer, you will find a great number that have been sent me this year, you may take any three of those in exchange, and do what you like with them.”

Had I at the time when I was so sensitively alive to the fate of my farce known this *historiette*, I should perhaps have been better able to regulate my expectations.

On the following morning I proceeded to Teddington, and found my mother, and her friend and companion Miss Crab, at home; my reception was everything that ought to have been delightful to a fond and dutiful son; somehow it was unsatisfactory, and Miss Crab was so plain, and the place was so quiet, and they began to talk seriously to me, and when I heard them both expressing themselves sentimentally, I could scarcely hold my tongue to listen to them.

“Gilbert,” said my mother, “after what you have said with regard to making the law your profession, I think I should not be justified in endeavouring to force your inclinations, but, painful as it would be to me when the time came to part with you, I do think this proposal of Cuthbert’s merits your best attention; you see he is well established, his prospects are bright, and he holds out his hand to lift his brother into the same station.”

“Why, yes,” said I; “but, after all, what *is* the station? He is only a merchant—now the law leads to the highest honours, and——”

“So it does,” replied my mother; “but ~~as~~ you have yourself decided against striving for those honours, why try back upon what you have rejected, in order to draw a comparison unfavourable to what now presents itself?”

“I should never make a lawyer,” said I; “and—I do not think I should like to be a merchant—there is something in the words *shop* and *counting-house* discordant to my ear.”

“I think,” said Miss Crab,—and what she said was true enough,—“Gilbert prefers being a gentleman to any other occupation.”

"He has not means sufficient to maintain him in that character," said my mother, "and I apprehend, that if he rely upon his talents for dramatic literature to make up the deficiency, he will only reap what alone grow in abundance in that field—regrets and disappointments."

My mother had touched the right chord.

"Well, for *my* part," said Miss Crab, "I wish there was not such a thing as a playhouse or a player; they are the ruin of more young people than anything else in the world."

I thought I never saw Crab look so frightful as she did at the moment she uttered that little speech.

"I do not quite agree with you there," said my admirable parent "I believe a well-regulated stage, speaking both morally and politically, might be rendered highly serviceable to the people, not more for amusement than for instruction—for when is instruction so gladly received as through the means of rational amusement?—it has the same effect upon the mind as indirect taxation has upon the purse—no sudden and abrupt demand is made which at once enforces a clam, and proclaims a superiority; and if morality and virtue were exhibited in their beauties, and vice and dissipation held up in their deformity through the medium of the theatre, great good might ensue."

"Ay," said Miss Crab, "but they are *not*, all the things the people run after, now-a-days, are either gingerbread pantomimes, culled from Mother Bunch, or stupid farces translated from the French."

Miss Crab looked more hideous than she did before, but what could I say? If I defended the stage and farces, it would have led to endless controversies—if I discarded them, I should instantly have been doomed to a pair of canvass sleeves, and perhaps an apron; posted behind a counter, or stuck up on a high stool from nine till five, with a pen behind my ear, in some wretched hole of an office in a dark lane in the City.

The great difficulty I had to contend with in these controversial conversations, as they threatened to be, and which I have before noticed, arose from the fact that, although I certainly had not at that time an income sufficient for the indulgence of my favourite pursuits, and the enjoyment of my natural amusements, as I held them to be, I should be quite rich enough to please myself at the death of my mother. If she had lived to this hour, and I remained poor, I should have been but too happy; and I felt it impossible to explain to *her* the real grounds of my apparent carelessness of my future prospects. It was clear, too, that she was fast declining; and this very circumstance rendered it utterly out of the question to allude to an event which seemed to me too probably not far distant. I therefore resolved to temporize, and at last hit upon an expedient which, before I had turned my mind theatrically, perhaps would not have occurred to me, in order to gain time.

I suggested to my mother what I considered the inexpediency of plunging at once into mercantile life without some more distinct and explicit statement from Cuthbert. All that he said, tempting as I admit it to have been, was said generally, and, for the most part, hypothetically. "I do not think it would be a bad plan for Gilbert to do so and so;" and "if" he did, he "might perhaps;" and "if he might perhaps," why then, perhaps, "I might be able," and so on. I argued that this was an invitation hardly strong enough to adopt as credentials for

the total alteration of pursuits and prospects, and what I considered my immolation in a counting-house.

My mother listened attentively to what I said, and appeared rather struck by my reasoning, although she did not see that Cuthbert could have said more, being, as he was, ignorant of what course I had shaped for myself in England.

"I am sure," said Miss Crab, "it is as plain as the nose on my face——"

I looked at her, and thought, whatever it is, nothing can be plainer.

"——that Cuthbert wishes Gilbert to go to him; that there are bright prospects, the realization of which depends only upon his preparatory attention and assiduity here. If I were you, my dear Mrs. Gurney, I would not hesitate a moment."

I could have strangled her.

"There," continued she, "is that highly respectable Indian house, Curry, Raikes, Yellowly, Lefevre, and Company."

"Mercy on us, Miss Crab," said I, "have you made that firm, with all their orientally-bilious names, to terrify me?"

"Not a bit, Mr. Gurney," said Miss Crab. "I know them intimately well; and, if your mother chooses, I will write to Mr. Yellowly, who is my particular friend, such a letter as will ensure you——"

"——the highest stool in the darkest corner of their counting-house," interrupted I, forgetting at once my notions of temporizing.

"Oh! Sir," said Miss Crab, "if I am to be subjected to such farcical remarks as these, and you are determined to throw cold water upon this scheme, I have done."

"I think, Miss Crab," said my mother, "Gilbert's idea is not a bad one. He is yet young. A few months' postponement can do no harm."

"There I differ with you entirely, Mrs. Gurney," said Miss Crab. "At his time of life, and in the society and habits into which he has fallen, six or eight months will make all the difference in the world."

"I fancy," said my mother, "that I know Gilbert pretty well; and I believe that, although idle, and gay, and thoughtless, he will never suffer himself to be led into conduct or circumstances likely to affect me or dishonour himself. If we were immediately to avail ourselves of your kind offer of writing to the gentleman you have named, and he were admitted to a participation in the duties of his office, and, after a severe probation of eight or ten months, Cuthbert's offer should turn out of less importance than we at first imagined it, we should have lost so much time."

"Not a bit of it," said Miss Crab; "wouldn't Gilbert be much better employed posting ledgers and copying letters all the day, than lounging in the streets and writing farces? There is no disgrace in a mercantile life; and supposing he never went to India at all, what would he be the worse for knowing what he would learn in the City?"

I could scarcely listen complacently to the odious interruptions and interference of my mother's most excellent and disagreeable friend. I could not endure the woman for talking so sensibly; yet I saw that, with a parent's partiality, my mother leant very much to my views; and I found, not without reason, that her readiness to acquiesce with me in the proposal of giving time for consideration arose from a latent unwillingness to lose my society altogether, and doom me to a transport-

tion for life,—for such, a residence in India seems to those who have never quitted their “fatherland,” and who believe, with great reason where England is concerned, that “there’s no place like home.”

It was somewhat past ten o’clock at night when I mounted my horse at my mother’s gate to return to London, and I must confess that I felt as if I had achieved a great deal in the course of my visit, in spite of fate and Miss Crab. I had, in fact, left my affairs, as far as regarded India, Cuthbert, and the partnership, much as I had begun upon them, with this signal advantage in my favour, that they had been under discussion and nothing had been decided upon, so that I felt myself quite at liberty to go with a snaffle until my excellent mother thought proper to apply the curb.

There was one point upon which the old gentlewoman was particularly susceptible and tenacious, but upon which, as it happened, I had not yet seen reason to give her any uncausiness. She had—next to the play-houses and the actresses—a most sensitive and matronly horror of the designing wiles of the young woman creatures who enliven and illuminate the world; and proportionably fearful that I should fall a prey to some young adventuress, which, considering what I possessed in the way of prize-money, was really not ground for serious alarm; for it was clear that nobody who had anything would think of making a good speculation by catching a lad who had nothing. She never went the length of cautioning me against the artillery of bright eyes, or the music of soft words, because, being a woman, although *my* mother, she perhaps was aware that the very surest method of setting a young heart on, is by warning it off. “I’m driving the pig to Cork,” says Paddy, “but don’t you let him hear *that*—he thinks he is going to Bandon.” Prohibit, prevent, and warn, and see the consequences.

What happened to the ostler and the priest?—I believe it is an old story, but never mind—it is in point. An ostler of the Popish persuasion annually paid two shillings and threepence halfpenny to his priest to confess and whitewash him at Easter. Down on his knees did he lay open his heart to the *Padré*, and tell everything he had done amiss during the preceding year. “Father,” says Paddy, “I water the whisky, I take half a quartern out of every peck of oats, and I charge fourpence for horsekeeping and give my master but threepence.”—“Tell me,” says the *Padré*, “do you never grease the horses’ teeth to prevent their eating the beans?”—“Never, your reverence, never!” cries Paddy, with tears in his eyes.—“Good boy, get up wid ye then,” says the *Padré*; “tip us the thirteencrs, and you are clean as a whistle for the next twelve months.”

Those twelve months over, back comes the priest. The same mummery goes on; the same kneeling down and confessing to the absolving *Padré*,—whose infallible power of absolution is best tested by the fact that the infallible head of the Church himself, who can excommunicate and absolve every Roman Catholic in the world, confesses to his own particular chaplain,—and then we have the ostler at it again; the same questions are repeated, the same admissions made—till at last Dominic reiterates his inquiry, “Have you not greased the horses’ teeth to prevent their eating the beans?” Different from that of the preceding year was the answer to this—“Yes, your reverence, I have.”—“How!” exclaims Doctor O’Doddipole; “what! an accession of crime as you draw nearer

the grave! How comes this? Last year, you told me you had never done such a thing; how happens it that this year you have?"—"Please your reverence," says the ostler, "I'd never have had such a thought in my head if your reverence hadn't been kind enough to put it there."

Upon this principle, I suppose, my excellent mother never directly cautioned me about the sparkling eyes, the downy cheeks, the pouting lips, and all the rest of the charms so likely to catch such a person as I then was, lest "her reverence should put strange thoughts into my head." However, thoughts *had* been there, without her putting; and I verily believe if my new and absorbing passion for Thespian pursuits had not luckily intervened, I should have engaged myself to one of the very prettiest girls in the world, who shall be nameless, and whom, many years afterwards, I met in France—a widow, with two thread-paper daughters, unluckily for themselves, extremely like their late respectable father. In the sequel, however, it will be seen that if I were only singled in my *coup d'essai*, I got considerably more damaged in my subsequent career.

The one great point of delay having been gained, I felt myself more at ease than I had been for the previous week or fortnight. A sanguine mind always sees daylight through the darkness—and upon the principle and in the hope which all through life have sustained me, I fancied that "something would turn up" before the possible return of letters from Cuthbert, which might favourably decide the question now in abeyance.

On my return home I found, much to my delight, that my farce had been read—ay, and approved—for a note which I discovered lying upon my table, from my Mæcenas, informed me that he would call on me the next day at five o'clock, if I happened to be disengaged, and take me over to Melina-place and introduce me to Mr. Colman, who wished us to dine with him. This, it may be easily imagined, was to me as decided a "command" as if it had come from George, King of England, instead of George, King of the Dramatists; and I did not allow a moment to elapse before I answered my friend in the affirmative.

I scarcely recollect how the intervening hours were passed; my friend and *ci-devant* fellow-pupil (who continued to "make believe" in Lincoln's-inn) was of course apprized of my *premier pas*, and I received his warm congratulations upon my initiatory success. The mere routine of eating, drinking, and sleeping, had in it nothing of interest, except as the performance of those ordinary functions served as points by which to reckon time, until the hour for my introduction to the proprietor was to take place.

That hour at length arrived: punctual to the minute, my friend knocked at my door, and we proceeded together to Melina-place. I there found mine host everything that was agreeable. I met four or five persons of either sex, all delightful in their way. Mr. Colman suggested one or two alterations, which it would be needless to say were improvements, in my drama; and having despatched what I fancied our important business, we sat down to dinner, somewhere about six. How delightful the party was, may perhaps best be imagined from the fact, that we did not separate for the evening until five in the morning, when I returned home enchanted with the amusements of the day and night.

Everything was now *en train*. The following Friday—a day from which, for the commencement of any undertaking, I have a great and

unconquerable aversion—was fixed for the reading of my farce, and my eyes were gladdened the very next morning, by seeing in the playbills an announcement, technically (as I afterwards discovered) called “underlined,” that a new farce was in rehearsal and would speedily be produced.

The Friday came; and for the first time in my life I found myself in the green-room of a theatre—it was literally a green room, into which light was admitted by a thing like a cucumber-frame at one end of it. It was matted, and round the walls ran a bench covered with faded green stuff, whereupon the *dramatis personæ* deposited themselves until called to go on the stage; a looking-glass under the skylight, and a large bottle of water and a tumbler on the chimney-piece, completed the furniture of this classic apartment.

Upon the special occasion of reading my farce, a table, with pens, ink, and paper, was introduced, and deposited in one corner of the room under the cucumber-frame, and at which the reader was to preside. The actors and actresses began to assemble. I was introduced to such of them as were concerned in the performance of my hopeful work; and having declined to undertake the reading myself, the manager proceeded to execute that task.

A dead silence prevailed as he delivered, in a hurried, monotonous tone, all the pointed and witty dialogues of the first scene, upon which I had spent so much time, and to which I had devoted so much attention. Not a smile did I see; Liston, from whom I had expected all the compliments of excessive laughter at the jokes introduced into his part, sat still and mute, the very picture of gravity, until the reader came to a bit which I had intended to be marvellously comic, when he made a face of so grotesque a character of extreme disapprobation, that Mrs. Gibbs burst into a loud fit of merriment, which was only moderated by a sort of admonitory look from Mathews,—who had the best part in the piece,—to spare the feelings of the young author.

For nearly an hour and a quarter did I endure this purgatorial process; and I must admit, that, during that period, my feelings of self-complacency had undergone a very important change. Just as I anticipated a positive cheer, at a *dénouement* which I was quite sure must be unexpected, I looked round, and saw Mrs. Davenport, the main-stay of my plot, fast asleep, with her head in a corner; and the aforesaid Liston, another of my props, tickling her nose with the end of her parasol. It then occurred to me, that it would have been better that I should not have been present, inasmuch as in my absence, those ladies and gentlemen, who, regardless of my agonies and sensitiveness, thus practically exhibited their perfect indifference to my “work,” might have expressed their opinions in cabinet, and while they disapproved some portion of the performance, might have suggested improvements in others. When the reading was over, nobody said capital, or even good, or even tolerable. One of the gentlemen asked “When is this thing to be put in rehearsal?” “To-morrow,” was the reply, “and it must be out to-morrow week.”

“To-morrow week!” said one; “how am I to study this infernal part, nine lengths and a half, by to-morrow week, besides all the stock business?”

“I think,” said Mrs. Davenport, “that I should be better out of the

farce than in it. Mrs. Kendall, or Mrs. Wall, would do just as well for all there is to do."

"Anybody would do as well as me," whispered Liston; and then Mrs Gibbs made her joyous, handsome face look hideous in my eyes for the moment, by giving a sign of perfect acquiescence in Mr. Liston's opinion.

I felt that I could not endure their comments any longer, so sought safety in flight, and got out of the regions, into which at length, after many years' working, I had obtained admission, not, however, without attracting the notice of my good-natured Mecænas, who walked down the street with me, and gave me his opinion, that I must reconcile myself to lose one or two of the principal performers; adding, that it was always the wisest plan to let a discontented actor give up the part of which he complained; for your leaders of the profession, if they say they can make nothing of a character, generally back their opinions by their acting on the first night.

Here began those difficulties and annoyances by which the progress of a dramatic author is impeded: the operation of small jealousies which the uninitiated cannot comprehend; the great vanities which the unenlightened are unable to appreciate, and the combinations for and against certain persons and purposes, the intricacies of which are hidden from the common eye, but the workings of which, more or less, affect every individual brought into contact with the dramatic department of English literature. The thing, however, was too far gone to retract, and I resolved to bear with fortitude evils which I then was foolish enough to think great, and submit myself to the guidance of those who, of course much better than I could be supposed to do, understood the nature of such proceedings.

The next morning was our first rehearsal. The cool atmosphere of the theatre in a hot summer's day, blended with the peculiar smell which all theatres have, was to me quite refreshing and invigorating, and when I found myself referred to by such of the performers as were present, for my views and opinions of how this should be said, and how that should be done, I felt tolerably reconciled to the absence of two or three of the "stars" by whom I had hoped to see my work adorned and illuminated.

The efforts of five days perfected the work of rehearsal. My "Venice Preserved" song—the idol of my heart—was omitted, because the gentleman who was Mr. Liston's substitute could not sing—a failing which I the less deplored, inasmuch as Mr. Liston, even if he had acted the part, had declined singing the song. My misfortunes, however, did not end here; for as it had been resolved to omit that song, and as the young lady who was to enact my heroine sang no more than Mr. Liston's successor, it was considered not usual to have one song in a piece, not musical, and so out they cut my "Flies in the Water." I own these two sacrifices cost me a pang, but it was decreed by better judges than myself, and away they went.

The time now drew near when my fate was to be decided, and no rational person can possibly believe how much I was agitated on the morning of performance. The sight of my title, flaring in huge red letters in the play-bills, was in the highest degree gratifying to my eye. I stopped and perused the *affiche* as if it had been a document of the highest public interest, I fancied I was known in the street as the

author of the new piece—I walked upon air. But as the evening drew nigh, I felt that aching pain of anxiety, which, in other days, such interests could excite; and when it was time to go to the theatre, I scarcely knew whether I should be able to endure the trial.

After the opera of "Inkle and Yarico" came my drama. I was placed in the manager's box, allotted the seat of honour behind the *treillage*, favoured by the presence of two of the handsomest and most agreeable ladies in London, and treated in the kindest possible manner. Overture over—curtain up—I listened to my own words fearfully and tremblingly; not that I heard quite so many of them as I had confidently expected, seeing that most of the low comedians substituted, for what they had not learned, speeches and dialogues, not one word of which I had written; indeed, during the greater part of the first act, the voice of the prompter was more generally audible than those of the actors. Still, however, we went on smoothly, but not with that spirit which I had anticipated; and when the curtain fell, at the close of the first act, the audience gave no signs of either approbation or dissent, and the only sound which I heard in any degree indicative of popular opinion, was the loud twanging of an elderly gentleman's nose, who was fast asleep, with his head reclined against the partition of the box in which we sat.

The second act began, and in the middle of the second scene of it, several parties removed themselves from the lower boxes, evidently tired with what was going on. Would that the gods in the galleries had been equally well bred! their patience, however, was not proof against my diollery—one point of which, a cant phrase by my hero, Sir Jeremy Boot-top, of "How d'ye know—don't you think so?" appeared, after innumerable repetitions, to make the first seat in the pit angry—they began to groan, and then to answer Sir Jeremy's questions, with shouts of "No, no, no!"—these, by a natural transition, were converted into cries of "Off, off, off!" and at a quarter after eleven o'clock, the green curtain of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, descended upon my condemned farce, and concluded my career as a dramatic author.

I had anticipated a triumph—I had encountered a defeat. It was in vain I cracked the joke of "*laudatur ab his*,"—in vain affected to laugh at my own disaster. I rejected the gay supper which had been prepared to await the successful young author, and returned to my lodgings ashamed to look even the servants in the face; I hurried to bed, in the full consciousness of my failure, and the certain malevolence of the accounts of that failure, as they would appear the next day in the criticisms of the newspapers. I slept little—I made a hundred different resolves—I hoped at least my name would be kept secret—I anticipated the misery of my poor mother at the publicity of my overthrow, in which she, of course, would find ample ground for congratulating herself upon her unheeded efforts to save me from such an exposure. I at length determined to fly the scene of my mortification as soon as possible, and by nine o'clock I had quitted my lodgings, and was on my road to the maternal roof at Teddington.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

WHAT a volume is lost to the world when any man who has mingled with his fellow-men dies and makes no sign ! He who has known and passed half a century with such persons as Palmer, Suett, Quick, Henderson, Macklin, Kemble, Edwin, Parsons, Munden, Bannister, Dibdin, Holcroft, Andrews, Merry, and Topham, must have been dull indeed, if his memory be not peopled with things impressed on it by their quips and cranks. If he has registered the stories of many-coloured life which these histrionics have given in all their vitality, when many a long day since they or their successors have wandered to me in hand by the hedgerow side studying the pages they were afterwards to render doubly beautiful by their magic art ; if, I say, he then quoted down the oft-told tale, he can console himself, even though his name be now unnoted, that he did not live idly, or fail to do something towards the great book of human feelings of which experience furnishes the incidents. Actors are illustrated anecdotes ; their lives are but a series of little incidents that mock the form of regular biography. Mathews learnt his art by his fondness for retailing anecdotes, which, at an early age, forced upon him the practice of imitation ; and of Mathews it may be truly said that he has *forgotten* more than most others ever *knew*. Many years ago, the writer of these pages formed the resolution of noting in a diary all he heard (no matter from whom) that was worthy of record ; on the following day he has often blotted out the idle detail, wondering that he could have perpetuated such follies ; and, now, after forty years' reflection, his great regret (a regret in which some celebrated persons have cordially acquiesced) is that he neglected to note much more, or, having done so, was ever tempted to destroy it. To a superior mind, to a more gifted pen, should have been given the task of selecting from the mass of matter, and, having selected, the duty of clothing the incidents in language adapted to the nature of the various characters and subjects ; but the diary that contained the stories told by all the most celebrated children of the drama—including authors and dramatic critics)—which would have extended over a long London and provincial life, and included the *very words* uttered by them in various places and at divers times, from the year 1778 to 1827, must have been at once voluminous and valuable. Alas ! our resolutions are easily made if words were indeed things ; but for the fulfilment of these good resolves, the writer may now say—

'Tis number'd with the things o'er past—
Would, would it were to come !

He has heard Henderson complain of the tyranny and exclusiveness of Garrick ; Cooke attribute his non-success in life to his spirit having been broken by the lack of friends, when *he* applied to Colman for an appearance, and was told that his attempt to rival Henderson would be ridiculous ; has listened to the great George Frederick when he was self-debating whether he should give up the stage and enlist as a common soldier—nay, heard the answer given that, all things considered, it was the *best thing* he (Cooke) could do. The writer witnessed the early efforts of Kemble, and (he says it not boastfully) relieved the early distresses of Kean. It is not yet too late to snatch from the wreck of his recollection much that is amusing ; and though the cherished purpose of his boyhood, the diary that would, if *duly kept*, have rivalled the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in *quantity*, be shrunken down to two or three scrap-books, and, perhaps, as many hundred scattered memoranda, he is philosopher enough to feel that consciousness of being unable to accomplish all we hoped is a powerful reason for attempting all we can. Ere "memory, the warder of the brain," grows

weak, let me conclude this long exordium, and to my scraps. Thus then at random for a taste of the quality of the diary.

Henderson said all the stage-business of the old plays was traditional; that if I looked at the old paintings, I should find that when "Hamlet" saw the ghost, he, Horatio, Marcellus, Bernardo and the spirit, were all in the same relative situations *now*, that they were represented to be in, in sketches made in Booth or Betterton's time.

[This was true then (1781), and is true even to the present day.]

The same thing has been since said of acting; and I remember G. F. Cooke striking Phillimore for saying that he (Cooke) had founded his Falstaff on Henderson's. I well remember that Henderson was said to imitate Love (the original proprietor of the Richmond Theatre); and whilst preparing these few pages for publication, I have referred to a biography of Mr. Love, dated 1772 *, which contains this passage:—

"He is extremely useful in many parts of comedy, and seems to be the only imitator of Quin's manner now existing—his chief excellence lies in Falstaff."

Thus, then, assuming that Henderson did form his Falstaff from the model he beheld in Love—that Love copied Quin—Quin was seventeen when Betterton died, and was contemporaneous with Barton Booth for some years—Betterton was fellow apprentice with Kynaston, to Rhodes, the original patentee of the Cockpit Theatre in Drury-lane; and in 1662, Betterton was an actor under the management of Sir W. Davenant, (whose connexion, whatever may be thought of the relationship, with Shakspeare, and those who originally acted in his plays, is well known,)—we may trace a traditionality, perhaps, in the style of representing Falstaff; for in 1815, the immutable Mathews once or twice represented Falstaff in professed and acknowledged imitation of Cooke.

I have chosen to give the above extract from the diary in support of my assertion, that such a book would now have been most valuable; but at present shall deal in a few lighter extracts from the memoranda of youthful days. My own history I shall not intrude upon the reader, farther than to say that, in manifold capacities as amateur, as actor, and manager, I have had great opportunities of collecting traits of characters and anecdotes of celebrated persons,—whether I have or have not availed myself of it the public will determine.

Suett.—The actors of a bygone day had a characteristic humour; the public then thought more of their sayings, cared less for their doings; men would rather record in my time the bright things or the merry stories that Suett uttered, than delight in expatiating on his love of the lasses or the bottle. It was impossible to remain for any length of time angry with him; he had about him an "unconsciousness of offending" that disarmed you; it is not generally known that Dickey, in a comic part, nearly damned "Pizarro" the first night—but so it was; the part was ill-written, and its introduction ill-timed; and most furiously did the public hiss it. Sheridan was distracted, and Dicky, with the utmost gravity, said, "This comes of putting me into a German drama. You know, Sir, I know nothing of German."

Tate Wilkinson, when York was the nursery where genius learned to soar, was always most anxious to secure a comedian who could give a faithful picture of rustic manners. Suett, Fawcett, Emery, Mathews, and Knight, were successively the low comedians of the York circuit; and, different as their styles were, all justly esteemed as admirable in the personations of

* "Theatrical Biography," 2 vols. 12mo. S. Bladon, Paternoster-row, 1772. Mr. Love (whose real name was Dance) built the theatre of which poor Kean died lessee. Love was patronized by Sir Robert Walpole, and mingled poetry, politics, and performing, profitably enough. He died (1774) in the same chamber where the great tragedian breathed his last, nearly sixty years afterwards.

Clowns*. When Emery first came to London, his extreme simplicity and frankness of manner and his fine full dialect were glorious weapons in Suett's hands, "who hoaxed the York laddie to the great delight of his brethren and "several persons of distinction." Unfortunately, many of Suett's stories are unprintable, and much that he told was a vast invention hung upon a slender thread of fact. One instance, however, I remember from the pure simplicity of Emery's reply: some one had interested Emery very much respecting the dissipations of a gentleman, well known to each, whose father, a Yorkshire landholder, was averse to his son's dramatic notions; Emery followed the thread of the narrative, entering into the grief of the mother and the sister, till the narrator came to—"At last, Sir, the father said, 'Robert, your conduct will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'" "That wean't do, Mr. —;" said John, "dean't I know that tould chap's been bald these ten years?"

Forty years since, "ere the schoolmaster was abroad," some of the Bonifaces had strange notions of grammatical accuracy—this was glorious work for Dicky—who had (not unjustly) the reputation of being a learned clerk; he wrote an *affiche* for an innkeeper at Folkstone in these words;—

"To Travellers.—Return chaises stop here going and coming."

The humorists of whom Suett was a scion have disappeared from the busy haunts of pleasure; the few of that school who remain on earth are fallen into the sear and yellow leaf; the boon punch-bowl companions; the practical jesters (using that word in its extended sense, and not as merely applied to personal aggression), the "quoters" and the "nick-namers," are no longer of this world, or the few lingerers are preparing for a world to come. Do you remember, reader, when the portal of a tavern in Russell-street bore this invitational inscription:—

"Will you walk out of the air?"—*Hamlet*.

Have you noted—if you have even a twenty years old memory you may have done so—a dial against Temple-hall, Paper-buildings, with this laconic injunction?—

"Begone about your business."

Such a thing would be unheeded now and deemed unworthy of an Utilitarian age—may be so; I can but say with Adam Winterton—

"It was exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas."

Poor Suett had no wit, but an infinitude of humour. Davis's strange simile on Dr. Johnson's laughter has been often recorded; but I am not aware that a phrase containing almost as odd a metaphor has ever been printed—poor Parsons said that Suett walked like a *camel-leopard*.

Kemble and a Dramatic Aspirant.—Mr. Wilson, better known as Mr. Manley, who has for many years been the lessee of several theatres in the provinces, was in his youth a sturdily-framed Hibernian blood,—a roaring blade,—with a thick brogue, shoulders of extreme amplitude, and limbs to match. In the very early part of John Philip Kemble's management, Mr. Manley was anxious to make his *début*. Kemble, after some delay, agreed to hear him if he would call at the theatre (Drury-lane) on a certain morning. True as the clock, Manley went. Unfortunately, a Nobleman devoted to theatricals (Earl P——) was then with the tragedian; however, Manley had "come there to give a taste of his quality, and, please the pigs, he would." After a delay, that had not sweetened the temper of the novice,

* In 1780, Suett appeared as Ralph, ("Maïd of the Mill;") Fawcett was the original Robin Roughhead; Emery appeared as Frank Oatlands, ("Cure for the Heart-Ache;") Mathews and Listen played rustics in their metropolitan career; Knight appeared as Robin Roughhead; and Munden was the original Zekiel Homespun. Until within the last twenty years, a low comedian, who could not successfully assume the rustic, was a thing unheard of.

Kemble crossed through the ante-room (where M. was) to show the Earl out. "Mr. Cambell! Mr. Cambell!" said the impatient *débutant*; and, with a rapidity that defied interruption, unfolded the purpose of his visit, the length of time he had been detained, &c. His manner was such, that had there not dwelt a danger in his mien, his hearers must have roared outright; but Kemble, in heart and soul, as well as the mere manner, was a gentleman; he begged the Earl to excuse him whilst he heard Mr. M. "Pray allow me also to have that pleasure," said his Lordship, denial was impossible. They proceeded to the stage; the tenacity of the gentleman from the Emerald Isle observed, or imagined, the winks, blinks, and nudges of the Peer and the manager; and wrought up to wrath ere the trial commenced, he began to exhibit his notion of "Hamlet":—

"Och! that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

Before the soliloquy was concluded, the Earl had nearly swallowed his pocket-handkerchief, and poor Kemble bit his lips till they bled, to prevent a burst of laughter that would have compromised their dignity and wounded the amateur's feelings. To give the Earl time to recover, Kemble asked for another specimen; with an eye kindling like a coal, M. complied.—

"Spake the spache I pray ye as I pronounced it to you"

to the conclusion of the duetion to the players. So far the story tells better for the forbearance of Kemble and the Earl than for the powers of Mr. Manley; but he was not the man to quit the scene without letting his auditors know that he saw he was the subject of ridicule. In reply to Mr. Kemble's "You shall hear from me, Sir, if any vacancy *in your time* should occur," M. said, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Cambell and my Lord, you've been *amusing* yourselves at my expense some time—and now *will* either of ye fight?"

[Mr. M. tells this story with admirable humour; but to hear John Kemble detail it, in his quiet asthmatic manner, must have been delicious.]

The Licensor's youthful days.—It is *fifty years* exactly, this spring (1834), since I first saw George Colman "the younger" on the first night of the representation of his first dramatic attempt; he was then a slim lad (I suppose about eighteen or nineteen), fidgeting and fuming about the house; though, he being the manager's son, everything had been done to ensure success. It was an operative farcical drama, called "Two to One," the music being old airs (amongst them "Yankee Doodle," "Maggie Jumbo," "Ha, ha, the woong o't," and "Hey, let us a to the Bridal")—Charles Bannister, the great humorist and bass singer, Edwin, and Miss George, who afterwards became Lady Oldmixon, had parts. The songs given to the lady were so full of ribaldry as to be untransferable to print *now*. This was followed by a less successful dramatic effort, and two or three years after, "Inkle and Yarico" came out. The author was then a boon companion of the macaronies of the day, and in garb and manner by no means the "dapper temple student" he somewhere describes himself. When "Ways and Means" came out, it grew the fashion to rail at young Colman as a mere punster; and afterwards, when he produced the "Battle of Hexham" (1789), the tide turned again, and he was actually called "The modern Shakspeare." The next year Edwin died, and with him perished many parts (Lingo and Gregory Gubblins amongst others). Munden, who succeeded him, and who had the character of a miser in his later days, was, in imitation of his predecessor, one of the most elaborate dressers of the day, and was for many years known by the title of "Beau Munden." Almost every public man, or indeed any one whose person was well-known in the Park, had a nick-name; one was termed "Tom Taste," another "Dick Dashall," whilst the more sulphureous appellations of "Hell-fire Harry," &c. &c., were bestowed on persons

who made pilgrimages in pursuit of notoriety in some more dangerous pursuit than dress. . .

O'Keefe (the best-humoured of dramatists) had admirably sketched the would-be beaux of the time in Jemmy Jump's first song (now omitted), beginning—

“ Look, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing ; ”

and Colman (I think), in a song called “ The smart walking Jockey,” ridiculed the buck-skin breeches and top-boot mania, in which, however, he himself indulged. In Trudge's last song, we have—

“ A clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy, Jemmy, linkum fiddle,
And went in boots to see the play ; ”

an allusion to an indecorum that cannot now be understood by one in ten thousand.

