Blackwood's

Edinburgh Magazine

VOL - 30

1831

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXII. JULY, 1831. Vol. XXX.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1831. Vol. XXX.

N'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTION.

The present Age, which, after all, is a very pretty and pleasant one, is feelingly alive and widely awake to the manifold delights and advantages with which the study of Natural Science swarms, and especially that branch of it which unfolds the character and habits, physical, moral, and intellectual, of those most interesting and admirable creatures—Birds. It is familiar not only with the shape and colour of beak, bill, claw, talon, and plume, but with the purposes for which they are designed, and with the instincts which guide their use in the beautiful economy of all-gracious Nature. We remember the time when the very word Ornithology would have required interpretation in mixed company; and when a naturalist was looked on as a sort of out-of-the-way but amiable monster. Now, one seldom meets with man, woman, or child, who does not know a hawk from a handsaw, or even, to adopt the more learned reading, from a heronshaw; a black swan is no longer erroneously considered a *rara avis* any more than a black sheep; while the Glasgow Gander himself, no longer apocryphal, has taken his place in the national creed, belief in his existence being merely blended with wonder at his magnitude, and some surprise perhaps among the scientific, that he should be as yet the sole specimen of that enormous Anser.

The chief cause of this advancement of knowledge in one of its most delightful departments, has been the gradual extension of its study from stale books, written by men, to that book ever fresh from the hand of God. And the second —another yet the same—has been the gradual change wrought by a philosophical spirit in the observation, delineation, and arrangement of the facts and laws with which the science is conversant, and which it exhibits in the most perfect harmony and order. Students now range for themselves, according to their capacities and opportunities, fields, woods, rivers,—lakes, and seas; and proficients, no longer confining themselves to mere nomenclature, enrich their works with anecdotes and traits of character, which, without departure from truth, have imbued bird-biography with the double charm of reality and romance.

How we come to love the Birds of Bewick, and White, and the two Wilsons, and Montagu, and Mudie, and Knapp, and Selby, and Swainson, and Syme, and Audubon, and many others, so familiar with their haunts and habits, their affections and their passions, till we feel that they are indeed our fellow creatures, and part of one wise and wonderful system! If there be sermons in stones, what think ye of the hymns and psalms, matin and vesper, of the lark, who at heaven's gate sings,—of the wren, who pipes her thanksgivings as the slant sunbeam shoots athwart the mossy portal of the cave, in whose fretted roof she builds her nest above the waterfall?

Ay, these, and many other blameless idolaters of Nature, have worshipped her in a truly religious spirit, and have taught us their religion. Nor have our poets been blind or deaf to the sweet *Minnesingers* of the woods. Thomson, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, have loved them as dearly as Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton. All those prevailing poets have been themselves “ musical and melancholy” as nightingales, and often from the inarticulate language of the groves, have they breathed the enthusiasm that inspired the finest of their own immortal strains. “ Lonely wanderer of Nature,” must every poet be—and though often self-wrapt his wanderings through a spiritual world of his own, yet as some fair flower silently asks his eye to look on it, some glad bird his ear solicits with a song, how intense is then his perception, his emotion how profound, his spirit being thus appealed to, through all its human sensibilities, by the beauty and the joy perpetual even in the most solitary wilderness!

Our moral being owes deep obligation to all who assist us to study nature aright; for believe us, it is high and rare knowledge, to know and to have the true and full use of our eyes. Millions go to the grave in old age without ever having learned it; they were just beginning perhaps to acquire it when they sighed to think that “ they who look out of the windows were darkened;” and that, while they had been instructed how to look, sad shadows had fallen on the whole face of Nature, and that the time for those intuitions was gone for ever. But the science of seeing has now found favour in our eyes; and “ blessings are with them and eternal praise” who can discover, discern, and describe the least as the greatest of nature's works, who can see as distinctly the finger of God in the lustre of the little humming-bird murmuring round a rose-bush, as in that of “ the star of Jove, so beautiful and large,” shining sole in heaven.

Take up now almost any book you may on any branch of Natural History, and instead of the endless, dry details of imaginary systems and classifications, in which the ludicrous littlenesses of man's vain ingenuity used to be set up as a sort of symbolical scheme of revelation of the sublime varieties of the inferior—as we choose to call it—creation of God, you find high attempts in a humble spirit rather to illustrate tendencies, and uses, and harmonies, and order, and design. With some glorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day gone by, shewed us a science that was but a skeleton—nothing but dry bones; with some inglorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day that is now, have been desirous to shew us a living, breathing, and moving body, to explain, as far as they might, its mechanism and its spirit. Ere another century elapse, how familiar may men be with all the families of the flowers of the field, and the birds of the air, with all the interdependencies of their characters and their kindreds, perhaps even with the mystery of that instinct which now is seen working wonders, not only beyond the power of reason to comprehend, but of imagination to conceive!

Take up, we say, what book you will, and such is its spirit. There, for example, are these two unpretending, but enlightened volumes, “ The British Naturalist,” by Mr Mudie, which, we need not add, we recommend to all students, and how much more real knowledge do they contain than many ambitious works we could mention made up of words—words—words—and words, too, as fuzionless as chips—chips—chips? This contribution to natural history, he tells us at once, is sanctioned by no name or authority, and pretends to no systematic arrangement. He does not fear to say that the dictum of authority, and the divisions of system, are the bane of study to the people at large; and is it not, we add, the people at large, whom the people in few should seek to instruct in the wisdom that framed the world? True it is, as Mr Mudie says, that the dictum of authority represses the spirit of enquiry, and that in the divisions of system the parts are so many, and so scattered, that the whole cannot be understood. It were as easy to tell the hour from the disjointed movements of a number of watches jumbled together in a box, as to find “ how Nature goes,” from the mere dissection of her works.

“ I do not want to hear the harangue

of the exhibiter; I want to see the exhibition itself, and that he shall be quiet, and let me study and understand that in my own way. If I meet with any object that arrests my attention, I do not wish to run over the roll of all objects of a similar kind; I want to know something about the next one; and why they should be in juxtaposition. If, for instance, I meet with an eagle on a mountain cliff, I have no desire to be lectured about all the birds that have clutching talons and crooked beaks. That would take me from the book of Nature, which is before me,—rob me of spectacle, and give me only the story of the exhibiter, which I have no wish either to hear or to remember. I want to know why the eagle is on that cliff, where there is not a thing for her to eat, rather than down in the plain, where prey is abundant; I want also to know what good the mountain itself does,—that great lump of sterility and cold; and if I find out, that the cliff is the very place from which the eagle can sally forth with the greatest ease and success, and that the mountain is the parent of all those streams that gladden the valleys and plains,—I am informed. Nay, more, I see a purpose in it,—the working of a Power mightier than that of man. My thoughts ascend from mountains to masses, wheeling freely in absolute space. I look for the boundary: I dare not even imagine it: I cannot resist the conclusion—'This is the building of God.'

"Wherever I go, or whatever I meet, I cannot be satisfied with the mere knowledge that it is there, or that its form, texture, and composition, are thus or thus; I want to find out how it came there, and what purpose it serves; because, as all the practical knowledge upon which the arts of civilisation are founded has come in this way, I too may haply glean a little. Nor is that all: wonderful as man's inventions are, I connect myself with something more wonderful and more lasting; and thus I have a hope and stay, whether the world goes well or ill; and the very feeling of that, makes me better able to bear its ills. When I find that the barren mountain is a source of fertility, that the cold snow is a protecting mantle, and that the all-devouring sea is a fabricator of new lands, and an easy pathway round the globe, I cannot help thinking that that, which first seems only an annoyance to myself, must ultimately involve a greater good.

"This was the application given to Natural History in the good old days of the Derhams and the Rays; and they were the men that breathed the spirit of natural science over the country. But the science and the spirit have been separated; and though the learned have gone on with perhaps more vigour than ever, the people have fallen back. They see the very entrance of knowledge guarded by a hostile language, which must be vanquished in single combat before they can enter; and they turn away in despair."

That accomplished and philosophic naturalist, Professor Rennie, in one of his dissertations prefixed to his edition of Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds, has lately laid before the public a plan of study, according to the method he has pursued in his own researches, which beautifully embodies the spirit of these remarks. So simple is it, that it appears some ingenious friend, to whom he shewed it in manuscript, objected to it that it was *no plan* of study at all. What is its method? Why this and no more —but then how much! First, to observe a fact or circumstance in the fields, then to endeavour to discover the design it was intended to serve by the great Creator, and subsequently to examine the statements to be met with in books, in order to compare them with what you have actually observed. On this plan, he rightly says, any person with a little care may become a tolerably good naturalist, the first walk he takes in the fields, without much knowledge of books; on the opposite and too current plan, much study is indispensable to enable any person to master the theory or system, in relation to which the observed facts are supposed to have their whole value and importance. He agrees with the leading rule laid down by the illustrious M. Levaillant, that the principal aim of a naturalist ought to be to multiply observations—that theories are more easy and more brilliant indeed than observations; but it is by observation alone that science can be enriched, while a single fact is frequently sufficient to demolish a system. Levaillant was himself one who preferred reading the page of nature in the woods and fields to the inferior study of cabinets and books—and hence, Professor Rennie observes, he was stigmatized, as another enthusiastic and genuine observer, Audubon, is at present, by cabinet naturalists, as a romancer unworthy of credit. 'Tis ever so. People sitting in their own parlour, with their feet on the fender, or in the sanctum of some museum, staring at stuffed specimens, imagine themselves naturalists; and in their presumptuous and insolent ignorance, which is often total, scorn the wisdom of the wanderers of the woods, who have for many studious and solitary years been making themselves familiar with all the beautiful mysteries of instinctive life.

Take two boys and set them respectively to pursue the two plans of study. How puzzled and perplexed will be the one who pores over the "interminable terms" of a system in books, having, meanwhile, no access to, or communion with nature! The poor wretch is to be pitied—nor is he any thing else than a slave. But the young naturalist, who takes his first lessons in the fields, observing the unrivalled scene which creation everywhere displays, is perpetually studying in the power of delight and wonder, and laying up knowledge which can be derived from no other source. The rich boy is to be envied, nor is he any thing else than a king. The one sits bewildered among words, the other walks enlightened among things; the one has not even the shadow, the other more than the substance—the very essence and life of knowledge; and at twelve years old he may be a better naturalist than ever the mere bookworm will be, were he to outlive old Tommy Balmer.

In education—late or early—for heaven's sake let us never separate things and words. They are married in nature; and what God hath put together let no man put asunder—'tis a fatal divorce. Without things, words accumulated by misery in the memory, had far better die than drag out an useless existence in the dark; without words, their stay and support, things unaccountably disappear out of the storehouse, and may be for ever lost. But bind a thing with a word, a strange link, stronger than any steel, and softer than any silk, and the captive remains for ever happy in its bright prison-house, nor would it flee away had it even the wings of a dove, for already is it at rest. On this principle, it is indeed surprising at how early an age children can be instructed in the most interesting parts of natural history; and in illustration of that, Professor Rennie aptly quotes a few of Coleridge's beautiful lines to the Nightingale:—

> "That strain again!
> Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
> Who, capable of no articulate sound,
> Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
> How he would place his hand beside his ear,
> His little hand, the small forefinger up,
> And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
> To make him Nature's child."

Compare the intensity and truth of any natural knowledge insensibly acquired by observation in very early youth, with that corresponding to it picked up in later life from books! In fact, the habit of distinguishing between things as different, or of similar forms, colours, and characters, formed in infancy, and childhood, and boyhood, in a free intercourse and communion with Nature, while we are merely seeking and finding the divine joy of novelty and beauty perpetually occurring before our eyes in all her haunts, may be made the foundation of an accuracy of judgment of inappreciable value as an intellectual endowment. We must all have observed with Professor Rennie, how exceedingly difficult it is for persons arrived at manhood to acquire this power of discriminating objects whose general similarity of appearance deceives a common observer into a belief of their identity; though a little care on the part of a parent or teacher will render it comparatively easy.

So entirely is this true, that we know many observant persons, that is, observant in all things intimately related with their own pursuits, and with the experience of their own early education, who, with all the pains they could take in after life, have never been able to distinguish by name, when they saw them, above half-a-dozen, if so many, of our British singing birds; while as to knowing them by their song, that is wholly beyond the reach of their uninstructed ear, and a shilfa chants to them like a yellow-yoldrin. On seeing a small bird peeping out of a hole in the eaves, and especially on hearing him chatter, they shrewdly suspect him to be a sparrow, though it does not by any means follow that their suspicions are always verified, as our friend not unfrequently turns out altogether another animal—further the deponent sayeth not; and though, when sitting with her white breast so lovely, out of the "auld clay-bigging," in the window-corner, he cannot mistake Mistress Swallow, yet when flitting in fly-search over the lake, and ever and anon dipping her wing-tips in the lucid coolness, 'tis an equal chance that he misnames her Miss Martin.

We could give a hundred—a thousand—ten thousand instances of the most astonishing ignorance shewn even by naturalists of considerable reputation—book and cabinet naturalists—with regard to facts falling under the most obvious, and, as one might think, the most universal observation of men, whether naturalists or not, who have seen the prudence and propriety of walking with their eyes open. But Professor Rennie quotes, and remarks on one in itself quite sufficient for our purpose, from the "highly lauded article" Ornithology, in Rees's Cyclopædia.—"Birds of the same species," says the author, "collect all the same materials, arrange them in the same manner, and make choice of similar situations for fixing the places of their temporary abodes. Wherever they dispose them, they always take care to be accommodated with a shelter; and if a natural one does not offer itself, they very ingeniously make a covering of a double row of leaves, down the slope of which the rain trickles, without entering into the little opening of the nest that lies concealed below." What precious nonsense! What a pack of confusion! Does the Cyclopædist, or rather the Cyclops, for he could have "had but one eye, and that was *no* piercer," here speak of all birds, or but of some particular species?

In either case alike is he a dolt. If of all birds, then he forgets, when speaking of the care they always take to be accommodated with shelter, the numerous families which lay their eggs on the bare ground, leaving them exposed the greater part of the day on the sands of the desert, the sea-beach, or isolated rocks. Accommodate them with shelter, and in a couple of days the shore will be stinking—nor will a single sea-fowl—all addled in the yellow—ever chip the shell. Of what "little opening of the nest" does the perverse and purblind old Monops prate? The wren's? or the eagle's? But the wren (Miss Kitty) most frequently builds her domicile out of the flutter of leaves; on old mossy stumps, on house-walls, or the living rock; and when in hedges, she would laugh at the idea of this dotard providing the little opening of her nest that lies concealed below, with a double row of leaves; for hang the globe in the sunshine or the storm, and St Catherine will sit within, unscared and unscathed, counting her beads—perhaps a score—counting them with her fine-feeling breast that broods in bliss over the priceless pearls.

As for the Eagle, the little opening of his nest doth verily not lie concealed below a covering of a double row of leaves; but, eighteen feet in circumference, (we have measured one,) it lies unconcealed, except by its height from your ogles, mayhap a mile or a league, on a cliff-platform, occasionally no doubt hidden in clouds; and men, who speak what is now called the English tongue, call it an Eyrie.

If the old gentleman be not yet quite dead—and if he be, then we appeal to the most scientific of his surviving descendants—he is hereby humbly requested to have the goodness to inform us of the name of this ingenious bird; and to tell us, in a postscript, if ever, in all his born days, he saw a bird's nest of any kind whatever, on cliff or castle, ground or grove, in bush, tree, hedge, or old man's beard.

But what constant caution is perpetually necessary during the naturalist's perusal even of the very best books! From the very best we can only obtain knowledge at second hand, and this, like a story circulated among village gossips, is more apt to gain in falsehood than in truth, as it passes from one to another; but in field study, we go at once to the fountain-head, and obtain our facts pure and unalloyed by the theories and opinions of previous observers.

Hence it is that the utility of books becomes obvious. You witness with your own eyes some puzzling, perplexing, strange, and unaccountable —fact; twenty different statements of it have been given by twenty different ornithologists; you consult them all, and getting a hint from one, and a hint from another, here a glimmer of light to be followed, and there a gloom of darkness to be avoided—why, who knows but that in the end you do yourself solve the mystery, and absolutely become not only happy but illustrious? We cannot deny ourselves and friends the pleasure of perusing, in proof of this, the following passage, which exhibits a characteristic specimen of Professor Rennie's happy style of treating whatever subject comes within the range either of his reading or his observation.

" You pay a visit, for example, to the nest of a dabchick or grebe, (*Podiceps,*) which you had discovered some days before among reeds at the edge of a pond, and are surprised to find that the eggs have disappeared; but much more so on taking up some of the rude materials of the nest, to see the eggs snugly concealed beneath. The question immediately arises, Did the mother bird thus cover the eggs herself, and if so, for what purpose was it done? If you be not too impatient, (a state of mind exceedingly adverse to accuracy and originality,) you will endeavour to ascertain whether the covering of the eggs was peculiar to this individual, or common to the species, by repeated observation, as frequently as opportunity offers; or, if patience fail you for this, such books as you have access to may be consulted. Look into Linnæus, and all you find is, that this bird ' builds a floating nest of grass and reeds.' Latham says, ' the nest is made of water-plants among the reeds, and close to the surface of the water, floating independent.' Willughby, Ray, and Brisson, say not a word about the nest. Fleming says, the ' nest is in marshes of aquatic plants, and made so as to float.' ' They breed,' says Goldsmith, ' among reeds and flags, in a floating nest, kept steady by the weeds and margin.' They ' construct their nest,' says Griffith, evidently copying Temminck, ' with rushes, &c., interlaced, which they attach to the stems of reeds, resting it on their broken tops, or suffering it to float.' ' Nest large,' according to Jennings, ' made of aquatic plants not attached to any thing, but floats among the reeds and flags penetrated by water.' Belon, who is followed by Gesner, Aldrovand, Jonston, and M. Drapiez, says, ' it nestles near the ground upon some turfy clump in a marsh, difficult of access.' ' On our large pools,' says Buffon, ' they build with reeds and rushes interwoven, and the nest is half dipped in the water, though not entirely afloat, as Linnæus asserts, but shut and attached to the reeds.' Wood subsequently adds, in a note, ' they construct a floating nest of reeds.' ' They build their nests,' says Hill, ' floating and loose among the flags' ; and ' being altogether unconnected with the reeds among which it floats, it sometimes happens that it is blown from among them into the open lake. In this situation the owner, like a skilful pilot, it is said, steers the nest into a safe harbour, by passing her feet through it.'

" In all these various notices of the nest in question, by the well known naturalists thus consulted, there occurs no mention of any covering of the eggs, though the enquiry has brought under notice some other curious particulars, which, no doubt, a young and ardent observer will be anxious to verify on the nest itself, from which his book-research originated. Some of the authors, it has been seen, assert that the nest floats on water, nay, that it is purposely built to float by the mother bird; while others make no mention of its floating, and some expressly deny it. In a supposed case like this, it may, perhaps, be deemed premature for me to decide; but the nests which have fallen under my observation, agree with those originally described by Belon, in being built on raised clumps in marshes, or at least so supported by water plants as not to be intended to float. That in consequence of floods these nests may, by accident, have been found floating, it would be wrong to deny, though there can be little doubt that Linnæus, who was much too credulous of wonders, magnified a chance occurrence into a general rule. The story of the mother bird navigating her nest when it has been carried away by a flood, is altogether incredible; for the nest is not only constructed of a bedding of reeds, rushes, and other water plants, more than a foot in thickness, but the feet of the bird are so broad and clumsy, that they could not be thrust through it without entirely destroying its texture.

" Pennant, however, seems to believe this nonsense, for he adds to the account —' In these circumstances the halcyon's nest, its floating house, *fluctivaga domus,* as Statius expresses it, may in some measure be vindicated.' The same author also is more particular about the floating of the nest, which he says is built near banks in the water, but without any fastening, so that it rises and falls as that does. To make its nest, it collects an amazing quantity of grass, water-plants,' &c.; and he adds, 'it should seem wonderful how they are hatched, as the water rises through the nest and keeps them wet; but the natural warmth of the bird bringing on a fermentation in the vegetables, which are full a foot thick, makes a hot-bed fit for the purpose.' If our young student, upon reading this very questionable doctrine, turn to this Dictionary, page 127, he will learn that Colonel Montagu uniformly found the nests cold, and that, taking into account the chemical principles of fermentation, it was impossible they could be warm.

"But Pennant also mentions a circumstance of much more interest in reference to the original enquiry, when he says that this bird 'lays five or six white eggs, and *always covers them when it quits the nest,'*—the very point to ascertain which the research was begun. With this authority, supported as it is by Montagu, most students might rest satisfied, but the ardent naturalist never arrives at any conclusion like this, without bringing all the facts within his knowledge to bear upon it, in order to elucidate connecting causes and consequences; for the fact being ascertained of the mother bird covering her eggs, it becomes interesting to enquire why she does this.

"It is admitted by all the naturalists already quoted, that the nest in question is built on moist ground, if not actually touching the water, and that part at least of the materials consist of moist water-plants. Now, it is indispensable to hatching, that the eggs be kept at a high temperature, and not be suffered for a moment to cool. The natural heat of the bird itself is sufficient for this purpose, without the heat of fermentation, erroneously supposed by Pennant; but if she quits them for a moment to go in pursuit of food, or to withdraw the attention of an intruding water-spaniel, or a prying naturalist, their near vicinity to moist plants or to water, would certainly prove fatal to the embryo chicks. In order then to prevent her brood from being destroyed by cold, the careful bird covers the eggs with a quantity of dry hay, to keep them warm till her return.

"By keeping this interesting fact in his mind, our young naturalist may subsequently find that other birds employ the same, or similar devices. The carrion-crow, (*Corvus corone,*) for example, who lines her nest with wool and rabbits' fur, always covers her eggs with a quantity of this before leaving her nest, no doubt, for the same reason that the dabchick employs hay. Again, several birds of very different habits, such as the wood-wren, (*Sylvia sibilatrix,*) and the hay-bird, (*Sylvia trochilus,*) construct a permanent arch of moss and dried grass over their nests, leaving a narrow entrance in the side. Having recently had occasion to investigate the structure of various nests with some minuteness, I have been led to adopt the opinion, that the arched coping, or dome, so remarkable in several small birds for ingenious and beautiful workmanship, is designed to preserve their animal heat from being dissipated during the process of incubation; an opinion which appears to be corroborated by the fact of our native birds that thus cover in their nests at the top, being all very small.

"Among these, besides the wood-wren and the hay-bird, are the common wren, the chiff-chaff, (*Sylvia hypolais,*) the gold-crested wren, the bottle-tit, (*Parus caudatus,* RAY,) and the dipper, (*Cinclus aquaticus,* BECHSTEIN.) There are other birds, no doubt, little larger than these, such as the blackcap and the babillard, (*Curruca garrula,* BRISSON,) which do not build domed nests; but it is worthy of remark, that the latter usually lay much fewer eggs; the babillard seldom more than four, and the blackcap four or five; while the gold-crested wren lays from seven to ten, the bottle-tit from nine to twelve, and the common wren from eight to (some say) fourteen, and even twenty. It will follow of course, that in order to hatch so large a number, these little birds require all their animal heat to be concentrated and preserved from being dissipated. The dipper, indeed, lays but five or six eggs, and weighs from six to eight times more than any of our other dome builders; but it is to be recollected, that, from its being a water bird, and building near water, it may have more occasion to use 'all appliances' to concentrate its heat. In tropical countries, where the heat is great, such domed nests are very common, and are probably intended to protect the mother birds, while hatching, from the intense heat of a perpendicular sun; though most naturalists think they are designed to avert the intrusion of snakes,—forgetting that snakes would more naturally run their heads into a nest with a small side entrance, than if it were open above. A circumstance which fell under my observation, corroborative of this remark, I have recorded under the article Hay Bird. Other birds, in warm countries, leave their eggs during the day exposed to the heat of the sun, and only sit upon them during the night, or in cloudy weather, when the temperature of the air is not sufficiently high,—a fact which has given origin to the error, that the ostrich (*Struthio camelus,*) lays her eggs in the sand and abandons them to chance."

What, then, in the opinion of this acute observer and enquirer, is the use of what in Natural History is called a system? A methodical classification is useful in as far only as it may serve as a framework or a cabinet, into the partitions of which many little facts may be stored and dove-tailed, that would otherwise be scattered through the memory at random, at the great hazard of being lost. The advantage of a system of this kind, then, consists in its preserving such collections of facts, as a cabinet preserves a collection of specimens; and, provided the several facts be not too far separated from their usual associations, it matters little what other qualities the systems possess. Simplicity, indeed, must always be valuable, and a simple system may be likened to a plain unornamented cabinet, where the specimens hold a prominent place, and the cabinet itself is almost overlooked; while a complex system may, in the same way, be likened to a cabinet bedizened with grotesque carving and fretwork, the compartments of which are "curiously cut," and fantastically arranged, consisting indeed chiefly of empty framework, without a useful fact, or an interesting specimen on which the mind can rest; and afterwards Mr Rennie says, with equal truth and boldness, of these same system-mongers, that the alphabet of their system is all they study, yet they scruple not to call themselves *naturalists*, and the alphabet of their system, *Natural History*, though they might, with equal propriety, call the twenty-four letters in a hornbook the History of England, and rank the village schoolmaster who teaches it with Hume or Lingard. That some minds may be so constituted as to take pleasure in such nick-nack study, is proved by the analogous pursuits of collectors of old coins and medals, not for their utility, but solely on account of their rarity, or to perfect a series; yet it would be as preposterous to rank such mere collectors with a man like Niebuhr, who investigated medallion inscriptions, in order to elucidate the history of Rome, as it would be to rank a mere systematist with Aristotle, Ray, or John Hunter.