G. F. Cooke and his Keeper.—The style of conviviality that “ obtained ” when George Frederick Cooke first came upon town might be termed the reign of terror. When the tragedian was intoxicated, he was overbearing, noisy, and insufferably egotistical, asking questions and answering them himself, thus—“ Who am I, Sir? George Frederick Cooke, Sir ”—“ What am I, Sir? The tragedian; not Black Jack, Sir.” Mr. Beverley, of Covent-garden Theatre, was called Cooke's keeper, and the term was not inapplicable; the tragedian, like all bullies, was a coward—Beverley the reverse. Cooke once obtained leave to go to Brighton to play, Beverley pledging himself to bring him back immediately after the performance. All was smooth enough; Cooke drank but little, for B— treated him like a child, and wouldn't suffer him to have anything but what he prescribed. The play was over, the chaise ready, and B— was arranging either the share of the receipts, or something of that nature, when Cooke escaped. Great was the dismay of Beverley when the tragedian was declared *non est inventus*; but the keeper was no common man—he was pledged to Harris to bring Cooke back, and dead or alive he would do so. The dens he dipped into, the taverns he ransacked, it were vain to attempt to describe; as Tubal says, “ he often came where he did hear of him, but could not find him; ” at length he pounced upon him, reeking in revelry—“ Go back? and with him? no! a legion should not stir him. Who am I, Sir? George Frederick, Sir; an army shouldn't move me.” “ Desperate measures call for desperate means.” Beverley rushed through the myrmidons that surrounded Cooke, who, grown valorous in his cups, resisted his keeper, but was at last captured, after having received a blow that had shadowed one of his orbs of vision. B— brought him back. “ Well,” said Harris, “ you have had a pleasant trip, I hope.” “ Sir,” said Cooke, “ when I engaged with you, I didn't know that one of the clauses was that your bullies should beat me when I didn't do as you ordered.” However, he soon recovered his good-humour, and H., after condoling with him on his black eye, said, “ It won't be noticeable on the stage, under your paint; and you play Iago to-night.” “ Hadn't I better do Othello, Sir,” said George, “ and let Beverley beat the *rest of my head black* for the occasion?”

Cooke married a Miss Daniells. Influenced by jealousy, he locked her up in a garret, and in a drunken fit, forgetting everything, absented himself from home—his lady was in danger of starvation—no one was in the house but the prisoner—her cries at length were heard in the street, and by means of a ladder she was released. She was wise enough not to incur the danger a second time, obtained a divorce, or an annulment of the marriage, and is still living (having wedded happily) at Bath.

At certain periods, Cooke was as mad as any inmate of Bedlam or St. Luke's. In one of his quarrels, a common soldier declined fighting with him because he (C.) was rich, and the persons present would, he affirmed,

favour him. "Look ye here, Sir," said Cooke, "all I possess in the world is here, 350*l.*;" and he thrust the bank notes into the fire, and held the poker upon them until they were consumed. "Now I'm a beggar, Sir; will you fight me now?"

Fortune's Freaks.—Where marriages are made, or how lightly and unthinkingly they are made, is no subject for me to dilate on; but such a step taken, or such a step avoided, has changed the current of a life too often. About 1790, or from that period until about 1793, a singer of the appropriate name of Goldfinch (who is still living at an advanced age in Hull) was manager of a small company in Yorkshire. The principal comic actress was Miss Harriet Mellon, now the Duchess of St. Alban's. She was then ardently beloved by a comedian in the same company, and it was generally understood that poverty alone prevented their immediate union. The lady subsequently got a superior engagement, and in season 1794-5 came to London, appearing, I believe, in the January of the latter year, as Lydia Languish. The rest of her "travels' history," the reader knows better than myself.

Reeve.—Our low comedians have generally been guilty of attempts to pass over the bounds that separate representation from social intercourse. Quick often did it; Edwin followed his example. Munden notoriously, and Liston and Reeve—the latter especially—frequently commit such acts of bad taste. When John Reeve was acting *Bombastes*, at Bristol, upon being stabbed by *Antaxominous*, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, is it, Sir?" A bald-headed gentleman, who I believe took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom Reeve directed his glance, replied, "I really can't say, for I don't fence."

Signor Grimaldi.—Old Grimaldi (I mean the father of *the* Grimaldi who made "Mother Goose" immortal), in common with most of those persons who exhilarate the spirits of others, was of a melancholy, nervous temperament, a ghost-hunter, and believer in all sorts of marvellous absurdities. He lived in Stangate-street, Lambeth (behind Astley's), and often wandered over the then dreary region of St. George's fields with an old bibliopohst, detailing and discussing all the superstitious legends of Germany and Great Britain. A very jolly party used then to assemble at a tavern in St. James's-market, and, to dispel Grimaldi's gloom, a friend took him thither; he soon left the room, saying, "They *was* laughed so much, it made him more melancholy as ever." His bookselling friend lent him a work called "The Uncertainty of the Signs of Death," which so excited his mind with a fear of being buried alive, that in his will he directed that his daughter should, previous to his interment, sever his head from his body. The operation was actually performed in the presence of, though not by, the daughter. He died in 1788. His son, the inimitable clown, is still living (at Woolwich), very decrepit, though only fifty-five years old. As a proof of the morbidity of the Signor's mind upon the subject of interment, he was wont to wander to different churchyards, as Charles Bannister said, to pick out a dry spot to he snug in. I first saw him meditating over Joe Miller's tombstone in Portugal-street churchyard; and yet, in his ballets and pantomimes, he frequently introduced subjects of this order in a ludicrous way. He originally invented the celebrated skeleton scene, now common in all our pantomimes, and first represented the "Cave of Petrification," in which, when any one entered, he was supposed to be struck at once and for ever into the position in which he stood when his unhallowed foot first profaned its boundaries. So prone are many minds to jest in public with the terrors that render their lives burdensome to them in private.

Consolation to Dramatists.—"The Rivals," "Three Weeks after Marriage," (then called "What we must all come to,") "Fontainebleau," "Castle of Andalusia," (first called "Banditti of the Forest,") "Blue Devils," and that subsequently successful extravaganza "Life in London," were all damned the first night!!!

Emery, Kemble, and others.—When Morton's "School of Reform" was accepted, Emery expected, on what grounds I know not, that John Kemble would act Lord Avondale, (a heavy, ineffective part, which poor Cooke, to whom it was assigned, could do nothing with.) After the great hit the comedian made in Tyke, he was accustomed to say that Kemble knew what was in him, and would not trust himself beside him. Once or twice publicly some ill-feeling was displayed by Kemble, which Emery resented wrathfully, and joined George Frederick Cooke in anathematizing "Black Jack." A conversation between Incedon, Emery, and Cooke, at the King's Head Inn, Holborn, I once heard, when every ill "the drama is heir to" was attributed to the great Coriolanus. A few words from each may suffice:—

Emery—"He has no natur; not a bit: but, then, he never wur the feyther of a child, and that accounts for it."

Cooke—"With the voice of an emasculated French horn, and the face of an itinerant Israehite, he would compete with me, Sir: me—George Frederick Cooke! Wanted me to play Hoatio to lus Hamlet, Sir. Let *him* play Sir Pertinax, Sir; that's all. I should like to hear *him* attempt the dialect."

Incedon—"Attempt! The fact is, my dear boys, he'd attempt anything." Here Charles illustrated some of Kemble's attempts in a way the reader must imagine, and that it is impossible to repeat, and wound it up by saying, "and lastly, he actually attempted to sing! d—n me, in the presence of the *national* singer of *England*,—Charles Incedon,—d—n me.

The Bannisters.—J. Bannister when he came out was but a boy. Full of his love for the drama, the pupil of the British Roscius, and son to the greatest extemporaneous humourist of the day, that he should, "for his worthy old father's sake, be sought in gay society was little to be wondered at. There were some roaring boys in those times; Suett, Edwin, Dodd, Lamash, and Henderson were all jolly dogs. Charles Bannister was himself a *bon vivant*, and John was on the high road to be a fast liver when he fell in love. Miss Harper came out the same season as Mr. Bannister, jun., who was then one of the handsomest youths in England, a pet with the public, and a favourite with every one in the theatre. The person who rented the Haymarket Saloon, or Fruit-room as it then was, chid the young actor for his love of company, and advised him to marry. "Who the deuce would have me, I wonder?" said he. "Ask Miss Harper," replied the Mrs. Butler of that day. That John did not implicitly follow this direction there and *then* may be believed; yet the more he saw of the fair *débutante*, the more he saw reason to wish that he was worthy of her. She was a beautiful and unaffectedly modest girl; and long ere any declaration of love took place John had altered his course of life. Many were the merry-makings he declined attending: one night, in particular, when all else present were bent on seeing the moon put out of countenance by the morning, John rose to depart at twelve; entreaties were in vain; go he must, and go he would; nor did he give any very satisfactory answers to the query, "Your reason, Jack, your reason." Old Charles, however, explained the cause in a quotation from Macbeth, saying, with a significant glance—

"Harper cries 'tis time, 'tis time."

Miss Harper was related to Mr. Rundell, the great jeweller; and about the period of her *début*, a Mr. Rundell (as it was said by some, the father,

but certainly a near relation of the late jeweller) appeared as King Lear, but without any great success. Though Charles was a musician and a singer, his son John knew nothing of the science, and was dreadfully frightened at any vocal attempt. Suett said to Charles, when "Inkle and Yanco" was rehearsing (in which John, as Inkle, had to sing a duet), "You should have made him a musician." "I made him a man," said Charles, "and Heaven has made him a *Harper*."

Smith, better known as "Gentleman Smith," married the sister of Lord Sandwich; for some time the union was concealed, but an apt quotation of Charles Bannister elicited the truth. Smith, who was very reserved, evaded the banter of Foote upon the subject, when Charles exclaimed,

"Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?"

Smith was proof against curiosity, but not against wit, and acknowledged his marriage. "Well," said Bannister, "I rejoice that you've got a *Sandwich* from the family, but if you ever get a *dinner* from them, d—n me. Charles proved himself a prophet as well as a punster.

Stephen Kemble.—Stephen Kemble was born immediately after the conclusion of the performance of Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth," in a small temporary theatre at Kingstown, Herefordshire, his mother having enacted Anna Bullen that night; and Stephen was ushered into existence at the very period when, according to the play, the Princess Elizabeth is supposed to be born. Stephen married Miss Satchell, and their son Harry followed the dramatic fortunes of his father, for Mrs. S. Kemble was a mother within two hours of her having performed Yanco at the Haymarket theatre. Mr. Stephen Kemble, whose obesity unfitted him for the stage, was an actor of great talent and an amiable man. On one occasion, he offended Inledon, who, having exhausted his memory for some tangible cause for reprehension, at last said, "In fact, no good can be expected of a fat fellow who—*never was shaved in his life*." Stephen had no beard.

Astley and Ducrow—Equestrians are of ancient date; classic lore gives many instances of these "Centaur's." The performances of Ducrow, however, certainly outstrip competition and exceed all I remember. All these persons are exceedingly ignorant. Poor old Astley used to talk of a "*Krocker-dile* wat stopp'd Halexander's hammy, and, when cut hoj en, had a man in hammer in its *hntellecks*." He (Astley) had two or three hard words that he invariably misapplied: "*pusiferous*"—he always substituted for "*pusillanimous*;" and he was wont to observe that he should be a ruined man, for his horses ate most *vociferously*. The present race of gymnastic professors have not cultivated an acquaintance with the schoolmaster. Monsieur Gouffé, the man-monkey, (who was born in the Borough,) received a letter from a poor Frenchman begging for relief. Whether in French or English Gouffé was equally incapable of perusing it; the stage-manager, however, explained to him the nature of its contents, on which he advanced to the Parisian and gave him half a crown. "Monsieur, vous avez bien de la bonté," exclaimed the receiver. Gouffé, thinking that his supposed countryman was asking for more, said, "It's no use, dang it, for I an't no more silver about me." Of Ducrow it is told that, when teaching a lady of rank and title, and being intent on preserving or acquiring a character for gentility, he at last said, "Why, Marm, if you want him (the horse) to jump, you must hold on behind and *insinuate the persuaders* into his sides." Of this man's extraordinary courage take one example:—Herri Cline, at rehearsal, declined ascending on the tight rope from the stage to the gallery as a dangerous experiment. Ducrow said, "What, Sir, afraid of hurting yourself, I suppose. I'm not pretty, and have nothing to hurt: give *me* the pole." And, in his dustl dressin'-gown and *slippers*, he ascended and descended,—an attempt

amounting almost to madness, and at which even the practised performers of that theatre shuddered.

Ellston in a private Bor.—Ellston, who certainly imitated John Palmer in his manner off the stage, had an affected morality of demeanour which ill accorded with his real life; in his youth this was peculiarly the case. Charles Incedon said, "There was a capital paison spoiled the day Ellston turned player. The style of hypocrisy in which the great comedian indulged resembled that of his stage manner, when A was to be deceived in the presence of B. Thus Ellston always appeared to be cajoling one set for the sake of amusing another, rather than for anything to be gained by the process. When at school, the boys called him "the young crocodile," for he had tears of confusion ready at the shortest notice. His love-adventures were numerous, and he was not very fortunate or tasteful in the selection of his dulcineas; among others (when he was scarcely eighteen) was a tavern-keeper's dame at Wapping. One day, whilst in earnest conversation with the lady, an alarm was given, and, as it was necessary to conceal Robert William, he was placed in a hasped chest. There was Ellston whilst the lady ran to the bus. Five minutes passed, still the noise continued, nay, increased. he tried to raise the lid, but she had prudently (?) fastened it. He listened, the confusion in the house became more evident. he could hear prisons running to and fro, they sought some one, no. Some calamity had occurred. What? He too soon guessed, for he heard the dripping of water and the cry of "Fire!" All considerations but those of personal safety vanished. he sought with all his might to extricate himself, in vain: frightful recollections of being buried alive flashed across his memory; but to be at once buried and burnt was too much, and his struggles were renewed till he sank back helpless and exhausted. "At last," I quote his own words, "I had nothing for it but patience and prayer." "Prayer," I ejaculated, "under the circumstances that brought you there, should have been preceded by repentance." "Sir," he replied, "I did not pray directly for *myself*, but that those who were endeavouring to subdue the fire might be induced to *take care of the furniture*." The fire, which was only trifling, was at length quenched, Ellston's flame underwent the same process, for on the lady releasing him he wended homewards, and never again incurred a similar danger in the same premises.

Munden—A little while previous to Munden's retirement his health was precarious, and Ellston agreed in consequence to give Munden 10/ per night, instead of a settled weekly salary. The number of nights not being specified, the lessee only called upon the veteran's services when he imperatively required them. This, as Munden recovered, was wormwood to him; however, the time of retribution arrived. His Majesty bespoke a play and farce, Ellston omitted Munden's name because the house would assuredly be full to the ceiling, and employing Munden would be throwing 10/ away; but in the green-room a notice was affixed desiring "all the company to attend to sing the national anthem." This was enough, Munden joined the group, and, on the strength of the managerial notice, claimed and received his 10/ that night.

Kean and the Kembles.—It has been generally thought that Kean avoided the Kembles, and that they kept aloof from Kean: it was not so. John's pithy remark on his rival's Richard, "that he seemed terribly in earnest," was at once a criticism and an eulogy. Stephen Kemble and Kean were personal friends, independent of their dramatic intercourse; and in the year 1819, when Drury-lane Theatre was to let, Stephen Kemble came forward at the meeting, to state that "he was authorized by Mr. Kean to offer 8000*l.* a-year." After stating that, from Kean's popu-

larity, such an arrangement would be hailed with pleasure by the public, and that the performers also felt that *he* (Kean) was the most eligible person to manage the establishment, he concluded by saying—

“ If this offer be accepted, Mr. Kern authorizes me to say, that on granting him a ten years lease, he will narrow the stage, bring forward the boxes, and generally reduce the interior of the house, which, is now admitted to be too large for sound or sight.

[In Kean's evidence before the dramatic committee a few months before his death, he declared he could hear and see from the back of the one-shilling gallery. I cannot account for this assertion—but I have correctly quoted the words of his offer as to Drury, in 1810—and I believe his boast of far-sightedness was generally deemed an idle one.]

The season ending June, 1819, when this offer took place had been unprosperous. Mr. George Robins in urging the committee and shucho less to come forward, said he had received a letter from *John Kemble* (then in Switzerland), expressing a hope that the public would not suffer *one* out of our two national theatres to be shut up for that competition was as much required in the histronic as in my ut.

At that meeting when Mr. Calvert was chairman after these offers and remarks subscriptions poured in ten of the committee gave 100*l*. each. Some (the architect) the less sum after two meetings 2150*l*. had been obtained—the general feeling was, that Kean would be the lessee, Stephen Kemble stage manager. The committee closed the theatre on the 5th of June*. The actors took the Old Haymarket for a few nights, and Kean played Richard there grateously for them on the 18th—on the 21st Elliston gave his services as Rover—and a few days afterwards it was announced that having outbid Kean, he would become the lessee of Drury.

‘ Stephen Kemble, said Kean, ‘ has a soul under that load of fat, which (the soul) *will* ooze out, but John's is buried up by his ribs—a *presence to his prudence*.

Miss O'Neill—like Mrs. Siddons—was cradled to the cruff while a poor child amid “ the finest pismiry in the world. In the town of Drogheda and villages thereabout, her father had a small shaming scheme, as it is termed, fitting up barns for the purposes of theatres, and dividing the receipts amid the performers he having no capital to incur the risk or offering salaries. Amid all this and despite all this he did, as many others have done, support his family in honest and virtuous industry, and they repaid their father's care by working their way to comfort, and one of them to fame and fortune. Talbot (the Irish Elliston) was the manager that first noticed the talents of the child, who was then enacting the Duke of York in “ Richard the Third—at an early age she was the heroine of his (Talbot's) company in the Irish provinces. Gamble in his “ Views of Manners and Society in the North of Ireland, says

“ Miss O'Neill, if she is not a native, passed her early life in this town (Dundalk). Her father was the manager of a little party which played in a brewhouse or bun there, and a hundred times the inhabitants have seen her, when a little girl, running about bare footed and bare legged. As she grew up, she became the heroine of this humble theatre and played with great applause in tragedy, comedy, and farce. That a young woman brought up as Miss O'Neill had been should be a little intoxicated by a change, sudden as the wildest shifting of the scene on which she moves is not to be wondered at, but to her praise be it told, she remembers her evil days, and those who befriended her in them. A shopkeeper, to whom she

* John Reeve made his first appearance in public, as Sylvester Diggerwood, that evening, Yates played the same character at Covent garden, the same night, for Young's benefit.

and her father were indebted for various acts of kindness, lately fell into indigence; she sent for him to London, and having supported him some time in her own house, gave him money again to commence business."

When Cherry was in Ireland, he heard of Miss O'Neill, and applied to her to join him at Clonmell, but she was otherwise engaged, or obtained better terms at Belfast; had she accepted the offer, she would have played the heroines to Kean, who was then Cherry's tragedian. However, it so happened that Kean not only never saw, but never heard of Miss O'Neill, until she was announced to appear in London. Talbot*, who took great merit to himself for the instructions he had bestowed on the young actress, was then waxing old, and yet persisted in playing all the young lovers in comedies; taught Miss O. all the traditional business of the old stock-plays (much of which she wisely eschewed on coming to London). He had always the highest opinion of her genius and talent, and fought her battles manfully with those who contended that Miss Walstein was her superior. Mathews spoke of her to the Covent-garden proprietors, she being then in treaty with the committee of Drury-lane, and to Mathews the former theatre was indebted for the immense profits her engagement secured. She was engaged at Covent-garden for three years, at 15, 16, and 18*l.* per week—terms which, for untuned talent, appear high; but Mrs. Glover (then Miss Betterton) had *higher* in the year 1797.

It is customary to say that those who have produced immense effect in London have generally been unnoticed in the provinces, and to talk of the wearisome years passed in privation and poverty; but what are the facts? John Kemble came to London aged 26; Charles at 18; and Stephen at about 23; Mrs. Siddons first at 21, and when she made her great hit she was only 28; Kean was not seven-and-twenty when he appeared as Shylock; Miss O'Neill was under three-and-twenty when she appeared as Juliet at Covent-garden Theatre. Nor had Miss O'Neill's life been one of sorrow, or of penury to any extent; her childhood indeed knew no luxury, nor her girlhood idle ease, but at the age of seventeen she was known as an actress of promise and as a beautiful and amiable girl. A considerable time before she appeared in London, Shiel dedicated his tragedy of "Adelaide" to her; and in his preface has addressed this "unknown" actress, as dramatic biographers delighted to call her, in terms of eulogy that in the olden times a parasitical poet might have offered to a Princess, viz., after saying "Adelaide" was written for her, he adds—

"I endeavoured to combine beauty, innocence, and feeling, as I knew that your representation of such a character would not be an effort of art, but the spontaneous effusion of nature."

* Talbot was an admirable young Mirabel and the like; he was so learned in the art of the toilet, that he not only painted with a camel's hair brush his moustache and whiskers upon his lip and cheek, but also painted in sepia and Indian ink curls on his forehead; and this so admirably that the deception could not be detected even in the orchestra. He came out in Young Norval, in London, upwards of forty years ago, and died in Dublin a short time since.

INCIDENTS ON THE HUDSON.

M. CHABERT, the fire-eater, would have found New York uncomfortable. I would mention the height of the thermometer but for an aversion I have to figures. Broadway, at noon, had been known to *fry sales*.

I had fixed upon the first of August for my annual trip to Saratoga, and with a steam hat, a portmanteau, and a black boy, was huddled into the "rather-faster-than-lightning" steamer, "North America," with about seven hundred other people, like myself, just in time. Some hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies, thirty seconds too late, stood "larding" the pine chips upon the pier, gazing after the vanishing boat through showers of perspiration. Away we "streaked" at the rate of twelve miles in the hour against the current, and by the time I had penetrated to the baggage-closet, and seated William Wilberforce upon my portmanteau, with orders not to stir for eleven hours and seven minutes, we were far up the Hudson, opening into its hills and rocks, like a witches' party steaming through the Haiz in a cauldron.

A North River steam-boat, as a Vermont boy would phrase it, is *another guess sort o' thing from a Britisher*. A coal-barge and an eight-oars on the Thames are scarce more dissimilar. Built for smooth water only, our river boats are long, shallow and graceful, of the exquisite proportions of a pleasure yacht, and painted as brilliantly and fantastically as an Indian shell. With her bow just leaning up from the surface of the stream, her cut-water throwing off a curved and transparent sheet from either side, her white awnings, her magical speed, and the gay spectacle of a thousand well-dressed people on her open decks, I know nothing prettier than the vision that shoots by your door as you sit smoking in your leaf-darkened portico on the bold shore of the Hudson.

The American edition of Mrs. Trollope (several copies of which are to be found in every boat, serving the same purpose to the feelings of the passengers as the escape-valve to the engine) lay on a sofa beside me, and taking it up, as to say "I will be let alone," I commenced dividing my attention in my usual quiet way between the varied panorama of rock and valley flying backwards in our progress, and the as varied multitude about me.

For the mass of the women, as far as satin slippers, hats, dresses, and gloves could go, a Frenchman might have fancied himself in the midst of a transplantation from the Boulevards. In London, French fashions are in a manner Anglified: but an American woman looks on the productions of Airbeau, Boivin, and Maneuri as a translator of the Talmud on the inspired text. The slight figure and small feet of the race rather favour the resemblance, and a French milliner, who would probably come to America expecting to see bears and buffaloes prowling about the landing-place, would rub her eyes in New York, and imagine she was still in France, and had crossed perhaps only the broad part of the Seine.

The men were a more original study. Near me sat a Kentuckian on three chairs. He had been to the metropolis, evidently for the first time, and had "looked round sharp." In a fist like the end of the club of Hercules, was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which, if they

fulfilled to him a glove's destiny, would flatter "the rich man" that "the camel" might yet give him the required precedent. His hair had still the traces of having been astonished with curling tongs, and across his Atlantean breast was looped, in a complicated zig-zag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of racoon-skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material; his shirt-bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread, and a black silk cravat, tied in a kind of a curse-me-if-I-care-sort-of-a-knot, flung out its ends like the arms of an Italian *improvisatore*. With all this he was a man to look upon with respect. His under jaw was set up to its fellow with an habitual determination that would throw a hickory-tree into a shiver, but frank good-nature, and the most absolute freedom from suspicion, lay at large on his Ajacean features, mixed with an earnestness that commended itself at once to your liking.

In a retired corner, near the wheel, stood a group of Indians, as motionless by the hour together as figures carved in *rosso antico*. They had been on their melancholy annual visit to the now-cultivated shore of Connecticut, the burial-place, but forgotten and once wild home of their fathers. With the money given them by the romantic persons whose sympathies are yearly moved by these stern and poetical pilgrims, they had taken a passage in the "fire-canoe," which would set them two hundred miles on their weary journey back to the prairies. Their Apollo-like forms loosely dressed in blankets, their gaudy wampum-belts and feathers, the muscular arm and close clutch upon the rifle, the total absence of surprise at the unaccustomed wonders about them, and the lowering and settled scorn and dislike expressed in their copper faces, would have powerfully impressed a European. The only person on whom they deigned to cast a glance was the Kentuckian, and at him they occasionally stole a look, as if, through all his metropolitan finery, they recognized metal with whose ring they were familiar.

There were three foreigners on board, two of them companions, and one apparently alone. With their coats too small for them, their thick soled boots and sturdy figures, collarless cravats, and assumed unconsciousness of the presence of another living soul, they were recognizable at once as Englishmen. To most of the people on board they probably appeared equally well-dressed, and of equal pretensions to the character of gentlemen; but any one who had made observations between Temple Bar and the steps of Crockford's, would easily resolve them into two Birmingham bagmen "sinking the shop," and a quiet gentleman on a tour of information.

The only other persons I particularly noted were a Southerner, probably the son of a planter from Alabama, and a beautiful girl, dressed in singularly bad taste, who seemed his sister. I knew the "specimen" well. The indolent attitude, the thin but powerfully-jointed frame, the prompt politeness, the air of superiority acquired from constant command over slaves, the mouth habitually flexible and looking eloquent even in silence, and the eye in which slept a volcano of violent passions, were the marks that showed him of a race that I had studied much, and preferred to all the many and distinct classes of my countrymen. His sister was of the slightest and most fragile figure, graceful as a fawn, but with no trace of the dancing master's precepts in her motions, vivid in her attention to everything about her, and amused with all she saw; a copy

of Lalla Rookh sticking from the pocket of her French apron, a number of gold chains hung outside her travelling habit and looped to her belt, and a glorious profusion of dark curls broken loose from her combs and floating unheeded over her shoulders.

Toward noon we rounded West Point, and shot suddenly into the over-shadowed gorge of the mountains, as if we were dashing into the vein of a silver mine, laid open and molten into a flowing river by a flash of lightning. (The figure should be Satan Montgomery's; but I can in no other way give an idea of the sudden darkening of the Hudson, and the under-ground effect of the sharp over-hanging mountains as you sweep first into the Highlands.)

The solitary Englishman, who had been watching the southern beauty with the greatest apparent interest, had lounged over to her side of the boat, and, with the instinctive knowledge that women have of character, she had shrunk from the more obtrusive attempts of the Brummagers to engage her in conversation, and had addressed some remark to him, which seemed to have advanced them at once to acquaintances of a year. They were admiring the stupendous scenery together a moment before the boat stopped for a passenger, off a small town above the point. As the wheels were checked, there was a sudden splash in the water, and a cry of "A lady overboard!" I looked for the fair creature who had been standing before me, and she was gone. The boat was sweeping on, and as I darted to the railing I saw the gurgling eddy where something had just gone down; and in the next minute the Kentuckian and the youngest of the Indians rushed together to the stern, and clearing the taffrail with tremendous leaps, dived side by side into the very centre of the foaming circle. The Englishman had coolly seized a rope, and, by the time they re-appeared, stood on the railing with a coil in his hand, and flung it with accurate calculation directly over them. With immoveably grave faces, and eyes blinded with water, the two divers rose, holding high between them—a large pine faggot! Shouts of laughter peeled from the boat, and the Kentuckian, discovering his error, gave the log an indignant fling behind, and, taking hold of the rope, lay quietly to be drawn in; while the Indian, disdainng assistance, darted through the wake of the boat with arrowy swiftness, and sprang up the side with the agility of a tiger-cat. The lady re-appeared from the cabin as they jumped dripping upon the deck; the Kentuckian shook himself, and sat down in the sun to dry; and the graceful and stern Indian, too proud even to put the wet hair away from his forehead, resumed his place and folded his arms, as indifferent and calm, save the suppressed heaving of his chest, as if he had never stirred from his stone-like posture.

An hour or two more brought us to the foot of the Catskills, and here the boat lay alongside the pier to discharge those of her passengers who were bound to the house on the mountain. A hundred or more moved to the gangway at the summons to get ready, and among them the Southerners and the Kentuckian. I had begun to feel an interest in our fair fellow-passenger, and I suddenly determined to join their party—a resolution which the Englishman seemed to come to at the same moment, and probably for the same reason.

We slept at the pretty village on the bank of the river, and the next day made the twelve hours' ascent through glen and forest, our way

skirted with the most gorgeous and odorant flowers, and turned aside and towered over by trees, whose hoary and moss-covered trunks would have stretched the conceptions of the "Savage Rosa." Everything that was not lovely was gigantesque and awful. The rocks were split with a visible impress of the Almighty power that had torn them apart, and the daring and dizzy crags spurred into the sky as if the arms of a buried and frenzied Titan were thrusting them from the mountain's bosom. It gave one a kind of maddening desire to shout and leap—the energy with which it filled the mind so out-measured the power of the frame.

Near the end of our journey, we stopped together on a jutting rock, to look back on the obstacles we had overcome. The view extended over forty or fifty miles of vale and mountain, and, with a half-shut eye, it looked, in its green and lavish foliage, like a near and unequal bed of verdure, while the distant Hudson crept through it like a half-hid satin riband, lost as if in clumps of moss among the broken banks of the Highlands. I was trying to fix the eye of my companion upon West Point, when a steamer, with its black funnel and retreating line of smoke, issued as if from the bosom of the hills into an open break of the river. It was as small apparently as the white hand that pointed to it so rapturously.

"Oh!" said the half-breathless girl, "is it not like some fairy bark on an Eastern stream, with a spice lamp alight in its prow?"

"More like an old shoe afloat, with a cigar stuck in it," interrupted Kentucky.

As the sun began to kindle into a blaze of fire the tumultuous masses so peculiar to an American sky, turning every tree and rock to a lambent and rosy gold, we stood on the broad platform on which the house is built, braced even beyond weariness by the invigorating and rarified air of the mountain. A hot supper and an early pillow, with the feather-beds and blankets of winter, were unromantic circumstances, but I am not aware that any one of the party made any audible objection to them; I sat next the Kentuckian at table, and can answer for two.

A mile or two back from the mountain-house, on nearly the same level, the gigantic forest suddenly sinks two or three hundred feet into the earth, forming a tremendous chasm, over which a bold stag might almost leap, and above which the rocks hang on either side with the most threatening and frowning grandeur. A mountain-stream creeps through the forest to the precipice, and leaps as suddenly over the precipice, as if, Arctusa-like, it fled into the earth from the pursuing steps of a Satyr. Thirty paces from its brink, you would never suspect, but for the hollow reverberation of the plunging stream, that anything but a dim and mazy wood was within a day's journey. It is visited as a great curiosity in scenery, under the name of Cauterskill Falls.

We were all on the spot by ten the next morning, after a fatiguing tramp through the forest; for the Kentuckian had rejected the offer of a guide, undertaking to bring us to it in a straight line by only the signs of the watercourse. The caprices of the little stream had misled him, however, and we arrived half-dead with the fatigue of our cross-marches.

I sat down on the bald edge of the precipice, and suffered my more impatient companions to attempt the difficult and dizzy descent before me. The Kentuckian leapt from rock to rock, followed daringly by the

Southerner; and the Englishman, thoroughly enamoured of the exquisite child of nature, who knew no reserve beyond her maidenly modesty, devoted himself to her assistance, and compelled her with anxious entreaties to descend more cautiously. I lay at my length as they proceeded, and with my head over the projecting edge of the most prominent crag, watched them in a giddy dream, half-stupified by the grandeur of the scene, half-interested in their motions.

* They reached the bottom of the glen at last, and shouted to the two who had gone before, but they had followed the dark passage of the stream to find its vent, and were beyond sight or hearing.

After sitting a minute or two, the restless but over-fatigued girl rose to go nearer the fall, and I was remarking to myself the sudden heaviness in her steps, when she staggered, and turning towards her companion, fell senseless into his arms. The closeness of the air below, combined with over-exertion, had been too much for her.

The small hut of an old man who served as a guide stood a little back from the glen, and I had rushed into it and was on the first step of the descent with a flask of spirits, when a cry from the opposite crag, in the husky and choking scream of infuriated passion, suddenly arrested me. On the edge of the yawning chasm, gazing down into it with a livid and death-like paleness, stood the Southerner. I mechanically followed his eye. His sister lay on her back upon a flat rock immediately below him, and over her knelt the Englishman, loosening the dress that pressed close upon her throat, and with his face so near to hers as to conceal it entirely from the view. I felt the brother's misapprehension at a glance, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth; for in the madness of his fury he stood stretching clear over the brink, and every instant I looked to see him plunge headlong. Before I could recover my breath, he started back, gazed wildly round, and seizing upon a huge fragment of rock, heaved it up with supernatural strength, and hurled it into the abyss. Giddy and sick with horror, I turned away and covered up my eyes. I felt assured he had dashed them to atoms.

The lion roar of the Kentuckian was the first sound that followed the thundering crash of the fragments.

"Halloo, youngster! What in tarnation are you arter? You've killed the gal, by gosh!"

The next moment I heard the loosened stones as he went plunging down into the glen, and hurrying after him with my restorative, I found the poor Englishman lying senseless on the rocks, and the fainting girl, escaped miraculously from harm, struggling slowly to her senses.

On examination, the new sufferer appeared only stunned by a small fragment which had struck him on the temple, and the Kentuckian, taking him up in his arms like a child, strode through the spray of the fall, and held his head under the descending torrent till he kicked lustily for his freedom. With a draught from the flask, the pale Alabamian was soon perfectly restored, and we stood on the rock together looking at each other like people who have survived an earthquake.