A loud outcry will doubtless be raised against Professor Rennie on account of these opinions, by the self-appointed cabinet-ministers of nature, who are assuredly neither her secretaries nor her interpreters. He need not care for the abuse of such persons—he writes for those who aim at philosophical and extended views of nature. With all his admiration of the enthusiasm, devotion, and even genius of Linnæus, he cannot consider that extraordinary man a philosophic naturalist. Linnæus thought that the superiority of a naturalist depended upon his knowing the greatest number of species, and that the study of Natural History consisted in the collection, arrangement, and exhibition of the various productions of the earth. Unquestionably, by storing the memory with specific names and technical distinctions, "a good gossiping naturalist" might be made; but good gossiping naturalists are of all old women the most wearifu' and superfluous, and the breed should be subjected to all possible discouragements. A study, again, narrowed down as Linnæus narrowed it, and without reference to causes, effects, or the wise contrivances of the Creator, would never lead to the Natural History which Lord Bacon declares to be the basis of all science, and "fundamental to the erecting and building of a true philosophy." Nor is Professor Rennie singular in his just severities on Linnæus and his followers—for he backs them with the opinions of Dr Aikin, Professor Lindley, Mr White of Selborne, Mr Vigors, Mr MacLeay, Dr Fleming, and Dr Heineken; and sums up all by asserting the truth to be, that the Linnæan system mainly contributed to extinguish the genuine study of nature, and rendered it unpopular for many years, since every writer surrendered himself unconditionally to its shackles, and, of course, repelled every student imbued with a particle of philosophy or of taste, or alive to the glorious beauties of the Creation.

What, in good truth, can be more puerile than to limit, as Linnæus did, his descriptions of specific character to twelve words—or than his division of one of his works into twelve parts, because there are twelve months in the year—and into three hundred and sixty-five paragraphs, to correspond to the number of days in the year! Thus, all that Linnæus tells us of the Bank Swallow (*Hirundo riparia*—Ray,) is contained in the following twelve words:—"H. riparia, cinerea, gula abdomineque albis—Habitat in Europæ collibus arenosis abruptis, foramine serpentino." This is all we are taught to believe—"that the industry of man has been able to discover concerning it!" Pennant and Latham are nearly as brief and just as meagre, and Cuvier himself does not improve on it, "by gravely adding this absurdity:"—"Elle pond dans des trous le long des eaux. Il parait constant qu'elle s'engourdit pendant l'hiver, et même qu'elle passe cette saison au fond de l'eau des marais!" Compare this useless stuff with all the interesting facts "that the industry of man" has really accumulated concerning the same bird, and you will acknowledge that Linnæus, wonderful being as he was, may, without offence to any rational mind, be safely pronounced an ignoramus. The late Dr Heineken, speaking of Gmelin, a disciple of the Linnæan school, characterises him as having "an instinctive propensity towards the erroneous;"—and of that gifted person's "thirteenth edition of Linnæus, as it is called," quoth the Doctor, "I have had the good fortune never to be burdened with it—but in an evil hour, a kind friend bestowed on me the seven ponderous tomes of that kindred spirit, Turton." Temminck calls Gmelin's edition of Linnæus "the most undigested book in existence." Of Temminck's "Manuel d'Ornithologie," Rennie of course speaks highly, which, though essentially Linnæan, is much more circumstantial and accurate than is usual with the disciples of that school. It proves, however, that Temminck is much better acquainted with collections of stuffed specimens than with living birds, except such aquatic ones as frequent the shores of Holland, and in that point of view, it contrasts strongly with the Dictionary of Montagu—especially now that that book has been so greatly enriched from many sources by its editor. On turning from Montagu to Temminck, we indeed are made to feel the truth of the observation, that a lexicon or explanatory catalogue is of unquestionable and indispensable use, for the purpose of identifying the species which may come under observation, or chance to be connected with interesting discussion and detail; but that nobody beyond the barriers of Linnæanism could ever dream of designating any of these, useful though they be, a natural history, any more than of calling a book like Blair's Chronology the History of the World.

Mr Rennie concludes his sixty page preface to Montagu with three lists containing almost all the names of the writers of any note on ornithology—rudimental, literary, and philosophic naturalists. Under the first he includes all works consisting of descriptive catalogues, chiefly of museum specimens, arranged systematically; including either whole classes, or particular groups of animals; the latter termed *Monographs*, and only useful to aid the student in identifying specimens by form, colour, and structure, commonly omitting historical and philosophical details, and rarely like the beautiful account of the British swallows, which White of Selborne called by the now abused title of Monograph—such works, particularly the Monograph, often dealing in critical disquisitions about names, divisions, and the particular place a species, genus, or group, ought to occupy in the system adopted, exhibiting, in many instances, passages of worthless trifling, undeserving of perusal. The second comprehends all works consisting of notices and details, sometimes, though less frequently, derived from the observation of living Nature than from closet reading, but often highly interesting and valuable, though very commonly sprinkled with inaccuracies. The third contains works consisting of personal observations on the habits, character, or physiology of living animals, and enquiries into the causes and reasons of what is observed, for the purpose either of supporting theories, often fanciful, or of illustrating the providential wisdom of the Great Creator. It is to be noted, that philosophical naturalists are often no less deficient in knowledge of systematic catalogues, than the rudimental naturalists are of philosophy—both are important to be known. The three lists contain, if not a complete, a comprehensive bibliography of birds.

We have been led into these somewhat detailed remarks—some of them our own, and some of them Mr Rennie's—who, we are sure, will not grudge us the use of them in a magazine which occasionally touches, in its own way, on zoology—from our anxiety to encourage students in this department of natural history, against those depressing fears that must sometimes assail them from the cold, dry, and horrid aspect which the science assumes in the Linnæan school. With him we do indeed lament that the meagre index fashion of describing natural productions was ever introduced, since, as he says, it has so seldom been employed in the only way in which it can be useful; and it appears to have taken such deep root as to threaten, like some sorts of noxious weeds, to be incapable of being eradicated; for by far the greater number of recent works upon the subject, even when they pretend to novelty of system, have the essential characteristic of the Linnæan school, of being most carefully stripped of every interesting detail, and trimmed down to a limited number of lines, reminding one strongly of the old poets, who squared their leaves into the forms of adzes, hearts, and triangles, and left the consideration of sentiment and imagery to bards who would not condescend to such puerile trifling.

It has been well said by a writer in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, that "those who employ themselves in disguising and degrading science by cacophonous nomenclature, and a parade of barbarous Latinity, which fools think learning, are entitled to reprobation and contempt. There are many such in France, and some among ourselves, great men in their little circles; they do well to make the most of this, for they may rest assured that however high they rank in their own estimation, or in that of their coteries, the world neither knows nor cares any thing about them." Yet the puerile triflers thus employed hold in contempt the works that alone deserve the name of science; these miserable manufacturers of words complaining in querulous tones of their "legitimate productions" being "left to languish and decay," "because the grown-up public are satisfied with infants' food in the shape of cheap compilations, crude translations, *wonders of the insect world*, &c. &c. with such like amusing trifles, fit only for children." A consumptive blockhead with a queasy stomach might as well call roast-beef and plum-pudding "infants' food," as the sapid and nutritive dishes which have lately been set before the healthy public, and which she has plentifully devoured with great gusto. Why a translation should be crude we do not see, any more than its original; and the ninny of ninnies must he indeed be, who, in a nation owing a million million of debt, and taxed accordingly, complains of a compilation "that it is cheap." The sneer at "wonders of the insect world" is aimed, we presume, at Professor Rennie's "Insect Architecture," "Insect Transformations," &c.; but the person who could call such wonders as are revealed there, "amusing trifles fit only for children," must be himself an insect scarce worthy even of this short notice,—an ephemeral and a midge.

It is encouraging, however, to know, that flesh-and-blood naturalists are held now in far higher repute in Britain than the skeletons. The good sense of the English public never stomached such a work for instance as Turton's seven ponderous Linnæan tomes, which sell now for little more than the price of waste paper; and that too at a time when the works of genuine naturalists, such as White's Selborne, and Knapp's Journal of a Naturalist, are selling by thousands, and will continue to sell to the tune of tens of thousands.

In this state of public opinion and feeling on the subject of natural knowledge and science, what fears can be entertained for the success and glory of such an ornithologist as Audubon? We have seen that Professor Rennie classes him along with Levaillant, in the first order, into which none can be admitted but the sons of genius, who, in the spirit of philosophy, have pursued science over the bosom of Nature. Of him, Swainson says, "there is a freshness and originality about his Essays, which can only be compared to the unrivalled biographies of Wilson. Both these men contemplated Nature as she really is, not as she is represented in books; they sought her in her sanctuaries. The shore, the mountain, and the forest, were alternately their study, and there they drank the pure stream of knowledge at its fountain-head. The observations of such men are the corner-stones of every attempt to discover the system of Nature. Their writings will be consulted when our favourite theories shall have passed into oblivion. Ardently, therefore, do I hope, that M. Audubon will alternately become the historian and the painter of his favourite objects, that he will never be made a convert to any system, but instruct and delight us as a true and unprejudiced biographer of Nature." And Baron Cuvier, in a report made to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, after having pronounced a splendid eulogium on Audubon's "Quatre cents dessins qui contiennent a-peu pres deux mille figures," thus concludes his "compte verbal." "Formerly European naturalists had to make known to America the treasures she possessed; but now the Mitchells, the Harlans, the Wilsons, the Charles Bonapartes, have repaid with interest the debt which America owed to Europe. The History of the Birds of the United States, by Wilson, already equals in elegance our most beautiful works in ornithology. If ever that of M. Audubon be completed, then it will have to be granted that America, in magnificence of execution, has surpassed the Old World." But before speaking of the magnificent design of Audubon, now fast being accomplished, let us first acquaint our readers with the Man. In an auto-biographical sketch—would that it had been a finished picture—prefixed to the volume now before us, he exhibits many traits of his simple, single-hearted, enthusiastic, enterprising, and persevering character, which it is impossible to regard without affectionate admiration. He calls himself, in the pride of genius and patriotism, an "American Woodsman." And when some five years ago, we first set eyes on him in a party of literati, in "stately Edinborough throned on Crags," he was such an American woodsman as took the shine out of us modern Athenians. Though dressed, of course, somewhat after the fashion of ourselves, his long raven locks hung curling over his shoulders, yet unshorn from the wilderness. They were shaded across his open forehead with a simple elegance, such as a civilized Christian might be supposed to give his "fell of hair," when practising "every man his own perruquier," in some liquid mirror in the forest-glade, employing, perhaps, for a comb, the claw of the Bald Eagle. His sallow fine-featured face bespoke a sort of wild independence, and then such an eye—keen as that of the falcon! His foreign accent and broken English speech—for he is of French descent—removed him still farther out of the commonplace circle of this every-day world of ours—and his whole demeanour—it might be with us partly imagination—was coloured to our thought by a character of conscious freedom and dignity, which he had habitually acquired in his long and lonely wanderings among the woods, where he had lived in the uncompanioned love and delight of Nature, and in the studious observation of all the ways of her winged children, that for ever fluttered over his paths, and roosted on the tree at whose feet he lay at night, beholding them still the sole images that haunted his dreams. All this, we admit, must have had over it a strong tincture of imagination; for we had been told of his wandering life and his wonderful pencil; but the entire appearance of the man was most appropriate to what had for so many years been his calling, and bore upon it, not to be mistaken for a moment or overlooked, the impress, not of singularity, but of originality; in one word, of genius—self-nursed, self-ripened, and self-tutored among the inexhaustible treasures of the Forest, on which, in one soul-engrossing pursuit, it had lavished its dearest and divinest passion. Nor will this language sound extravagant to those who know Audubon, and that the Man is never for an hour distinct, in his being, from the Ornithologist. But hear him speak of himself—

"I received life and light in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around, were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany my steps through life;—and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps,—procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness,—pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger,—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their Creator.

"A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds toward perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

"I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with Nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its maker. I wished to possess all the productions of Nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy Nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before Nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

"How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of Nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study, would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-day."

While yet a boy, he was sent to Paris, and studied drawing under David. "Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me;" and at the age of seventeen, he returned from France to the woods of the New World with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings under the title of the "Birds of America." His father gave him a beautiful "Plantation" in Pennsylvania, refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkil river, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects for his pencil. There too he married—and children were born unto him, whom he did not love the less ardently and deeply because of his love of the flowers of the field and the birds of the air. In all his subsequent struggles with uncertain, if not with evil fortune, when all other friends frowned, and were too ready to blame his passion for ornithology, by which they saw that money might be lost but not won, his own family still approved of his pursuits, and cheered and cherished his enthusiasm, that was its own reward. His residence at the Pennsylvanian Plantation was short as sweet; and for twenty years his life was a succession of vicissitudes. Yet, amidst them all, his ruling passion never ebbed—it flowed on perpetually towards the forests. "Any one unacquainted with the extraordinary desire I felt of seeing and judging for myself, would doubtless have pronounced me callous to every sense of duty, and regardless of every interest. I undertook long and tedious journeys, ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family. Yet, reader, will you believe it? I had no other object in view, than simply to enjoy the sight of Nature. Never, for a moment, did I conceive the hope of becoming in any degree useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano (Charles Bonaparte) at Philadelphia, to which place I went, with the view of proceeding eastward along the coast." This was in April 1824. It does not appear, however, that though

Boston is a pretty town,
  And so is Philadelphy;
You shall have a sugar plum,
  And *I'll have one myself—eh?*

that any sweetmeats or crumbs of comfort were bestowed on Audubon, who was soon compelled elsewhere to seek for patronage. He went to New York, where he was received with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits; and afterwards ascending that noble stream, the Hudson, he glided over the broad lakes, and sought the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests.

There it was, he tells us, in these forests, that, for the first time, he communed with himself as to the possible event of his visiting Europe. His drawings had multiplied on his hands in spite of all disastrous chances—and he began to fancy them under the hands of the graver. We say in spite of all disastrous chances.

"An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show you how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call the persevering zeal with which I laboured—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening obstacles. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the bank of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I enquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure.

The box was produced, and opened;—but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion,—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before, and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again."

That such a heroic adventurer in the pursuit of knowledge should live and die obscure, was not in the power of the most malignant star. But Audubon was born under a lucky conjunction of propitious planets, and already anticipated his fame. "Happy days! and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. I improved the whole as much as was in my power; and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse could accomplish." Eighteen months elapsed—Audubon returned to his family, then in Louisiana, and having explored every portion of the vast woods around, at last sailed towards the Old World.

As he approached the coast of England, he tells us that the despondency of his spirits became great. True that he had with him letters from American friends, and statesmen of great eminence, but he knew not an individual in the country, and his situation appeared precarious in the extreme. For a few days in Liverpool, "not a glance of sympathy did he meet in his wanderings;" and he sighed for his woods. But very soon all his prospects brightened; for those ardent friends of merit, the Rathbones, the Roscoes, the Trails, the Chorleys, and the Mellies, and others too, took the stranger by the hand; "and so kind," says the grateful Audubon, "and beneficent, nay, so generously kind have they all been towards me, that I can never cancel the obligation. My drawings were publicly exhibited, and publicly praised. Joy swelled in my heart. The first difficulty was surmounted. Honours which, on application being made through my friends, Philadelphia had refused, Liverpool fairly awarded." In Manchester, his reception was equally honourable to the Greggs, the Lloyds, the Sergeants, the Holmes, the Blackwalls, the Bentleys, and many others—names which, as his gratitude delights to record, so is it pleasant to us to name them on this occasion. Had his reception in Liverpool and Manchester been cold or forbidding, in all probability Audubon had returned to America, and the world perhaps never have heard of him or his magnificent works. "Friends," says he, with a touching simplicity, "pressed me to accompany them to the pretty villages of Bakewell, Matlock, and Buxton. It was a jaunt of pure enjoyment. Nature was then at her best, at least such was the feeling of our whole party; the summer was full of promise."

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, where he soon found many friends, he opened his Exhibition. Four hundred drawings—paintings in water-colours — of about two thousand birds, covered the walls of the Institution-Hall, in the Royal Society Buildings, and the effect was like magic. The spectator imagined himself in the forest. All were of the size of life, from the wren and the humming-bird to the wild turkey and the bird of Washington. But what signified the mere size? The colours were all of life too—bright as when borne in beaming beauty through the woods. There too were their attitudes and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the restless creatures, in motion or rest, in their glee and their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or caressing, or brooding, or preying, or tearing one another into pieces. The trees, too, on which they sat or sported, all true to Nature, in bole, branch, spray, and leaf; the flowering-shrubs and the ground-flowers, the weeds and the very grass, all American—so too the atmosphere and the skies—all Transatlantic. 'Twas a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World, inhabited as yet almost wholly by the lovely or noble creatures that "own not man's dominion." There we beheld them all; there was a picture of their various life. How different from stuffed feathers in glass cases—though they too "shine well where they stand" in our College Museum! There many a fantastic tumbler played his strange vagaries in the air—there many a cloud-cleaver swept the skies—there living gleams glanced through the forest glades—there meteor-like plumage shone in the wood-gloom—there strange shapes stalked stately along the shell-bright shores—and there, halcyons all, fair floaters hung in the sunshine on waveless seas. That all this wonderful creation should have been the unassisted work of one man—in his own country almost unknown, and by his own country wholly unbefriended, was a thought that awoke towards "the American woodsman" feelings of more than admiration, of the deepest personal interest; and the hearts of all warmed towards Audubon, who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, and dangers, and sacrifices, that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome, before genius had thus embodied these the glory of its innumerable triumphs.

The impression produced on all minds, learned and unlearned, by this exhibition, was such as to encourage Audubon to venture on the dangerous design of having the whole engraved. Dangerous it might well be called, seeing that the work was to contain Four Hundred Plates and Two Thousand Figures. "A work," says Cuvier, "conceived and executed on so vast a plan has but one fault, that its expense must render it inaccessible to the greatest number of those to whom it will be the most necessary. Yet is the price far from being exorbitant. One *livraison* of five plates costs two guineas; and thus the five *livraisons* can be had at no very great annual expense. Most desirable at least it is, as well for the interests of art as of science, that all the great public bodies, and all persons of wealth who love to enrich their libraries with works of splendour, should provide themselves with that of Audubon." "It will depend," says Swainson, in the same spirit, "on the powerful and the wealthy, whether Britain shall have the honour of fostering such a magnificent undertaking. It will be a lasting monument, not only to the memory of its author, but to those who employ their wealth in patronising genius, and in supporting the national credit. If any publication deserves such a distinction, it is surely this; inasmuch as it exhibits a perfection in the higher attributes of zoological painting, never before attempted. To represent the passions and the feelings of birds, might, until now, have been well deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do we see their outward forms represented with any thing like nature. In my estimation, *not more than three painters ever lived who could draw a bird.* Of these, the lamented Barrabaud, of whom France may be justly proud, was the chief. He has long passed away; but his mantle has, at length, been recovered in the forests of America."

Generous and eloquent—but, in the line printed in italics, obscure as an oracle. Barrabaud and Audubon are two—why not have told us who is the third? Can Mr Swainson mean *himself*. We have heard as much hinted; if so we cannot but admire his modesty in thus remaining the anonymous hero of his own panegyric. If not so, then has he done himself great injustice, for he is a beautiful bird-painter and drawer, as all the world knows, though assuredly in genius far inferior to Audubon. Is the third Bewick? If so, why shun to name "the genius that dwelt on the banks of the Tyne?" If not so, Mr Swainson may live and die assured, in spite of this sentence of exclusion from the trio, that Bewick will *in sæcula sæculorum* sit on the top of the tree of fame, on the same branch with the most illustrious, nor is there any fear of its breaking, for it is strong, and the company destined to bestride it, *select*.

Audubon speaks modestly of his great work, but with the enthusiasm and confidence, natural and becom-

ing, in a man of such extraordinary genius. We cannot do better than employ, when they come to us, his own words. Not only, then, is every object, as a whole, of the natural size, but also every portion of each object. The compass aided him in its delineation, regulated and corrected each part, even to the very fore-shortening. The bill, feet, legs, and claws, the very feathers as they project one beyond another, have been accurately measured. The birds, almost all of them, were killed by himself, and were regularly drawn on or near the spot. The positions, he observes, may perhaps, in some instances, appear *outré;* but such supposed exaggerations can afford subjects of criticism only to persons unacquainted with the feathered tribes, for nothing can be more transient or varied than the attitudes of birds. For example, the heron, when warming itself in the sun, will sometimes drop its wings several inches, as if they were dislocated; the swan may often be seen floating with one foot extended from the body; and some pigeons turn quite over when playing in the air. The flowers, plants, or portions of the trees which are attached to the principal objects, have always been chosen from amongst those in the vicinity of which the birds were found, and are not, as some persons have thought, the trees or plants on which they always feed or perch. We may mention, too, that Audubon invented ways of placing birds, dead or alive, before him while he was drawing them, so that he saw them still in the very attitudes he had admired when they were free in the air, or on the bough; and, indeed, without such most ingenious apparatus of wires and threads as he employs, it was not in mortal man to have caught as he has done, and fixed *them on paper, all the characteristic but evanescent varieties of their motion and their repose. His ingenuity* is equal to his genius.

It may be useful to mention here the particulars of the plan of his work. The size is double-elephant folio—as Cuvier says, "qui approche des doubles planches de la Description (Denon's) de L'Egypte." The paper being of the finest quality —the engravings are, in every instance, of the exact dimensions of the drawings, which, without any exception, represent the birds, and other objects, of their natural size—the plates are coloured in the most careful manner from the original drawings—the work appears in numbers, of which five are published annually, each number consisting of five plates, and the price of each number is two guineas, payable on delivery. The first volume, consisting of one hundred plates, and representing ninety-nine species of birds, of many of which there are several figures, is now published, accompanied by the volume from which we have given the above interesting extracts; but which is also sold by itself, and cannot fail of finding a ready market. It is expected that other three volumes of equal size, will complete the work; and each volume of plates will, in like manner with the first, be accompanied with a volume of letterpress. These four volumes of letterpress will be most delightful reading to every body; and fit companions for those of Wilson, which we are happy to see are now in course of publication, in a cheap form, in Constable's Miscellany, under the superintendence of that eminent naturalist, Professor Jameson. In our next article on Audubon we shall speak of Wilson.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. VII.

What should the Peers do?

We have frequently had occasion to impress upon our readers the eternal, and, in days such as the present, vital importance of the observation, that all popular movements *are necessarily progressive:* that those who commence the agitation can maintain their ascendency only by advancing with the stream, and that the moment they attempt to coerce it, they are buried in the waves. This truth, which the dear bought experience of a revolution has rendered perfectly familiar to the French, is only beginning to be understood in this country. It was for this reason, that in the beginning of this year we commenced a series of papers "On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution;" foreseeing, before "the bill" was either broached or prepared, that these two subjects were inseparably connected; that the cry for Reform was nothing but the form which the revolutionary spirit had here assumed; that those who pretended to guide would speedily be mastered by it; and that the only lessons as to the mode of avoiding its fury, were to be drawn from the experience of its effects in the neighbouring kingdom.

The principles which we have endeavoured to illustrate have been these:

1. That public discontent springs from two different causes; and, according as it arises from the one or the other, requires to be met by a totally different mode of treatment. That these causes are experienced suffering, and desired power. That the first can never be effectually remedied but by the removal of the grievances which occasion the irritation; while the second can never be successfully eradicated but by the removal of the phantom which has inflamed the passion.

2. That it is impossible, therefore, to be *too rapid* in removing the real grievances which have excited the discontent, while it is impossible to be *too slow* in conceding the power which is the object of ambition. That the removal of disabilities, the repeal of obnoxious duties, the diminution of burdens, being measures of relief producing immediate benefit, may be relied on as producing beneficial consequences; while the sudden concession of power may as certainly be expected to produce the most disastrous effects.

3. That in France, at the commencement of the first revolution, both causes were in operation; but that such were the ruinous results of the sudden concession of power to the people, that it overwhelmed all the beneficial consequences of the redress of grievances, and rendered Louis XVI.—a reforming monarch, whose life was one uninterrupted series of concessions to the people—the immediate cause of the revolution, and the most fatal sovereign to the happiness of his country who ever sat on the French throne.

4. That in Great Britain real grievances do not exist; or, if they do, they admit, through the medium of Parliament, or of the freedom of the press, of open discussion and ultimate remedy. That the ferment, therefore, which has arisen since the last French revolution is owing entirely to the passion for power. That this passion, like every other passion, is insatiable, and increases with every successive addition made to its gratification; and unless vigorously resisted in the outset, will acquire fresh strength with every victory it gains, until at length, as under the Reign of Terror, it becomes irresistible.