We climbed the ascent and found the brother lying with his face to the earth, beside himself with his conflicting feelings. The rough tongue of the Kentuckian, to whom I had explained the apparent cause of the rash act, soon cleared up the tempest, and he joined us presently, and walked back by his sister's side in silence.

We made ourselves into a party to pass the remainder of the summer on the lakes, unwillingly letting off the Kentuckian, who was in a hurry to get back to propose himself for the Legislature.

Three or four years have elapsed, and I find myself a traveller in England. Thickly sown as are the wonders and pleasures of London, an occasional dinner with a lovely countrywoman in — Square, and a gossip with her husband over a glass of wine, in which Cauterskill Falls are not forgotten, are memorandums in my diary never written but in “red letters.”

SLINGSBY.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

XVI.

More Heraldry.

Darby and Joan, years twenty-six,
 Played conjugal attachment—
 They seemed devoted, constant, true;
 But Joan declared she never knew
 The happiness a match meant;
 Till when, as sole executrix,
 She put up Darby's hatchment.

XVII.

Miss Duncan and Mrs. Jordan.

When Jordan, foremost of Thalia's train,
 Slept in the straw awhile in Diury Lane,
 Duncan, the novice, seized the chair of state,
 And play'd the cobbler's metamorphosed mate.
 But soon to health restored by Warren's art,
 Thalia's favourite re-assumed the part,
 When lo! a gallery wag (one Andrew Page),
 Who heard the glad announcement from the stage,
 Gave the far substitute this loud farewell,—
 “Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a Nell.”

XVIII.

Alliterative Tribute to the Original Performers in “Simpson and Co.”

Gifted with Gallic gabble and grimace,
 Laugh, leer, and lollop, lauding lots of lace,
 Orger's odd onset—opportune, *outré*,
 Pours pungent pepper o'er the pointed play.
 Though Cooper's courtships kept continual clear,
 Droll Davison disdains to doubt her dear;
 But, blandly bountiful, in blindness blest,
 Won't wonder what he wants with widow'd West.
 No gleam of glory gladdens Glover's gloom;
 Ripe for revolt, she rambles round the room;
 While, wondering what can wake the woman's woe,
 Trim Terry treads the traps on tottering toe,
 Cross'd and confounded by his cozening Co.
 These freaks and frolics—freak without offence—
 Pleasing the pit, put poet Poole in pence.

THE LATE MRS. SIDDONS*

WITH the exception of a few lively, fascinating, and interesting though after all, not very instructive works of autobiography we cannot say that the English stage of modern date has afforded the elements, much less the fruition, of good works of the class of biographical literature. The memoranda, the diaries, and private letters of several actors and actresses of great merit would almost contradict one part of this position; but, unhappily, where we have been left in possession of these *disjecta* and *disjuncta membra*, they have fallen into the hands of book-makers, either of so little judgment that they knew not how to distinguish what was keen, *recherché*, new and interesting, from what was common-place, trivial and vulgar; or who have resolved to give a crude and undigested mass of the whole, in order to produce the dual number of ponderous volumes. We have recently seen the charming, *naïve*, sarcastic, acute, profound, yet lively, and withal moral and instructive incidents and thoughts in the life of a very beautiful woman on the stage, so mixed with the facts of where she dined—whether she walked—whether she went in a hack, a glass-coach, a fly, a post-chaise—with the hours she went and returned; that what might have been a work equal to the “*Memoires de Grammont*,” or the “*Confessions of Rousseau*,” has been made decidedly the most tedious, and as decidedly one of the most repulsive books of recent date. The work before us is calculated to remove the opprobrium of theatrical biography. It may be said to be in some respects autobiographical, for it contains a very judicious and extensive selection from the memoranda, letters, and journals of this extraordinary woman; and the very eminent poet to whom she had bequeathed the office of writing her life, knew her so intimately in all her domestic cares and private relations of friend, mother, wife, and wooer of the muse, that the chasms which he has filled up seem emanations from Mrs. Siddons herself. But the speculations of Mrs. Siddons upon dramatic poetry, which are in themselves extremely curious, and doubly valuable from such a source, have enticed our lyric poet into a great many literary disquisitions of exquisite beauty; and Mr. Campbell has forcibly revived the public impression of his great talents, in conveying what is erudite and profound, in a manner clear, chaste and warm even to fascination. The parts of the volume which relate to Mrs. Siddons are unquestionably the most valuable; but they are so, solely because they are all we have, or ever can have of this extraordinary woman; whilst the really finer portions that relate to the biographer’s genius and literary taste, can be treated more slightly, on the reflection that we have his numerous productions before us, and may reasonably hope for further outpourings of his rich fancy and creative genius.

The evanescent nature of the histrionic art, renders it impossible to convey even a faint idea of Mrs. Siddons’s stupendous powers of acting; to those who have never seen her, Mr. Campbell has done all that the subject admits of. He has shown that she possessed every physical perfection, without one single defect—extreme beauty of the heroic cast

* The Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell. 2 Vols. 8vo. Efighham Wilson.

of features, which admitted of every possible variety of expression; a finely formed head, with its air and carriage ennobled by a beautiful throat and bust; a tall, majestic figure, an exquisite contour of the limbs, and a walk and action of the utmost grace. Her voice excelled that of any contemporary, and was perfect to the stretch of imagination. To this extraordinary combination of all physical perfections, was added great talents, employed with incredible assiduity and incessant toil; and Mr. Campbell now shows that she had a mind of exquisite tenderness, with a warmth of imagination which made her transport herself into the character she personated. The qualities, with their magic effect upon all classes, and her fine readings of different passages of poetry, and her perfect conception of all shades of character, and varieties of emotion, are beautifully illustrated by Mr. Campbell; and we have, therefore, as complete an idea conveyed to us of the perfection of nature and art upon the stage, as the subject admits of.

It would be unjust not to do homage to the private worth of this excellent lady. Mr. Campbell has removed several false notions which had been artfully inculcated into the public mind respecting her private character. He shows that she was charitable, liberal, sincere; warm in affections, of a most forgiving temper, of exquisite sensibility, unassuming to humility, mild and as simple in worldly affairs as a child.

In the perusal of stage biography, it is impossible not to be struck with the incessant recurrence of the most outrageously false judgments that are made by veteran proprietors and stage-managers, even when persons of the greatest genius offer themselves for engagements. These erroneous estimates are sometimes the effects of a mean and irritable jealousy; and both are exemplified in the treatment which this great actress received, in her early efforts for employment. At ten years of age, Mrs. Siddons could appreciate many of the beauties of Milton. At 13, she was the provincial heroine of several English operas, and sang tolerably well. At 19, she produced so powerful an effect at Cheltenham, that Garrick sent Mr. King to witness her performance; and, on his report, he offered her a very humble salary. Her account of Garrick's conduct, and her own estimation of it, redounds highly to her honour, and as little to the honour of poor human nature. "She says, "His praises were most liberally bestowed upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing." With respect to his motives, she says, "I moreover had served what I believe was his chief object in his exaltation of poor me, and that was the mortification and irritation of Mrs. Yates and Miss Young."—"He always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character, telling me that the forenamed ladies would poison me if I did." After some more traits of stage intrigues and jealousies, which might disgrace a court, she adds, "He promised Mr. Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents."—"I received an official letter from the proprietor of Drury-lane, acquainting me that my services would no longer be required. It was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even

to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me." Mrs. Siddons, without animosity or resentment, proceeds in a very affecting manner to describe all the consequences of this cruel treachery; and we are surprised that a man so delicately honourable, so exquisitely sensitive to the feelings of others, and of such unbounded kindness in his consideration of them, as our author, should apply the words *heureuse légèreté* to such absolutely flagitious turpitude; it is that sort of *légèreté* which, in a higher station, or a darker age, would induce a tyrant to consign the innocent to a dungeon or to the scaffold, in order to indulge a caprice, or to gratify a favourite, or offend a minion. For one year, Mrs. Siddons met with little but neglect, censure, or vituperation—the early fate of Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Oldfield; and the next year she was that idol of the public, which she continued to the end of her theatrical sovereignty.

Timidity, excessive sensibility, were the foils to her success; and yet, two years afterwards, she is found exciting applause by her performance of Hamlet. Tate Wilkinson says, "All lifted up their eyes with astonishment, that such a voice, such a judgment, such acting, should have been neglected by a London audience, and by the first actor in the world." But, notwithstanding this, we still find her playing subordinate parts, and undergoing excessive drudgery for 3*l.* a week. "Hard labour indeed it was; for, after rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day, and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on Tuesday evening"—and all this was for 8*s.* 6*d.* a day!

The work shows the excessive timidity and sensibility of this astonishing woman; the ceaseless toils which she bestowed in the cultivation of her almost miraculous powers; and lastly, the goodness of her heart and the confiding generosity of her nature in all her private relations of life.

Much has been said about Mrs. Siddons's differences with her husband, and of her love of money. The very reverse of the fact, and of the propensity, are shown throughout her whole life. The following letter from her to her husband is conclusive on both points. It reflects honour upon her memory.

My dear Sid,—I am really sorry that my little flash of merriment should have been taken so seriously; for I am sure that, however we may differ in trifles, we can never cease to love each other. You wish me to say what I wish to have done. I can expect nothing more than you yourself have designed me in your will. Be, as you ought to be, the master of all, while God permits: but in case of your death, only let me be put out of the power of any person living. This is all that I desire; and I think that you cannot but be convinced that it is reasonable and proper. Your ever affectionate and faithful,

S. SIDDONS.

Her letters, upon the loss of her husband and children, evince very acute feelings.

Mr. Campbell sums up her character at great length, and with consummate ability.

We cannot but consider as valuable, that part of the work which has only an indirect allusion to, or connexion with, Mrs. Siddons. Mr.

Campbell's sketches of contemporaneous persons, events and circumstances, are in his usual felicitous style. His disquisitions upon dramatic poetry will revive or increase a passion for that species of literature. He does for dramatic poetry in one way, what he so forcibly shows Mrs. Siddons to have done in another. He elicits new beauties, elucidates by illustration, impresses by kindred feeling, and illuminates by that clear, brilliant and captivating character of genius, which is so conspicuous in all his writings, and in which the individual shines irresistibly through the author.

The work is a material addition to our standard literature. It is calculated to raise our moral character by the freshness and cheerful vigour, with the healthy analysis of our passions and actions, which, to the author's honour, shine in every chapter. There are many beautiful sentiments and fine discriminations, which may cleanse present society of the cant and morbid confusion with which it is so disordered. With respect to the letter-press, the work abounds in typical errors; and it is defaced by an engraving which conveys the same idea of Mrs. Siddons, that a public house sign might convey of the Duke of Wellington, or an omnibus panel of Earl Grey or Lord Brougham.

A COUNTRY BALL ON THE ALMACK'S PLAN!

BY HAYNES BAYLY.

OH! joy to her who first began
 A Country Ball on the Almack's plan!
 Hogsnorton's Queen she walks erect,
 The Ball exclusive and select;—
 Four Ladies Patronesses sit
 From morn to night arranging it:
 And when you hear the names of all,
 You'll guess the merits of the ball.
 Plebeian persons they reject,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
 Her sister (quite a stylish girl),
 And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
 (Churchwarden, and a man of law,
 And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
 Related on the mother's side
 To Mr. Biggs (who was, you know,
 Lord Mayor of London long ago!)
 By these, all upstart claims are check'd,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

They've quit^d excluded Mr. Squills,
 Who makes the antibilious pills;
 Not 'cause he *makes 'em*, but they say
 He *sells 'em* in a retail way;

But Mr. Squills declares *his* wife
 Has seen a deal of stylish life,
 And votes Hogsnorton people low,
 So if she *could*, she wouldn't go—
 A strange remark, when you reflect
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

And then you know there's Mr. Flinn,
 The rich old Mercer, can't get in;
 And Sweet the Grocer has applied!
 But Sweet the Grocer was denied;
 And both appear to think it hard
 That Slush the Brewer has a card;
 And say, "Why should a brewer be
 One bit more fit for *hops* than we?"
 But Slush of course is quite correct,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Of course all those they won't admit,
 Discuss the ball, and censure it:
 And strange opinions they express
 About each Lady Patroness;
 Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
 "I wash my hands of the *élite*;"
 Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
 "For all the world I'd not go in!"
 Here envious feelings we detect,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Says Mrs. Squills, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
 You'd think her father was an Earl!
 So high and mighty! bless your heart,
 I recollect her much less smart,
 Before she married: and I knew
 That people *said*—('tis *entre nous*)
 She was a *little* indiscreet!
 So much, my dear, for the *élite*!"
 "Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select."

Woe, woe to her who first began
 A country ball on the Almack's plan!
 Gun war is raging in the town,
 The men are raving up and down;
 And, what may lead to worse mishaps,
 The ladies all are pulling caps;
 Indeed we hear, from one and all,
 As much of *bullets* as the *ball*!
 Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreck'd?
 Because her balls were *so* select!

HYDER SAIBE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

[THE incident which forms the catastrophe of this tale, horrible as it is, was a fact narrated in an old account of Sir Eyre Coote's campaign. It was revived in a recent publication as an original and novel fact.]

"Dear, gentle Myrza, you know not a soldier's sufferings in such a campaign. Your beautiful and tender form, just maturing into womanhood, would sink beneath the excesses of fatigue and anxiety, of hunger, cold and heat, of deluges of rain, the burning desert, and bleak mountain storm—"

"Hyder, this is the first request you have refused me. How often have you praised my patient endurance, and told me I was susceptible of enthusiasm, which exalted nature to achievements almost incredible."

"Myrza, your anxiety for me alone will be a suffering more than all others. My dear girl, that sensitive and delicate mind will sicken at the selfish consciousness and rude incidents of a camp. I cannot bear the thought of innocence being sullied by such scenes, nor, by Allah, will that lovely face be exposed to the rude licentious glance of lawless men, where Hyder's arm cannot protect you."

"The spotless mind, dearest Hyder, retains its purity amid such scenes. Vice is repulsive, and to be offended with grossness implies a mind contaminated to understand it."

"But danger! Myrza, danger! You might fall into the hands of the enemy, be separated from my followers. No, no, my poor, forlorn bride, rest in Madras during this perilous service. In the confused incidents and lawless sway of power in the camp, these Christians might dare to violate our native rights, but at the seat of civil government, you will be protected, esteemed, and kindly treated as you ever have been."

"Oh! Hyder, why did you join the Christian standard,—these enemies of our race, the despoilers of our fields?"

"Fortune me not, beloved Myrza. How horrible was the option! Did not every patriot spirit quail beneath the Mahomedan tyrant? Oh, Myrza, Myrza! does not your heart wither to reflect how the reckless Hyder Ally sought me out? Can you forget that night, his bursting through my fields,—my slaughtered people,—my burning roof, my bleeding father,—and, Allah! Allah! the last imploring gaze of my struggling mother mangled by these hell hounds,—and you, too, gentle Myrza, borne senseless in my arms through their accursed ranks, till the last mercant fell beneath my sabre, and left us fugitives,—wounded, maddened, destitute,—aye, destitute even to our very hopes? Nay, shudder not, beloved Myrza, sink not your head, nor weep. I have not joined these Christians from revenge to Hyder Ally. They are not less oppressors of our country than the Mahomedan, but I read futurity. The Christians will introduce arts and knowledge, civilization and good government amongst us,—the ignorance and tyranny of our Mahomedan conquerors would be perpetual. My dear Myrza, weep no more. Here, rest your fevered cheek upon my bosom. Our woes are past, our happiness is present—yes, beloved, gentle girl, present, great, and enduring."

This conversation took place in 1778, between Hyder Saibe and his

young and beautiful bride, in an Indian cottage, situated many leagues from Madras, amidst the most rich and luxuriant woodland scenery, on a bend of the clear and spacious Pal-Aur. The death-like stillness of the night, the blind air, the thick, profuse foliage of the gigantic trees, and the cold, clear moon, reflected upon the river, formed a scene of Nature's solemn loveliness, little in unison with the distracted feelings of the gentle Myrza. After a succession of ferocious wars with the Mahrattas, Hyder Ally, at the head of 100,000 men, partly disciplined by French officers, burst into the Carnatic, resolved to sweep the English from the country. Fire and the sword inflicted indiscriminate slaughter and devastation wherever this able, but most ferocious, leader advanced, nor could the English oppose him. Sir Fyfe Coote was straining every nerve to prevent Hyder Ally cutting in pieces the division of the army under General Baillie, whose fate was sealed, unless by bold and rapid movements a junction of the two forces could be effected. Sir Fyfe had summoned Hyder Saibe, as a most useful assistant in his desperate affairs, and the conversation we have narrated took place upon the eve of Saibe's departure for the camp from the romantic and lonely spot, where, from his marriage, he had dwelt, for about four months in perfect happiness.

Hyder Saibe was one of those extraordinary men who, at that period, had so often signalized themselves in the mountainous regions of Northern India. Of almost gigantic height, and of Herculean proportions, he had the majestic carriage peculiar to the East, whilst the climate, by condensing and rounding his figure, had imparted grace and elegance, and removed every expression of severity. The mind, in these torrid regions, generally alternates between patient apathy and the fierce animal passions, but instances are numerous in which the brain seems to exclude its obstructions and impurities, and the intellect is calm, lucid, comprehensive and powerful. In constant communication with the French and English, Hyder Saibe, with astonishing acuteness and perseverance, had acquired much of the literature of the two countries, with a portion of that of the ancients, and he was deeply versed in European philosophy and science. Of Mahomedan descent, he was the chief of a very small territory, a petty dependence of his relation Hyder Saibe attempting to introduce some liberal or European institutions among his people, Hyder Ally decreed "innovations upon the wisdom of his ancestors," and he pursued his usual summary mode of extirpation. Surrounded, his territory at night, he murdered his family, destroyed every dwelling, and massacred almost the whole population. Saibe defended himself with desperate valour, and escaped, almost by miracle, being in his arms Myrza, then a girl of fourteen.

Myrza was the daughter of a native princess by a French officer of some rank, who had resided at Seringapatam as the secret agent of the French court in its designs to foment a jealousy of England. The mother had disappeared by means too well known to the sanguinary Hyder Ally, and the father had fallen, by treachery, into the hands of the Mahrattas, who instantly put him to death. The first military achievement of the young Hyder Saibe was his pursuit of this predatory band. He killed their chief, and recaptured the whole of his prisoners. Among the latter was the infant Myrza, and Saibe, knowing by the fate of her parents that death awaited her at the capital, bore her to his own territory, where she was nurtured as the foster-child of his parents.

Myrza grew to exceeding loveliness. Her figure was of that round voluptuousness which the luxuriant clime of the sun matures so beautifully. Her large, soft, black eyes, deeply set, and as deeply fringed, fully bespoke her character—serene, intelligent, and guileless;—she was gentle, sensitive, and confiding;—affectionate in the extreme, she was susceptible of energy even to enthusiasm, but her fate had deeply tinged her with melancholy. Saibe imparted to her his European studies, and her mind was equal to the goodness of her disposition. The cruel scenes to which she had been exposed had given vigour to her intellect, and the tremulous, sensitive Myrza could display courage in danger, and fortitude under sufferings. One object of Hyder Ally's irruption into Saibe's territory was the possession of Myrza, for her extreme beauty and talents had been extolled at the court of the tyrant. Saibe had wandered with her, baffling the incessant pursuit of Hyder Ally, and he had devoted himself to her as a brother, until his safety in the English territory enabled him to resume the lover without indelicacy to her free will and right of choice. About three hundred of Saibe's people, by desperate bravery and hardihood, had escaped the slaughter, and had sought their chief. With this body of horsemen Saibe had attached himself to the English interests, and had performed great achievements under peculiar circumstances.

The prowess of Saibe and his dexterity at arms surprised our officers. He had a perfect knowledge of the country, of which, at that period, we were lamentably ignorant. He knew the course of every stream, could wind through every forest,—not a mountain track was unknown to him. He was familiar with the resources of every district, with the character and secret inclinations of their chiefs, and with the popular feelings. He had the singular and invaluable tact of discovering the magazines and stores of Hyder Ally concealed in caves, glens, in deep forests, or in the fastnesses of mountains, according to the custom of the country; and often had our army been saved from great peril by these qualities, and by the acuteness with which he warned Sir Eyre Coote and the generals of divisions of the stratagems of their restless, cunning enemy. If a desperate partisan movement was to be made, Saibe with his three hundred horse achieved the service. He united in the highest perfection all the animal superiority of man in the savage state, with the utmost dexterity and even the science of civilization. He now, for a second time, joined the British, upon the agreement that Myrza should be the companion of the wife and daughter of the general of the division to which he was attached. The conversation between Hyder Saibe and Myrza had been immediately preceding this arrangement, on which he joined our forces.

The campaign exceeded all others in exertions, dangers, and sufferings. An excessive drought destroyed all the cattle and exposed the troops to great fatigue and hunger. This was succeeded by deluges of rain and a hurricane, which tore to pieces the camps and destroyed every equipage. The baggage was abandoned, and the troops, after forced marches through the burning heat, had to bivouac exposed to the north winds from the mountains, which brought the most piercing cold. The wife of the general suffered equally with the meanest soldier;—those sufferings were intense—hundreds sunk beneath them.

It was over a few dying cravers, in a wretched shelter formed by placing several poles in contact at the top, that Saibe, after a severe

march and a sanguinary conflict, was supporting the fevered cheek of Myrza on his knee. "I reproach myself bitterly, my poor, dear girl, for allowing you to share with me this disastrous campaign. Myrza, Myrza, your gentle spirit is sinking fast, your young form is wasted; how sunk the eye, and parched those lips! and this dear hand, once so soft and moist, now dry and fevered. Look, look at me, dear Myrza, look up."

"Saibe, Hyder Saibe, oh God! it is not the campaign before which I sink,—your unkindness alone could subdue my spirit——"

"Unkindness, Myrza! poor, lovely one, fever distracts you. I never uttered word, never had a wish, a thought, that was not intensity of kindness for you! Myrza, if you sink, we die together."

"Saibe," said Myrza, her languid eyes becoming animate, and her voice made strong, though tremulous, by feeling, "what would become of Myrza unprotected among these strangers? Oh God! oh God! what would be my fate deprived of you—the only being with whom I have a right of converse, sympathy, or life? Why, then, so reckless of existence? Dear, dear Saibe (grasping his hand with energy), this morning I overheard Sir Eyre's staff speaking of your insane courage,—your personal conflicts,—your desperate charges on the enemy,—and where was your mercy on the remnant of your brave people? Eight—eight alone are left of the two hundred that went with you to the morning's battle."

"Myrza, you totally misunderstand my conduct. I repress my natural courage. Why should I be brave in the white man's service, where prejudice against my caste prevents my reaping the soldier's reward—Glorious? I never join the fight but where hope brightens the prospect of revenge. This day my charge was against Hyder's body guard. I saw the tyrant; my murdered parents, my slaughtered people were on my sword; and you, the image of you, my poor, wandering infant, in that bloody scene, maddened me to revenge. I cut through the miscreant's hosts had him at my sabre's point—Allah! Allah! another moment I had cleft his heart—had bounded on his fallen body—but my steed fell with a hundred wounds, and a rush of cavalry separated us. My poor people! But they sold their lives dearly, and each man had lived but to die in such an effort."

Hyder Saibe's energy was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of an aide-de-camp, who told him that a council of war had just broken up, and that Sir Eyre, with great eagerness, had desired to see him without a moment's delay. He took an affectionate leave of Myrza, and assured her of his immediate return.

"Hyder Saibe," said Sir Eyre, as the former entered his tent, "I am about to put your virtues to the most severe test, and, Heaven knows, I have often tried them severely. Unless a communication can be made to General Baillie the army is ruined, and our power in India at an end. You understand our position. This is your passport to the General's confidence; your other communications must be verbal."

Sir Eyre and Saibe now spent about a quarter of an hour looking over some plans and maps, and several intercepted papers and secret despatches in the Persian character, after which they conversed earnestly but in suppressed tones; when, after a short pause, Saibe appeared agitated, and clasping his hands in agony commenced a conversation, at points of which his dark features seemed convulsed by some intense

feelings. The name of Myrza was heard several times, but nought else they uttered could be distinguished from the lowness of their tones and the piercing howlings of the blast, which drove the torrents of rain so furiously against the canvas of the camp. Saibe at length started up with great energy. They pitched the tent with much perturbation and in deep discourse for about a quarter of an hour, when Sir Lyric concluded something he had been uttering in a low but emphatic tone and with much solemnity, by saying, "I will this moment send for Myrza Saibe, I read all your thoughts. She shall be the companion of my wife till you return, and if you fall, she shall receive a liberal pension and the countenance of Government. Thus I pledge to you on the honour of a British soldier, and now, brave Saibe, away. At this moment you are greater than your commander-in-chief. I will immediately send the palanquin with my wife's female servants and a guard for Myrza, and God grant your speedy return to her, my brave and honoured ally, after your service, to which the British troops must owe their safety."

"Sir Lyric," said Saibe, as he vaulted on the saddle, "Myrza, then, is safe, I speak *solely* for *your* safety. Take no measures, make no movements calculated upon my success. It is almost impossible—your pledge for Myrza is on the religion of a Christian."

"I would betray the army sooner than break it. Away, away, for if you do not clear ten good leagues before daybreak we are lost. My only fight must be in the streets of Madras."

Saibe's nature was heroic, and military enthusiasm swayed him irresistibly in the prospects of battles, a field of opportunities of exciting his daring mind in enterprise and valour. He dismissed from his mind the thoughts of his beloved Myrza, which would have unnerved him, and he bent every corporal agent to this desperate service. He had cleared the dangerous ten leagues, when, turning the angle of an immense rock, he was in the midst of an enemy's patrol. The officer he immediately slew, and a conflict with the four men was as rapidly successful. But a pistol discharged at him by the dying officer roused the surrounding troop.

The front, left, and rear bristled with spears and matchlocks, and the tramp of cavalry was heard in every direction, the right alone was unguarded, for it led to the river, the fury of which had engendered a superstitious proverb that no man nor beast had ever swum its course. At a summons to surrender, he dug his rowels into his horse, and, amidst a score of balls, dashed down the precipitous banks. Resting a few minutes to breathe on the margin, he plunged boldly in. The horse made no effort to swim, but was carried with inconceivable rapidity down the torrent. At length, taking advantage of an eddy, Saibe struggled for a projecting point, and gained it. Slinging his rifle across his back, he ascended the precipitous rocks, leaving the miserable steed to perish on his narrow resting place. A narrow ravine, and deep clefts and fissures had scarcely admitted his ascent on his hands and knees, and casting a mournful look upon his gallant steed, he threw to him the stunted herbage he could collect from a few tufts of vegetation on its declivity. Having gained the height, instead of a free course, he most unexpectedly found himself in the midst of an enemy's camp. He had only to infer that General Baillie's force was already cut to pieces, otherwise a division of the enemy could not be unmolested on that side.

of the river. Two lifeguard's-men were marching as sentries at the mouth of a splendid marquéc, near which was a horse richly caparisoned. Crouching behind a tree in the dark at the extremity of the be it of the sentries, as they turned he sprang upon them. His sabre burst through the throat of one, and the gurgling blood was the only sound the unhappy wretch made in dying. The second he seized by the throat, and thus, stopping his voice, despatched him with his dagger. Vaulting upon the horse, he leaped the barrier and passed on unpursued. In twelve hours he ascertained that General Baillic's force had been cut to pieces the preceding day, and the few who had surrendered on honourable terms were massacred in cold blood amidst the jeers, taunts, and triumph of their conquerors. The safety of the main army depended upon communicating this disaster to Sir Eyre Coote, and Hyder Saibe, with only one hour's rest, resolved to brave again the dangers he had escaped.

With incredible valour and perseverance he had sustained the heat, the hunger, thirst, and fatigue of this perilous journey—had overcome every natural obstacle, had eluded every pursuit—had baffled every stratagem—and had fought his way through fearful odds. All dangers were passed, and he was pursuing his uninterrupted course to the British camp.

Hyder Saibe had travelled throughout the burning day without food or water, and the night closed on him, hot, still, and irrespirable, the close, heavy and distilling a thick, clammy moisture, which weighs down the spirits and almost destroys the animal functions. Exhausted with anxiety, fatigue, and hunger, and rendered almost frantic by thirst, he repaired to a running stream, which an occasional moonlight enabled him to discover, at a short distance from the high road. His horse, though perishing with thirst, snorted and shuddered at the first mouthful, and Saibe, on kneeling and applying his mouth to the surface, perceived that it was saturated with human blood! This indication that a great battle had been fought that day in the neighbourhood was confirmed at every step of his advance by mingled bodies, tattered camps, with broken tumbrils, and all the wrecks of a fierce conflict on a large scale. Here a host of stragling sepoy indicated that the battle had commenced, whilst further on, a European regiment of foot had fallen in close line each man at his post, and the dead horses and men of the English heavy dragoons on their flank, told that upon this spot the murderous stand had been made, and that all had been lost.

Hyder Saibe's horse seemed to have an instinctive horror of treading upon the mangled human carcasses, for he trembled at every step as he picked his way amongst the mutilated bodies.

Suddenly the affrighted animal was most strongly agitated, and snorting aloud, threw back his head, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets. Neither spur nor encouragement could make him move a single step. His limbs were rigid as marble.

A few yards to the left, a figure had risen from a heap of slain, and stood in dazzling whiteness, holding out its arms to Saibe as if in agonized entreaty. Saibe conceived it to be some wounded officer, who, hearing footsteps, had made one last effort to attract attention and excite mercy. Suddenly the figure, from the attitude of supplication, pointed with terror to its right, and by the faint light, Saibe perceived the approach of a huge tiger—not fierce, active, and restless, from hunger,

but heavy and drowsy from having gorged to surfeit on the surrounding bodies. Seizing his ride, in an instant a ball broke into its brain between its eyes, and the huge monster, without a groan, rolled in death, to be devoured in his turn.

The figure in white resumed its imploring attitude, and Hyder Saibe leaped from his horse, which continued immovably fixed upon the spot. As he approached, what was his horror at discovering the figure to be that of a young girl; and, oh God! the lobe of a grape-shot had torn off the lower jaw, and the lacerated tongue hung a horrid spectacle upon the bleeding throat. In an instant he uttered a piercing shriek, and clasped it in his arms—it was his own Myrza!

The wretched girl made an attempt to speak, but the convulsed tongue, sent forth only the gurgling sound of the rushing blood. She threw her arms round Saibe's neck, pressed him to her heart, and, in the intervals of agony, with her looks and arms, she sent forth the most piteous expressions of endearment. Suddenly releasing her hold, with the most piercing looks of entreaty, she kept pointing at her feet to the right, but darkness prevented Saibe's perceiving any object. He pressed her again and again to his heart—spoke tenderness and consolation—kissed her cheek over and over;—but the wretched girl, still pointing at her feet, languidly closed her eyes—her head fell over his arm, and Saibe sunk to the earth with the corpse.

The left of the British army had been attacked by the overwhelming force of Hyder Ally; and Sir Eyre Coote, after inflicting a ruinous loss upon the enemy, had been obliged to retreat and take up a stronger position in the rear. In the confusion of a night retreat, the unhappy Myrza had been left without protection or the means of flight; and she had fallen a victim to almost the last cannon shot that had been fired from the field-pieces. Her ill-health, fatigue, anxiety for Saibe, and the agony of her wound, had brought on premature labour. She had wrapped the infant in her shawl with which she had previously bound her wound, and, in her dying moment, with a mother's feelings, had pointed it out to the tenderness of her husband.

In India, the decomposition of bodies is very rapid. Very shortly after, Hyder Ally sustained a total defeat, and the British army advancing re-occupied its former position. Sir Eyre Coote was going over the ground with a single aide-de-camp, and looking where his tent had stood, prior to his recent defeat, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the singular appearance of two skeletons with their arms entwined. The robes round one indicated that it was a female, whilst the large dimensions of the other denoted it the frame of no ordinary figure. The truth flashed across his mind. Examining the male figure, he perceived the miniature of Myrza with an amulet attached to the neck by a gold chain; and, in the inner folds of the vest, he discovered his letter to General Baillie, which was to have been Hyder Saibe's passport to that officer's confidence. "Had this letter reached its destination in time," said Sir Eyre, "poor Baillie and his brave men had been saved." The skeleton of the infant but too plainly told the rest of the story. Sir Eyre, turning his horse, rejoined the camp, where he expatiated to his officers upon the noble nature of Hyder Saibe; and with bitter grief, he communicated to his family the fate of her whose beauty and virtues had gained their affection.

D. E. W.

THE DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE.—NO IV.

CONCLUSION.

NOR contented with the uproar and confusion of the day, after strangers have quitted, the Knights of the Cross commence preparations; in one or other of the wards, for a "Free and Easy;" in other words, a singing, drinking, and smoking party. These entertainments (for such are bound to presume they are to their promoters and participators) take place once a week at least, sometimes more frequently. *Freedom* certainly reigns, but if *comfort* be *ease*, unquestionably there is none of the latter.

The ward upon such occasions is *brilliantly* illuminated with *sheeps' fat*, placed in hoops of tin, suspended from the ceiling. These meetings, from the abominable discord, insufferable smoke, intense heat, and variety of stench, remind one more of what the infernal regions may be supposed to be than of assemblies devoted to pleasure; they are, notwithstanding, invariably crammed almost to suffocation, the greater part of the members of the other wards deserting their own, for that in which "Ease and Freedom" hold their court.

Raffles are a never-failing resource in this hotel to the "poor and needy." Legs of mutton, trousers and waistcoats, ducks, roasting pig, boots and shoes, watches, tea-caddies, and hats, barometers and brooches, chess-men and cheeses, are in quick succession subjected to the chances of the dice; upon one occasion, seventy members, at sixpence each, took the odds against ten prizes, consisting of *two hares*, *two geese without "giblets,"* *a ham* divided into two pieces, and twelve baskets!