5. That the appetite for power once fairly excited among a people, can never, in the present state of society, be satisfied, if once it is permitted to acquire its full strength by gratification, till universal suffrage is obtained. That in Lafayette's words, "every government is to be deemed an oligarchy where four millions of men give law to six millions," and therefore, that it is impossible to stop short of universal suffrage, either in

point of principle or expedience, when once the precedent of yielding to the popular outcry for power is established.

6. That universal suffrage is in other words the destruction of property, order, and civilisation; impracticable in an old and highly peopled state, and necessarily destructive of capital, industry, life, and property.

7. That history convinces us, that the danger of adhering to the constitution, and resisting innovation, is incomparably less in every free state than that of concession during a period of excitement. That the exercise of social rights necessarily begets the desire of perpetuating them; and that this was in an especial manner the case in England, distinguished as it has been in every age by attachments to old institutions. That the resistance of the cry for Reform, often and vehemently raised, had never led to any convulsion; while the great rebellion, and the revolution of 1688, were owing to illegal invasion of the constitution, or the imprudent and sudden concession of power.

8. That the history of France and England in 1793 affords the most decisive proof of the truth of these observations; the former country having, under the reforming sovereign Louis XVI., and the reforming administration of Neckar, tried the system of concession, and in consequence brought on the re[illegible]; the latter, non-reforming George, and the non-resov[illegible] administration of Pitt, resisted the demands of popular ambition, and in consequence saved the constitution.

9. That the recent convulsion in France—originating in violent and illegal usurpations by the reigning sovereign, and terminating in such disastrous consequences to the finances, the industry, and the happiness of the country—should prove a lasting warning both of the ruinous consequences of *deviating from the constitution*, and giving any ascendant to popular violence.

Have we, or have we not, been true prophets? Has not every step which has been taken demonstrated the justice of these principles? Shall we go on in a course from which such consequences have already been experienced?

Has not the cry for Reform increased an hundred-fold since the executive took the lead in the proposal for conceding power to the people? Do not the Radicals triumphantly boast that the Tories might, three months ago, have framed a plan of moderate Reform which would have satisfied the country; but that the time for half measures is now gone by, and that they will have "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill?"—What does this prove, but that the prospect of conceded power has inflamed the passions, and that a total change in the constitution must be made to gratify their vehemently excited expectations?

It was long ago said by Lord Burleigh, that the English constitution never could be ruined but by her Parliament; and the event has now proved the wisdom of the observation. So long as the government remained true to itself, it shook off all the assaults of its enemies "like dew drops from the lion's mane." But that which neither the decay of a thousand years, nor the force of embattled Europe, nor the genius of Napoleon, could affect, is on the point of being accomplished by the suicidal hands of its own children.

The prophecy of Montesquieu is likely to be inverted. England is not in danger of perishing because the legislature has become more corrupt than the executive, but because the executive has become more reckless than the legislature. The poison which is now running through the veins of the empire, has been inhaled from the most elevated sources; it has flowed down through the arteries of the state from its highest members. The "corruption" which has proved fatal to the ancient and venerable fabric, has not been the flattery of courts, the seductions of wealth, or the selfishness of prosperity; it has been the tumult of popular applause, and the vanity of plebeian adulation. Borne forward on the gales of democratic ambition, the administration have inverted the usual order of national decline.—Symptoms of ruin have appeared, while yet the political body was in the vigour of youth; and long before its extremities had begun to feel the decay of Time, the whole system has been thrown into convulsions from the vehement passions of the heart. Like the American Indians, they have lighted a forest to dress a scanty meal—but the fire has proved too strong for those who kindled it; and, like them, they are now driven before the flames, and dare not stop, lest they should be enveloped in the conflagration.

What can be expected from a *continuance* of the system of concession? Where are we to stop? Observe the astonishing progress which democratic ambition has made in the last six months. What a change of ideas, of language, of expectations! Already, what a host of republican writers have sprung up, and how rapidly have the concessions which necessity has wrung out of the conservative party augmented! The Times declares, that if the House of Lords will not pass the Bill, "means must be taken to make it part of the law of the land, without giving their Lordships much trouble." A new paper, "the Republican," price one halfpenny, has already a circulation of 20,000 copies; in every page of which, the cause of republican institutions is strenuously advocated. The leading Ministerial journals declare that the Cambridge election has opened the eyes of all men to the necessity of ecclesiastical reform; in other words, the confiscation of the whole property of the church. A new journal, "the Englishman," devoted apparently to writing down the national debt, vehemently urges the adoption of that "equitable adjustment" with the public creditor, which has been seriously recommended by a leading Member of Parliament, in his pamphlet on the currency. The adherents of administration make no secret of their determination, early next session, to carry the repeal of the corn laws through a reformed Parliament. Not a whisper of all this was heard of six months ago. It has all sprung up like the pestilence, that walks in darkness, since democratic ambition was excited by Reform; in other words, since the prospect of power was conceded to the people.

Where, in the name of God, is all this to terminate? By yielding to the demands of the people, we have brought them on, even faster than the fatal career of the Constituent Assembly. The doctrines broached are now more fearful, the progress of democratic ambition more rapid, than in France in 1789. We have got, by the effect of six months' concession, farther on in the career of revolution and spoliation, than the French in many years. It was not till 1798, *nine years* after the revolution commenced, that the funds in that country were attacked, and an "equitable adjustment" carried, by the confiscation of *two-thirds* of the public debt of the country. How long will a reformed Parliament, the delegates of the L.10 tenants, continue to pay L.29,000,000 a-year to the holders of the 3 per cents? The confiscation of ecclesiastical property was only adopted there under the pressure of immediate and overbearing necessity; the annual excess of the public expenditure over the national income, which was L.9,000,000 yearly in 1789, was increased by the deficit of the revenue, consequent on the public convulsions in 1790, to L.16,000,000, and no resource remained but to lay their hands on the property of the most defenceless parts of the community. Here the same measure is advocated without any necessity, when the late administration left a clear excess of income above expenditure of L.2,900,000; and even under the severe infliction of the Whig Budget, Lord Althorpe promises the nation a surplus revenue of L.300,000. Titles of dignity were not assailed in France till 1791, two years after the revolution was established: the House of Peers is already threatened with destruction the moment they exercise their constitutional rights of rejecting or modifying the Reform Bill, the first step in the English changes. Utter ignorance of history, or wilful blindness to undisputed facts, can alone conceal the painful truth, that since the prospect of power excited democratic ambition in this country, the march of revolution has been much more rapid than that which preceded the Reign of Terror.

What arrested this fatal progress in Great Britain in 1793? Was it the system of concession—the doctrine that mobs are irresistible—that the good-will of the people must be conciliated by yielding to their demands—that public opinion, in other words, the clamour of the newspapers, must finally prove triumphant? Was it the sudden concession of unlooked-for—unhoped-for-power to the meanest of the householders of great towns? Was it the complete destruction of the whole constitutional influence of the conservative party in the Lower House? If these measures had been adopted, where should we have been now? They were adopted on the other side of the channel, and the rule of Marat and Robespierre was the consequence.

It was not thus that the British aristocracy of 1793 fronted the danger. The march of intellect had not as yet taught them that peril is to be evaded by weakness, and that pusillanimity in presence of an enemy is the best way to avoid a defeat. They had not then learned that concession to an insatiable opponent is the only mode of buying him off; and that the nation which gives a gratuity to its invaders, to persuade them to retreat, is most likely to be secured from future insult. They did not adopt the pusillanimous conduct of the Roman emperors, who raised vast sums to persuade the barbarians to retreat, fondly trusting that when their backs were once turned, they would never see their faces again. They proceeded on the antiquated principle—sanctioned indeed by the Roman republic, adopted by all the greatest of mankind, the parent of the long line of British greatness, but wholly unworthy of modern illumination—that in moments of peril, the most resolute course is the most prudent; and that the danger of resistance is incomparably less than that of exciting the passions of the enemy by symptoms of intimidation. Acting on this principle, that the passion for democratic power grows with every gratification it receives, the British aristocracy resolutely faced the danger: the great bulk of the Whig nobles, acting under the direction of Mr Burke, joined the administration; the threatened disturbances came to nothing; popular ambition, like every other passion, being deprived of its only food, hope, gradually declined; and in a few years the island exhibited a more united people than it had ever done since the Norman conquest.

The Duke of Wellington on the next crisis was fully aware of the danger. That sagacious and intrepid man saw at once the perilous state in which the Constitution was placed by the successful result of the second French revolution, and he took the only course, which, in such circumstances, became a wise statesman or an experienced soldier. It was not by conciliation and concession that he resisted the invasion of Portugal in 1810. The Whigs then strenuously recommended the same submission to the French which they have since made to the Radicals; but the British Hero, disregarding all their prophecies of defeat, resolutely took post at Torres Vedras, and from beneath its iron ridge beheld the tide of invasion roll back. He was prepared to have done the same when Parliament met in November last. He would have bravely headed the friends of order in resisting the assault of anarchy. He would have gloriously brought them through the struggle; but at the first appearance of danger one half of his troops deserted to the enemy! The friends of Mr Huskisson united with the Ultra-Tories in joining the ranks of innovation; domestic dissension, the fatal heart-burnings consequent on Catholic emancipation, paralyzed all the efforts of the conservative party. Mr Sadler, Sir R. Vyvyan, Sir E. Knatchbull, Mr C. Grant, Lord Palmerston, voted on the same side with Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Brougham. Had the Duke of Wellington been deserted in the same manner in presence of Napoleon, where would have been the deathless glories of the field of Waterloo? Had such a defalcation taken place from Mr Pitt in 1793, where would now have been the British constitution? Had Mr Burke and the Whigs united with Mr Fox, turned out that intrepid statesman, and conceded sovereignty to the people, what would have been the subsequent fate of England? Revolutionary anarchy, a sceptre of blood, military subjugation, and a British Napoleon.

It is painful to think how different might have been the present state and future destinies of this country, had the friends of order rallied, as in 1793, round the illustrious hero, who had the magnanimity in a moment of peril to unfurl the flag of the Constitution, and nail her colours to the mast. The British Lion would not then, as now, have quailed before the tricolor ensign; the crown of Alfred would not have been endangered on the head of the sovereign; the glories of a thousand years would not have been sinking into a sea of blood.

There never was so mistaken an idea as that which is now frequently adopted by those who perceive the present dangers of the country, that they have arisen from the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform. They have all arisen from his *not being supported* in that declaration. Had Mr Pitt been deserted as the Duke was, the present crisis would have occurred in 1793. Had the government then been delivered over to a reforming administration, the earthquake which has now shaken the empire would have occurred thirty-eight years sooner, and half the present generation would have been buried in its ruins.

But it is useless to lament the past. We refer to it not for the purpose of exciting unavailing regret, but to demonstrate the course of the perilous progress which the nation has since made, and to warn our legislature of the only course which still promises a chance of safety.

It is to the Peers of Britain that we, in an especial manner, now address ourselves. With them it lies to temper passing excitement by permanent wisdom; to save an infatuated nation from itself; and perform an act, for which they will obtain temporary obloquy and eternal admiration.

By rallying round the Duke of Wellington in November last, *before* the excitement began, the conservative party might have crushed the hydra in its cradle; and postponed for cooler times the gradual reformation of the constitution. That opportunity is past; the excitement has been created by the prodigal gift of power to the populace, and it is no longer a transient passion of the multitude, but a settled resolution of a large part of the Commons. The last election, unparalleled in the annals of England, has demonstrated from whence the future peril to the constitution is to be apprehended. By rousing the multitude with the double prospect of their own elevation and the destruction of their superiors; by exciting imaginary hopes and chimerical expectations among that numerous and ignorant class in whom the freehold qualification is placed; by dissolving Parliament at a moment of the highest excitement, and kindling the fire of misguided loyalty in the breasts of the rural tenantry, the Ministry have succeeded in obtaining a great majority in favour of Reform in the Lower House. Some concession must be made to the declared wish of the majority in point of *numbers* of the nation, and some change in the constitution must be admitted by its hereditary guardians.

In making this admission, we not only do not abandon, but adhere more strenuously than ever to our declared opinion, that no Reform *should* have been conceded till the excitement of the last French Revolution had passed away. We shall abandon this opinion when we are shewn that Mr Fox was wrong when he declared, " that all the collective wisdom of mankind could not frame a constitution; and that that of England was put together by the hand of time in a way which no future architect could hope to rival." We shall abandon it when we see new constitutions as stable, as free, and as beneficent, as those which have grown up with the wants of twenty generations; when we see the people as prosperous, the public wealth as flourishing, the national independence as secure, as under the pristine order of things; when the ancient glories of English story shall have been rivalled by the achievements of a more popular dynasty; the names of Bacon and Newton eclipsed by the discoveries of future philosophy; the strains of Milton and Shakspeare abandoned for the witchery of future rhyme; the remembrance of Cressy and Waterloo dimmed by the lustre of future triumphs; the flag of La Hogue and Trafalgar forgotten in the splendours of the British tricolor.

But the philosopher may lament the deplorable effects of popular delusion; the historian may condemn the fatal ambition of unexperienced statesmen; the legislator must deal with mankind as they are: he is exposed to the fury of popular violence, and must stem the torrent of reckless ambition. How to do this is now the question. A general who finds that his best position has been lost by the divisions of those intrusted with its defence, must take up the next best which can be selected. Though forced to abandon the ridge of Busaco, he may still present an impregnable front at Torres Vedras.

It is in the House of Peers that this last defensive contest must be maintained. Let not that illustrious assembly be intimidated by the assertion that they are but an insulated titled body, severed from the people by their privileges, possessing no part in their affections. They are but novices in history, who do not know that it is the Barons and landed aristocracy of England, who in every age have proved the firmest supporters of its liberties, and the strongest bulwark alike against sovereign or popular tyranny.

Who extorted from a feeble and tyrannical monarch the great charter of English liberty at Runnymede, and compelled its renewal two and thirty times on the succession of subsequent sovereigns or the repeated encroachments of the crown? Who declared at Mertown, in defiance of ecclesiastical usurpation, *nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*—who defeated the democratical insurrection of Watt Tyler, and saved England from the horrors of servile insurrection—who took the lead against the arbitrary usurpation of Charles I., and bravely conquered at Marston Moor—who resisted the Catholic usurpation of James II., and hurled a race of arbitrary monarchs from the throne—who protected the throne from the reckless ambition of its own Ministers, and saved the liberties of England from being sacrificed by a popular administration at the shrine of Indian ambition? The Peers of England—the titled and the untitled aristocracy of the realm; and it is to them that her good genius still looks to throw their shield over her future destinies.

Is it said that the times are now changed; that the whole weight of the constitution virtually resides in the Commons; that the days of aristocracy are gone by, and that the House of Peers dare not now throw out a bill supported by the Commons and the Throne? Here again history disproves the *assertion*, and recent events nullify its application.

It is stated by Mr Hume[*] and it has been repeated by Guizot,[†] that at the commencement of the great rebellion, the landed estates of the House of Commons were *three times* as large as those of the House of Peers. The Upper House consisted of 78 members, and at their deliberations seldom more than thirty or forty members assisted.[‡] The whole weight of the landed property of the kingdom was in the hands of the members of the Lower House, whose leaders, Sir Edmund Hambden, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Sir J. Hollis, Sir Henry Vane, were the destined leaders of the people, *not only by their* individual energy, but their vast possessions. The wars of York and Lancaster, in which eighty princes of the blood and nine-tenths of the ancient nobility of England perished, had fearfully thinned the ranks and dimmed the splendour of the Norman aristocracy; and the people, accustomed to see the great estates of the nobility forfeited repeatedly in the vicissitudes of fortune consequent on the civil wars, had lost much of their respect for their hereditary legislators. When the Long Parliament, therefore, in return for the innumerable concessions of Charles, and the tame submission of the nobles, voted the House of Peers a nuisance, and terminated their legal existence, the success of their usurpation was not a proof of the insignificance of the aristocracy in a contest with the Peers; but of the inability of a remnant of that body to maintain their ground against the great majority of the landed proprietors, almost all the commercial wealth, and all the religious frenzy of the nation.

Matters have since that time been completely changed. The policy of all the administrations who have ruled the country since the Revolution, has been to call up the most distinguished members of the Lower House, whether for talent, services, or possessions, to a place in the peerage. In consequence of the long prevalence of this system, not only the great bulk of the landed property, but the descendants of all the greatest men in the kingdom, the most distinguished representatives of its commercial wealth, and the greatest of its living orators and statesmen, have found a place in the hereditary legislature. Not only are the peers now more than four times as numerous as they were in the great Rebellion, but their landed property is at least ten times as great, and greatly exceeds the collected wealth of the whole House of Commons. Among its ranks are to be found the descendants alike of noble virtue, and of humble ability: of the generals who have led our armies to victory,—the admirals who have swept the ocean with our fleets,—the lawyers who have sustained our liberties by their exertions,—the statesmen who have maintained our property by their wisdom. The peerage is not adorned only by the blood of the Howards, the Percys, and the Scotts: its weight is not increased only by the vast possessions of Devonshire, Northumberland, and Buccleuch; but it numbers among its members the immediate descendants of the greatest names of Britain, whether of patrician or plebeian origin—of Marlborough, Chatham, and Somers—of Mansfield, Hardwick, and Loughborough—of Abercromby, Howe, and Nelson. Among its present members are to be found the greatest statesmen, generals, and orators of the age—the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lansdowne, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Brougham, Lord Plunkett, Lord Eldon, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Holland, Earl Grey, and many others. Its debates are conducted in a style of dignity, moderation, and temper, which places them foremost in the rank of real statesmen; and it is a common observation, that on all the great questions that have recently occupied the attention of Parliament, Catholic Emancipation, Criminal Law, the Corn Laws, and the Currency, the speeches in the Peers have been decidedly superior in point of ability to those delivered in the Lower House. Even on the question of Reform, though only incidentally introduced, few speeches in the Commons equalled those of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Caernarvon, Lord Wharncliffe, and Lord Mansfield.

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[*] Hume, vi. 176. [†] Guizot, i. 13. [‡] Hume, vi. 278.

It won't do, therefore, to direct against a body thus constituted the common newspaper slang, of their being a house of incurables—the last refuge of imbecility—always behind the age, &c. &c. This wretched abuse may do very well with the vulgar, but with men of thought and information, who hear their names and read their speeches, it can have no weight whatever.

While the weight of the Peers has thus immensely increased, that of the House of Commons, considered as composed of men of extensive landed property, has proportionally declined. With the exception of Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr Coke of Norfolk, both of whom, in pursuance of the same system, are shortly to be called to the Upper House, there is no man of great landed property in the Lower House. The successive ennobling of the second or third generation of all the principal landed proprietors, has nearly exhausted the great estates of the kingdom. Sir Robert Peel is no exception. He might have been in the Peers long ago had he chosen to relinquish his station of leader of the conservative party in the House of Commons.

This gradual but unceasing change in the composition of the two Houses, must long ago have brought on a direct collision between them; in other words, between the property and the popular ambition of the kingdom, had not the indirect influence of the nobility, through the medium of the close boroughs, counteracted its tendency. This, as is universally known, restored the ascendency of property in the popular branch of the legislature, and notwithstanding the increasing property and weight of the one, and the increasing energy and ambition of a portion of the other, prevented them from coming into open collision.

Mr Fox's India Bill in 1783, first proved the superior weight which the House of Peers had acquired, in consequence of the cause now mentioned, since the Revolution of 1688. On that occasion, as is well known, the administration, strong in the coalition of Lord North and Mr Fox, and supported by a majority in the House of Commons, brought forward the celebrated Whig India Bill. This extraordinary measure, based on the principle of throwing the whole patronage of India into the hands of ministers, would have perpetuated the Whig ascendency as effectually as the extinction of the one hundred and sixteen Tory members proposed in the present Reform Bill. The first measure of the Whigs in both periods was the same, viz. to make the first use of their installation in office, by intrenching themselves for ever in power. Mr Fox proposed to do it in direct violation of all the principles of his life, by throwing an enormous and fatal addition of patronage into the hands of the existing administration, without regard either to the interests of freedom in this country, or the chartered rights of the India Company in the Eastern world: The Reformers propose to do it, in opposition to the chartered rights of a hundred and eight boroughs, and in defiance alike of historical evidence and experienced utility. Ambition equally blinded the leaders of administration in both periods: had the first measure succeeded, it would have sunk the Whig influence under the weight of sovereign despotism; if the last prevails, it will bury it under the waves of popular ambition.

But at that critical period, the firmness and sagacity of the House of Peers saved the constitution and liberties of England from destruction. Removed from the strife of ministerial ambition, and permanently interested in the liberties of the country with which their fate was indissolubly connected, that intrepid body boldly threw themselves into the breach, and the event soon demonstrated how rapidly popular favour will incline to those who bravely defend the constitution.

On the 8th December, 1783, the Whig India Bill was carried in the House of Commons by a division of 208 to 202. The Peers, however, did not despair. On the second reading of the bill, a minor question was carried against Ministers by a majority of 87 to 79; and on December 17th, the bill was finally thrown out on the *third* reading, by a majority of 95 to 76.* Ministers immediately resigned—the seals were given to Lord Temple as Secretary of State, and Mr Pitt was created First Lord of the Treasury.

The House of Commons immediately took fire: the situation of the new ministry was singular, and indeed unprecedented since the Revolution, being formed in immediate opposition to the majority of the Lower House. Mr Fox immediately carried a resolution in the House of Commons (December 24th) to address the Crown, praying that the House should neither be prorogued nor dissolved, and the King, in answer to this address, promised that he would do neither the one nor the other. The majority in the Lower House proceeded to still stronger measures: on January 12th, they passed a vote preventing payments from being issued from the bank for the public service; and on the 23d, they actually adjourned the Mutiny Bill.

But Mr Pitt and the Peers were not discouraged. By resolutely maintaining the contest, they brought fortune round to their side, even in circumstances of increasing and apparently hopeless adversity. On the 14th January, Mr Pitt brought in his India Bill, which Mr Fox threw out by a majority of 222 to 214: and in the committee on the state of the nation, Lord Charles Spencer moved "that the continuance of the present ministry was injurious to the interests of his Majesty and of the nation." This resolution was carried against Mr Pitt by a majority of 205 to 184. On February 2d, another resolution was carried against Ministers, expressive of the sense of the Commons, "that the continuance of the present Ministers in office was an obstacle to the formation of a firm, efficient, extended, and united administration." On the 18th of the same month, the supplies were *refused* by the House of Commons; and on the 21st, an address for the *removal* of Ministers was carried by a majority of 21.

But these vehement proceedings of the Lower House only roused the indomitable spirit of the British Aristocracy. On the 24th February, they passed two resolutions, expressing at once their decided disapprobation of the conduct of the Commons, and their own determination to support the new minister, whose dignity they considered as identified with that of the crown. This demonstration of firmness saved the constitution. Finding that the Crown and the Nobles were firm, the Commons, recently so vehement, gradually relaxed in their assumed tone of superiority. The majority began to *decline* against Mr Pitt. A resolution, denying that the Crown had a right to choose its ministers in opposition to the declared opinion of the House of Commons, was carried by a majority only of *one*. The supplies were all voted before the 10th March. On the 24th, Parliament was prorogued, and next day dissolved. The new Parliament gave an overwhelming majority, as is always the case, to the new ministers.*

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* Campbell's Annals, ii. 170.

The history of this memorable contest demonstrates the extraordinary addition of weight which, in the course of a century and a half, the House of Peers had acquired in the constitution. It was enabled to maintain a long, and, at first sight, almost desperate, contest with the Lower House, and at last came off triumphant in the struggle. Its details are of vital importance at the present moment.

The Peers now are, incomparably, in a more favourable situation to maintain such a contest than they were in 1783. Since that time, above an hundred members have been added to their ranks, and a large portion of plebeian vigour and ability infused into their veins. Almost all the greatest men, of whatever description, have been gradually elevated from the Lower House, the army, and the bar, into the hereditary legislature.

Farther, the results of the last election have completely altered the relative situation of the two branches of the legislature, and the success of the democratic party in the Lower House not only calls for, but justifies, a firm conduct on the part of the House of Peers. This is a matter of vital importance, to which we earnestly request particular attention.

The Tories have always maintained, and till within the last six months the Whigs have uniformly concurred in the assertion, that the influence of the Peerage and of property was best exerted *indirectly* in the Lower House, because that prevented the different branches of the legislature from being brought into open conflict, and rendered the Commons the arena where the powers of the constitution balanced each other. It is not their fault if this salutary and pacific state of things under which the nation has reposed a century and a half in tranquillity and happiness, has not continued. They clearly saw the advantages of this unobtrusive contest; they forcibly pointed them out; but their opponents, blind to all the lessons of experience, deaf to all the dictates of wisdom, forgetful even of their own early principles, have compelled them to abandon this pristine scene of combat, and to bring the democracy into open collision with the aristocracy.

By having done so, they have augmented greatly the popular, or innovating party, in the House of Commons; but they have proportionally strengthened the hands of the conservative influence, in the upper branch of the legislature.