Summoned to bed at the early hour of ten, in wards containing twelve, eighteen, and twenty persons, few of the chevaliers consign themselves to the arms of "Morpheus" before midnight. The intervening time, being generally passed in conversation, is not unfrequently of an amusing description, and as men's own affairs are generally uppermost in their minds, one, a proprietor of several small tenements, which he let variously from four to six shillings and sixpence per week, declared that his imprisonment had achieved an object he had entirely despaired of effecting by any other means, viz., the ejection of an unpaying tenant.

An Irishman, with a wife and six children, had retained possession of his house during eight or nine months, without paying any portion of the rent; in order to get rid of them, the proprietor offered to receive the arrears due at the rate of sixpence per month, provided they would quit. This they *promised* to do; but at the expiration of several weeks, still holding possession, the landlord remonstrated, when Judy, the tenant's wife, declared with great apparent feeling and affection (holding her apron to her eyes), that she "rally could not find it in her heart to lave the poor dear crathur; he was sich a tinder-hearted jewel of a landlord."

Finding this plan did not succeed, he threatened them with a broker, and seizure of an eight-day clock, upon which Judy declared it was "too mane for her poor dear landlord's house," and caused it to be removed forthwith into the custody of one of her countrywomen. The weather becoming warm, in a fit of economy, Judy thought the "parlour grate"

had better be displaced and "put by" for the summer, to save the trouble of "cleaning," and "the little mahogany table" caught the dirt so much, that Judy went and asked Mrs O'Brallaghan to "be pleased to put her kiver upon it, and let it stand in her back pulou."

The poor landlord, choused every way, was at last arrested. Judy cried and *said* she was sorry—but ah! hers were crocodile's tears, for she inwardly thought that she could now rest in peace, and for several weeks she *was* perfectly free from interruption, whilst her "tinder-hearted" landlord was brooding over *his* misfortunes and *her* treachery at "Barrett's." Here a plan struck him which he immediately carried into execution, he desired a friend to wait upon Judy's husband, and inform him that, his landlord being ruined, all his affairs were in the hands of an assignee, appointed by the Insolvent Court, who would now commence legal proceedings, not only to obtain possession of the house, but to recover the long arrears due for rent.

This notice terrified Judy and her spouse, they soon picked up their "alls, invoked a thousand blessings upon the "deuould crathur" of a landlord for giving them timely warning, and decamped in the dead of the night.

Creditors, either by themselves or their lawyers, generally meet with a very cold reception at "Barrett's," they are a species of biped towards whom "the order" bears no affection. A dapper young man, calling himself an attorney, with whom he was upon remarkably good terms, strutted with an air of great importance toward a person who had formerly been a gentleman's coachman, and demanded in behalf of his client (coachee's creditor) the sum of eighteen shillings, for three bottles of wine, drunk at a public-house whither plaintiff and defendant had resorted, prior to the arrest of the latter, for the purpose of making an amicable arrangement, failing which, the latter found his way into "Barrett's Hotel." The landlord of the afore-mentioned "tip" demanded money of plaintiff for the wine, who, "shy" of paying, despatched his legal gentleman, or some one so styling himself, in search of the "ready" from defendant. How silly, how very silly, must have been this dandy lawyer! a double-sirrevocably stamped upon his extensive forehead, for suffering himself to be gulled into such egregious folly. John considered himself *grossly insulted* by the request, which he forthwith made known to his fellow-captives, and the poor man of law was instantly and surounded and threatened with treatment that would undignify him during the remainder of his mortal career. "Take him to the pump!" "He a lawyer!" "Pump on the vagabond!" resounded some twenty or thirty voices—sounds of awful import to poor Latitat, that struck terror to his affrighted heart; his features became deadly pale as with slow and solemn pace he retraced his steps, having less the "fear of God" before his eyes than that of Mr. Barrett's "pump." He was, however, permitted to depart, "*presque* (not quite) *quite pour la peur*," he was spared the *ducking*, but it was considered a duty to *sprinkle* him, and the contents of some half-dozen quart pots, filled with water, were thrown *at him and over him* and his dandified garments, just to convince him of the heinous nature of his offence, and to deter him from a repetition of it.

This day will form an era in the life of the law-spark, and one, doubtless, "to be had in remembrance" of his visit to "Barrett's Hotel."

The record of this event operating, as I hope it may, as a warning to others of the same class, ought, in common justice, to entitle me (if such persons have any feelings of reconnaissance) to the grateful acknowledgments of the whole fraternity.

The name of "Rothschild" will ever hereafter make my hero "shiver and shake" at the fearful remembrance of his watery sufferings.*

Beneath the chapel and the coal cellar, or somewhere in the dining vicinity of the latter, is a place of punishment for offenders, denominated "the strong room," but either from the lenity of the humane governor or the general absence of naughtiness in the knights, it is seldom used. I fear, however, that it would not unfrequently have been tenanted by one or other of the ill-natured "old maids" or "pugnacious bachelors" of the old gentleman's "boarding house," had such an apartment been attached to it.

We had another publican at the same table, but of a totally different class to the one of whom I have just spoken. This latter was a "sinner of no ordinary degree," he took great delight in recounting his misdeeds, and boasting of the many dupes he had made during a lengthened experience in iniquity. Of *three* butts of beer, he declared that he invariably made *four*—that of common porter and a little "intermediate ale" he manufactured "*excellent stout*."

The quarterly election of "steward" creates as much interest amongst the members of the respective wards as that occasioned by a "knight of a shire" for a seat in the Lower House of Parliament. "Banquets" are "hung out," not, alas! "upon the outer walls," but *within*—the colours of the respective candidates float "high in air." Whichever way the eye turns, it is arrested by placards announcing the pretensions of the ambitious rivals, the words "independence," "no coalition," &c. attracting attention at every table. No parliamentary candidate, not even the members for the city of London, ever made more fervent promises than the aspirants for White Cross honours. Three persons were in the field several days before that of election. The eventful morn arrived. The ward was duly decorated with flags of "blue and yellow," "orange and white," and "pink and purple." As the clock of Cripple-gate church struck nine, the charman's hammer announced the commencement of business, the three candidates were requested to withdraw, each having first appointed a friend to represent him during the ballot. The knights were ordered to be seated at their respective tables, under a penalty of one shilling. The charman then declares the business upon which they are assembled, and requires to be informed who are the candidates. These being proposed and seconded, the ballot commences, each member being called up by the charman to vote in rotation. This over, the votes were counted, and the election was declared to have fallen upon the "blue and yellow" gentleman, who was immediately brought in in triumph by his friends. He had been the favourite, and the announcement was received with acclamations that resounded through this dreary dwelling for many minutes. The "steward elect" does not take his official seat until the "roll" is called, after the departure of strangers in the evening, he is then ushered into the chair with all appropriate ceremony at a "free and

* The coachman lived with that gentleman at the time of his arrest.

easy;" at which his health is proposed and drunk with honours bawled three times thicc' He rises, makes a regular set speech (which generally costs some three weeks' previous study) full of "oaths and promises" of future good conduct, and then, in return, quaffs "queer" to the "health and happiness" of all his constituents

Amongst the various characters who assisted at the new steward's inauguration, were captains in the army and navy, physicians, men of letters, surgeons, apothecaries, chemists, and druggists, unnumbered members of that doubtful class yecept "*gentlemen*," tradesmen of all kinds and degrees, an especial proportion of snips and shavers, sharpeners and play-actors, and the meddly gave pungency to the entertainment, which consisted of singing, reciting, drinking, and smoking, until the turnkey's rattle, at ten o'clock, broke up the party, to the great regret of all "Though last, not least," but, on the contrary, *one of the most important* personages in this "hotel," is a little hump backed, ugly old woman, who, though utterly destitute of pretensions to either youth, beauty, or *mere good* looks, excites the warmest, liveliest interest in the breast of every member of "the order" Her appearance is hailed with enthusiasm, and so eager and earnest are the knights to pay their instantaneous devotions upon her arrival, that business or pleasure is alike immediately suspended. an uninitiated visiter, entering at such a moment, would doubtless conceive that the poor Chevaliers of the Cross had taken leave of their senses, of the total absence of taste amongst them he could not be a moment in doubt, for a more ungently, unprepossessing *she* seldom ventures to walk abroad. Who, think ye, is this female lump of humanity? Know, gentle, amiable reader, that this "little, ugly, old' lady is none other than Dame Liberty's own hand-maiden! *whose duty it is* to obtain each prisoner's discharge from the sheriff, and *whose pleasure it is* to receive one shilling for the same.

Methinks this same Lady "Liberty" might have selected a prettier, younger, and more appropriate damsel to attend upon, and do her gracious biddings, certainly, had her goddess-ship ransacked this nether world, her choice could scarcely have fallen more strangely, her present "Abigail" being no other than the female "Ketch," *chère amie* and lawful spouse of the veritable Mr. John (*ahas* Jack) Ketch, of swingingly painful memory to the "figurants" of "Newgate" and the "Old Bailey"

A large public kitchen is appropriated to the use of the White-Cross Knights, conveniently fitted with steam apparatus and ovens, and a cook is provided at the expense of the county. Into this kitchen, which is large, the Knights are not permitted to enter, then food being received and passed through a window, around which *they congregate in hungry crowds*, between the hours of one and two, propelled by cravings of the "maw." The county allowance is received by hundreds of poor creatures with deep gratitude, who otherwise would not taste meat during the whole period of their incarceration

A small place is fitted up as a shop, where *everything* may be purchased for money. This is divided into two parts; half is sacred to grocery, cheese, butter, and bacon, and the million *et cæteras* with which it abounds—the other half to the purchaser. Each being separated from the other by iron bars and gratings, all articles pass from seller to

buyer through an aperture sufficiently large to admit a man's hand only: an indignity to which I am surprised the Knights quiescently submit; but "discretion being the better part of valour," perhaps they deem it impolitic to agitate topics regarding either honour or honesty. This place would be an accommodation of great value, were the person in charge of it of somewhat more obliging demeanour, and his articles of better quality.

To strangers, few things are more striking and extraordinary than the multiplication of crosses with which this place abounds: blankets, beds, benches, tables, culinary and all other utensils, are marked with the insignia of the order to which they belong—crosses, *black* or *white*, according to the respective hues of the recipient articles, stare one in the face at every step; even the generous machine which supplies the Knights so copiously with "Barrett's Entire*" bears this stamp of the "order;" indeed, my visual organs are so beset, bewildered, and dazzled with these holy emblems, that nothing will, I fear, hereafter present itself to my distorted sight, otherwise than through the medium of the cross.

To escape the hellish din of the ordinary dwelling-room, I take refuge in a dreary, cheerless chamber appropriated to writers. In this dark and solitary room, the "misanthrope" and "hypochondriast" might hug "Despair," and call the dæmon "friend!" Fancy thyself, gentle reader, immured within a small apartment, such as I have described, upon a cold, wet day, without fire, two very high stools and an immense-sized flat board—its only furniture—surrounded by gloom, wretchedness, and iron gratings, secure under lock and key, so that they who would come to thee are locked out, and he that would go out is kept in; imagine such a place, and thou wilt be "transported," ay, *transported*, into that in which is the writer who craves thy sympathy, whilst reading these pages. In this dull room, shut out from the common comforts of human life and from society, during many past weeks have I been secluded, brooding over the wretchedness and misery which overwhelm and destroy me; here, at the instance of some kind and flattering friends, have I been induced to form this little work, with the materials for which the place itself has furnished me, in the hope of being able, through your kind patronage, to effect my liberty! Liberty! after which no one ever sighed more ardently! the loss of which none ever lamented more deeply! What will not be the measure of my gratitude should it succeed?

Brightest suns have shone upon me; but *now* the darkest clouds of sorrow obscure my path. Misfortunes of no common kind have assailed me during the last two years with unrelenting fury; here, *incarcerated and in idleness*, I am "the veriest wretch that crawls the earth." Creditors have "flinty hearts:" in vain have I pointed out the folly, the more than madness of detaining *me*—an individual upon whose exertions his existence depends; in vain have I stated that the loss of time, of talents, of health, and of means, consequent upon continued imprisonment, are alike ruinous to themselves as to me; but upon such persons no reasoning has any effect—"no tears will move them."

* The yard-pump.

Prosperity, honour, and ambition have hitherto been my portion; but now, dreary wretchedness fills the "aching void" of a grievously lacerated heart. I have drunk deeply of the cup of adversity; I have drained it to the very dregs! I have acquired sad knowledge of the human heart; and fallen a victim to its dark depravity! Instead of smiles and caresses from the rich and great, their friendship and their hospitality, the writer—whose work, kind reader, you are condescending to peruse, and for which (perhaps presumptuously) he implores your suffrages—is doomed to languish in confinement, idleness, and poverty, associated with ignorance, vice, and vulgarity of the lowest class. A few bright rays of "hope" dart upon him as he ventures to anticipate your kindness, which alone can draw him from his seclusion, and prompt him at no distant period, perhaps, to obtrude again upon your notice. Your smiles will *cheer*, but your frowns will *blast* him!

Farewell! kind reader; accept the author's thanks for thy patience and forbearance, which have enabled thee to accompany him thus far. May all thy days be peace, thy nights serene, and thy conscience clear; and mayest thou never acquire other knowledge of the hermit's retreat at Barrett's Hotel than that with which these pages furnish thee!

MY FIRST DUEL.

"This is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "*it is* an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have everything ready, and to call me betimes; will you, Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—their——"

"Their exit I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow; nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present——"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

“ Oh Lord ! ” said I, “ is that the mouse your mountain laboured with ? My property ! God forgive you, Frank . Well, as Tom Moore says—

‘ I give thee all ; I can no more . ’

I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don’t pay interest ; but seriously, I’ll think of what you say ; and now, good night ; and for Heaven’s sake be punctual in the morning ! ”

“ Never fear that. Good night, ” said Frank ; “ and do you hear, Ephraim ? You may take a pint of Madeira, if you have an inclination to it, to-night ; but not a drop of port, sherry, or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist. ”

“ Very well, ” said I, “ I promise you to be observant of your orders ; ” and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

“ Well, ” said I, when I found myself alone, “ this is a delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her ; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I don’t care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there is no more to be said on that head. By-the-by, Frank hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my moveables. *Allons donc*, let me see. First, there is my linen and my clothes ; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning ; the chances are, she’ll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank, deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother ; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them ; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end ! Tell her I fell by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine ; but tell her not I fell at a task my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from !—tell her not I fell as a duellist—Down, down my heart ! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between ——— and ——— and ———, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel’s and Bachaumont’s and La Chapelle’s and Langle’s Journies, and my Bigarrures ; reserve them, with my Meerscham, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindnesses. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters ; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to *her* ! Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her ; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her——”

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

"Is it time then already?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose."

"The hours have flown with strange rapidity," I said, "but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will, doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes, here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task."

"God forbid," said Frank, taking my hand, "that I should, but God forbid there should be occasion for my office."

"I also hope, my dear friend," I replied, "that there may be no such necessity, but I have a presentiment (and my presentiments have seldom deceived me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last."

"Don't say that, Ephraim," said Frank; "if I thought that—but, good God! how can I get you out of it?"

"Out of it!" I exclaimed, "you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction, but if I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am ready," and, taking him by the arm, I drew him from the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us, he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustichios, and having altogether very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries, then conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to dispatch me.

At last he addressed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged. First, then," he said, speaking to Frank, "do you choose fifteen or twenty paces?"

Frank unhesitatingly named the latter, out of regard to my safety.

"Bon," said the fellow, as he made a scotch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs, in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as nimbly as a lady in pattens.

"And now," when he had finished that part of the business, "and now," said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, "whose weapons are we to use? Yours?" They are only a common holster pair, mine are nine-barrelled and hair-triggered, and in every way superior to those machines, what say you to using mine? they'll make shorter work of the business."

"No doubt," thought I.

"What say you, Ephraim?" said Frank.

"O, by all means; what is good for the goose is good for the gander," I answered, with an attempt at a smile, I rank therefore assented.

"Bon," said the fellow again, "and now, for the first fire, has any body a piece of money about them? Oh, here, I have one," and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favour.

Frank then came up to me, and, seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me, in a tone of agitation, "Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good cheer, that hulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer, let me place you, you are but a lath, give him your side, you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side, but let me govern you here, you are but a lath, give him your side, and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you!" And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it, I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and stand it. I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of an aster, it was but the few half-second, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice sliding down the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you fuint, Ephraim?"

"Not at all," I said, "but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt?" inquired my adversary, with a half stifled sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I, and he bowed.

"Can you give him his change?" inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered, "let me have the pistol." He handed it to me, I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it, my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be, it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistophelic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage. "Hell and the devil!" I exclaimed, "is there no laying a slap at the long legged rascal?"

"I fear not," said Frank, "but," he added, with affectionate warmth, "stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied, "let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The first fire won at his own call on the toss of a floum from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same impression on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim,

and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out; "I shall not go thus!" And as I neared him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "upon such a murderous villain as this!" But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withhold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking me violently. I looked up; it was Frank. "Up, up, man," he cried.

"Up," I said, "for what?"

"For what," he replied, "to save my character and your own, if you have any care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter to six, and at six we must be on the ground."

"What, have not I been shot then?" I said.

"Shot!" he exclaimed, "who the devil has been here to shoot you? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true; I had drawn my table to my bed-side to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

"Then I suppose I must be shot again?"

"There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, "for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

"Indeed," said I, as coolly as I could; but inwardly thanking God heartily for my deliverance from jeopardy.

"Yes," continued Frank, "so it is; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

"With all my heart," said I; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult he had offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second:—

"Captain M.," he said, "you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and an honourable man?"

"Most certainly," said the Captain; and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant; after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended "the first duel" of a half-bearded boy.

THE VAGARIES OF WINE

Quo me capio Bacchi tui
Plenum

“ Whilst drinking wine I never see
‘ The frowning face of my enemy ,
“ Drink freely of the grape, and nought
“ Can give the soul one mournful thought ,
“ Wine is a bride of witching power ,
“ And wisdom is her marriage dower *
‘ Wine can the purest joy impart ,
“ Wine inspires the saddest heart ,
Wine gives cowards valour’s rage,
Wine gives youth to tottering age,
‘ Wine gives vigour to the weak
‘ And crimson to the pallid cheek ,
‘ And dries up sorrow as the sun
Absorbs the dew it shines upon ’ — I RUDOLPH

I hope no one doubts that I am a most particularly sober man, if any one does, let me assure him, that sobriety and Solomon Twist are synonymes, not that I am altogether a milk sop, days have been, and may be again, when I could attack the Tun of Heidelberg, in joyful partnership, but in general I am fond of *u d u* with a little brandy in it — Schizer water, with a sprinkling of hock, is with delight in the dog days, and spring water, boiled, and just claret coloured with a little old rum to make it “ look well on the table,” is my mighty symposium in the winter solstice, and only in a modicum, I am ready to be sworn on book or horns that I never go the length of a thirteenth tumbler, unless friends are very persuasive, or the glasses are very small and only hold half a pint — I am such a particularly sober man, so much so, that after having long given over all my youthful hopes of eminence, they again dawn on me as I behold through the vista of my aspires the perpetual Presidentship of the Temperance Societies — I even now, I am qualifying myself for the office—no more do I take spirits—if I consume them, they take me—altogether another affair, and as to using them, I never do that, on the contrary, I am continually abusing them—Then as to wine—bringing a bottle of Sherry at dinner, and a little Madeira after, to wash my mouth, and a little mulled Port to sleep on, I scarcely taste it, warm water, seasoned with a spice or two, just to teach one ideas of commerce, a little lemon, to remind us if a little acid in life now and then makes the palate wine, that the grand bowl of existence will be the better for it, and a little outpouring of the spirit forms my choicest beverage

It will readily be believed that a man of such marked sobriety must infallibly be deeply struck at every display of that intoxicating sin Intoxication. I have accordingly noted some of those instances of the freaks of the jolly god that have most surprised me

It was a dull, foggy, drizzling, muddy, murky, slippery, November night, when, as I was returning home after dining out, I stumbled over something on my path, which, on inspection, turned out to be a man, and a gentleman — “The devil speed you for that same,” hiccupped the prostrate one to me, as I stood rubbing my shins after the contact with

If it be so, like most other dowers, it is very soon spent.—S. T.

his adamantine pericranium, "don't you know a gentleman's hid from a door-scraper, you dthruken n baste?"

"And is that you? O'Donnell," said I, "What on earth are you doing there?"

"Doing is it, misther?—will now, what's your name?—what would I be doing but ausing my mind, seeing my body's no way at aise."

"Oh! Donnell, you're at your old pranks!"

"Divil abit now if this isn't a new one; it's the first time I ivir slept wid the moon in your bastly country; and the divil a soul I'd git to give me a door-step to lay my head on.—Oh! why did I lave Dublin where a gentulman's always sure to git his hid propped wid a stick or a stone?"

When did cold water ever beget Philosophy like this!—The Scots were wont, when rolling them in their plaids for the night's bivouac, to make them pillows of snow, but here's a gentleman in the midst of civilized and peaceful life,—inspired by wine, asks only for a door-step whereon to lay the laurelled head of a senior optime! When wine and drunkenness can father such modesty and such contentment, is it not criminal to take thin potatoes?

"Solomon, my dear fellow," cried my lovesick and hypochondriac friend Maywell to me one night, as I was pacing my way discreetly down Oxford-street, and he slapped my shoulder till it quivered like the deck of a steamer to the first stroke of the engine, "Where are you off to?—where do you hang out to-night?"

"Off to '—hang out?—Whv, Maywell, can this be you?"

"Myself, old boy,

'Else has some damned apparition
Begot a second self unto me,'

and all that sort of thing you know, Solomon, my boy!"

"You drunk, Maywell?"

"Drunk! come, that's a lie!—I'm happy, Solomon; just serenely happy—calmly blest—that's all."

"And are all your sorrows, all your ailments, so soon and easily forgotten?"

"They be damned!"

"And Miss ——?"

"She's here, my boy!"

"Where? I hope not!"

"Here, Solomon, here, I've got her, she's mine; now, and for ever and ever, through time, and—

'For woman and wine—woman and wine,
Together, together,
In bumpers and bright eyes should ever shine;—

I have her,—on my bosom, all and for ever—mine, and mine only—good by Solomon, she is mine—she is mine."

There was a poor water-drinking devil, dying in the despair of unrequited and hopeless love; snatching from his fate the happiness with which, like an ignis fatuus, it had deluded him into the slough of despond; and this, by thy assistance, mighty wine—it was but for a short time—but in that brief space he possessed in a perfection, perhaps exceeding what physical possession could have given to his sanguine spirit, her for whom he sighed away his soul, and whom he never lived to own. Wine, and wine's madness, let me worship you! * * *

"Solomon," said some one, in a solemn tone to me one night, or ra-

ther morning, as I was about entering my own door, "Solomon,"—and I recognized the voice though it was altered from its usual grave and joyous to a most sepulchral sound, "Solomon I am come to warn you ere it be too late!"

"Why! good God! what's the matter, Montague?"

"Oh! you most reprobate sinner, and ungodly heathen, is it thus you profane on all occasions, the name of the Divinity? But I'm come to warn you—to warn you, Solomon I wist—to save your poll—(hiccup)—polluted soul,—take heed of your ways—abandon your diabolicalness and women, and think of your sal—(hiccup)—salvation!"

"Why how now, Harry, what miracle has converted you thus suddenly?"

"A miracle! right my lad—Solomon—Mr Twist I have but just saved my bet—(hiccup)—bitter part—oh! Solomon turn aside to the sun—lonely you know, Solomon—old fellow—and drove all things out drunk—(hiccup)—drunkenness out of your way—it's a stumbling block to the righteous—Look at me—and learn what the spirit sends, and you've my brandy in the house,—that—the root of all evil, I'll take a thimbleful for fear of chills this damp night, for I'm into many a family men should take care of themselves—Just a thimbleful—I'll tell you how it happened, and above all things, avoid—d you hear—I think you're drunk now—I'm sorry to see it—avoid drink and think of your cellars, if it is I mean—do you see—your salvation?"

Well, after this thought I having, must sing from the pulpit

"Viva vino &c"

"Who the devil's there?" I bellowed from my bed-room window at an hour when all Christians should be in bed?—in answer to which I rolled calls performed on my street door.

"Me, my buck," half growled, half spiced a broken voice—something between a trumpet and a hurdy gurdy, which I supposed organized as the emanation of my quiet, nervous friend, Jeremiah Japp, of the Stock Exchange I squeaked.

"You, Jerry? Why, what ails you man?"

"Ails me! why the ulment of David's sow—I'm drunk and glorious. Our mess has had a night of it, and we're off to Spain to-morrow morning—Liberty and independence! Death or victory! Why, I'm a—" and he raised his voice to its summit—"Patriarchian!"

"A what?"

"A hensign," repeated Jerry, still louder.

"What's that?" said I.

"What's that?" said Jerry, contemptuously. "Why a chip as comes colours, damme, not know what a hensign is! Com, let us in, I've got my uniform on, and I'm paged—Damme, if this dew won't spoil the silver-lace—I'm going to Spain to fight——"

"To do what?"

"To fight for the Constitution."

"You fight?"

"Yes, going to gather laurels, as our colonel says."

"Better stay at home and eat your olives."

"I tell you I'm going——"

"Go to the devil," responded I; and slammed my window down.

"Wine, wine," said I, "all valour and worth is in thee! All the seven cardinal virtues must inhabit the London Docks."

Six weeks afterwards I learnt the poor thing had been shot for cowardice.

* * * * *

One December evening, shortly before Christmas, I was sitting quietly by my fire-side, imbibing a diluted portion of Hodges' Falernian, and inhaling my schaum, when a smart knock came at the door, and the next minute Mr. Zachariah Snookes was announced: he was an old and esteemed school-fellow, whose quiet and placid ways had begot a kind of compassionate respect for him in all his companions, and whose steady and even demeanour in after-life had kept alive the feeling in all who still knew him.

"So, Zac," said I, somewhat astonished at the visit, "who'd have thought of seeing you at this time? I thought you never trusted yourself or the counting house alone after dark. Why you look red—your eyes are queerish! I hope there's been no accident?"

"No," said Zac, in his quiet way, and sat down.

"Egad," thought I; "but something is wrong. I must proceed delicately. Come take off your hat then."

"Yes," said Zac; and he did.

"And what will you take? I'll have none of your old shirking, one does not have this pleasure every day—what *will* you take?"

"Well then," said he, "I'll take a little grog."

"Then fire away—brew for yourself. I'm glad to see you go alone at last."

Accordingly Zac did brew, and stiffish too; and to my amazement topped off more than half his glass at starting.

"And now what is it ails you?" said I; "for I see you are not quite right."

"I've dined out," said Zac.

"Indeed," said I; "why you are commencing like an epic, *in medias res*. And what then?"

"Why, Solomon, I want your advice."

"Oh, come, Zac, you're turning wag; you have surely never come to me for advice?"

"Upon my soul I am," said Zac, most solemnly.

"Amazement upon wonder; and what's the matter?"

"I'm in love."

"In what?—you, Zac—in—did you say in love? It's true then miracles have not ceased, and there's yet hope that I may pay my debts some day. Did you meet your charmer at the dinner to-day?"

"O, no."

"Have you known her long?"

"Yes."

"When did you first see her?"

"A twelvemonth ago."

"And when last?"

"A twelvemonth ago."

"And is it known?"

"No."

"Then you've been a year in the pangs of parturition?"

"O, no," said Zac.

"I don't understand you," said I. "Let me hear the tale."

"Why," said Zac, "her health was drunk to-day about two hours

after the cloth was removed; and somebody said she was a fine girl, and another, and a third, and others said the same and more; and then I recollected her—and I felt a sort of—you know, Solomon—a kind of feeling——”

“Yes, yes; I comprehend—go on.”

“And presently I was called on for a toast, so I gave her again, and then they cheered me, and that confused me, and I drank five or six glasses to the health before I sat down; and then I recollected that I had drank more than one, and since then I’ve felt quite queer, and bewildered, and all of a swim, and I can think of nothing but her ever since.”

“Well, drink up your grog; it’s cooling;” he did so, and continued—

“Do you know, Solomon, I can see her now just as I saw her this time twelvemonth—I know the time, because we were taking stock then—I’ll just take a little more grog, I’m so dry—” (here Zac took off another tumbler)—“and I think I can hear her speaking,—and she sang so beautifully——”

“I thought you did not like music?”

“Yes, but I do now, and she danced like an angel,” exclaimed Zac, arrived at his climax.

“And did you speak, sing, or dance with her?”

“No,” said Zac.

“Then how were you betrayed?”

“That’s what I don’t know,” said he.

“But at any rate, Zac, you are in love?”

“I’m in love over head and ears” cried poor Zac, gulping down a sob, a sigh, and the last of his second glass.

“Well, come, fill again; sorrow’s dry and love can’t swim in water. Drink that, and then tell me what I can do for you.” And so Zac drank it, but never told me more; for suddenly he merged from maudling to Morpheus; and I laid him on the sofa; and when I descended in the morning Zac had flown.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Incidents in General—Matrimonial News—Western Rail-road—Cabinet Commotion—Paganini Amorous—Don Carlos “at Home”—Return of Cholera—Michael Angelo Taylor—Accident at Knockton Hall—Label Extraordinary—Theatrical Movements—The London Season.

INCIDENTS IN GENERAL —OUT of the political world—and we are not political—very little has occurred during the month. This is generally the case; for when the public mind and public interest are engrossed by what the cobblers and tinkers call the “affairs of the nation,” all other affairs are proportionably flat, dull, and insipid. The English Opera House has sprung up, under the hands of Mr. Beazley, in a most marvellously rapid manner. In agriculture or horticulture, people prepare the ground before they sow the seed; but, in this case, the theatre had not only been sown but grown to its full height before the earth had been levelled of the street in which it will stand when the street is made. This is one of the principal incidents of ordinary life.

The house is really beautiful, the arrangements are novel and elegant, and we hope the results will be profit and prosperity. Why did not Mr. Arnold call it the Phoenix?

MATRIMONIAL NEWS—Lord Mahon is married to the accomplished daughter of Sir Edward Kerrison, and Mr Illice, son of the Right Honourable Edward Illice, to the daughter of General Balfour. A daughter of the Earl Shrewsbury has been affianced as the wife of a foreign prince, and has, previous to her marriage with him, been created Princess Talbot. Lord Holmesdale, too, is married to Miss Percy, the Bishop of Calise's daughter. Indeed, there have recently been several very agreeable commissions of matrimony, but no one in particular so strikingly interesting as that of Captain Charles Spooner—quære Spooner?—of the ship *Frie*, to Miss Kingtara Orubath of Poolenydoodley Villa, Slops, Oribute. Miss K is the daughter of General Bmgpldswhtmtmpg Dempslrfzwouladmmet, a chief of the island, Knight Grand Cross of the Pig and Olive Branch, and connected with the most noble families of that country, and distantly related to the Queen of virtuous, pious, and Joseph Baul's memory, Obera. The young lady is but sixteen, and has not yet done growing, she stands six feet seven, her countenance, which is a bright mahogany colour, full of intelligence and expression, has, to the unaccustomed stranger, a peculiar appearance, owing to the elaborate nature of the tattooing by which her graceful round brown cheeks are adorned. Her eyes, which are large and intelligent, are, of what is called by Mardun Casin, a Pomona green colour, her ears are large, and slit after the newest fashion.

Immediately after the nuptial ceremony, the bashful bride delighted the assembled party by displaying her skill and gratefulness in swimming, which she did with an ease and dexterity quite wonderful. Captain Spooner, who has united himself to this lovely creature, commands a whaler, which, it appears, had been unsuccessful in its fishing during the last season, he has, however, amply consoled himself by harpooning this high-born lady, whom he designates the Princess of *Whales*—a fit match, in our opinion, for the *Dolphin* of France.

WESTERN RAIL-ROAD—The bill for the transportation of pigs from Bristol to Brompton upon a rail-road seems as if it were to be settled to the final and utter destruction of the comfort of the inhabitants of the metropolis and the tranquility of the people of the suburbs. We do trust that people who have not seen the perilous experiment at Liverpool and Manchester will take the trouble to go and look at the over-weening nuisance which begins to show itself between the Kent-road and Greenwich, for, as to *that* being a rail-road from London to Greenwich, the profession is a false one, it is a rail-road from Southwark, and the fortunate London public who use it will have very nearly as far to travel *to it*, as they afterwards will *upon it*. Great caution should be used by the legislature in countenancing and authorising these undertakings, not only as regards the inconsiderate destruction of private property which they cause, but for the sake of the country itself, which is destined to be disfigured in every direction for no one useful purpose, which disfigurements must remain even after the final failure of the objects for which they had been perpetrated. We regret to see bills involving so many interests, and affecting so many persons, pass through the House of Commons when the attendance is so extremely thin.

Since this was written we are glad to perceive that the House of Lords have thrown out the mischievous Bill, and, by so doing, have, at

least for one year, rescued the inhabitants of London and its western suburbs from a gigantic nuisance.

CABINET COMMOTION.—Since our last, in which we noticed the resignation of certain members of the Government, there has been a much more serious explosion. As we profess to have *no* political feelings, we shall merely relate the facts which led to this “flare up,” historically, and as impartially, we trust, as if they had occurred in the time of Wat Tyler or Oliver Cromwell.

The first beginning of the affair was this. It seems that somebody connected with the Government had a great desire to conciliate Mr. O’Connell, the gentleman whom of all others in the empire His Majesty’s Ministers had thought it necessary to denounce in that Sessional Manifesto which is by courtesy called the King’s Speech. In order to secure, as it seems, his neutrality upon one or two Parliamentary questions and a pending election for Wexford, Mr. Littleton, the Secretary for Ireland, sent to him, and told him that he was wrong in agitating Ireland by letters and addresses, for that it was quite uncertain whether the Coercion Bill, to which he was so violently opposed, would be renewed or not; that the point had not been decided in Cabinet; and that neither he nor Lord Wellesley wished for the renewal.

Thus soothed, Mr. O’Connell calmed his agitation as to Ireland generally, and abstained from opposition as to Wexford particularly—until finding, in a few days, to his utter surprise, that the Coercion Bill was to be renewed, he taxed Mr. Littleton with something like disingenuousness.

How far this charge was substantiated the reader will himself judge, when he knows that, on the 18th of April,—Mr. Littleton having sent to Mr. O’Connell in the middle of June,—Lord Wellesley wrote to Lord Melbourne a letter, in which he expressed his *most anxious desire* for the renewal of the Bill. On the 4th of July, Lord Grey stated in the House of Lords that he knew nothing of the communication said to have been entered into between the Irish Secretary and the Irish Agitator, and that no change had taken place in his opinions or those of Lord Wellesley on the Coercion Bill.

Lord Grey having thus thrown Mr. Littleton overboard, Mr. Littleton resolved to lug somebody over with him; and it became known that Mr. Littleton did not of himself send for the Agitator, but at the advice of Lord Althorp, who moreover told him to be careful not to commit himself.

These discoveries led to an open rupture in the Cabinet, and Lord Grey, with the high and honourable feelings which his bitterest political enemy must admit him to possess, resigned his office. Lord Althorp followed the example, and the King was graciously pleased, according to Lord Althorp’s own words, to accept their resignations.

Subsequently an offer was made to the heads of the Conservative party to coalesce,—an offer which was rejected. The result has been an accommodation of differences, and the Ministry, deprived of its head, has recovered itself, with this most extraordinary peculiarity, that Lord Althorp, whose high mind and lofty spirit prompted him to resign because his noble friend and leader, Lord Grey, did so, has resumed his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Lord Melbourne being called Premier, and Sir John Cam Hobhouse being appointed First Commis-

sioner of Woods and Forests, vacant by the elevation of Lord Duncannon to the Secretaryship for the Home Department with the peerage.

Thus, Lord Grey, having pathetically quitted public affairs for ever, finds the scattered remnants of his Cabinet unite again in the most harmonious manner, with only one single change, caused by his own honourable secession. This, which to us and others who know scarcely anything of politics or the political world, seems very strange, has been rendered still more curious by the fact that Lord Grey has been offered a chance of returning to the Government as *Lord Privy Seal*. This offer, it is said, was made to Lord Grey without the knowledge of the nominal Premier, Lord Melbourne, and without any communication with Lord Carlisle, who actually held the Privy Seal at the time, but who has since resigned it.

There have been so many manœuvres performed during the course of the Coercion Bill and all other measures in progress, that we have not space to trace them through all their intricacies.

It is necessary to notice these affairs, which have created a great sensation, but we offer no opinion, and, as we have already said, leave our readers to form their own

PAGANINI AMOROSO — Paganini, the *bow* ideal of fiddlers, has been entangled in a somewhat romantic affair. A Miss Watson, a singer who was engaged with her father by Paganini to play and sing while he was resting himself during the perambulatory concerts which he has been giving, fell in love, it appears, either with the Signor or his science, or out of love with her father and her family, and when the curly-headed Pag. performed a running passage in *Sea* to Calais, Miss Watson, who could not accompany him, followed him to Boulogne.

Mr. Watson, justly indignant that so illustrious a performer as Pag. should do what it has been generally said he did—propose to marry Miss W.—started for Boulogne, too, and somehow,—how we forget, for the subject is altogether very absurd, and not very interesting,—prevented the meeting of Orpheus and his Eurydice, who, in all probability, would have jumped over the Styx (quære sticks) in a few hours, if this most fortunate interposition had not taken place.

The result has been that Miss Watson is restored to her family as good as new; to get from which family she performed a voluntary movement, the result of Pag.'s overtures. And Mr. Watson proclaims his intention to sue the Signor for damages. Damages for what? For Miss Watson's running after him? Had he committed any *base violence*, he might be amenable to some law, but he has done no such thing. Nay, he has written a long letter to say his affection for the young lady was quite Platonic,—one of the papers printed it Plutonic,—that on no account would he be instrumental to her disadvantage; that he never had any thought of marrying her; and that it was entirely without his desire, privity, or knowledge that she came after him.

Why Mr. Watson prevented Miss Watson's becoming Signora Paganini we can only guess because there are already a pack o' ninnies in the world. Watson is rampantly irate about something, and no doubt considers Pag. deserving a "common chord." For our parts we sincerely pity Miss Watson, who must be rendered very uncomfortable by the notoriety of her performance, and whose passage *ritornando* with papa in the Dover van must have been highly discordant. If Mr.

Watson troubles Pag. about actions, we should advise the Signor to "shake his locks"—flourish his bow, and say fiddle-de-dee.

DON CARLOS "AT HOME."—In a farce, we believe "Paul and Virginia," there is a song which begins thus—

"Don Antonio's come from Spain,

And in a devil of a hurry is going back again."

If we read Don Carlos for Don Antonio the words are extremely applicable to an event which has recently occurred. Don Carlos, the King of Spain, (according to the ancient laws of that country,) arrived, as we last month mentioned, at Portsmouth, with his consort, family, and a numerous suite.

Quietly established at Gloucester Lodge, the royal family unostentatiously moved about, and Don Carlos went to the Opera, and the Tower, and the Tunnel, and all the rest of the sights of our London, till one fine day it suddenly burst upon Cupid and Co. that Don Carlos was at the head of his army in Spain issuing proclamations, announcing amnesties, and offering promotions. This turned out to be fact, to the utter astonishment of our Cabinet, and of all those who believed that the courage and resolution of Don Carlos were but negative virtues, and that the indolence characteristic of the noble nation to which he belongs would have prevented any active measure for the recovery of his rights; but most surprising of all is it, that no less than thirty-five persons were necessarily entrusted with the secret of his intended movements, and yet not one syllable of the scheme transpired.

On the first of July his Majesty left Brompton at twelve o'clock at night in a hack chaise and pair—a yellow and two, the very counterpart of that in which Lord Brougham went hunting Lord Denman one Sunday morning. He proceeded to Brighton, and there embarked for Dieppe. The history of his having gone down Channel in Mr. Weld's yacht is false. From Dieppe his Majesty travelled to Paris, where he dined, walked about the streets, and slept; thence he went to Bourdeaux, where he remained twenty hours, and thence to Spain. On the 12th he issued his proclamation to the army.

But there is a story which must be told. It happened that an officer of our Artillery was charged with a message to Don Carlos (he having arrived from Spain); this message having been entrusted to him, because he was personally known to the King. This officer went to Gloucester Lodge, somewhere about the 10th of July, and was received by some of the members of the household. Upon explaining his object he was told that Don Carlos was ill in bed, and suffering from rheumatism, contracted in consequence of change of climate, but that there could be no doubt that his Majesty would grant him an audience.

In a short time the officer was ushered into the royal apartment, darkened as invalid rooms are, and was received by the King, who graciously extended his hand for the bombardier to kiss. The bombardier then had the honour of making his communication, kissed hands again, knelt upon his right knee,—according to Sir Herbert Taylor's orders,—bowed, and retired. He went to his club, delighted with the reception he had met with, expecting the order of Charles the Third, or some such dingle-dangle, as a mark of the royal favour, and was in fact *entêté* with the events of the day.

At that moment Don Carlos was at Elisendo with his troops. It having been quite necessary to hoax the bombardier, by slipping one of the staff into the King's bed, so as to impress upon his mind as a stranger that his Majesty was still snug at Gloucester Lodge. The juvenile Whig, Lord Palmerston, heard of this, and hugged himself: even Talleyrand was beaten; and nobody made anything by the fact, although Rothschild and Edward Ellice were on the *qui vive*.

It is stated that the three great northern powers intend to recognize Don Carlos the moment he is in a position to claim their support. If so—as we conclude France will not, and England is bound to France by the glorious quadrupartite treaty—there will consequently be a war—*nous verrons*.

RETURN OF CHOLERA.—We regret to know that the cholera has again made its appearance in the metropolis. Several cases have occurred in Westminster, and more in the suburbs. The only fatal case in the higher ranks is that of the Marchioness of Headfort, a lady of the highest mental attainments, and of the most amiable disposition. For some hours her Ladyship's constitution baffled the horrid disease, but she at last sank under it, leaving her lord and six children to lament her loss.

The noble marchioness was the only daughter of Sir John Stevenson, the musical composer, and when married to the noble Marquess was the widow of Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq.

MICHAEL ANGLO TAYLOR.—Amongst the deaths of the month we have to notice that of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, a consistent Whig, and late member for Sudbury. Mr. Taylor was the son of Sir Robert Taylor, the architect, and intended originally for his father's profession. Amongst his fellow pupils in Sir Robert's office were Mr. Nash, the public benefactor of London; Sir John Leach, the present Master of the Rolls; and the late Mr. Cockerell. Like Sir John, Mr. Taylor did not choose to be a professional architect, but the architect of his own fame; and those who have read the "Rolliad,"—and who has not?—will there see what his objects, legal and political, were in early life.

Mr. Taylor, as we have just said, had the merit of being a moderate and consistent Whig; he was one of the earliest advocates of Chancery reforms; and while he constantly supported his principles in Parliament, became celebrated for keeping his political companions together by good cheer. He was the Amphytrion of the party, as, indeed, the well-known song of "Michael's Dinner" humourously records. His last political words, at least those which he was last heard to utter in society, were words of disgust at the course which political events were taking; and we rather believe that he expressed a strong opinion, within a very few days of his death, as to the necessity of Lord Grey's quitting his colleagues in the Cabinet, or dissolving Parliament. He was in his 78th year, which nobody, to look at him, could have believed. He married a sister of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, who survives him, but whose health, we regret to say, is considered extremely precarious.

Lord James Fitzroy, the youngest son of the Duke of Grafton, and Member for Thetford, is dead, after a few days' illness; and Sir William Guise, one of the Members for Gloucestershire, is also dead.

THE QUEEN'S FOREIGN EXCURSION.—The Queen, who took her departure from Woolwich for the Continent on the 5th of July, arrived safely at Helvoet on the next afternoon, whence her Majesty proceeded to Rotterdam. We are glad to hear that the Queen is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and still more glad to know that her Majesty's return to this country is not far distant. We believe a more amiable, charitable, and affable Queen never sat upon the throne of England; and we are quite sure that the English people fully appreciate her Majesty's merits and virtues.

ACCIDENT AT KNOCKTON HALL.—The Earl of Ripon's fine seat Knockton Hall has been burned to the ground. All the furniture, and, we are afraid, the books have been destroyed. The regret which one naturally feels at such a demolition has been, however, somewhat moderated by knowing that the noble Earl had intended to pull down and rebuild the house. A trait of kindness, and feeling, and affection on the part of Lord Ripon and his Countess has been accidentally exhibited to the public by this conflagration.—A chest marked "To be saved first in case of fire" was rescued from the flames: and what did it contain? Property of intrinsic value? No. Deeds, monuments? No; it contained the favourite playthings of their daughter, who died a few years since, and who then was their only child.

We believe that upon the face of the earth there does not exist a kinder-hearted or more amiable man than Lord Ripon, and it gives one pleasure to find, in the midst of all the turmoils of public life, circumstances occurring so indicative of the best feelings of our nature.

LIBEL EXTRAORDINARY—The editor of the "Morning Post" has been "had up" to the bar of the House of Lords, and sent to quod by Lord Brougham for having libelled his Lordship in what may really be called a very slashing style, accusing his Lordship of altering and interpolating the decisions of the House and their decrees upon appeals.

It must be admitted that a very extraordinary custom prevails, and which, unless the circumstance to which we allude had happened, perhaps never would have been at all understood by the public. Indeed, the public are not alone in this difficulty; for, upon the showing of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Mansfield and other Noble Lords, the members of the House of Peers themselves were not aware of the practice, which turns out to be neither more nor less than that in appeal cases, the Lord Chancellor, or other presiding Lord, gives a judgment verbally, which, when it is recorded in the votes, is entirely changed.

This, however, was proved to be the case; and, under the impression of having heard one judgment actually delivered, and having seen another written in the votes, the "Morning Post" ventured to insinuate that the Lord Chancellor had altered the decision he had given. All the minor and accessorial parts of the affair certainly gave an idea that his Lordship might have been induced to revoke what everybody felt to be a severe punishment to the appellants—for doing what Lord Brougham had himself acceded to, when he was counsel in the case in the Courts below.

For this libel, Mr. Bittleston, the Editor apparent of the "Post," but who no more wrote the libel than he fathered than we did, was com-

mitted to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and, we must say, most properly. All that is comical in the matter happening to be, that Lord Brougham, when he attended the House of Commons Committee upon the law of libel, which he did, having his Lordship's seals and mace with him, his Lordship was pleased to say that nobody ought to be molested for libelling another.

THEATRICAL MOVEMENTS—Charles Kemble is returned to England from America, not pleased, it is said, with his daughter's marriage. Mr and Mrs Wood have also arrived, and the lady has entered into an engagement with Mr Bunn for the winter theatres. Abbott, now the sole manager of the Victoria, is doing better than he did when in partnership, and the Surrey has been doing wonders with the attraction of the Yateses, John Reeve, and the rest of the Adolphus corps. At the Haymarket, Mr Vandenhoff attracts the lovers of grief, and Farren delights the amateurs of fun. Mathews, accompanied by his wife, proceeds to America for a year and a half, where he purposes to exhibit his various entertainments, which have never been seen in those parts. Sadler's Wells has returned to its real water, and obtains an overflow every night. The Adolphus is to be nearly rebuilt, under the able direction of Mr Bezley, and the prices of admission to the winter houses are to be reduced next season to a standard likely to make them able to compete with "the minors."

THE LONDON SEASON—The fashionable season is nearly at an end. Lord Hertford gave what may be considered the concluding fête on the 24th, at his magnificent villa in the Regent's Park. Everybody left in London was there, and a more splendid galaxy of beauty never was seen. The myriads of lamps by which the extensive gardens were illuminated—the beauty of the decorations—the abundance of the refreshments and supper—the princely style in which the whole affair was conducted, claim for it in merit the title of first, as it was, in fact, the last party of the year.

When Parliament will be up depends considerably upon Messrs O'Connell, Tail and Co. If the Agitator is bought by Lord Duncannon at his own price, matters may be much abbreviated, and he already goes about and says he can have a Privy Counsellor's office any day he likes.

So much in the fashionable world depends upon politics—indeed, in what do not politics essentially mix themselves up?—that we cannot venture, without knowing when the Session ends, to guess when town will be a desert. All we know is, that its consumptive habit begins to be very conspicuous. Brummel used to say that *he* left town when the chairmen began to eat asparagus—which saying marks the change of seasons since the Beau's time. When the cabmen eat grouse is not a bad period at present, and we do think the limp-locked beauties of Almacks returned "unmarried" on the 1st of August, may as well give up all hopes for the current year. We wish them all success next season, and so bid them adieu.

CRITICAL NOTICES

London at Night, with other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

The Rival Sisters, with other Poems

Jephtha's Daughter By M J Chapman

England; an Historical Poem By John Walker Old

Mischief. Second section

As we are greatly in arrears in noticing the Poems of several authors who have produced works of more or less merit during the past spring, we are obliged to include several of their volumes under one head, however worthy they might justly be considered of separate reviews. None of their productions are below respectability, several greatly above it, and such as, in times more favourable to this branch of polite literature than the present, would have secured their writers no inconsiderable place in the public estimation. "London at Night," by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, is a pleasing and elegant poem, which does credit to the taste of its fair authoress — "The Rival Sisters" is a domestic tale in heroic verse, remarkable for a depth of pathos and delicacy of feeling, which augur well for the future reputation of the writer. Of the minor poems in the volume however, we are not inclined to speak so highly, their author succeeds best in sustained efforts — M J Chapman, the author of "Bubudoes" has already been favourably received by the public. We do not know whether "Jephtha's daughter" will materially add to his reputation, yet it contains many rich veins of poetical thought and expression. Our principal objection to the drama is, that it is written too much after the style of the Greek tragedians, whose works we after allowing the general expression in their favour to be just, must yet allow to be very exceptionable models for English composition. The choruses are greatly inferior to the blank verse. — Of "England," an historical poem, by John Walker Old, we have only to remark, that we lament its author should have thrown away so much uniformly fair verse upon so unpromising a subject as the metrical version of the early history of this country. The stanza to Margaret W — display considerable feeling. But what shall we say to the scurrilous and disgraceful note at the end of the volume, in which Mr Old has thought proper to utter a most unqualified and unjustifiable libel upon the character of a whole nation? We trust he will have for the future the good sense to suppress sentiments which reflect much more discredit on himself than on the objects of his invective. — The second section of "Mischief" abounds with a sparkling wit and vivid imagination, and is powerfully worked up in many of its graphic descriptions. All that prevents the author from rising to the highest rank among modern poets is a little more command over his own fervour, and a slightly increased attention to the finish of his versification. His preface is written in a silly spirit of retort which is unworthy of him. A war with anonymous criticism is like challenging shadows and tilting with the mists of morning, and the best answer to ill-natured or ill-judging objectors consists in a practical refutation of their cavils.

Belgium and Western Germany in 1833. By Mrs Trollope 2 vols

At all events this publication has one great recommendation it is in two and not in three volumes, and though we are by no means partial to the politics of this most political lady, yet we must do her the justice to declare, that to us, who travel generally by our fire-sides, the perusal of her volumes has afforded much amusement. It is curious to observe how

differently people, and clever people too, see things in this world—things that straightforward persons like ourselves would imagine there was but *one light* in which they could be viewed. Set Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau off from a given point—let them traverse the same ground—and then both would produce “*rue*” with a “*difference* ;” and both books would contain a great portion of what each called “*truth* ;” and moreover each production would be read, and lauded, and quoted, and abused !

We would say in all friendliness to female authors, “*Whatever you do, keep clear of politics ; the moment you trench upon Whig and Tory, you make, unavoidably, a certain number of enemies ; and that is what it is to be supposed every woman with common delicacy of feeling shrinks from.*” Indeed, we believe that Mrs. Trollope has resolved to adopt more moderate measures, for she gives us more detail and fewer conclusions ; and had her “*Belgium*” appeared months ago, it would have been exceedingly popular with some, and have been read by everybody ; but we have blown “*Bubbles at the Brunnsens,*” sketched with Mrs. Jameson, and been enlightened by Mrs. Austin upon all points connected with the admirable system of Prussian education ; consequently, had we not been in a most courteous humour this morning, we should have pronounced Mrs. Trollope’s book *de trop* : as it is, we repeat, it has afforded us amusement.

Though containing nothing new in detail, or original in observation, still it is the production of a shrewd observer, who sees not only the picture on the wall, but the nail that hangs the picture.

The Captives in India and the Widow. By Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols.

We do not take up these very interesting volumes with an intention of criticising them ; not that there is any necessity for treating them with undue civility they can stand by their own merits—they are healthful and active, and, moreover, full of incident, and—what renders them more interesting of *true* adventure. Mrs. Hofland has detailed the perils of a lady (Mrs. Fay) who made an overland journey to India some years ago, and who suffered a variety of privations, but overcame them in the end. She has woven the incidents with much skill, and though “*The Captives*” did not appear till the fag end of the season, it will be read and valued as all things emanating from Mrs. Hofland’s pen deserve to be.

The truth, however, is, that we could not sit down and coolly carve up any book written by this excellent lady, for we retain a grateful sense of the obligations we owe to her—obligations which will also be felt by those who come after us—and which have been (we had almost said, but for the ill-compliment to a lady) appreciated by those who have gone before us. Certain it is, that the happiest, and healthiest, and best impressions of our boyhood are associated with the name of Mrs. Hofland—for upwards of thirty years she has laboured for the moral improvement of her country, and has more than any other living writer contributed to form and cultivate the ground which she has lived to see so largely and so richly occupied. If we have now many authors where there were but few when Mrs. Hofland first took pen in hand, there have been none to push her aside in the paths of true usefulness—she continues at the head of a large class of caterers for public amusement and information—her fine and well-stored mind continually producing works that are so many valuable lessons in all that makes ~~the one sex~~ enterprising and useful, and the other amiable and practically good.

We venerate this estimable woman—in common with thousands and ten of thousands in England, in India, and in America ; we trace much that may be excellent in us to an early acquaintance with her writings ; and we earnestly hope, that as her pen is now as vigorous, as sound, and as well pointed as ever, we may be often called upon to recommend her publications—as we do her “*Captives in India*”—to all who desire that know-

ledge should be blended with enjoyment, and that, while amused, they may be also informed.

Rookwood, a Romance. 3 vols.

This is one of the most spirited and romantic of "the season's" productions. Full of life and fire, it excites the reader and carries him onward—much as the true heroine of the tale, the Maid Black Bess, does the true hero of it, the robber Turpin—with mingled sensations of terror and delight. It is a wild story, told with exceeding skill, and wrought up to the highest pitch of which so singular and rare a subject is capable. Moreover, many of the characters are drawn with a master hand, and it is evident that the writer has read deeply the character of human kind. The interest of the work is kept thrillingly alive from the outset to the end—there is no time to pause until the volumes are finished—and then, when the mind is in a mood to criticise, the author may well be satisfied with the verdict which the reader cannot fail to pronounce—the book is an excellent one, and the author may take a high station among the romance writers of our time.

A Summer's Tour through Belgium, up the Rhine, and to the Lakes of Switzerland

The design of the author of the above tour is to lay down the best plan to be pursued by travellers who intend to make the most of their time on a visit to the Swiss Alps, and his remarks appear to us those of a sensible and valuable adviser. Instead of the usual route by Paris and Geneva, and the return home by the Rhine, he recommends the traveller to proceed first to Ostend, and from thence, after passing through Brussels and Aix la Chapelle, to embark on the Rhine at Cologne, and journeying *via* Strasburg and Freyburg, to enter Switzerland at Schaffhausen. By this route, the flat district between Rotterdam and Cologne is exchanged for the valley of the Meuse and the fertile plains of Belgium. The advantage of viewing the scenery of the Rhine during a passage up rather than down the river is too obvious to need any comment. We are much pleased with the simple and unaffected style in which the observations made during a two months' excursion on this plan have been laid before the public. Although, of course, there is not much of what is new to be seen between Ostend and Mount Jura, the observations of every successive traveller upon places even of well known resort always partake more or less of the character of originality, and sound advice upon the matter of diligences, roads, and hotels, is never to be lightly regarded. The author of this agreeable little tour had no reason to suppress his name, all who desire to spend two months abroad in a pleasant and profitable manner will have reason to thank him for the pains he has taken for their benefit and information.

Barnes's Companion to the Lakes.

This is an entertaining and elegant little volume—just such a book as the summer tourist will find an agreeable companion, as well for information as amusement, during a ramble through some of the most beautiful scenery of which England has to boast. Guide books and itineraries are, for the most part, but heavy and barren compilations,—mere records of distances and indices to maps,—and possessing about as much to interest the reader as an old volume of the London Directory, or one of the numerous past brochures edited by that facetious physician, Francis Moore. Mr. Barnes has succeeded in mingling much of what is lively with his subject, and leads his reader, step by step, through a succession of delightful scenes, in so pleasing a manner, that few of those unacquainted with the prospects afforded by the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes,

and their vicinity, will lay down his book without a strong desire of visiting that British land of fairy Kendal, Windermere, Ambleside, Derwent-water, Skiddaw, Borrowdale, and Keswick are among the objects of attraction visited and described in the principal tour, but, in addition to this, three separate excursions conduct the reader to points not included in the plan pursued by the travellers in the former part of the volume. Mr Baines seems to have spared neither time nor labour in making himself personally acquainted with all that deserves notice in his romantic neighbourhood. The result of his excursions has been for some time before the public, and has already received a substantial proof of their approbation, in the speed with which two editions have already been exhausted. This extensive patronage of the work is certainly well deserved, for all who intend to visit the heights of Skiddaw, or the banks of Windermere,—the quiet beauty of Borrowdale, or the pleasant cheerfulness of Keswick,—will find, in the "Companion to the Lakes," every direction which can render their excursions agreeable. The itinerary added to the tour will not be considered the least useful part of the volume, and the accompanying map is executed with neatness and accuracy.

The Works of Jonathan Edwards, A M., with an Essay on his Genius and Writings. By Henry Rogers.

The works of Jonathan Edwards have been too long before the public to render any explanation of their general import and character necessary, nor, indeed, were the case otherwise, would it be possible to afford even a slight sketch of the collected labours of so Herculean an intellect within the limits to which we are restricted. It is with great satisfaction we find that a more complete edition of the works of this singularly acute and original author than any yet published has lately issued from the press, preceded by an essay on his genius and writings, which may justly be compared, for depth of thought and elegance of diction, with any piece of English composition relating to mental or ethical science which the present day, remarkably distinguished as it has been for eminence in both these branches of philosophy, has yet witnessed. On this essay we shall offer a few remarks, although our observations must necessarily be far more limited than the subject deserves. To do justice to the productions of an intellect far above the ordinary cast and structure of that with which the majority even of the more intellectual part of mankind are favoured, to find a proper scale for the estimate of its powers, or to determine from what particular faculty or from what peculiar combination of qualities, emanated that astonishing mental strength, on the effects of which the greater number of readers look much in the same manner as on the mighty operations of external nature,—well acquainted with the effects presented to their senses, although they are without the remotest idea of their producing causes, requires a mind endued with energies nearly akin to those which form the object of its examination, and a power of observation as rare as the existence of the original talent to which it is directed, because it is produced precisely from the same origin—for, as in art, so in science and philosophy, that peculiar capacity for just appreciation, which, in one instance, is designated taste, and, in the other, judgment, is only the offspring of like powers or similarity of feeling. The development of the peculiarly-constituted mind of Jonathan Edwards, and the attempt at an analytical investigation of its subtle and various properties, might well appear a task not lightly to be undertaken, nor holding out much promise of success to any one engaged in the scrutiny. Its singular conformation has, however, to use the language of anatomy, at length found an able demonstrator. Mr. Rogers traces the deductive talents of the subject of his essay from their first germ to their full display and matured energy, and follows, with an observant eye of philosophic investigation which no

vestige of its presence escapes, the various modifications and phases through which the predominant faculty he is tracking was doomed to pass, from the time when the future author of the treatise on the Human Will half-seduced by the sweet voice of external nature into the more flowery paths of inductive wisdom, for a moment

“Relaxed his ponderous strength and bent to hear,”

to the period at which his athletic reason, strengthened by a long course of intermediate exertion, stood forth the incontrovertible and victorious champion of truth on a field where the most highly celebrated for intellectual qualities have been repeatedly foiled, and on which none but either the most profound or the least reflective of mankind are ever hardy enough to venture. We can confidently assert that no intelligent reader will follow this examination of one of the most curiously-constituted minds, which have left the traces of their existence on the hearts or understandings of men, without a feeling of more than ordinary gratification: for, if our curiosity is excited, and our fondness for observation gratified by the discoveries of the physiologist or the secrets of that wonderful laboratory contained within us for the subordinate purpose of sustaining mere animal life,—if the complex combinations of vessels, the judicious distribution of glands, and the extensive apparatus of microscopic alembics and stills necessary for the purposes of digestion and assimilation in the human body, have power, when exhibited before us, to awaken an expression of delight, it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the much higher interest which must arise from an analysis of the faculties of any individual mind, and from laying open to our view all that is remarkable in those mystic sources from which the reasonings and feelings proceed which constitute the peculiar bias and temperament of each. After this investigation of the intellectual properties of the subject of his essay, Mr. Rogers proceeds to a critical consideration of their results as displayed in the famous treatise on the “Human Will,” a work embracing, of course, the grand question of election, and indirectly connected with that still more dim and intricate labyrinth, the guiding clue through which lies in the hands of the great teacher Death alone,—“the origin of moral ill.” On this point of metaphysical divinity, which must be acknowledged to be so fertile in contending difficulties, and which so few have approached in the confidence of mental prowess without finding themselves eventually in the predicament of the celebrated wrestler of old, this is not the place to make any observation. Edwards has been generally acknowledged to be victorious; nor, indeed, laying aside the general tendency of Scripture in his favour, will an antagonist easily be found of sufficient argumentative abilities to confront him. Mr. Rogers sums up his propositions and deductions in a clear and concise manner, and lays before the reader a general plan of their relation to the question at issue. His remarks lessen the supposed absolute contradiction between the two systems of necessity and free-will, in page 34, do great credit to his acuteness and discrimination, and are far more to the purpose than any results deducible by human ingenuity from hypothetical data; while his observations on the treatise on “Religious Affections,” “God’s Chief End in the Creation,” and other minor pieces, are equally felicitous and just. Short as our notice is, we must here bring it to a close.

African Sketches. By Thomas Pringle.

Mr. Pringle assimilates some rare qualities, both in his individual character and the character of his writings. We have the opportunity of knowing that he is not one possessed of a Janus-like fame—he has not a different countenance for private and public transactions. He is a Christian without bigotry—refined in his simplicity, and supported in all he does by genius and truth; everything he writes tends to good and benevolent purposes, because he thinks rightly, and speaks as he thinks. Can anything

then that is not both pleasing and instructive proceed from so well organized a mind? These sketches are, in truth, the most interesting we have read for months. The volume is divided into two parts, prose and poetry; or rather, we should say, according to its arrangement, poetry and prose—the poetry consisting of miscellaneous subjects—the prose being a narrative of what the author felt, saw, and suffered during a residence of six years in Southern Africa. Some of the pieces have appeared already before the public, and Mr. Pringle's admirers will be most happy to find them collected. The results dependent upon the wise and equitable settlement of our relations with the tribes of Southern Africa have led him to devote an extent of space to the discussion of this interesting topic—the peculiar importance of which will be felt by our lawgivers, as well as by all connected personally or otherwise with African affairs—thus it will be seen that those sketches are valuable, not only on account of their individual beauty and local interest, but because of their moral and political information, and we only regret that the space allotted in our Magazine for reviews cramps our pen, or we would enter fully upon the subject. We must therefore content ourselves by recommending the volume sincerely to our readers, fully assured that they will be well recompensed for the time bestowed on its pages by the pleasure and information they cannot fail to obtain.

A Selection of Irish Melodies. The Poetry by Thomas Moore

With what "rainbow feelings" have we looked upon this volume! What recollections have crowded our memory of the young! the bright! the beautiful! whose voices sung the melodies that from time to time appeared, wedded to the sweet poetry of the most perfect lyrical writer of the age. It is pleasant to observe, that though in this the tenth number of 'Irish Melodies' the verse is not as buoyant, as light, as galesome as in former times—yet the feeling, the grace, the sensibility of the poet are undiminished, wisdom has modulated, not unstrung his harp—and to our taste, the subdued feeling of many of the present compositions forms a happy contrast to the spirited lays of his earlier years. We feel that without this number the series would have been incomplete. The great difficulty that Mr. Moore had to encounter from the commencement of his undertaking was the moulding his poetry to the frequently wild and almost unmanageable cadence and time of the melody, and it is no small praise to say, that in no instance has the difficulty baffled the poet; his ingenuity has kept pace with his genius, and both united triumphed over every obstacle, and preserved the music of his native land in all its purity. We wish Mr. Power all success with this new publication: he has been for years and years the best patron of national melody, and always ready to push forward musical genius, even at a time when it was not so much the fashion as it is at present so to do.

The Sabbath Minstrel; a Series of Melodies from the Works of distinguished Composers; selected and arranged for one, two, and three Voices, with Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte. By John Blockley.

This work, a meritorious attempt to present for general use a small body of devout minstrelsy, free from all unnecessary heaviness and repellant monotony, has now been completed, by the publication of its twelfth part, and forms the material for a handsome volume, which may occupy the music-desk with especial propriety on the evening of the Sabbath-day, or at any time when the cheerful aid of music is sought in connection with devotional sentiments. It is an evidence of a right sense of the importance of his object, that the compiler has taken his stores from the first sources, both musical and poetical, and he is thus enabled to offer an array of bright names, in tempting promise of the value to be found in the varied production to which they severally contribute. For those whose love of

music is of that craving species that must always have something of positive novelty, he has introduced a few pieces of his own composition, expressly designed for the work—a step with which (since he has been some time before the public with credit as a composer) we shall not critically quarrel. This collection will serve to fill a void that must have been long sensibly felt by the more sober spirits among the class of musical amateurs. Why should sacred music be *all* of the massive character that would confine its practice to cathedrals and churches? Why should it not find its way (when divested, as in this case, of whatever is cumbersome and inapplicable) into private societies and home-cherishing circles?

Discoveries in Asia Minor. By the Rev F V I Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna

The Rev Mr Arundell, as resident for many years in this great emporium of Asia Minor, had opportunities of acquiring local knowledge, and, as a man of learned education and classical attainments, had more capabilities of applying it to a useful purpose than tourists who only pay a passing visit, and whose education does not qualify them for learned inquiries. Of these superior advantages Mr Arundell has been assiduous in availing himself, and he has now published two works on Asia Minor of a very interesting character—one “A Visit to the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse, published a few years ago, in which he has given the public, not only the most recent, but the most full and accurate account of the actual state of these places at the present day, the other the work before us, enlarging his former information by the discovery of cities of former renown, of which it had been supposed, like those of ancient Troy *hanc perire ruina*. Among these are the towns of Apamea and Sagalossus, and the great city of Antioch, in Pisidia, with rivers whose course had eluded the research of former antiquarians, and the Salt Lake of Anava, described by Herodotus, but which other travellers had searched for in vain. We regret that we received the work too late to enter this month into details of these discoveries, or fairly to appreciate their value, which we propose to do in our next number. In the meantime, we congratulate that part of the public who take an interest in such knowledge,—and surely there are few whose minds are not imbued with the love of such illustrations of ancient lore, whether sacred or profane,—that, in the British Chaplain of Smyrna, they find a congenial spirit, who possesses a zeal in the pursuit, a sagacity in the discovery, and a judgment in the application of his learning, which fully qualify him for the undertaking.