Formerly the Peers, by means of the nomination boroughs, possessed an extensive influence in the House of Commons. It was the constant theme of the reformers, that a majority in the Lower House were nominated by the nobility. Whether this was actually the case or not, is of little importance *now* to enquire. Suffice it to say, that this influence, so much the subject of complaint, is now all but extinct. Its decline was signally perceptible on the election of last autumn. Its extinction has been witnessed in the late contests.

Everywhere, almost, the influence of property, rank, and possession, has been thrown overboard. The whole counties, with the exception of Salop and Buckinghamshire, have returned reforming members, although the county declarations against Reform shewed that the great bulk of the landed proprietors decidedly were opposed to the measures of ministers. Warwickshire has returned six radical members, though almost every landed proprietor within its bounds has signed the declaration against Reform. Essex, Kent, Sussex, Northumberland, Cumberland, Cornwall, Devonshire, Hamsphire, have done the same, although the immense majority of their proprietors are strongly attached to the conservative party. Northamptonshire, after a severe contest, has followed the example, although its anti-reform petition embraced two-thirds of the landed property of the county.

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* Campbell's Annals, ii. 170-179.

On the other hand, Cambridge, Oxford, and Trinity College, have returned the anti-reform candidates. The distinctions of Whig and Tory, of Churchman and Liberal, have been there forgotten in the peril of the constitution. The graduates of the Universities, comprehending all the rich educated men in England, of Whig and Tory principles—the most distinguished of its philosophers—the most learned of its historians—the flower of its country gentlemen—the rising talent of the bar—the respectability of the church—the ornaments of the Peerage—have, by a great majority, arranged themselves under the banners of the constitution.

In Scotland, the ascendency of the same principles has been signally evinced. The boroughs, indeed, which are in a great degree in the hands of incorporations accessible to the menaces and intimidation which have been directed against them, and composed of men of no education, and incapable of discerning consequences, have, with some honourable exceptions, swum with the tide. But the counties, who are governed by the real property of the kingdom, have in general, in defiance of outrage and intimidation, unknown in other parts of the empire, firmly resisted the innovators. The great and opulent counties of Mid-Lothian, Roxburgh, Lanark, Perth, Fife, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Ayr, as well as the smaller counties of East Lothian, Berwickshire, Linlithgow, Dunbarton, Peebles, Selkirk, Cromarty, Kincardine, comprehending nine-tenths of the landed property of the kingdom, have returned anti-reform members. The influence of the President of the Board of Control, and the necessity of providing for needy younger sons, has given Invernessshire to the reformers, although it is well known that three-fourths of its proprietors are hostile to the bill, and have signed petitions against its leading clauses; but with that, and the exception of Sutherland, Argyle, and Dumfries, where the influence of the reforming families of the Staffords, the Argyles, and the Johnstone Hopes, are predominant, almost all the other counties have sided with the constitution.

This state of things is most remarkable—wholly unprecedented—and pregnant with the most important instruction. Wherever property, education, thought, and intelligence, had a voice, the cause of order has been triumphant. Wherever the numbers of the lower orders have been let in, the Demon of Anarchy has found an entrance. Extraordinary as this may at first sight appear, it is not to be wondered at, when historical experience is referred to, or the ruling motives of human actions considered.

Ministers have obtained a majority by the same means which enabled Henry VIII. to dissolve the monasteries, and which gave the reforming administration of Neckar an absolute ascendency over the French nation. This method consists in rousing the ambition of the many, by proposing to divide among them the influence or possessions of the few.

It is stated by Burnet and Hallam, "That, when Henry VIII. commenced the dissolution of the monasteries, their territorial possessions amounted to a *fifth*, and that their rent was a *third* of the whole landed revenue of the kingdom."* How did this tyrannical monarch, in opposition to every principle of justice, succeed in carrying through this great measure of confiscation? By the simple expedient of promising their spoils to the temporal Peers, and enlisting Ambition and Cupidity on the side of Violence. His courtiers were rewarded by grants of the confiscated lands;—the barons were bought off by large slices of the church property; and at this day, the chief families in the kingdom date their elevation from this grand measure of feeble robbery.† In all the subsequent changes, they held, with a tenacious grasp, the possessions thus acquired; and even upon the restoration of the Catholic nobility, in the time of Mary, it was found necessary to concede to their possessors the confiscated estates.

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* Burnet, 188; Hallam, i. 104.

† Hallam, i. 107.

In like manner, when Neckar, the reforming minister of Louis XVI., was called, in 1789, to the reins of government, he immediately recommended the convocation of the States General, and, by a royal ordinance, *doubled* the numbers of the representatives of the *Tiers Etat* of France. This fatal edict, issued six months before the assembly of the States General, rendered the revolution inevitable; because it roused democratic ambition to the highest degree in every part of France, and inflamed the lower orders, by the immediate prospect of triumphing over their superiors. The people were not so dead to ambition as to refuse the gift of sovereignty thus presented to them; and thenceforward, the elections all ran in favour of such democratic representatives, that their ascendency in the States General was irresistible; and within a few months after they met, the king, after narrowly escaping death at the hands of his subjects, was led in melancholy state a prisoner to his own capital.

The case is the same now in this island. The lower orders, inflamed and directed by the democratic press, at once perceived, that by means of the L.10 householders, and the extinction of all the Tory boroughs, their ascendency would become complete. The sweets of popular sovereignty—the dazzling heights of power—the substantial advantages of liberation from tithes and taxes—the prospect, at no distant period, of a division of the estates of the nobility, danced before their eyes, and produced an universal intoxication. Under the influence of these highly wrought feelings, the elections took place, and every body knows the result. All the established relations of life were set at nought—the ascendency of centuries was overturned—benefactions for ages were forgotten—the tenantry almost universally revolted against their landlords—the little urban freeholders followed in the career of the great democratic towns—antiquity of name, generosity of conduct, splendour of talent, fidelity of service, were alike set at nought, and nothing became a passport to popular favour, but a direct pledge to secure for the populace the glittering prize thus placed within their reach.

The present House of Commons, therefore, is differently constituted from any which have preceded it since the foundation of the monarchy. It is no longer the mirror of the united wealth, intelligence, and numbers of the people. The Crown, the Peers, the landed proprietors, the merchants, the shipping interest, no longer find themselves fully represented—the majority has been returned by the populace, in defiance of all these interests, and for the express purpose of annihilating their influence in the Legislature. We do not say that the gentlemen returned are for the most part inclined to support such extreme measures—a large body, in despite of the public frenzy, have still been elected, steadily attached to the constitution; and even of the reformers, a large part, doubtless, are men of sense and information, who will strive to moderate the transports which have heaved them into power. But still the composition of the House is avowedly and undeniably different from what it ever was before: the number of the tribunes of the people is fearfully augmented: the influence of property has been destroyed: the ancient working and balance of the constitution is at an end.

In these circumstances, the strongest argument against a resolute stand by the Peers is removed. When that body, on former occasions, as on the Catholic relief question, threw out a bill which had passed the other branch of the Legislature, the objection to such a proceeding was, that the nobles were now *twice* exercising their influence; once by means of their nominees in the Lower House, and again directly in their own branch of the Legislature. If a bill is sent up to the Peers, it was said, it is a proof that the sense of the nation is in its favour: an assembly composed of the representatives of *all* classes have passed it, and therefore it would be a dangerous stretch for the Peers to interpose their negative. But the case now is *toto cælo* different. The present House of Commons is avowedly returned, not by the Peers, but in spite of the Peers—not by intelligence, but in spite of intelligence—not by property, but in spite of property. The indirect influence, therefore, can no longer be exercised; and unless rank, property, and education, are to be sacrificed at the shrine of popular ambition, they must look for their representation to the Upper House. The constitution no longer resembles the ancient and stable British government; it is more nearly akin to the Roman commonwealth—and if they would avert an Agrarian law, the patrician classes must oppose the firmness of the senate to the vehemence of the popular tribunes.

In combating the Reform bill, therefore, the Peers are not vainly struggling for their own exclusive privileges against the united voice of the nation — they are throwing their shield over all its best and dearest interests; they are protecting the education, thought, and intelligence of the kingdom from the fury of popular delusion; they are saving those qualified to govern from being subjugated by those fitted only to be governed. In such a contest the result cannot be doubtful, if property, education, and worth are sufficiently firm. By supporting the aristocracy, as they did in 1783, this *second Whig invasion* of the constitution will be defeated, as on that memorable occasion; the great bulk of mankind, who always incline to the side likely to prove victorious, will rally round their hereditary leaders; and the people, wakened from their delusion, will ultimately recognise their real friends, and coerce the populace who have usurped their name.

Look at other countries. What, in a similar crisis, has been the consequence of *yielding* to such ebullitions of popular ambition? Has it been to confirm the existence of the nobility—to secure the rights of the people—to check the progress of anarchy — to chain the demon of revolution? It has been, on the contrary, to fan the flame of popular discontent — to rouse the fury of plebeian ambition—to superadd to the asperity of real grievance the passion for chimerical improvement.

The nobles and clergy of France, in 1789, tried to its utmost extent the system of concession. For years previous to the assembling of the States-General, the younger part of the nobility had been extravagantly attached to the principles of freedom: they were flattered by the choice of the populace—they hoped to head the movement; they imagined, that, by yielding to the people, they would preserve their ascendency over them, and avert the disasters of popular commotion. "In 1789," says Segur, "no one in France dreamed of the revolution which was approaching; every one imagined, that *the reforms which were commenced would terminate the embarrassment of the government, and establish the public felicity*. It was the era of illusion—the king, the ministers, the parliament, the three orders, were all penetrated with the sincerest love of their country—it seemed as if they were swayed by deceitful dreams. All hoped, by a common effort, to widen the base of the monarchy—restore the credit of the finances—conform ancient institutions to modern improvements—efface all traces of pristine servitude, and by blending popular influence with monarchical power, establish, on an immovable basis, the public felicity." *—"The great judicial bodies, the nobles, the clergy," said Lafayette, in 1790—"all those, in fine, who are now so vehement in condemning the revolution, have for a series of years attacked the measures of the crown with as much vehemence as the discourses of our tribune. They have, by common consent, *appealed to the nation;* but no sooner had the people answered the summons, than they saw their danger, and sought to impose silence upon its representatives." †

In pursuance of this delusion, the nobles and clergy of France, upon the meeting of the States-General, made the following submissions to the popular party.

First, when the great contest arose, in June 1789, between the three orders, as to whether the public deliberations should be conducted in one or separate chambers, forty-six of the peers, headed by the Duke of Orleans, Marquis Lafayette, the Duke de Rochefaucault, deserted their own order, and joined the popular assembly.

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* Segur, iii. 355.

† Ibid. iii. 453.

Next, one hundred and twenty-seven of the clergy, chiefly composed of the curés, who sympathized, from their rank in life, with the Tiers Etat, joined the commons, and by this great addition first gave them a numerical majority over the other orders.

Disheartened by these great defections—intimidated by the clamours of the populace—*yielding obedience to the mandate of their reforming sovereign*, the remainder of the nobles, with heavy hearts, also blended with the Tiers Etat, and formed one assembly, under the name of the States-General.

Shortly after, the nobles, led away by the enthusiastic reception which they had experienced, and captivated by the incense of popular applause, voluntarily *surrendered all their exclusive privileges.* All the rights of feudal property—all the titles of honour—all the personal distinctions of rank, were given up in one night, well styled at the time, "the St Bartholemew of Properties!"

The whole exclusive rights of corporations of every description throughout all France, were next given up to the nation.

The tithes were then surrendered by the clergy, in the hopes that by this great concession they would conciliate the good-will, and disarm the opposition, of the powerful leaders of the people.

The game laws were abandoned, and every corner of the country traversed by motley groups in quest of this aristocratic diversion.

It must be admitted, that concession and conciliation to popular ambition, could not well be carried farther by the nobles and clergy of France, on this occasion. What were its consequences?

In return for the junction of the clergy in their hour of peril, which first gave them a decided superiority over the other orders, and compelled their union in one assembly, in consideration of the surrender of the tithes, and the submission of the ecclesiastical claims to the national will, the assembly confiscated the whole property of the church, and sent forth its pastors, wandering and destitute through the realm, whose liberties they had been so mainly instrumental in confirming.

In return for the voluntary surrender of all their rights, as a reward for the abandonment of feudal power, titles of honour, and personal privileges, the Assembly banished and proscribed the nobles, confiscated their estates, and excited a flame, which brought two-thirds of them to the scaffold.