Allan Breck. By the Author of “The Subaltern” 3 vols

This work has been for some time before the public, and is estimated as it deserves. The author was one of the earliest to lay by the sword and assume the pen, and although many of our soldiers and seamen have since followed his example, his name continues high in the list—he is not a “Subaltern” among the corps of literary battlers. His novel, “Allan Breck,” cannot fail to sustain his reputation, it is full of knowledge of the world—kindly and christian like, although perhaps studied in a rough school. There is a deep and exciting interest about it which carries the reader forward, and leaves him well satisfied with himself, the writer, and the world.

The Gardener’s Magazine, and Register of Rural and Domestic Improvement. Conducted by J. C Loudon, F L S, &c. &c. Svo Nos. L. and LI.

These numbers may be considered as the commencement of a new series of this long-established and most useful work, and, though some-

what diminished in size, as well as considerably lowered in price, they are as excellent as any of their predecessors. The work is now published monthly—a charge that seems to have given the greatest satisfaction to all whom we have heard mention the subject.

The Hamiltons. 3 vols.

This is a very lively and amusing book, full of the brilliancy and fact that have rendered Mrs. Gore so decidedly and so deservedly popular. Without any new or prominent development of character, it contains sufficient to while away some tedious hours, and perhaps draw tears even from those who have sympathized with “Mothers and Daughters,” which we have ever looked upon as the fair lady’s *chef-d’œuvre*.

Mrs. Gore appears to have changed her politics, but we cannot condemn her if she has done so for conscience’ sake, though we differ from her upon more than one point. We are quite willing to pay tribute to the talent with which her arguments are supported; her style is more *piquant* than *powerful*, but she is ever right in a moral point of view, and it is with this conviction tully upon us that we recommend the *Hamiltons* so strongly to the perusal of our friends.

We cannot, however, conclude this brief notice without suggesting to Mrs. Gore to strike into some new style of composition. The race of fashionable novels is fairly run out—exhausted—hunted down; and though the broad universe is open to our modern novelists, they appear—with few exceptions—to submit quietly to the confinement of *Almack’s* and *St. James’s*, and to suffer the feelings and acts of poor human nature to remain unregistered.—“We would change all this.”

Treatise on the Progress of Literature, and its Effects on Society. 8vo.

The subject of this volume, as interesting as it is comprehensive, has been handled by no incompetent exhibitor. Much sound sense, and some acuteness of reasoning, applied to the illustration and advancement of benevolent views, constitute the author’s claims to notice and respect. He has drawn an instructive sketch of the general character and progress of literature in ancient and modern times, and has marked his sketch throughout with many skilful touches, representing the effects which literature, in its fluctuating, but ultimately progressive, course, has wrought on the habits and condition of society. He is a decided and consistent advocate of mental enlightenment in its widest application; he introduces a variety of striking facts in the historical and literary career of our own country, and thence makes an impressive induction of the advantages politically and socially derivable from the increase of general knowledge and intellectual culture. The speculations in which he proceeds to indulge as to the future prospects of society are of a highly encouraging tendency, and perhaps not too enthusiastic to be legitimately deducible from his previous statements of causes and effects; at all events, he is manifestly the earnest friend of his species, in which character, while we cordially welcome him, we will give him room to recommend himself to the attention of our readers, through the means of the following little extract from his pages:—

“If, instead of the violent extremes of profuse expenditure and hopeless poverty, —of intense exertion and lifeless torpor,—the nations of Europe had applied the immense resources of wealth and talent which they have wasted on *war* in cultivating the arts of *peace*, with a constant and equal activity, such as individuals observe when left free to the pursuit of their own interests, what an astonishing progress might not have been made in wealth, intelligence, and happiness!”

LITERARY REPORT.

A History of British Fishes, with woodcuts of all the species and numerous illustrative vignettes, intended as a companion to "Beulck's British Birds," is in a forward state. The descriptions by W. Yarrell, F. L. S.

Documents Illustrative of the Life and History of Thomas à Beckett, edited with notes and illustrations by John Holmes, Esq., and Joseph Stevenson, Esq., preparing for publication in 8vo.

The August Number of the cheap and select Monthly Series, entitled "Colburn's Modern Novelists," comprises Mrs. Radcliffe's celebrated Romance of Gaston de Blondville, in 2 vols.

The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Sixteenth Century, an historical novel, is in preparation by a Polish Refugee.

Dr. Southey is engaged upon a Life of Dr. Watts, to accompany a new edition of the "Horræ Lyricæ," forming the 9th vol of the Sacred Classics.

The Rule of Life, or Guide to Practical Piety, deduced from the Sacred Scriptures, will shortly be published.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Naval Tactics, by P. Paul Hoste, translated by Capt. J. D. Boswall, R. N., with 52 Plates, and additional Notes and Illustrations. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Twelve Discourses in Explanation of the Liturgy of the Church of England, by Dean Burrowes. 8vo. 8*s.*

South Australia, or a Description of the Country, illustrated by Charts and Views. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

English Scenes and English Civilisation, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*

The Life of Mrs. Siddons, by Thomas Campbell 2 vols. 8vo. 2*6s.*

Howitt's Abridgment of his History of Priestcraft fcp. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Belgium and Western Germany in 1833, by Mrs. Trollope 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*8s.*

Arrowsmith's Map to Burnes' Travels into Bokhara 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dacre, a Novel, edited by the Countess of Morley 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*

The Surgical and Descriptive Anatomy of the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints, by W. H. Thomas. 12mo. 6*s.*

Chitty's Practical Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence, Part I. royal 8vo. 2*1s.*

Baines's Map of the Lakes, with an Itinerary. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Madame Boivin on the Diseases of the Uterus, from the French, by G. O. Hemming, F. L. S. 8vo. 14*s.*

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Vol. V. 12mo. 5*s.*

Valpy's Hume and Smollett's England, Vol. VI. 12mo. 5*s.*

Sketches of Natural History, by Mary Howitt 18mo. 5*s.*

The Fly-Fisher's Guide, illustrated by coloured Plates of upwards of Forty of the most useful Flies, by G. C. Bambridge, Esq. 3*d.* edit. 8vo. 16*s.*

Coleridge's Poetical Works, Vol. III. 12mo. 5*s.*

Landseer's Catalogue of Pictures in the National Gallery 8vo. 12*s.*

Scenes and Hymns of Life, by Mrs. Hemans. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Darker Superstitions of Scotland, by J. G. Dalyell. 8vo. 16*s.*

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Bible. Parts 6 and 7. By John Martin.

The genius of John Martin is happily occupied in illustrating the Sacred Volume. The awful grandeur of the subject is appreciated by the British painter: this is a high, but a merited compliment. Moreover, the shadowy nature of the descriptions affords ample scope to the imagination of the artist; he is tied down by few rules, and is almost free to permit his wild but luxuriant fancy to revel as it pleases in portraying the scenes and circumstances of holy writ. The prints, of which we have now several before us, are grand in the extreme—magnificent in conception—and very beautiful in all their minor details. It is impossible to look at one of them without feeling at once convinced that Martin is a noble painter in the chief requisites at which the art aims—to move, impress, and delight. The illustrations of Nos. 6 and 7 are—"The Seventh Plague," "The Destruction of Pharaoh's Host," "Moses Breaking the Tables," and "Fall of the Walls of Jericho."

Memorials of Oxford. No. 20.

It is long since we noticed this useful and interesting work. To *Alma Mater* it must be especially interesting; so to all who drank the first

draught of knowledge at one of her many founts ; but to the public generally, it is a pleasant and profitable acquisition—describing, as it does, the most perfect, and beautiful, and time-honoured of our English buildings, with their histories, briefly, but agreeably and distinctly detailed. Mr. Le Keux is well known as the most eminent of our architectural engravers ; to him the work is indebted for much of its completeness.

Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Part 7.
By S. W. Reynolds.

The productions of Sir Joshua, still the chief painter of Britain, can never tire. There is in them the great charm of Art—Nature. They are but copies of the works of a far more perfect Master ; yet, as copies, they have never since been equalled. The publication now before us is of the highest interest and value ; it is beautifully “got up”—of a very agreeable shape and size and when printed, will be one of the most delightful accessions to the drawing-room which modern times (so fertile in rare and exquisite specimens of art) has yet produced.

Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.
Appendix thereto.

We regret to find that this work is brought to a close. It has been conducted with considerable taste and talent, and adds materially to the enjoyment we receive in perusing the works of the great man of the nineteenth century. If his fame as a poet was lost in his reputation as a novelist, there are thousands and tens of thousands who cannot forget the delight with which they followed him through the wild and beautiful scenery of his native land, or the joy they received from his delineations of the gentler or harsher passions of human nature. To such his poems are still dear, and all such should illustrate them by those graphic explanations which have been, with so much care and at so much expense, prepared for them. The editor, Mr. Martin, offers some remarks, in a very temperate and well-written preface, on the course pursued by Mr. Turner in reference to this work. We need not explain the circumstances to which we refer, for Mr. Turner took care to let his “complaint” be known, by publishing it as widely as newspaper advertisements could go. It is but just to Mr. Martin to say that his explanation is perfectly satisfactory ; indeed, he deserves the highest praise for the gentle and gentlemanly manner in which he has treated the matter.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

THE days of *Beau Nash* have been revived at this pleasant little theatre. Gentlemen with toupees and powder, and coats stuck out with buckram, and legs with stockings above the knees—ladies with hoops and “slipped stilts,” and heads built up with enormous piles of hair and ribbon—swindlers who are gentlemen, and gentlemen who are swindlers, confounding with a quiet and liberal ease all pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*—with the immortal Nash himself presiding over all, the *decus et solamen* of the Pump-room, the watchful lynx of the gaming-table, the darling of fashionable and conventional absurdity, yet withal no unkindly pattern of our better human species. For this we are obliged to Mr. Jerrold. We differ very widely from the writers who have blamed him for selecting such a subject in the first place, in the next for treating it unsqueamishly (in other words, for ransacking and exposing its foibles, its weaknesses, and its follies), and in the last for an entire and most un-

charitable absence of a few "startling situations," that might have made all these odds more even. Such objections may be fairly termed high praise. Surely, if any object could propose itself to a writer of Mr. Jerrold's peculiar faculty of observation and wit, worthy of all success, and of all the rewards, present and future, that should attend it, here it is. He strives to fix, in permanent colours, some of the fleeting, bygone follies of mankind. Long ago, from the groves and glories of Bath, its assembly, its pump-room, and its wells, a "parting genius was with sighing sent," which now the dramatist restores to us in his habit as he lived, with his fawdy dress and his white hat, putting him on the real scene, with the real associates of his life around him, leaving not to make them occupy what is now rare and dangerous ground (for the stage, now a days, must reduce everything either to strict morality or to "open manslaughter and bold bawdry"),—that neutral ground of character which stands between vice and virtue, which is, in fact, indifferent to neither, the "happy breathing place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning,"—and scorning to mar the truth of his picture by any merely trading convulsions or startling situations. This it is, as Mr. Jerrold delicately but proudly intimates in his preface to the published drama, to write a "comedy of manners." "The writer can truly affirm," Mr. Jerrold continues, "that much less labour of thought, much less vain research, than was exercised to give a dramatic existence to *Beau Nash*, sufficed to produce any two of the most successful dramas named in the preceding title-page." We do not doubt it.

The principal hints, however, of the drama (historical) have been derived from a "Life of Richard Nash, Esq.," now extant, and written in such choice English as to have the honour of being attributed to Goldsmith. The eccentricities which figure throughout the memoir are woven with great skill and acuteness into the conduct of the comedy. Nash is equally familiar with lords and pickpockets; is a desperate slave to gaming, yet the active preserver of many of its victims, encourages play as a useful vice, while he makes charity a fashionable virtue—strips sword-wearers and apron-wearers of their swords and aprons; and condescends to write for the puppets of the celebrated Mr. Powell a satire against the slatternly boot-wearers of Bath, wherein Punch, "having thrown his wife out of window, goeth tranquilly to bed in his boots." This Mr. Powell, whose peculiarities are pleasantly hit off by Mr. Jerrold in a sketch of his chief assistant, Thespis Claptrop, is he of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, whose "skill in motions" has been immortalized by the genius of Sir Richard Steele. Who can ever forget the exquisite letter of the under sexton of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, complaining of his congregation taking the warning of his bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show, set forth by "one Powell," under the Piazzas, by which he had not only lost his two customers, whom he used to place for sixpence a-piece over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself had gone thither also. "I have placed my son at the Piazzas," says the despairing sexton, "to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden. but they only laugh at the child.—As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house." This rage for puppets is pleasantly transferred to Bath. It adds to the characteristic picture of life and manners on the scene. Another purely historical personage in the comedy is the famous reclaimed rogue Jack Baxter. Speaking of the two, Nash and Jack, the lauded potentate and the laudatory pickpocket, Mr. Jerrold remarks that "Two or three stern thinkers, who have objected to the want of a 'moral tendency' in the comedy, may say of the king and the shaver, *Arcades ambo!*" All the author has to reply to this is, he disputes not such classification. Why should he? This brings us to what we commenced with. He has done right and boldly in leaving these characters as they

were. He has effected the purpose of perpetuating manners and society in a certain conventional aspect, and the picture will live. It is not his fault if some of his personages are mere puppets—moral or immoral, as the strings are pulled—such is artificial society ever. We leave the moral Quixotes to fight against them as they may; or we leave them, “in their anxiety that their morality should not take cold, to wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precipitation against the breeze and sunshine.”

Meanwhile we beg of our wiser readers to enjoy with us the “breeze and sunshine” of Mr Jerrold’s dialogue in this little theatre. It is sharp as well as smiling—full of wit and sprightliness. Of one thing, however, we would remind Mr Jerrold, that in a comedy of manners it is of infinitely greater importance to sustain constantly before us the given picture of life and character, than to expose in good set scene its errors or false pretensions. We must make a charge here, too, against our accomplished author, which we have elsewhere made more than once. He is too fond of repartee. He can be said to be told thus, for he shares the fault in very illustrious company. Congreve always made wit too much the business, instead of the ornament, of his comedies. In Mr. Jerrold’s dialogue passages are every now and then peeping out which seem to have been prepared “cut and dry” for the scene. The speaker has evidently brought them with him—he has not caught them on the scene by the help of some light of dialogue, or suggestion of present circumstances. We beg of Mr. Jerrold to consider this more curiously in his next production, and we beg of him to lose no time in favouring us again. We ought to say one word of the acting. It is good, though not of the highest order. Mr Fairen has set up too high a standard in many of his own achievements, to leave us always satisfied with what he does. But he is great in *Nash*—now and then. Mr Brindal plays *Lavender Tom* in a way that is quite worthy of that delicate and admirable sketch—and more we cannot say. Buckstone and Webster are also good, and Miss Nisbett looks charming with her hoop and powder, and black sparkling eyes.

THE LYCFUM THEATRE, OR ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Since the publication of our last number, Mr. Arnold’s new theatre has been completed, and thrown open to the public. Both externally and internally, it presents a vast improvement upon that, above the ruins of which it has risen. In front it has a handsome corinthian or composite portico and pediment, while internally its arrangements and decorations are both commodious and elegant. In point of shape, it is rather more elliptical than most of the other theatres of the metropolis, resembling in this respect the Italian Opera House. The most remarkable features in its appearance are the light pillars which spring from its dress circle panneling as from plinths—and, without having any architectural connexion with the line of the first circle, are carried up to the gallery and second box circle the frontage of which is formed of their cornice and balustrade. The balcony, which projects beyond the line of the dress circle, is also a novelty in this country, although very usual in continental theatres. As it is not very spacious, and, at the same time, is fitted up so as to afford peculiarly comfortable accommodation to its occupants, it cannot be considered unreasonable that the price of admission to it should be rather more than to the other boxes. The general style of ornament throughout the house is of the Roman arabesque kind, and is remarkable for its light gracefulness and gay effect. That the new Opera House is well adapted for the great purpose of its erection has been proved since it has been opened. Music, both orchestral and vocal, is remarkably well heard in it.

The honour of leading its performances was reserved for a new English opera—for Mr. E. J. Loder’s *Nourjahad*; which, however, did not make its appearance for some days after the announced commencement—to use a University phrase. We looked forward with no little interest to the

production of this novelty. Our English school of dramatic music has sunk into so wretched a state of degeneracy, that we were anxious to know whether or not the day had arrived that was to give a fresh and vigorous impulse to its energies. We had, in this regard, reason to indulge in some flattering anticipations, inasmuch as we have known some of our composers to speak very roundly of their own recondite powers, and to blame public taste alone for the fault which allowed such treasure to lie unworked in the mine. We do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Loder was one of this class, but we still hoped that he would—his courage being wound up to the extraordinary effort of composition—make good their boast by implication. The subject of *Nourjahad* was happily selected for an opera—it afforded most ample opportunity for great variety as well of dramatic as of musical effect. We must say that the person who undertook the management of the former proved himself unequal to his theme. He gave but a sketch of incident and of character, and left the burden of his subject upon the property-man and scene-painter, neither of whom, much to their credit be it spoken, were in any manner wanting to the trust imposed upon them. We have never seen more elegant pageantry on any stage, than they have produced from their studio and laboratory. To come to Mr. Loder. Any expectation of originality in his composition was put an end to, when we heard the concluding bar of his overture. It was nothing more nor less than an ill managed *refranchimento* of familiar strains from Auber and Heiold. In justice to him, however, we must say that, although the inspiration of the opera itself was derived from the same fount, it was conducted with a better feeling, and with more congruity of effect. There was, assuredly, no originality in it from first to last (with perhaps one or two exceptions), nor did it in any part exhibit much force of character; but again, on the other hand, it was, in its many airs and ducts, light, graceful, and agreeable. Its orchestral accompaniments were full and masterly, frequently reminding us of better men than the French *romanciers*, and giving decided promise that Mr. Loder, whenever he may think proper to consult his own imagination for his theme, will produce something capable of reflecting credit on himself and his country. That he has a taste for the management of operatic composition we cannot but believe, when we consider how skillfully he has managed both transition and connexion in many parts of this opera *Nourjahad*, with all its faults, has, in truth, much in it to please not only ordinary ears, but the nicer perception of the well informed amateur or professor, who can appreciate in music something more than the simple melody of an air. We believe it has been successful, we hope it may have been so—not only for the sake of the spirited management of the new theatre, but that Mr. Loder may therefore be stimulated to renewed exertion, and to do better things.

VICTORIA.

Miss Mitford's Tragedy of *Charles the First* has been produced here during the past month with very great success. Greater than it deserved it could hardly have experienced, looking merely to the noble effort it implied of presenting on the English stage a new English historical tragedy. Nor was the execution unworthy of the effort, though, as it seems to us, it falls short, perhaps necessarily, of the great subject it grapples with. The death of Charles the First is the grandest event known to the history of the world. It was brought about by men of the most singularity and extraordinary comprehension that the world has seen. It was intended by them as an awful and deliberate assertion of a great principle established through severe contentions, through peril and self sacrifice—a warning and an example to succeeding generations. It was done in the face of day, before startled kings and astonished people. It was the victory of firmness and principle, and intellectual power. Not so with Miss Mitford's scenic representation. She throws the moral beauty into

Charles's suffering, and contents her Cromwell with a physical triumph. At the close of the play, our possessing sense is that of a man's blood having been shed as in a midnight murder, and for the attainment of a dark and selfish purpose. The interest is great, and is breathless in suspense and fear, but it wants the elevation and the reconciliation of an exalted aim and purpose. We feel the distinction so characteristically urged by Madame de Stael—" *Nous avons peur comme dans une chambre noire, mais ce n'est pas là le noble effroi qu'une tragédie doit causer.*" Miss Mitford may, perhaps, reply that her view of Cromwell's sordid cruelty, and cowardly agony of anxiety and fear, is strictly historical. We could challenge her to the proof of that. We believe that for her evidence she would be flung back on the most disgusting collection of lies and filth that ever disgraced a party or a cause,—we mean the trials of the regicides. But enough of censure. Miss Mitford's tragedy happily offers large opportunity of praise. It is full of bold and vigorous touches of character, of movement, and dramatic effect. We could wish she had thrown her female interest, the wild and thrilling pathos, the tenderness, the nature she has wasted on the Queen, into Lady Fairfax. That was a fine opportunity, domestic and historical. The soul of high-born pride, of womanly sympathy and womanly defiance, centred in the "Starry Vere." Harrison is admirably sketched—and in a few lines the virtuous and overawing soul of Ireton is characteristically expressed. Throughout, however, he is too rapid and peril-defying—a wary caution distinguished Ireton. Charles himself is finely idealized. We see him only, when, hunted from the throne and from the battle-field, he sits in prison exalted by suffering, or before his judges sustained by his very hopelessness and pride. His conduct too, in the last scene of all that ended his eventful history, is beautifully intimated to us in Miss Mitford's tragedy. We wish, for the sake of the dignity he otherwise so well maintained, he had not uttered that lie to the people before the axe fell. Yet why should we wish it, since it remains to redeem a character far greater and more dear to us from the charge of a cruel injustice? " *Vel iti poetæ, (says Milton) aut histriones deterrimi plausum in ipso exitio ambitiosissime captare.*" So the speech would seem to warrant. Hear, nevertheless, on the other hand, what a great and generous enemy can say of the "Royal Actor," for so he also styles him, even in addressing Cromwell. Marvel speaks:—

" He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But, with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did trye.
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Downe, as upon a bed."

One word in conclusion. Miss Mitford's tragedy was under-acted.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, communicated by James Bird, Esq., 'On the Manners of the Inhabitants of the Southern Coast of Arabia and shores of the Red Sea; with remarks on the ancient and modern Geography of that quarter, and the road through the Desert from Kosir to Keneh.' Mr. Bird commenced by remarking, that as steam communication between India and this country was become a subject of public inquiry, some recent notices of the country and people with which travellers by this route would be brought in contact, would probably be also interesting. He regretted, at the same time, that the observations thus offered would by no means leave a favourable impression on the minds of the hearers.

The first part of the Arabian Coast seen by Mr Bird on his voyage from Bombay, was that to the eastward of Ras Sharwah, or Kisin Point, where the mountains rise to the height of two or three thousand feet, presenting here and there the flat tabular appearance of the trap formation, with the scaped and fortified aspect also of the Dekhan Coast. Not a tree, or mark of verdure, is, however, to be seen on them, and it is difficult to imagine anything more utterly barren and arid. Proceeding thence to the westward, the steamer touched at Makullah, which, since the ruin of Aden, has become a place of some importance, and is the emporium for the trade between India and the coast of Buzura.

Proceeding from Makullah to the north-west, the coast is characterized chiefly by perpendicular cliffs of lime and sand stone, with occasional shelving banks of white calcareous earth, and heaps of trap tuff, and breccia. The aspect of barrenness continues, frequently not a single blade of vegetation is seen, and even the coarse brushwood of India is wanting. The inhabitants have brown sun burnt visages, slender active forms, and energetic manners, but their dress differs in some degree from that of the other Arabs, and resembles more that of the poorer classes of Indian Mohammedans. Instead of the blue cotton shirt with wide sleeves, a piece of striped cotton is here worn, the loins and thighs are covered with a kittle of cotton or woollen cloth, over which is a leathern belt supporting the waist, and carrying also a crooked dagger, or jumbea, and sometimes pistols. The Sheikh's military retainers have also swords and match locks.

On approaching Ras Bab el Mundeb, the basaltic formation appears to predominate. The straits are two narrow entrances to the Arabian Gulf, separated by the island of Peim, a black rock on which there is no trace of vegetation. The eastern, or smaller strait, is about three miles wide, the western fifteen. The steam-boat did not touch at Mocha, but passing on, to avoid a strong north west wind, put into Hodeida, a considerable town, with its market well supplied. The shore is here flat and sandy, chiefly producing date trees, but the interior is fertile, through means of irrigation. The houses are somewhat better than at Makullah, but the moral aspect of the people is not superior.

About seventy miles south of Hodeida, there is a river which traverses the fertile Wadi of Zobed, and is the only stream in Arabia with a sufficient quantity of water to reach the sea. Zobed itself was once a flourishing city, and when Ibn al-Wardi wrote his Geographical Dictionary, called the "Pearl of Wonders," he described it as receiving merchants from Habshah, or Abyssinia, Irak (Persia), and Egypt. It has since declined, and the mouth of the river is so much obstructed by a sand bank, that its water continues sweet almost to the sea.

The steam-boat next put into Jidda, and thence proceeded to Kosir. The old town of this name is six miles N W of the modern one, and is situate on the north side of an inlet of the sea, which was formerly a harbour, but is now crossed by a bar of sand which excludes the water from its former channel. Beyond it a range of rough calcareous mountains extends to the east, and shelters the town from the north winds. The ruins are considerable, and appear to have been deserted in consequence of the sea retreating from them.

The new town is placed on the south side of a sandy point of land, the base of which is shell limestone, and forms a kind of cove or anchorage, where vessels lie in five fathoms within sixty yards of the shore. About twenty miles south of the town, a range of hills rises 1000 feet in height, and, in this direction, the coast is also more abrupt than to the north.

[The meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will take place at Edinburgh on the 6th of September next. It is expected that it will be very numerously attended, and several distinguished foreigners will be present.]

VARIETIES.

The last Twenty British Premiers.—From the following table it appears, that the average duration of each Ministry for the last 80 years, 3 months, and 8 days, has been 4 years and 5 days. It is computed up to the 14th of July, 1834 (Lord Melbourne's then supposed appointment):—

Name	Appointed.	Interval.		
		Y	M	D.
Duke of Newcastle	April 6, 1754	8	1	23
Earl of Bute	May 29, 1762	0	10	18
George Grenville (father to Lord Grenville)	April 16, 1763	2	2	26
Marquis of Buckingham	July 12, 1765	1	0	21
Duke of Grafton	Aug. 2, 1766	3	5	26
Lord North (Earl of Guilford)	Jan. 28, 1770	12	2	2
Marquis of Rockingham	March 30, 1782	0	3	13
Earl Shelburn	July 13, 1782	0	8	23
Duke of Portland	April 5, 1783	0	8	22
William Pitt	Dec. 27, 1783	17	2	18
H. Addington (Lord Sidmouth)	March 17, 1801	3	1	25
William Pitt	May 12, 1804	1	7	27
Lord Grenville	Jan. 8, 1806	1	2	5
Duke of Portland	March 13, 1807	3	3	10
Spencer Perceval	June 23, 1810	1	11	16
Earl of Liverpool	June 8, 1812	14	10	3
George Canning	April 11, 1827	0	3	30
Viscount Goderich (Earl of Ripon)	Aug. 10, 1827	0	11	1
Duke of Wellington	July 11, 1828	2	4	11
Earl Grey	Nov 22, 1830	3	7	22

80 3 8

It appears by the last Report of the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts, that in the short interval between the 4th of June and the 2nd of July, no less than 97 debtors, of whom 77 had wives and 204 children, have been discharged from the prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was 211*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* only! We are sure that we need add nothing to such a statement, in order to enforce the claims of this admirable Society upon the good wishes and active aid of the humane. Think of the mass of misery relieved at so small a cost—and who can be insensible to its appeal?

Bank of England.—An Account of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank of England, on the Average of the Quarter ending the 1st of July, 1834:—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation	£18,895,000	Securities	£27,593,000
Deposits	15,096,000	Bullion	8,659,000
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£33,991,000		£36,252,000

Cotton Manufacture.—The Reports of the Factory Commissioners, just published, by order of the House of Commons, contain the following summary of persons employed in the Cotton Mills in England, in preparing, spinning, and weaving, including only such as work in mills moved by power. Number of persons above 18 years of age—males 60,393—females 56,774. Under 18 years of age—males 42,745—females 40,512. Persons whose age and sex are not stated in the returns, 3376. Total number, 212,800. Earnings for four weeks, ending May 4th, 1833, 444,481*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.* Thus it will be seen that a total of 212,800 persons earn annually the enormous sum of 5,777,434*l.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Abyssinian Manuscripts—The learned M. Ruppel, who has been travelling in Abyssinia is now, it is said, on his way to Europe. He brings with him a number of manuscripts of great value. The most remarkable of these is a copy of the Bible, containing an additional book by Solomon, one or two additional of Psalms, and a considerable addition to the book of Esther—none of these augmentations of the Bible have yet been heard of in Europe. It contains also the book of Enoch, and the fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which has been for some time known among the learned. Another curious manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians carry as far back as the Council of Nice, when they say it was promulgated by one of their kings. This code is divided into two books, the first of which relates to the canon law, and the facts of the relations between the church and the temporal power, and the second is purely a civil code. M. Ruppel has also with him some Abyssinian church hymns, which display the only indication of poetry which has been found to exist among the Abyssinians.

A letter from Athens states that during some recent excavations on the field on which the battle of Marathon was fought, there had been found the colossal lion which the Greeks erected to the memory of their countrymen who perished in the conflict. Several curious monuments of antiquity have also been discovered at Kydnos and Deos, and have been deposited in the Greek museum.

Painting on Glass—A Brussels paper mentions the discovery of a manuscript bearing the date of 1527, which explains the ancient method of extracting colours from metals, minerals, herbs, and flowers for the purpose of painting on glass. It also shows the manner in which these colours are to be applied, and describes the way in which the glass destined to receive the colours is to be prepared. The discovery of this process is of some interest, for, after all the modern discoveries in chemistry, there are colours to be found in ancient stained glass which we cannot approach.

Revenues of the Spanish Church—A curious statement has been published by one of the papers in Madrid respecting the number and revenues of the Spanish clergy. From it, it appears that the number of benefices appropriated to religious purposes throughout Spain is 28,249, that that of the clergy is 159,322, and that of the friars and nuns, 90,878. The entire amount of the ecclesiastical revenues is calculated to be 50,000,000 dollars, and of this sum, the part consumed by them is shown to exceed the whole revenue of the state by some 8,000,000 dollars.

It is calculated that there are 629 pictures in the different churches of Paris. These pictures many of which are by Raphael, Poussin, Lesueur, and other great masters are thus distributed:—22 Fine paintings in St. Germain des pres, 48 in St. Sulpice, 27 in St. Honoré, 10 in Val de Grace, 32 in St. Jacques du Haut Pas, 71 in St. Etienne du Mont, 25 in St. Louis en l'Isle, 65 in Notre Dame, 59 in St. Gervais, 43 in St. Meris, 55 in St. Ieu, 25 in St. Nicolas des Champs, 10 in Bonne Nouvelle, 58 in Notre Dame des Victoires, 47 in St. Pothé, 82 in St. Louis, 9 in St. Philippe de Roule, and 17 in St. Louis d'Antin.

The olive-trees in the south of France had all flowered notwithstanding the extreme dryness of the season which has done so much injury in Provence, but the olives have all dropped from the trees so that there will be no oil harvest in the department of the Var. There is a very extensive exportation of wines to Algeria.

AGRICULTURE.

At this moment of pause in rural affairs, just between the close and the commencement of the agricultural year, it may be beneficial to review the past, and to throw a prospective glance into the future chances of a commerce, momentous enough to the parties engaged in it, yet not so important to individual, as national, interests. For we aspire to exalt the utility of this portion of our miscellany beyond the ordinary repetitions of qualities and prices of markets and their fluctuations, by submitting to those whom it may concern (and whom does it not concern?) the clearest and most probable views that can be gathered from so vast a multiplicity of particulars, the political as well as the natural indications likely to affect the condition of landlord, tenant, and labourer. For nearly the last half century their circumstances have been much more influenced by politics than by seasons; and it is to be apprehended they will continue for some time to waver under the same continually varying influences.

The facts which induce us to this review are, first, that, for the last two years, very little foreign corn has been admitted into the market to increase the competition of our home growth; and secondly, that although such has been the case, the supply has been ample, and the price has fallen almost as low as it has ever been in the last twenty years. The first of these facts is of the utmost consequence, for it demonstrates that the demand and supply are more nearly equal in tolerably good seasons than the average importations of wheat (somewhat exceeding 500,000 quarters annually) should have seemed to imply. The second (taken in connexion with other circumstances) shows how very little the country has to dread from an entire abolition of the corn laws.

Of all questions that baffle the human understanding, escape inquiry, and evade direct and certain conclusions, the corn question appears to be the most unconfined; and as successive governments have been guided by Mr. Jacob's Reports, we shall examine into the results of that gentleman's statements. And although little will be learned beside the absolute failure of all his computations, we beg at the outset to do him the justice he has earned, that no one ever possessed a more extended view of the circumstances of the growth and trade in corn, both foreign and domestic. No one ever enjoyed means of inquiry so commanding; and no one ever used his opportunities of information with more diligence and ability. If then he has found all his calculations upset and negatived by events, it only serves to prove that the inquiry lies almost beyond the grasp of human intellect and industry. Mr. Jacob's first report was made in 1827, and his aim was to demonstrate—and had his ground embraced all the possibilities of the case he could have demonstrated—that wheat could never be imported for a continuance from the ports of the north of Europe at a price below forty-eight shillings the quarter.

In 1828 he delivered a second and much more elaborate report, when the additional points to be established (and which his calculations appeared thoroughly to justify) were,—

1st. That the numbers of the people—not in England alone but throughout Europe—were increasing greatly beyond the proportionate increase of subsistence.

2nd. That the stocks of corn held by merchants and farmers in England were reduced so low, that should there come a greatly deficient harvest it would be impracticable for all Europe to supply our wants.

3dly. That to increase the growth of foreign grain very much beyond its present quantity, if not absolutely impossible was altogether improbable.

The inference from these premises was, that England had little to dread from foreign competition, even under a total abandonment of the corn laws; and that a small protecting duty would be all-sufficient to ensure a price not below forty-eight shillings the quarter.

It is very remarkable that none of these assumptions have been verified—on the contrary, they have all been contradicted by the events of a bare seven years. And yet when we survey the enormous mass of documents, both private and official, from which the deductions were collected, and how perfectly the conclusions were drawn from the premises, the astonishment is that such extensive and carefully collated evidence should be so entirely brought to nought.

Mr. Jacob, however, was not satisfied with thus strongly pointing out the danger under which the country stood. He entered into a calculation, and he gave the whole process with the utmost fairness, to show that in 1816 the stock in hand in England was upwards of six millions of quarters of wheat. He computed the quantities of every succeeding harvest, deducting for seed and increased population; and in 1828, he concluded not only that the whole of the stock of six millions of quarters had been exhausted, but that, going back to 1823, even with the Irish and colonial supplies and an average annual importation of 300,000 quarters of foreign wheat, the country had consumed in the five years about seven millions of quarters more than it had produced. Had this approached the truth, it is difficult to discover how England could have escaped positive famine!!

We need scarcely remark that the last two years have shown the entire fallaciousness of these computations, for there has been no quantity of foreign corn important enough to affect the consumption brought upon the English market. We have been fed by the Irish, the colonial, and the home growth. The supply has always more than met the demand, and the price has fallen some shillings below forty-eight. The price of wheat in the northern ports is at this moment little more than half forty-eight. The refutation of all Mr. Jacob's inferences is complete; and the reasonings founded by Mr. Maculloch and other writers upon these the most copious and authentic materials, of course fall to the ground. Yet it is on them our later legislation has been constructed!

It is thus seen how little confidence can be placed upon the most uprightly conducted, and the widest researches. Common prudence then warns us to implore indulgence in regard to the speculations we are about to hazard.

The coming and proximate prospects of the farmer must in a great degree depend upon the crop; harvest is much, three weeks at least, before the general period; and if the representations of persons employed all over the country in making reports are to be relied upon, it will be abundant. The wheats are, even upon the light soils, heavy in the ear and great in bulk. Late as they came, the fine showers which have fallen, partially as to time but generally on the whole, during the last ten days (July 21), will plump the grain and give it additional weight. In a word, everything up to the present moment indicates at least an average and perhaps a more than average production. If this be so, couple the fact with the results of the last two years, and it will be manifest the farmer has no chance of any elevation of price; on the contrary, the early period at which the new samples will come into the market, and the almost certainty of a more than adequate supply for the year, backed by the grain in granary, will probably drive it down to the very lowest. The distress will rather be increased than lessened, especially since from neither of the sources promised by ministers—the commutation of tithes, which cannot pass this session, and the Poor Laws Amendment Bill—it is to be feared will there be any the least relief. The old alleviations, abatements and returns of rent, and in some cases of tithes, will be granted by good landlords and clergymen; and with these the farmer must be satisfied to drag on another year—no very cheering alternative. Here ends for the present our political exposition. Turn we to that which is strictly agricultural.

The deficiency of the hay crop, greater perhaps than was ever before known in the light land districts, will, it is hoped, be compensated in some

degree by a large turnip year. Even during the severity of the drought upon the driest soils the plant has come up well and escaped the fly, and there can be no doubt that the rains which have already penetrated to a good depth will be in the highest degree beneficial. In some places children have been employed to take up the plants infected and to destroy the wire-worm, which is found by the sickly appearance of the leaves. The potatoes, which have hitherto been very backward, will be saved by the same bounteous agency. The bulley will be short, but not so materially as was at one time to be apprehended, and the quality is certainly better, the skin finer and more transparent. The demand for manufactures still continuing, and indeed a new prospect of reclaiming the Portuguese and Spanish trades having opened through the late changes in those kingdoms, wools continue high and in full demand.

At the great Suffolk and Norfolk fairs held at Ipswich and Thetford, the prices asked in the room by the growers were generally rejected, but a good deal of business was done out of doors at from 42s. to 46s. for ewe, and from 50s. to 62s. for Hogget wool. Mr. Coke obtained 50s. and 64s. for his fleeces. Farmers have held off buying their full proportion of lambs from the scarcity of food, and the price is moderate, being from 18s. to 21s., but as soon as the fields get cleared it will probably advance.

An experiment of much importance has been prosecuted on the estate of W. E. L. Bulwer, Esq., of Heyden, in Norfolk. Mr. Hickling, one of his tenants, remarked amongst his crop three acres of wheat of an extraordinary formation. The kernels appeared to be much closer set and much more numerous than in the common wheats, the stalks stiff as reeds. He saved and sowed them in 1830. They produced three pints. In 1831 the three pints produced three pecks. In 1832 the three pecks produced thirty six bushels. These were planted, and are now growing upon eighteen acres of land of inferior quality, and so rich is the crop that the most respectable judges have made many bets concerning the quantity. They vary in their estimate from twelve to fifteen cones per acre. But all give that the crop will greatly exceed the average, probably nearly doubling that of such land. Mr. Richardson, of Heyden, to whom the public is indebted for a very excellent and practical treatise on the effects of the poor laws, has purchased the crop at a price somewhat exceeding eighty shillings a quarter, in order to ensure seed to the rest of Mr. Bulwer's tenantry and the neighbourhood. The crop has created great curiosity amongst the best judges in Norfolk; and it, as is averred, it does not degenerate, it is a most important discovery to the kingdom at large. We have inspected samples, and they fully bear out what has been stated above.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Ornamental Forest Trees — *The Birch* — Few trees are more graceful in their general appearance than the common birch (*Betula alba*). Its shining silvery bark, its delicate and slightly fragrant leaves, and its taper branches give it claims to rank among the most elegant productions of the vegetable kingdom. It grows rapidly in favourable situations; and it is so hardy that it is found on mountains in a higher elevation than any other vegetable product. There are nearly twenty different species of birch trees, besides several varieties. They vary very much in size and appearance; some of the American species being from sixty to seventy feet high, while some of the dwarf kinds seldom exceed three or four feet. The smallest is *Betula nana*, a native of Scotland. Some kinds are distinguished by the colour of their bark, as *B. alba*, *B. rubra*, *B. lutea*, and *B. nigra*, and one *B. papyracea*, or the paper birch, by the remarkable paper-like appearance which its outer

bark assumes. The most beautiful wood is produced by the *B. lenta*. This tree, which is sometimes called the mahogany birch, grows rapidly in valleys, and its leaves, which are very fragrant, when dried, make excellent tea. *B. pendula*, or the weeping birch, is, however, the most beautiful of the genus. There is a particularly fine variety of this species in the Knaps-hill nursery, near Bagshot, which has large shining leaves, and forms a most graceful tree.

The Willow.—There are nearly two hundred different kinds of willow; the greater part of which are to be found in the *Salicetum*, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire. There are also extensive collections in Mr. Donald's *Arboritum*, Goldworth Nursery, near Woking, and in the Oxford Botanic Garden. Though there are so many species of this tree, there are very few that could be distinguished as such by any but a practised eye, and consequently there are not many that are generally desirable for plantations. The swampy situations which are most congenial to them are also unsuitable for pleasure grounds; so that an extensive collection is rather an object of curiosity than one of general interest. The most distinct sorts are the weeping willow (*Salix Babylonia*); Napoleon's weeping willow from St. Helena, which some gardeners make a distinct species, and a fine specimen of which may be seen at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; and the *Salix annularis*, or ring-leaved willow, the narrow leaves of which curl round in rings. This species is more singular than beautiful. Of the other kinds the silvery (*S. argentea*), the white-leaved (*S. bucephylla*), the hoary-branched (*S. lutea*), the yellow-branched (*S. vitellina*), and the golden-flowered (*S. chrysanthos*), are among the most remarkable. Some are very low, particularly *S. arbutifolia*, *S. herbacea*, and *S. retusa*, which grow close to the ground. The weeping willow is generally planted near ponds, or on the banks of rivers, but it is also classed among what the Germans call mourning-trees, and which are proper to plant near monuments or mausoleums.

Gout in Wheat.—The disease which has been thus termed has appeared this season more generally than heretofore, supposed to have been encouraged by the extreme mildness of the winter. This prevalence induced J. B. Edmunds, Esq., of Wolverton, near Douset, to transplant a few roots, containing the chrysalis, in a pan, securing them by a gauze covering. The result has answered the expectations, and flies have been produced which in Autumn deposit their larvæ in the crown of the plant, producing the maggots which cause the disease. We have seen the plants with the flies on them, and are assured that the many farmers who have suffered from the disease will consider this experiment to ascertain its cause satisfactory.

The Mole Cricket.—Within the last two months, that formidable insect, commonly called the mole cricket, has been found in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of the Brass Mills, in the parish of Weston, near this city. This animal varies in length from one inch to three inches and a half. Its head is defended by a shell-like substance; underneath which protrude two claws, which are furnished with teeth, admirably fitting the creature for the devastating ravages which it is known to commit upon certain vegetables. It is also supplied with wings; and is astonishingly active in its movements. So destructive is it, that, in the gardens where it is found, whole patches of potatoes, and of various other esculents, have been partially devoured. In the potato grounds, where it has been more particularly observed, it has been found to commence its operations by burrowing under the earth several yards in a zig-zag direction, and destroying every vegetable substance in its progress. It would appear that having sated its appetite, it then descends perpendicularly to a depth of from two to three feet in the soil, where it remains in a dormant state, probably till hunger again calls it forth to renew its work of spoliation. These destructive insects located themselves in some of the fields adjoining the above situation,

about three years since, where they remained during the summer months, and then suddenly disappeared. It would, no doubt, be gratifying as well as useful, if any of our intelligent readers would furnish a more minute description of this insect, together with the most successful method of ridding the soil of so desolating a visitant. Since writing the above, we have ascertained that several nests of these insects have been discovered during the last few days. The formation of these receptacles is truly curious. The animal works out an oval space in the soil, several inches in diameter, over which it constructs a conical roof, and beneath which it deposits thousands of its eggs, which are of a light brown colour. The mole cricket is thus briefly described in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," article, ENTOMOLOGY:—"The wings furnished with a projection like the tail, and longer than the elytra; the fore-feet formed like hands, and downy. A native of Europe. This troublesome little animal frequents gardens and cultivated grounds, both of Europe and America, where it burrows below the ground, and is very destructive, eating and destroying the roots of plants. Body, dark brown, hairy; antennæ shorter than the body."—*Bath Gazette*.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Locomotive Machine.—Mr. Akrell, a very ingenious mechanic of Boston, has discovered a mode by which a person may easily propel himself on common roads, at a speed of from eight to ten miles per hour, without any expenditure in material, save the cost of the carriage! The construction of the vehicle is remarkably light; the body is on four wheels, and the impetus is effected by the pressure of the feet upon some concealed machinery, the nature of which the proprietor keeps a secret, though he willingly shows the carriage to every one except professed mechanics. At an elevation of about four feet the conductor sits, and he is enabled to guide it with the utmost accuracy, to suspend the motion in an instant, to turn to the right or left, or to give it a backward progress. Besides the mechanical power, however, the inventor has called the winds to his aid, for should the traveller be favoured with propitious gales, he can, by the introduction of a common umbrella in front, avail himself of an additional accelerator, the lightness of the vehicle and the elevation of the conductor rendering the least breeze sufficient to give the carriage an onward progress. Important as the invention is, on its own account, however, it is doubly so because it contains a principle which the projector declares will nearly abolish the friction which has ever been so great a drawback to the powers of the mighty steam-engine, and the removal of which will increase the powers and diminish the cost of those engines to an almost incredible extent.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

A new locomotive engine, from the foundry of Messrs. Geo. Forrest and Co., Vauxhall-road, Liverpool, has been tried on the railway. It made the journey from Liverpool to Manchester in 67 minutes, and brought back the first class train in 77 minutes! This powerful and rapid engine is intended for the Dublin and Kingstown railway.

Tinned Lead Pipes.—Mr. Ewbank, of New York, has invented a method of tinning lead pipes, "after they have been drawn to the proper size." This is ingeniously accomplished by drawing the lead tubes (properly prepared with rosin on their surfaces) through a bath of melted tin, kept at such a temperature as to avoid the fusion of the lead. We have seen some of these tubes, and their appearance promises a perfect protection to the lead.—*American Journal of Science*.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 24, 1834, TO JULY 13, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

June 24—R. COWAN, Plumstead, Kent, schoolmaster. R. HOSSIE, Curculiff place, Spitalfields, picture dealer. I. HUNT, Sheffield scissor manufacturer. I. WAISH, Warrington, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. J. BURNER, Hartlepool, Durham, merchant. W. WILKS, Exeter, fuller. R. WHITEHEAD, Bulford, Cheshire, attorney at law. C. WHYBROUCH, Manchester, victualler. S. COHN, Lumbury, jeweller. J. JAMES, Blindford, Dorsetshire, millceper. B. J. SELBY, York, sugar dealer. S. CHALMAN, Hurst, Antinom, Lync, Jamaica, cotton spinner. T. T. DAY, Brighton, surgeon. F. GREEN, Edington, Aston, Birmingham, surgeon.

June 27—C. I. LIDBERTON, Parson's Green, Fulham, wax bleicher. W. and E. FINCH, Ivy bridge, Devon, paper manufacturers. I. PEARSON, Eastbury, manufacturer. J. NEWBERRY, Reading, scrivener. R. BENNETT, Worcester, craper. J. H. BENTLEY, St. Martin's Lane, toymaker. C. C. DAVIS, New Church Street, Lisson Grove, Paddington, linen draper. J. J. S. TAYLOR, Manchester, commission agents. R. MOSS and I. BLUNT, Leek, Staffordshire, silk and button manufacturers. J. FRANKLIN, Walsall, Staffordshire, carrier. J. CORRIE, Pursell, Staffordshire, cutlery manufacturer. N. TRAFFORD, Oxford, clock and dealer in brass. H. and G. TEACH, London, Southampton ironmongers. I. SHARPLES, Liverpool, ironmonger.

July 1—I. SMITH, Edgware road, hosier. S. BRADY, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, grocer. J. H. ARTHUR, Garrick hill, City, wholesale stationer. J. DONSON, St. Paul's Church yard, City, needle manufacturer. R. PITMAN, Park Lane, Piccadilly, saddler. I. WATTS, Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire, stationer. C. P. LUMB, Leeds, commission agent. F. W. HOOVER, Leamington Priory, Warwick, carver and gilder. R. ROBERTS, Liverpool, ship chandler. W. COX, Smestow Mill, Wombourne, Staffordshire, miller. H. P. CURTIS, Romsey, Southampton, scrivener. W. A. FULLERTON, Liverpool, mariner. P. JOHNSON, Liverpool, joiner.

July 4—G. SUTTON, New street, Borough road, builder. H. PRIOR, Ludgate hill stationer. R. HOLDEN, Leamington Priory, Warwickshire, ironmonger. J. DRAKE, Northampton, horse dealer. G. BICKERDIKE, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, victualler. P. H. DANIEL, Bazels, Bosbury, Herefordshire, cider merchant. J. DAVENPORT, Nantwich, Cheshire, shoe manufacturer. W.

ASUWIN, Palmont row, Aston, Birmingham, gilt toy manufacturer. T. CHAMBERS, Birmingham, publican.

July 8—J. GOULDING, Basinghall street, City, woollen draper. G. PALMER, Above Bar, Southampton, taylor. G. MITCHELL, Lury street, St. James's tailor. F. MESSINGER, Liverpool, corn merchant. W. PIERCE, Fish p. Auckland, Durham, builder. J. SMITH, Masbrough, Rotham, Yorkshire, miller.

July 11—W. R. THORN, Southend, Essex, victualler. J. FINN, Siltoc, Bedfordshire, sheepcrafter. W. TURNER, Purlough, Essex, carpenter. J. VINY, Crouch end, Hovey, carpenter. H. CASE, F. 1 street, City, grocer. J. NORVALD, Knipstet, West Smithfield, victualler. J. COAD, Devonport, grocer. J. F. OGDEN, Ilford, Yorkshire, corn miller. W. NORMAN, Mendham, Norfolk, wine merchant. H. MYERS, White street, Houndsditch, stationer. R. BRIWER, Walsall, Staffordshire, builder. W. D. PARKHURST, Ilwinton, Devonshire. W. SAFFHOLST, Ponton, Lancashire, maltster. I. W. GIBBY, Brighton, builder. I. HOLMAN, Devonport, printer. R. O. HUGHES, Carnarvon, druggist.

July 13—J. THOMPSON, West Harding street, builder. W. GUMMOW, Weymouth street, Portland place, furnishing ironmonger. G. BAKER, Woolwich, linen draper. J. and C. DRAYFON, St. John street, Clerkenwell, wollen drapers. T. PHILLIPS, Lower Thames street, lighterman. J. DE COUTEUR, St. Peter's port, Guernsey, woollen draper. W. FERRITT, Burn, Lincolnshire, grocer. W. R. HOLROYD, Great Scotland yard, Westminster, plumber. F. E. LARKER, Liverpool, druggist. T. BUCKLEY and R. KENNAN, Liverpool, merchants. J. GOODMAN, Atcham, near Shrewsbury, innkeeper. J. BARNES, Manchester, pork butcher. F. EDWARDS, Manchester, publican. J. J. IVANS, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, surgeon. J. SANDALL, Bristol, stay maker. W. LANG, jun., High Bickington, Devonshire, glove maker. G. G. CHESTER, Shrewsbury, tailor. J. MALL, Lantegloss, Cornwall, miller.

July 13—H. JENNINGS, Feversham, Kent, innkeeper. W. BRIGGS, Richmond, Surrey, taylor. T. TAPSTER, Quadrant, Regent street, ironmonger. J. MORGAN, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer. T. LINDSAY, Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, tallow chandler. T. GROVE, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, miller. J. WELLS, Langford, Somersetshire, grocer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

It is gratifying to be able to report the very decided improvement which has recently taken place in the Woollen manufactures, persons who have traversed Yorkshire in all directions state that the operatives are every where in full employment, and that in wages it is scarcely less satisfactory to learn that the Trades' Unions have ceased to exercise their baneful influence over the workmen. The Cotton and Silk works in Lancashire are also in steady employment.

Among the subjects of chief interest now in the commercial world is the announced intention of Government to seek the sanction of Parliament to a measure for extending the privilege of warehousing foreign goods in bond to inland towns. Notwithstanding the specious plea that such a measure would be in harmony with the system of freedom of trade, it does appear to be open to strong objections. In the first place, in considering this subject it should be borne in mind that the permitting goods to be warehoused in bond at all was originally, not with a view to granting a boon to this or that particular port, but for the purpose of effecting a great national object in the increase of our commerce and the encouragement of our commercial navy. The extension of our commerce was successfully promoted by relaxing the strict rule by which the duties on goods imported were levied immediately they came over the ships' side, unless the merchant could find sufficient persons to be security with him for the amount of them; the encouragement of our shipping was effected as well by the enlarged importations of the merchant, from whom no other guarantee was now to be required than the goods themselves, and still more by the facilities afforded under the warehousing system for rendering this country an entrepot for goods in their transit from one foreign state to another. Subject to the regulations which the Government considered necessary for the protection of the revenue, and which added greatly to the expense of these establishments, vast piles of warehouses have been erected in London, Liverpool, and other principal ports, and Docks constructed at an outlay of several millions. It is now asserted that the confining this privilege to ports, to the exclusion of inland towns, is a monopoly grievously injurious to the latter, and which ought to be abolished; but this, if monopoly it can be called which is enjoyed by the whole circuit of the

island wherever ports and warehouses of adequate security exist is one so clearly dependent on topographical position, that it might as well be alleged as an injury that they have a monopoly of the sea. In a national point of view (and in no other) should the question be considered, no new advantages to commerce or to the shipping interests would be derived from the proposed extension, while the adoption of it solely with the object of benefiting certain inland towns at the expense of the ports now possessing bonded warehouses would be manifestly unjust towards the proprietors of the latter, who have expended large capitals upon the faith of Acts of Parliament. Add to this that the measure would be positively detrimental to the revenue from the increased establishment of officers which would be required, and from the impossibility with all the vigilance that could be exerted, of preventing fraud when such articles as tea, spices, drugs, silk, wine, spirits &c., were traversing the country in all directions in bond.

The first free trader from Canton the South has arrived in the St. Katharine's Dock with a valuable cargo of silk; and the first cargo of tea brought into the port of London since the extinction of the East India Company's commercial character has gone into the London Docks; it consists of 1300 chests from Hamburg and of course, can only be entered for re-exportation.

The Market for Colonial produce has been firm of late, and the extent of business moderate; the arrivals of British Plantation Sugars have been large, but the importers hold with confidence, and the superior descriptions meet with an active demand. Among the recent sales, 150 hhds of Barbadoes, middling to good colony grocery, sold briskly at 55s to 59s, and 207 hhds and 22 trs. of Barbadoes, Trinidad, St. Vincent, and Jamaica, brought for brown, 49s to 51s, and for good yellow colony, 53s to 53s 6d. For Mauritius there is a fair demand, particularly for yellow descriptions for the scale; the following prices have been obtained—for low brown, 43s. to 45s 6d.; brown, 49s. to 51s.; yellow, 53s. to 56s.

In East India Sugars, 1700 bags of low middling Munnis brought 23s 6d. Suams are scarce, and in demand; Bengals are taken off steadily by the grocers.

Foreign Sugars are in general dearer,

there being favourable accounts from the continental markets

The Refined Market is dull, with little alteration in prices 32s per cwt. is asked for fine crushed

Fine British Plantation Coffee maintain their value but the inferior descriptions are reduced in price The prices lately obtained for Jamaica are, for good and fine middling 9s to 10s, for low middling and middling 7s to 8s, for good to fine fine ordinary, 6s to 7s 6d, for ordinary 40s to 50s East India Coffee are in but limited demand and in Ceylon a considerable reduction has taken place by public sale lately, good ordinary was taken in at 42s 6d, Mocha has been recently purchased by the grocers at high prices. The transactions in Foreign Coffee are inconsiderable

Teas have improved largely since the sale common Hysons being a profit of 3l to 4l per lb Boheas and common Congous 1l to 1½l, and fine Congous 2½d

The first sale of Indro under the direction of the committee of East India merchants commenced on the 22nd, by permission of the Directors at the India House, prices were about equal to those of the Company's sale, just terminated, this is to say from 3l to 9l per lb below those of the April sale

There is a lively demand for Rum, and proof Licewards are worth 2s 2l per gallon, Jamaica is of good quality, 30 per cent over proof, being 3s The Government contract for 70,000 gallons, for which there was much competition, has been taken at 1s 11½d for 5 under proof Rum is now admitted for home consumption in France at a rate of duty equal to about 4s 6d per gallon

Ginger, Cinnamon, and Pepper continue in steady demand, Mace Cloves, and Nutmegs are neglected

The Corn Market is kept in an inanimate state, speculation being at rest until the state of the harvest can be more accurately ascertained The reports of the condition of the Wheat is almost universally good, and the successions of rain and fine weather, lately experienced, must tend to confirm them; the Continental intelligence, too, is equally favourable; so that it may be fairly anticipated that the harvest of Europe, generally, will be abundant. Prices of all descriptions of grain are, therefore, disposed to give way; with the exception of Barley, which is still held with firmness

The Market for British Securities has been very steady during the month, with the exception of the shock they

received from the sudden breaking up of the Administration This, however, did not affect Consols more than about 1 per cent, and they have been recovering since the reconstruction of the Cabinet Bank and India Stock have scarcely moved, but Exchequer Bills and India Bonds have fluctuated considerably, the limits in the former having been 46s and 54s, and in the latter 16s and 27s

In the Foreign Market the chief field for speculation is still furnished by the Peninsular Securities, Spanish Bonds which at the commencement of the month were at 50 fell rapidly upon the report of the evasion of Don Carlos, and were done at 40½ some reaction subsequently took place and they have since touched up to 45 In Portuguese, the fluctuations though less extensive, have been considerable, the measures taken by Don Pedro for securing public credit caused the Bonds of that State to rise from about 83 to 89, under the influence of the smister reports touching Spain they relapsed to the former price and have since gradually advanced about 3 per cent Other descriptions of Foreign Stock as they have been much neglected by speculators, have not presented any changes of importance

The following were the closing prices on the 26th —

BRITISH FUNDS

Bank Stock, 218 19—Three per Cent Reduced 91½—Three per Cent Consols, 90½—Three and a Half per Cent Reduced, 99½—New Three and a Half per Cent, 98½—Four per Cent 1826, assented, 99½ 100, dissented, 101½—Long Annuities, to the 5th Jan 1860, 17½—India Stock 265 6—Ditto Bonds, Two and a Half per Cent, 21 3—Exchequer Bills, 1000l, 52s, 54s.—Consols for the Account, for August, 91½

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Five per Cent, 98½—Brazilian, Ditto, 79½ 80—Chilian Six per Cent, 30 1—Colombian Six per Cent of 1824, 30½—Danish Three per Cent, 74½ 5½—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 51½ ½—Ditto Five per Cent, 91½ ¾—Mexican Six per Cent, 42½ 3—Peruvian Six per Cent., 26½ 7½—Portuguese Regency Five per Cent, 85½ ¾—Russian Five per Cent, 106½ ¾—Spanish Five per Cent, 42½ 3

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 7½, 8½—Bolanos, 112½, 17½—Brazilian, Imperial, 30, 30—Colombian, 10, 11—Real del Monte, 34½, 5½—United Mexican, 5½, 6½—Canada, 48 9

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In our last number we detailed certain changes which had taken place in his Majesty's Government, arising from the resignation of Mr Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon. It now becomes our duty to record the resignation of Lord Grey, and the appointment of his successor, Viscount Melbourne, as First Lord of the Treasury. His Lordship has been succeeded by Lord Duncannon as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the vacancy thus created has been filled up by the appointment of Sir John Campbell as Hobhouse.

The Revenue—Our readers will perceive by the following account that there has been a considerable increase in the revenue accounts for the quarter. The increase on the year ended 5th July 1834 as compared with the year ended 5th July, 1833 is 340,236*l*. but the increase on the quarter ended 5th July 1834, as compared with the quarter ended 5th July 1833, is 350,952*l*. The great increase in the quarter is in the Customs, being no less than 414,205*l*.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the								
	Qrs ended July 5 1833	1834	In- crease	1 crease	Y 1	1 1 1 18 3	I crease	D crease
Customs	3 003 00	4 414 00	1 411 00		1 114 83	1 114 83		114 83
Excise	3 041 88	3 340 00	298 12	1 110 6	0 85	14	3 0	
Stamps	1 781 0	1 031 4	749 6		1 01 0	1 10	148	
Taxes	1 310 0	1 341 0	31 0		1 01 0	1 10		1 110
Post Office	315 0	380 0	65 0		1 00	1 00		
Miscellan	225	545	320	3 40	0 21	18 00		1 04
	10 801 27	11 075 4	274 17	1 181	13 10	13 3 4	308	2 01
Repayments of Advances for Public Works	46 46	107 60	61 14		0 40	4 2 10	11 31	
Total	10 847 742	11 183 01	335 268	10 181	13 81 8	13 1 4	319	2 01
	Deduct Decrease			10 181	Deduct Decrease			2 30
	Increase on the Quarter			250 05	Increase on the Year			30, 0

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT—HOUSE OF LORDS

June 23.—The Marquess of Westminster moved the second reading of the Bill for removing the civil disabilities under which the Jews labour, and contended at some length for the justice and policy of the measure.—The Earl of Malmesbury moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—The Earl of Winchelsea supported the amendment, and denounced the measure as an insult to the Almighty, he denied that the Jews labour under any disadvantages which call for Parliamentary interference.—The Archbishop of Canterbury rejected that the subject should be pressed so soon again, after its rejection last year, and contended that as Christians, their Lordships were bound to reject the measure.—The Earl of Radnor maintained that upon Christian principles the Bill ought to pass. The conduct of the good Samaritan, and the principle of doing as we would be done by, were in favour of it.—Lord Bexley also supported the Bill.—The Marquess of Westmorland supported the amendment.—Their Lordships divided—Contents, present, 24, proxies, 14,

total* for the bill 38 Non contents, present, 50, proxies, 50, total against the bill, 130—Majority, 92—The Bill was consequently rejected.

June 24 The Bishop of Lindisfarne presented two petitions against the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, and made some remarks in support of them

June 25—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, it was ordered that an address be presented to his Majesty for a copy of the first report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the means of forming a digest of the Criminal Law—In answer to the Duke of Cumberland, the Lord Chancellor said he was anxious that the bill relative to the non residence of the clergy should pass during the present session

June 25—Mr Payne, the publisher of the Morning Post, was brought to the bar of the House to answer for a breach of privilege in arraigning the conduct of the Lord Chancellor—Mr Payne stated that the control of the paper rested not with him but with Mr Bittleston the editor, Mr Payne was accordingly dismissed and Mr Bittleston ordered to appear

June 30 The proceedings in the case of the breach of privilege complained of by the Lord Chancellor were resumed and terminated in the committal of Mr Bittleston

July 1—Lord Wyndhurst presented a petition from Mr T Bittleston, the editor of the Morning Post, declaring that he was sincerely sorry for his offence and praying their Lordships' pardon for the error he had committed—Lord Grey referring to the last case before their Lordships' House, observed that the printer was not discharged until the day after his petition was presented—He saw no reason for making any distinction in the present case—The petition was then ordered to be taken into consideration on the following day—Lord Grey presented a Bill to renew, until the 1st of August, 1831, the Irish Coercion Act, which is to undergo no alteration, except the omission of the court martial clause

July 2—Mr Bittleston was brought to the bar, and reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor, after which he was discharged on payment of the fees—The Poor Laws Amendment Bill was brought up from the Commons, and after some discussion was read a first time

July 4—Lord Grey then moved the second reading of the Irish Disturbances Suppression Bill—The Earl of Durham objected to the Bill as at present framed, but observed that if the clause which gave the Government a power over political meetings were withdrawn he would give the measure his support—Lord Grey replied to the observations of his noble relative, whose motives he honoured and whose love of liberty he approved—But having done so he declared, with deep pain, his total and absolute dissent from the view which his noble relative had taken on this occasion—a dissent so total and absolute, that he declared if he could not propose the Bill with the clause that respected public meetings he would not propose it at all—Having enumerated the circumstances which, in his opinion, made out a case of necessity sufficiently urgent to justify the introduction of the Bill, the noble Lord concluded by assuring their Lordships that he proposed this measure with the greatest reluctance, but from a sense of duty, which he should be the most unworthy man in existence if he neglected.—The Bill was read a second time

July 7—The Earl of Wicklow presented a petition against the Irish Church Commission, and made some observations on the difference of opinion in the Cabinet respecting it—Lord Grey said no Member of the Cabinet could disclose what passed in the deliberations of Ministers without a breach of duty—The Duke of Richmond said his Majesty had given him permission to state what he thought necessary to explain his late resignation of office.—The Irish Coercion Bill went through a Committee without

a discussion, Earl Grey expressing his deep regret at the necessity for passing it, and stating that the Court-Martial clause, which had never been acted on, was withdrawn.

July 8.—Earl Grey moved the postponement of the report on the Irish Disturbances' Suppression Bill till Wednesday. His Lordship thought that a delay of twenty-four hours was of no great moment; but, short as the delay was, he would not have moved it without sufficient reasons. The Noble Earl also moved the postponement of the Poor-Law Bill.

July 9.—On the Order of the Day being called for to bring up the Report of the Irish Coercion Bill, Earl Grey rose to make his expected statement on the subject of the Ministerial resignations. His Lordship was so much affected on proceeding to announce the fact of his retirement, that he was obliged to sit down, after an unavailing struggle with his feelings. In a few moments, however, he again rose, and after expressing his astonishment that despatches, not of a public, but of a private and confidential nature, from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should be required, he proceeded to observe,—“ I must say again that such a communication, so made, ought not to have been divulged; but the Minister being charged with a breach of faith, in addition to a charge of vacillation as respected the measure itself, and the discussion which took place in the other House of Parliament on the subject, these things placed us in different circumstances; and the consequence was, that my Noble Friend (the Chancellor of the Exchequer), feeling the ground thus slipping from under his feet—feeling the difficult situation in which he was placed in the House of Commons, concluded that he could not, with satisfaction to himself and advantage to the country, continue in his present situation. The being deprived of the assistance of my Noble Friend, the leading Minister in the House of Commons, in whom the strength of Ministers in that House lay as a leader, and in losing whom I lost my right arm, placed me in such a situation, that I felt I could not continue longer in office with satisfaction to myself—with advantage to my Sovereign and my country. Therefore, upon receiving the resignation of my Noble Friend, I felt an unavoidable necessity to tender my own resignation, and they have both been accepted; and I have only to discharge the duty of my office till such time as his Majesty shall be able to appoint a successor.—The Duke of Wellington admitted that the Noble Earl had explained with great clearness the cause of his own resignation; but he had not explained the cause of the resignations which had led to his own. That part had been left short of any explanation, at which he was the more surprised, because, if ever there were a set of Ministers who, more than all others that had ever gone before them, were placed under the strongest necessity of continuing to serve their Sovereign as long as it was possible for them to do so, the Noble Earl and his colleagues were those Ministers. After taking a review of the acts of the Noble Earl's administration, his Grace concluded by disclaiming all personal hostility, and declaring that he never had opposed the measures of the Noble Earl except with great pain to himself.—The Lord Chancellor entered into a review of measures of Ministers, and showed the difficulties they had to contend with. The conclusion of his Lordship's speech was an eulogium upon the intellectual and moral qualities of the late Premier.

July 10.—The Marquess of Londonderry wished to know whether there existed an Administration in this country at present, or whether any steps had been taken for the construction of a new one?—if not, he should feel himself justified in moving an adjournment of the House. The Lord Chancellor said he knew of no resignation up to that moment in the Administration, except that of his Noble Friend, who had yesterday entered upon an explanation of the matter, and his Noble Friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Lordship declined answering the question whether any

steps had been taken to form a new Administration, and the subject was allowed to drop.

July 11 —The Marquess of Londonderry said that as so important a measure as the Poor Law Bill was to be brought forward this evening he thought their Lordships ought to be informed who were the responsible advisers of the Crown. Earl Grey replied that the Bill certainly involved great consideration, but he thought it his duty, circumstanced as he was, to bring it before their Lordships. If their Lordships considered that the incomplete state of the Administration rendered it inadvisable to bring it before the House, he would bow to that decision. —After some further discussion, it was agreed that the Bill be read a second time this day se night.

July 14 —The Earl of Haldington inquired whether there was any Government formed, or whether any Noble Lord had been authorised to form one. Lord Melbourne stated that, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, he had undertaken to lay before his Majesty the plan of an Administration, observing that he should not have accepted such a situation, if he had not had the assistance of his Noble Friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and also the authority of his Noble Friend, the Noble Lord at the head of the late Administration. His Lordship pledged himself to communicate the result of his endeavours at the earliest possible moment.

July 16 —Lord Ellenborough asked whether it was the intention of Ministers to move the third reading of the Irish Coercion Bill on Monday? —The Lord Chancellor observed that, as the Government was now formed, his Noble Friend (Lord Melbourne) would be in his place on Thursday, and ready to answer the question. The Marquess of Londonderry wished to know whether the right hand of the Administration had returned to the body, notwithstanding the head was changed? —The Lord Chancellor had no hesitation in stating that his Noble Friend was still Chancellor of the Exchequer, and might well be considered the right hand of any Administration to which he belonged.

July 17 —Lord Ellenborough repeated his question as to whether it was the intention of Ministers to move the third reading of the Irish Coercion Bill? —Lord Melbourne answered in the negative, but added, that another Bill would be immediately introduced into the House of Commons, which would not contain the three first clauses of the present Bill.

July 18 —Lord Wharcliffe called upon Ministers to show the House and the country that there were good grounds for omitting the clauses in the Coercion Bill which they had formerly considered necessary, and moved an Address to his Majesty for an order to produce a copy of the letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in which he stated his grounds for having altered his views from those contained in his letter of the 18th of April. —Lord Melbourne opposed the motion. The letter was a private one, and therefore ought not to be produced, and the Noble Baron had not adduced one admissible reason for its production. —The motion was withdrawn.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 23 —Mr. Tittleton, on moving that the House resolve into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, entered into some general explanations as to its provisions, but wished to have the amendments printed and the blanks filled up before he asked for the concurrence of the House. —Mr. O'Connell said that the Tithe Bill offered no advantage to the people. It promised something to the landlords after five years, but five years was a century in the history of Ireland. After a variety of observations, to show the ill effects that would follow from the practical adoption of the Bill, and the necessity of recognising the principle of appropriation, the Honourable

Member moved a resolution to the effect, that any sums raised in lieu of tithes should, after providing for vested interests, be applied to objects of general utility and charity.—A long debate ensued, and, on a division, Mr. O'Connell's motion was negatived by a majority of 360 to 99.

June 21.—Colonel Williams complained of a breach of privilege, in having, on his way to the House, been interrupted by the troops and police, and moved an address to the Crown on the subject.—Mr. H. Bulwer seconded the motion, which, however, was eventually withdrawn.—In answer to Mr. O'Dwyer, respecting Kilmamham hospital, Mr. Flicce stated, that it was not the intention of Government to abolish that establishment.—Mr. Ewart moved a resolution respecting the duties on the produce of our eastern possessions, which was not discussed, in consequence of there not being forty Members present.

June 26.—The Game Law Amendment Bill was thrown out upon the second reading by a majority of 55 to 21. Mr. Langdale brought in his Bill to authorize Roman Catholics in England and Wales to be married by clergymen of their own religion. It was read a first time, and ordered for a second reading on Wednesday.—In reply to the Marquess of Chandos, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said he should bring forward his budget soon after quarter day.—Mr. Wallace's motion for an address to his Majesty for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the management of the post-office and packet service, was negatived without a division.—Mr. Ewart's motion for a select committee to inquire into the state of the Royal Academy was withdrawn.

June 27.—Mr. O'Reilly asked if the laws of the treaty between Don Miguel and Don Pedro, as stated in the papers, were authentic. He understood that the religious members of convents were excluded from the general amnesty.—Lord Palmerston was not able to say when he could lay the treaty on the table of the House, but the moment he had received the authentic copy, he should feel it his duty to do so. He thought that the latter part of the question had reference to domestic policy, which the Government was not called upon to answer, although the Government would do their best to have the terms of the treaty early acted upon. The further consideration of the report of the committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill was then proceeded with.

June 30.—The committal of the Irish Tithe Bill was deterred.—The second reading of the Church-rates Bill was postponed.—The report of the committee on the Postage of Newspaper Acts was brought up and agreed to.—Mr. F. Baring brought in a Bill to regulate the conveyance of newspapers by post, which was read a first time.

July 1.—Lord Althorp moved the third reading of the Poor Law Amendment Bill, which was met by Mr. Hodges with an amendment, "that the Bill be read a third time this day six months."—Sir H. Willoughby seconded the amendment, which, after a debate, was negatived, and the Bill read a third time by a majority of 187 to 50.

July 2.—The House went into committee on the Universities' Admission Bill.—Sir G. Murray made some observations, and objected to its principle as a source of schism.—The Speaker also objected to the measure, as likely to overturn the discipline of the Universities.—The Bill then went through the committee.—Mr. P. Thomson, on the House being formed into a committee on the Customs Acts, moved several resolutions which are to be embodied in a Bill. The committee approved of the resolutions which suggest reductions of duty on a variety of articles.

July 3.—A long conversation took place between Mr. Littleton and Mr. O'Connell on the subject of certain communications which had taken place between them previous to the bringing in of the Irish Coercion Bill, which

terminated in Mr O'Connell making a motion for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would be pleased to order that a copy of all the correspondence which had passed between the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and his Majesty's Government, respecting the renewal of the Coercion Bill be laid before the House. Mr Littleton said that in bringing in the measure in question, he would lay before the House all the correspondence between the Lord Lieutenant and his Majesty's Government which was necessary to justify the measure. — After some discussion, Mr O'Connell said he would not press his motion to a division, but would content himself with its being recorded on the Journals.

July 4 — Mr H. Gifford gave notice of a motion to the effect that the Minister of the Crown who should introduce the Coercion Bill in the House without inquiry, was unfit for the office of Adviser of the Crown, and unworthy of a seat in that House. The Hon Member also gave notice of a call of the House on the occasion. The House having resolved itself into committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Act Mr Littleton moved, preparatory to the committee on the Irish Tithe Bill a resolution to the effect, "That it was the opinion of the Committee that for any deficit that might arise in the sums accruing to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests out of the land tax or rent charges payable for the composition of ecclesiastical tithes in Ireland for the payment of which the consolidated fund was rendered liable, the consolidated fund should be indemnified by the revenues at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in Ireland and out of the perpetuity purchase fund placed at their disposal by the Act of last Session entitled the Irish Church Temporalities Bill. — After a lengthened debate, the House divided, and the resolution was agreed to.

July 7 — Lord Althorp in presenting papers respecting the state of Ireland, and moving that they be printed, stated that, in consequence of what had taken place on Thursday in that House Mr Littleton had tendered his resignation, but he had been induced to retain office at the request of Earl Grey and the rest of the Cabinet. Mr O'Connell moved, by way of amendment, that the papers be referred to a Select Committee, with instructions that they should report their opinion thereon to the House. — After a long discussion the House divided when there appeared for the original motion, 107, against it 75; majority 34. — Lord Chandos brought on his motion on the subject of agricultural distress. — After a long debate, the House divided, when there appeared for the motion, 171 against it, 190; majority, 16. — The resolutions in Committee for a grant out of the consolidated fund to the Irish Church were carried by a majority of 181 against 106.

July 8 — Mr Wall brought forward his motion for carrying into effect the report of the Committee which recommended that a correct plan should be adopted for ascertaining the divisions of the House, which after some discussion was carried, on a division, by a majority of 76 to 32.

July 9 — Lord Althorp addressed the House, and said, "In the peculiar situation in which I now stand, I find it necessary to make a statement to this House. So, when the decision of the Cabinet was required as to whether the Coercion Act should be renewed, I concurred in the necessity for its renewal with the omission only of the clauses relating to court-martials. I hope I need not say that I did so with the greatest reluctance. Private and confidential communications, however, from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, brought the subject again under the consideration of the Cabinet in the week before last. It was at this time that my Right Hon. Friend, the Secretary for Ireland, suggested to me the propriety of telling the Hon and Learned Gentlemen opposite that the Bill was still under consideration. I saw no harm in this, but I begged him to use extreme

caution, and by no means to commit himself. From the nature of the Lord Lieutenant's communications, I was led to believe that the three first clauses of the Act, those I mean which refer to meetings in the parts of Ireland not proclaimed, were not essentially necessary. Under this impression, I objected to the renewal of these clauses. In this opposition my Right Hon. Friends the Members for Inverness, for Cambridge, for Edinburgh, and for Coventry, concurred. The Cabinet, however, decided against us, and we were left in a minority. We decided that it was our duty to acquiesce. Upon the most careful consideration I am convinced that we were right in so doing. I felt, however, that I might be placed in great difficulty and embarrassment during the progress of this measure through this House. But when, on Thursday, I heard the statement of my Right Hon. Friend, the Secretary for Ireland, and then for the first time was made aware of the nature and extent of the communication which he had made, I thought it most probable that those difficulties and embarrassments would prove to be insuperable. The debate on Monday night, on the motion of the Hon. and Learned Gentleman, proved to me that they were so, and convinced me that I could no longer conduct this Bill, or indeed the public business, with credit to myself, or with advantage to the public. I accordingly wrote that night, when I returned home, to Lord Grey, and requested him to tender my resignation to his Majesty, which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept. I am authorised by my Right Hon. Friends to say that they approve of, and concur in, the step which I have taken. This is the state of the case as it respects myself, and indeed as it respects my Right Hon. Friends. I shall be extremely sorry, if the course which I have pursued on this occasion should be disapproved by my fellow-countrymen, but I should be still more grieved, if it should not be approved of by that large body of gentlemen in this House, who have hitherto honoured me by so much of their confidence. I have only further to say, that I continue only to hold my office till my successor shall be appointed, but that of course I shall feel it to be my duty to continue the ordinary business of government in this House.—Mr. Lattleton then expressed his regret for the serious consequence of his error, but he was actuated by no other desire than to promote the peace of the country.—Mr. O Connell was convinced that the Right Hon. Gentleman had acted with good faith towards him. He was as anxious as any for a liberal Administration, such as that of the four Cabinet Ministers named. They had his confidence, and, he believed, the confidence of the country.—Mr. Hume rose to move the order of the day, and in doing so, would take an opportunity of expressing how seriously sorry he was to hear what he had just heard. Although, on some occasions, he had taken an adverse position to the Ministry of Earl Grey, he must say that he still had some confidence in that Ministry. It was with extreme regret, therefore, that he had heard his Lordship had been placed in a situation in which he was compelled to resign.—Lord Althorp then rose and said, “I wish to confine myself to my own case; but I ought to have stated in my first address, that in consequence of myself and my Right Hon. Friend retiring from office, Lord Grey will, by this time, have stated in another place, that the Administration is at an end.”—Mr. Hume rose immediately and said, “Can any one state that any Administration could be formed on any other principles than those of that liberal character professed by the Noble Lord and his colleagues? Attempts may be made, but I mistake the feeling of the House and country if it is not utterly impossible to saddle upon the country a Toy Government. I therefore express my regret again at what has occurred.”—The orders of the day were then proceeded with, but soon abandoned.

July 10.—The House met, and adjourned to the 14th.

July 14.—Lord Althorp made a communication relative to the formation of a new Ministry, to the same effect as that made by Lord Melbourne in

the House of Lords, and moved the adjournment of the House till Thursday, which was agreed to without discussion.

July 17.—Lord Althorp stated, that Lord Melbourne having been commissioned by his Majesty to lay before him the plan of an Administration, had completed his arrangements, and reconstructed the Cabinet. The addition made to the Ministry was, that Lord Duncannon having accepted the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, Sir John Cam Hobhouse had been appointed to the Woods and Forests, in place of Lord Duncannon, with a seat in the Cabinet. His Lordship concluded by moving for a new writ for Nottingham, in the room of Lord Duncannon.—A long debate took place on the subject of the Ministerial arrangements, after which the writ was ordered.—Mr. Shiel brought forward his motion for an Address to his Majesty on the existing Distress in Ireland, which, after some conversation, was withdrawn.

July 18.—Lord Althorp brought forward the renewal of the Coercion Bill, and proposed to re-enact those parts of the Bill which refer to the proclaimed districts, with the addition of two clauses for the protection of witnesses, and to prevent signals for the collection of tumultuous assemblies.—Mr. O'Connell declared his intention not to oppose the measure.—Sir R. Peel said that Ministers were called upon to explain the grounds on which they had come to the resolution of proposing the Bill as thus modified; but that he should not move the re-insertion of the clauses proposed to be omitted.—After a very long debate, the House divided; for the motion, 140; against it, 43.—The Bill was then read a first time.—The Church Temporalities Bill went through a Committee.—The Trading Companies Bill was read a second time.—The third reading of the Sabbath Observance Bill was carried by 57 to 24.—Mr. Cayley then proposed, by way of rider, a clause, declaring that nothing in the act should prevent any games or exercises in the open air, such games not being played during divine service, on the premises of beer-houses, or for money.—This clause was carried by 37 to 31.—Finally, the House divided on the question that the Bill do pass, when it was *negatived* by 35 to 31.

THE COLONIES.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

It appears, by a statement in the "Australian," that the population, exclusive of the military, is 57,000. Of different religious persuasions there are 38,273 Protestants, 15,165 Roman Catholics, 307 Jews, 41 Pagans, and 1505 uncertain. The number of free Roman Catholics is 8168, or about one-fourth of the free population. The proportion of Protestants to Catholics, not free, is about three to one.

SWAN RIVER.

Favourable accounts have been received from Swan River to the middle of February. The greatest drawback was the high price of labour, but this circumstance holds out great encouragement for settlers to repair thither; and some were returning from Van Diemen's Land who had left the colony on its first settlement. Freemantle had much improved in appearance and convenience; this is greatly owing to the facility with which stone is procured, and the cheapness of timber and lime. The natives continue on friendly terms with the settlers, frequenting the towns, and often receiving provisions either from the colonists or from the Government stores. At Perth, new barracks were recently finished, which are built of brick, and other improvements were in progress. At the settlement over the mountains at York, the land had proved very good for culture and for

grazing to a very large extent. The flocks of sheep and the cattle were increasing fast. A herd of wild cattle had been discovered on the banks of the Murray River, not much short of 200. The natives gave notice of its existence to the settlers. They were led to make the discovery known by seeing a picture which contained a group of cattle.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

A QUESTION of great importance to France, a country obliged by its moral state and geographical situation to keep up a large standing army, is said to be at last decided by a Commission specially formed for the purpose, viz., whether the troops shall be employed on public works, and on the making of roads in several of the departments? This has been solved in the affirmative. The soldiers are to be supplied with all the necessary tools and implements under proper regulations, each battalion being answerable for the quantities it has received. It is proposed to give piece-work, and the wages as paid to other workmen.

BELGIUM.

The Brussels Journals have contained a report on the proposed commercial law, to which are annexed some interesting statistical tables, furnished by the Minister of the Interior. It appears that the number of towns in Belgium is 96, and of rural communes 2642, containing a population in the towns of 958,227 souls, and in the rural communes of 3,103,555; total, 4,061,782. The population of Belgium is divided in the following manner:— There are 1581 communes with a population of 1000 souls and under; 919 with from 1000 to 3000 souls; 216 with from 3000 to 10,000; eight with from 10,000 to 15,000; four with from 15,000 to 20,000; four with from 20,000 to 25,000; one with from 25,000 to 30,000; and five with 10,000 and upwards. The number of electors by whom the national representation is chosen amounts to, in the towns, 14,835; and in the country, to 33,018; total, 47,853; which numbers give one elector for every 65 inhabitants in the towns, and one out of every 94 in the country; and for the entire population, one out of every 85. In Belgium there is one representative out of every 39,821 individuals and out of every 469 electors, and one senator for every 79,642 individuals and 933 electors; 46,099 electors, or one individual out of every 88 inhabitants, have had a voice in the formation of the National Congress. The number of municipal electors in the towns of Belgium was, after the provisional decree of the Government, 21,719, and will be, after the proposed law, 29,423, giving an increase of 8660.

SPAIN.

Spain is, we fear, destined to continue the theatre of civil war. Don Carlos, who so lately arrived in this country under circumstances which appeared to preclude the possibility of any revival of his pretensions to the Spanish crown, has returned to Spain. His expedition was managed with great secrecy. He left London on the 1st of July, and while everybody imagined that he was still resident in this country, was proceeding in disguise across France to the Spanish frontier. On the 9th, he entered Spain, and reached Elisondo, the seat of the Junta of Navarre. His proclamations are of a strong and determined character: and it cannot be concealed that his presence will inspire his partizans with new energy, and secure an accession of numbers to his cause.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR GILBERT BLANE.

THIS veteran practitioner died in the 85th year of his age. His career has been rather professional than literary, yet as much of the latter as to entitle him to a slight notice from us. He commenced life as a naval surgeon, and was present at the engagement between the English and French fleets in the West Indies, on the 12th of April, 1782, of which he wrote an account—we believe his first published work. He rose gradually in his profession, until he attained the rank of physician to the fleet, and was honoured with the acquaintance and friendship of his present Majesty. In 1788 we find him selected to deliver the Croonian Lecture, on muscular motion before the Royal Society, which lecture was published in 1790. We also find in their Transactions, Vol. 80, an account by him of the *Nardus Indica*, or spikenard, in which paper he attempted to collect what was known by the ancients respecting this odouriferous herb. His ideas respecting medical education, and certain topics connected with it, he gave to the world in 1819, under the title of "Medical Logic," and the work has run through more than one edition.

In 1822 he published "Select Dissertations on several subjects of Medical Science," most of which, we believe, had before appeared as separate papers in some of the medical periodicals. For some time he had retired from public life, when we find him once more coming forward in 1831, and addressing his "Warning to the British Public against the alarming approach of the Indian Cholera."

These, with some pamphlets on subjects of ephemeral interest, and contributions to medical periodicals, constitute, we believe, the whole of his literary labours.—*Athenæum*.

LIEUTENANT SIDNEY PARRY, 1ST LIFE GUARDS.

The untimely end of this talented young officer has excited a painful interest among all who knew him, and profound affliction in those to whom he was allied by blood or friendship.

At an early age, Sidney Parry showed a strong inclination for a military life. He entered the army under the auspices of the late Earl of Harrington and of Lieut. General Rebon, in 1828. If high personal courage, self-control, presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty and danger, and a singularly clear judgment, be qualities befitting a hero, this young man might have obtained the title, in times when his country called for his services. His attainments were not confined to professional knowledge only; his early education had been classical, and had likewise included the study of modern languages and general literature. In the fine arts, he was not merely an amateur of taste, but had executed many works, exhibiting marks of genius, in sculpture and drawing; he was a good musician, an accomplished fencer, an elegant dancer, and excelled in all manly exercises. Such was the superficiality of this goodly structure; there was "that within which passeth show," a soul imbued with every exalted feeling of honour, integrity, and delicacy. He was modest and unobtrusive in his demeanour. His character might be compared to a well-tuned instrument which never gave forth a tone of discord; his religious and moral principles showed themselves in a total abnegation of self upon all occasions, and general "good will towards men;" he had the power of softening asperities by an unalterable gentleness, not at all incompatible with the high daring of his ardent spirit. Those who had the advantage of his acquaintance, will acknowledge that he possessed the true "suaviter in modo et fortiter in re," flowing from a heart teeming with pure benevolence, and refined by good associations in our own and foreign countries.

The circumstances of the fearful event which shortened the career of this estimable man are briefly these:—On the 17th of June, Sidney Parry

returned from his duty at the Horse Guards, and walked with a brother officer from his barracks in Hyde Park to the Serpentine. Some conversation passed on the possibility of swimming across the river. Parry declared he could do so in his clothes, and proceeded to the execution of his assertion. He swam boldly to the centre of the stream,—here, after struggling with the difficulties of the agitated element, he was compelled to turn back and called for a boat; when within twelve yards of the shore, he sank to rise no more; in four minutes he was taken out of the water, every means were tried to resuscitate the body, but the vital spark had fled. Scientific men are of opinion that the exertion he used to overcome the difficulties presented by the unusually boisterous state of the water on that fatal day, caused the rupture of a blood-vessel and produced instantaneous death. This opinion is corroborated by the state of his health for the last year. He had benefited greatly by a residence in Italy and Malta during the winter; but his leave of absence having expired, he returned to his regiment at the end of March, and the north-east winds of that season brought on a return of the alarming symptoms. It may almost be said that he was a sacrifice to his sense of duty; for he maintained that, whilst he was competent to the services required of him, he had no right to ask for augmentation of leave, although medical certificates had been given him, stating the importance of his remaining in a milder climate for some months longer.

It should be clearly understood that no wager excited the undertaking—no rashness or spirit of fool-hardiness prompted the deed. He *never* acted upon common motives: to do his duty in every position of life was a fixed principle. He conceived a soldier was not completely educated who could not swim in his clothes and on horseback; and in pursuance of this opinion, he was accustomed to exercise himself occasionally in the Thames and Serpentine.

It little interests the public to know that Sidney Parry was one of the five surviving sons of William Parry, Esq., of Montague Square, and that his wretched mother still lives to mourn the loss of the best and kindest of children.

A soldier's funeral is always affecting—that of Sidney Parry was peculiarly so. He was borne to the grave by his esteemed comrades, and every officer of the regiment was present: in common parlance, they may be said to have done honour to his loved remains, and surely they did honour to themselves by the emotion they showed; an old soldier was heard to observe that, from the colonel to the lowest drummer-boy, every one felt as if he had lost a brother.

MR. RALPH RYLANCE.

Died, on the 6th of June, aged 52, in London, Mr. Ralph Rylance, a gentleman who spent almost the whole of his laborious life in the service of Messrs. Longmans, the great publishers. He was the author and translator of even multitudinous books, bearing the names of veterans in literature, and not of one to which his own name is affixed. He was a native of Bolton in Lancashire, where his very brilliant talents were early discovered by the munificent Roscoe, who put him to school under the celebrated Lempriere, where he acquired the classical languages with astonishing facility, and soon after became so able and extensive a linguist as to read, write, and speak with fluency about eighteen tongues; and, near his death, was heard working at the Welch and Celtic, for the purpose of composing an ethnic essay on the affinities of all languages. He had studied English intensely, and formed his style from that of the age of Elizabeth; was extensively acquainted with ancient history and literature, that of Europe and of his own country; was an ardent admirer and thorough familiar of "our matchless poet," and good old "Chaucer's well of English undefiled." He first came into this county (Shropshire) about twenty-five years ago to collect materials for "The Beauties of England and Wales," where

he gained great admiration for his beautifully elegant sonnet composed in Ludlow Castle, "Here Milton sung." He soon acquired many Salopian friends all round the Wickin, by his amiable disposition, his fertile glow of conversation, and his nice powers of music and song. In politics he was a liberal Whig, and in religion, though differing from his nearest and dearest friends, he was always steadily and faithfully attached to the Church of England, in whose defence he latterly diverted the pure and vigorous stream of his powerful pen, in several neat volumes, which we could readily name with many others,—“but that it were forbid to tell the secrets of the prison-house.” In the words of his most favourite and beloved poet, he was

“Ever just such a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal—
That no revenue had but his good spirits
To feed and clothe him, &c

And many who read this short notice, whose convivial tables his wit has often set in motion, will regret his somewhat early death, and remember, with cordial fondness, hisudent and grateful friendship, his sweetness of manners, his exuberance of fancy, and his most extraordinary facetious drolleries of humour.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

Married—At Syon, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland Viscount Holmesdale only surviving son of Earl Amherst to Miss Gertrude Percy fourth daughter of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle and niece to the Earl of Beverley

At the Chateau de l'Île de No (Gers) Captain R. H. Manners, R.N., to Louisa Jane, eldest daughter of Le Comte de No, Pair de France

At Swanswick church near Bath, Lieut. General Sir W. Cockburn Bart., to Martha Honora Georgina Jervis of Rochetts, in the county of Essex great niece to John Earl of Vincent niece to the present Viscount and the Earl of Cavan and widow of the late Osborne Markham Esq.

At Swanswick, Philip Charles Sheppard, Esq. of Upper Hallford, in the county of Middlesex, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Osborne Markham, Esq., and niece of the Marquess of Bath

At Twickenham, Sir R. Shaw, Bart. of Bushy Park Dublin, to Amelia daughter of the late B. Spencer Esq. M.D. of Bristol

At Free Town Sierra Leone R. Rankin, Esq. Chief Justice to Margaret second daughter of R. Rankin, of Clifton Gloucestershire

William Leveson Gower, Jun., Esq. of Titsey place Surrey, to Family second daughter of Sir F. H. Doyle Bart.

At Savannah Edmund Molyneux Esq. his Majesty's Consul for the State of Georgia, to Eliza Harriet, daughter of the late Colonel Johnston of Savannah

Died—In Sussex place, at the residence of her son in law, Captain F. C. Fletcher, the Rt. Hon. Lady Teignmouth, relict of the late Lord Teignmouth.

At Ham House, the Right Hon. Lady Laura Tollemache, only surviving daughter of the Countess of Dysart and the late John Manners, Esq., eldest son of Lord William Manners

In Harley-street, the Hon. Lionel Sydney Smythe, second son of Viscount Strangford, aged 18.

Of a brain fever, in her 16th year, Anne Katherine Burke, elder daughter of John Burke Esq., of St. Michael's Grove Brompton

At Angers, the Hon. Abraham Holey Hutchinson aged 68 brother of the late Earl of Donoughmore, formerly one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs.

At Montreal, Lower Canada, in the 47th year of his age the Rev. Brook Bridges Stevens A.M., late Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces and Lecturer of the Protestant Episcopal Church at that place

Samuel Wilde, Esq., Deputy Teller of the receipt of Exchequer

In Grosvenor place, William the eldest son of Colonel and Lady Susan Lygon.

Reginald, the infant son of Colonel and Lady Susan Lygon

At Hastings, Colonel Bunbury, late of Bautreys, Sussex. He fought in the battle of Bunker's hill and during the American war was Aide de Camp to Lord Dorchester

In Park lane, the Right Hon. Anne Catherine, in her own right Countess of Antrim and Viscountess Dunluce, wife of Edmund M. Donnell Esq. and mother of the Marchioness of Londonderry

At Chaxhill, Gloucester, Major-General R. Legge Royal Irish Artillery, aged 58.

In South Crescent, Bedford-square, Mr. Sanford Arnott, Secretary to the Polish Exile Fund.

At Dublin, the Dowager Viscountess Avonmore

At Dublin, the Hon. Harriet Sewell, daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam.

At Craven hill, Bayswater, after a long illness, Major General Pilkington, Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Colonel-Commandant of the corps of Royal Engineers, aged 68 years.

At his apartments, Woodstock-street, Bank-street, Lieut. General Sir. William Aylett, K.M.T., aged 78.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Martin, the distinguished painter, a few years since, gave publicity to a plan for laying out, improving, and beautifying Hyde and St. James's Parks, and, at the same time, for supplying the north-west portion of the metropolis with pure water from the river Coln. To have secured either part of the scheme would have been worth half a million of money to the country; for the adoption of the whole, scarcely any pecuniary sacrifice (and it would only have been a sacrifice *pro tempore*) could have been too great. As the English are fond of half measures, we marvel that the inferior half was not accepted, and the superior rejected. However, we had become economists—"penny wise and pound foolish"—and nothing was done. Respecting the water, Mr. Martin's plan was, "to take the supply at Denham, where the whole body of the Coln meets, and tunnelling through the hill above Uxbridge, proceed at once to Northolt, from thence to London using one bank, and a small portion of the bed of the canal." With that proposition he now combines another: that is, to make the line by which the water is to come to London, serve also for a railway, by forming a roof over the aqueduct, of strength sufficient to support the iron rails, and the carriages to move thereon, the whole distance to Denham, where the railways should branch off, that for the north still using the banks of the canal, and that to the west going across the country to Windsor, and thence to Bristol." The advantages of this scheme are numerous. Mr. Martin—whose views respecting the health of the metropolis are exceedingly important—is also engaged in the formation of a Company (the Thames Conservancy Company) for preventing the pollution of the river. It is proposed to effect this by constructing sewers on the bank of the Thames, in front of all the drains whose contents are now discharged into the stream. A return of 20% per cent. is estimated upon the capital to be invested.

The usual meeting of proprietors of London Dock Stock has been held for the purpose of declaring a dividend for the last half-year. The Chairman presented a very favourable report of the

increased business of the Docks; by which it appeared that the amount of profit realised by the Company in the half-year ending the 31st May last exceeded that of the half-year terminating at a corresponding date of the year 1833, by the sum of 5695*l*. This increase of profit was accounted for by a comparison of the quantity of tonnage of shipping which entered the London Docks in the first half of the year 1834, with that which entered during the like portion of the preceding year, being—

	Tons.
For the half year ending July 5, 1833	53,185
For the half year ending July 5, 1834	63,104
Increase	10,219

It is satisfactory, moreover, to observe, that the general trade of the port of London has increased greatly, although not in the same ratio. Taking the same periods in this year and the year preceding, we have for the total tonnage of vessels which have entered the port of London, in the first half-year of—

	Tons—British Ships.	Tons—For Ships.	
1833	280,000	77,400	357,400
1834	315,000	88,000	403,000
Increase	35,000	10,600	45,600

After some desultory conversation, the proprietors adopted the recommendation of the Court of Directors, and agreed to declare a dividend of 1*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. per cent. for the half-year.

DEVON.

The Dean and Chapter of Exeter, in new paving and beautifying their ancient Cathedral, found last week the leaden coffin of Bishop Bitton, who died in 1307. Near the bones of the finger was discovered a sapphire ring set in gold, in the centre of which is engraved a hand with the two fore fingers extended in the attitude of benediction.

SHROPSHIRE.

The Iron Trade—The reduction of bar iron during the past quarter has been 15*s*. per ton, and at the last meeting an additional 5*s*. decline in the price was submitted to by the Staffordshire houses. The cause assigned for this depression is more, we understand, from the great competition with the makers than any very great slackness in demand; although the trade is far from being in that healthy state which this staple

article should maintain. In pigs there was no alteration in price from the previous quarters quotation—*Shrewsbury Paper*.

SUSSEX

Ancient British Canoe in the possession of the Earl of Egremont—The canoe discovered in a bed of silt at North Stoke, near Arundel, in this county, a few months since, is now at Petworth Place, the fall of Egremont having caused it to be removed and placed under shelter, that so interesting a relic may be preserved from injury. This canoe is nearly 30 feet in length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ wide in the centre, 3 feet 3 inches wide at one extremity, and 2 feet 10 inches at the other, and is about 2 feet deep. It is formed of the simple trunk of an oak, which has been hollowed out and brought to its present shape with great labour, it is evidently the workmanship of a very early period, and in all probability was constructed by some of the earliest inhabitants of our island before the use of iron or even brass was known, the original tree must have been 15 or 16 feet in circumference. Three projections left in the interior of the boat appear to have been designed for seats—it is manifest therefore that the persons who constructed this vessel were unacquainted with the art of forming boards. The canoe is so similar to some of those which were fabricated by the aborigines of North America, when first visited by Europeans, that we can have no hesitation in concluding that it was formed in a similar manner, namely, by charring such portions of the tree as were necessary to be removed, and then scooping them out with stone instruments: no doubt this canoe belongs to the same period as the flint and stone instruments called *celts*, which are found in the tumuli on the South Downs. This boat is now in the state of peat or bog wood, and we much fear will fall to pieces, if not imbued with oil, coal tar, or some similar ingredient.

YORKSHIRE

It is, probably, very little known that an extensive manufacture is carried on in this neighbourhood, by which old rags are made into new cloth. Yet such

is the fact, and to so great an extent does this manufacture prevail, that at least *five millions pounds worth* of woollen rags are yearly imported from Germany and other parts for this purpose. The rags are subjected to a machine which tears them in pieces, and reduces them nearly to their primitive state of wool, and they are then with a small admixture of new wool, again carded, slubbed, spun, and woven, and they make a cloth not very strong, but answering very well for puddings, shoddies and other purposes of that nature. The ingenuity deserves praise which thus resurrectionizes cloth, and gives it a second existence. There is nothing whatever of fraud in the manufacture, it is a justifiable economy to make the material go as far as it will. The manufacture is carried on chiefly in the neighbourhood of Batley—*Leeds Mercury*.

A beautiful tessellated pavement has been uncovered by some workmen at Meux, in Holderness which was doubtless formerly the floor of the Abbey Church.

IRELAND

In excavating for the reservoir of the water works on Cromwells Fort the workmen found this week the skeleton of a man and horse alongside each other. The human skeleton, it would appear was in complete armour when buried there, from the mouldering fragments that were still around it. The breast and lower part of the body was covered with armour somewhat resembling the ancient thorax and a plain silver ring found on one of the joints of the finger, with the following letters rudely engraved, 'NOT VALV BVI VERTV,' which probably means "not value but virtue," and which we take to be the wearer's motto, in the old English style.—*Limerick Star*.

Irish Cattle—The following is an account of the numbers of pigs, sheep, cattle, and horses, imported into Bristol from Ireland, during the months of April, May, and June last, as reported in the *Bristol Presentment*:—Pigs, 37,441; sheep, 1,342; cattle, 738; horses, 97.

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