In return for the liberal concessions of the reforming monarch; in consideration of his having convoked the States General, doubled the number of the Tiers Etat, given them a numerical superiority, by ordering the nobles to sit and vote with them in one assembly; taken the lead in reform, by voluntarily abolishing all the grievances of the people; sanctioned the abolition of titles of honour, corporations, and exclusive privileges; acquiesced in the confiscation of the whole property of the church; published the most severe edicts against the emigrant nobles; declared war against his nearest relation, the Emperor of Austria; accepted the constitution of 1791, fixed on the most democratic basis; acquiesced in biennial parliaments and universal suffrage; relinquished the appointment of bishops, judges, and officers of the national guard, to the people; dismissed his own guards, and separated from all his relations but his wife and children,—the Revolutionists led out Louis to the scaffold.

The House of Peers, in the time of Charles I., also tried the system of conceding to popular frenzy; what were its results to the monarch and to themselves?

When the arbitrary government, illegal exactions, and oppressive punishments of that misguided monarch, coupled with the religious fanaticism of the period, had excited the flame in England, which afterwards broke out in the great Rebellion, the House of Peers, thinned by the proscriptions and bloodshed of the wars of the Roses, and seldom mustering fifty members in any assembly, felt themselves too weak to stem the torrent. They yielded to all the violence of the Long Parliament; they sat by in patient submission, when they usurped all the powers of government; they agreed to the bill establishing triennial parliaments; they passed the bill of attainder against Strafford, although no grounds could be shewn to support the impeachment previously brought against him; they submitted to the impeachment of the bishops; they made no attempt to check the "Remonstrance" of the Commons. "So violent was the democratic spirit of the nation," says Hume, "that a total confusion of all rank and order was justly to be apprehended; and the wonder was not that the majority of the nobles should seek shelter under the throne, *but that any of them should venture to desert it.* But the tide of popularity seized many, and carried them wide of the most established maxims of civil policy. Among the opponents of the King, were many of the most distinguished members of the peerage—these men, finding that their credit ran high with the nation, ventured to encourage those popular disorders, which *they vainly imagined they possessed authority sufficient to regulate or control.*"*

In pursuance of the system of concession, the Lords next passed the famous bill, conferring on the Commons the whole power of the sword. By this bill, the lieutenants of the counties were intrusted with the power of raising an armed force; they were named by the Parliament, and declared accountable, not to the King, but to the House of Commons.† "Should I grant these demands," said the King, when pressed to interpose the royal assent to this bill, "I may have my hand kissed; the title of majesty may be continued to me, and the King's authority signified by both Houses may still be the style of your commands. I may have swords and maces carried before me; though even these twigs would not long flourish, when the stock upon which it grew was dead; but as to true and real power, I should remain but the outside, but the picture, but the sign of a king."‡ Yet even these demands were agreed to by the infatuated peers.

If the system of concession to popular demands were ever destined to be successful, here it was tried on the greatest scale, and with the fairest prospects of success. What were its consequences? Did it temper the popular fury, place the peerage at the head of the movement, secure their honours or estates, save the throne from destruction? It did the reverse of all these things; it inflamed to madness the ambition of the Commons, roused up what Lord Clarendon calls "the Root and Branch men;" and excited an universal frenzy throughout the nation. In return for such pliant submission, in reward for the eminent services of Essex, and many of the nobles, in the Parliamentary armies, the House of Peers was voted a nuisance and abolished; the nobles banished, their estates put under sequestration, and the King himself, as a return for so many concessions, brought to the block.

To those who lay all history and experience aside as "an old almanack," who set at nought the lessons of the past, and are resolved at all hazards to pursue the system of inconsiderate innovation, these examples of course will have no weight. But to those who are of an opposite opinion, who speak of renovating, not rebuilding the constitution; who profess to be guided by a retrospect of the past in their measures for the future; who believe that the passions and ambition of men are the same in all ages, when excited by the same causes, we earnestly recommend their consideration. The more they are studied, the more extraordinary will appear their application to the present times.

It is not the mere force of human depravity, or the simple ingratitude of numerous bodies, which made the French and English nobles, and the French and English church, fall the first victims of the Revolution, which they had sought to appease by such abject submissions. These submissions themselves were the cause of their disasters; they excited a spirit which speedily became uncontrollable; they made the great bulk of the nation abandon a cause which had so evidently despaired of itself.

What, on the other hand, enabled the British aristocracy to suppress

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Hume, vi. 394.

† Ibid. vi. 410.

‡ Ibid. vi. 424.

the fervour of revolution, which spread to this country by contagion in 1793? What brought the House of Peers triumphantly through the contest with the Whigs, the House of Commons, and the whole forces of the Coalition, in 1783? The same cause which made Rome triumphant over Hannibal, Napoleon victorious at Arcola, and Wellington at Waterloo. Unconquerable firmness—decision in presence of danger—the bravery which, by deserving the smiles of Fortune, speedily obtains them.

"Quid in rebus civilibus," says Bacon; "maxime prodest—Audacia; quid secundum, audacia; quid tertium, audacia.—Nihilominus fascinat et captivos ducet eos qui vel judicio infirmiores sunt, vel animo timidiores; tales autem sunt hominum pars maxima—id circo videmus *audaciam in democratiis plurimum valuisse;* apud senatores et principes certe minus."* In these words is contained the secret of the success of the aristocracy on those memorable occasions, compared with the utter prostration which followed their submission in the others. It is the audacity of revolutionary leaders which so frequently gives them success; because the great bulk of mankind are always inclined to range themselves on the firmest side, and under the most intrepid leaders. Let the British aristocracy oppose to the vehemence of popular tribunes the firmness of the Roman senate, and they will speedily achieve as noble a triumph.

We have said that the time is gone by, when unqualified resistance to Reform could have been made: the divisions of the Tories have lost them that vantage ground: the rejection of the Reform Bill must be accompanied in one or other House by a more rational plan for remodelling the Constitution. In considering this subject, it is of the utmost moment to attend to what originally was the qualification of voters, and the changes which time has silently made in those who come up to the poll.

In the remotest ages all freemen his was perfectly safe during the days of baronial power, when the nobles lived in armed state on their estates; when the poor were few and uninformed; when London contained 30,000 souls,† and Lancashire was almost uninhabited; when manufactures and printing were unknown, and the greater part of the rural labourers were disqualified from being freeholders, by actual slavery. In the days of Gurth and Cedric, of Ivanhoe and Wamba, no peril from democratic power was to be apprehended.

In the progress of time the right of voting in the counties was restricted to forty shilling freeholders, the qualification which has ever since continued. This change took place in the time of Henry VI., by the 8th statute, c. 7 of that monarch. It is estimated by Sir James Macintosh, that, in the time of Henry VIII. L.30,000 was equivalent, taking the value of money and the price of articles, to L.1,000,000 of our money:‡ in other words, forty shillings was equal in that reign to above L.70 a-year of the present currency.

The progressive depression in the value of money, therefore, which has since taken place, has operated as a continual lowering of the elective franchise; and has brought it now to embrace properties amounting in value only to *one thirty-third* part of those originally admitted by the statute of Henry.

This is a most important consideration, which has never met with the attention it deserves. While the people have been constantly exclaiming against the encroachments on their power by the nobles, the silent changes of time, by incessantly *lowering* the elective franchise, have more than counterbalanced the influence of the higher classes. The discovery of the mines of Potosi, the progress of luxury, Mr Pitt's Bank Restriction act, have all added prodigiously to their power. The forty shilling freeholders who now come up to an English county election, no more resemble the military tenants who formerly returned the knights for the shires, than a modern farmer resembles the Barons of Magna Charta.

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* Bacon de Audacia, 10. 32.

† Hallam, iii. 38.

‡ History of England, ii. 54.

This increasing and prodigious degradation of the franchise, by the lowering in the value of money, would, when acting in conjunction with the vast increase of commercial and manufacturing wealth, and the spread of political information by means of the press, have long ago overwhelmed the Crown and the Aristocracy, had it not been counteracted by the decay of many boroughs, and the influence acquired over others by the nobles who resided in their vicinity. This cause, as every body knows, threw a great number of the boroughs into the hands of the Aristocracy, and this alone counterbalanced the continual additions which the democratic influence was receiving from the change in the value of money, and progressive lowering of the franchise.

Seeing that the balance of the Constitution was thus maintained, a wise administration, if they deemed the nomination boroughs an eyesore to the people which required to be removed, would have restored matters to their original situation, by restoring the franchise to what it was before the change commenced: in other words, by *raising* the qualification to the *present value* of forty shillings in the days of Henry VI., that is to about L.70 Sterling.

Instead of this, what have they done? Proposing, on the one hand, to extinguish the whole nomination boroughs, do they propose, on the other, to reach to the *real standard* which prevailed before that species of influence had acquired any ascendency? On the contrary, they proposed to *lower* it to the L.10 *householders:* in other words, to a class of men, of whom the great majority, so far from being worth L.70 a-year of freehold property, are literally worth nothing. And this is called restoring the balance of the Constitution, and reverting to the pristine order of things!

A mechanist finds a machine in which the opposite weights are nearly equally balanced: conceiving that the weight on one side is not of the kind which he approves, he removes two thirds of it. To restore the [illegible]rium of the machine, what corresponding weight does he withdraw from the other side? He quadruples the weight on the other half of the beam, and still insists that the machine will balance itself.

It shews how deplorably ignorant nineteen out of twenty are of those who speak in favour of Reform, when it is recollected that this obvious and decisive consideration has never once been alluded to by the advocates of the proposed change. They speak incessantly of restoring the Constitution to its pristine condition, when they are seriously proposing to lower the qualification of all the borough voters, that is, of two-thirds of the House of Commons, to less than *an hundredth part* of its former amount. No one can deny, that the qualification of the majority of the L.10 house *tenants* will be below an hundredth part of the forty shilling freeholders in the time of Henry VI., that is, of L.70 a-year freehold property at this time. Three-fourths of the present electors would be swept off if that standard were *really* to be adopted: hardly one of the L.10 householders would find an entrance under the old qualification. The freeholders, instead of being raised to a million, would be reduced, in all probability, to little more than a hundred thousand. The Reform candidates with such constituents would have been rejected in two-thirds of the English counties.

But this is not all.—The Reformers justify the assumption of this low standard of L.10 householders for the election of these boroughs, that is, of two-thirds of the House of Commons, upon the ground that the potwallopers and scot and lot voters are to be disfranchised. But when does this disfranchisement take effect? Upon the death of the present voters, and *not till then*. Now it is during the lifetime of the present voters, in the years immediately succeeding the Bill, that the perilous consequences of this sudden addition to democratic ambition are to be apprehended. If we get over the effects of that prodigious change for ten or fifteen years, the remote effects, after the excitement has subsided, are comparatively little to be apprehended. The whole present democratic part of the constitution; all that *now* counterbalances the nomination boroughs is to be *retained;* the pot-wallopers of Westminster, Southwark, and Preston, are to vote alongside of the L.10 householders of the Tower Hamlets, Manchester, and Birmingham; and this at the time that the whole nomination boroughs are to be instantly destroyed. The vast addition to the one side of the balance is to be immediately imposed; this alleged counteracting weight to the other side, is to be postponed till this period has arrived, when it is comparatively little required, and before which the machine will probably have been destroyed.

France, after the experience of her first Revolution, deemed it only safe to give the elective franchise to 80,000 of the richest proprietors in that kingdom, out of a population of 30,000,000. With such a constituency, a parliament so democratic was returned as rendered it impossible to carry on the government. After the impulse to popular power which arose from the second Revolution, the ministers of Louis Philippe only venture to raise the number to 200,000 voters; in other words, to one in *one hundred and fifty* of the people. These are the measures of those well versed in the history of revolutions. The Reform Bill proposes to extend the right at once to a million of voters out of a population in Great Britain of 16,000,000: in other words, to one in *sixteen.*

And this is said to be attending to the lesson of experience; securing the ascendency of property, and reverting to the principles of the Constitution!

Without pretending to solve the difficulty of amending the representation, we venture to submit the following principles, as essential to the formation of any stable government.

1. That no existing right of returning a member to Parliament should be taken away without either a full equivalent or proved delinquency. It is no doubt desirable not to make the legislature too large; but the inconvenience of having one hundred more members than at present, is trifling in comparison of the evil of confiscating innocent property: in other words, unhinging every estate in the kingdom.

2. That if the present system of unequal and varied representation is to be broken in upon to any extent, the qualification over the whole kingdom should be greatly raised. Experience having proved that it is the higher class of voters *alone* who are inclined to resist a subsequent extension of the franchise.

3. That it should be made to depend not on being the *tenant,* but the proprietor of a house: the latter of these parties only having a direct interest in resisting measures of spoliation.

4. That the rural freeholders only should vote for the county members, and not overwhelm the influence of landed property by the introduction of urban voters, subject to opposite prejudices, and swayed by an adverse interest.

5. That if the system of nomination, or close boroughs, is to be abandoned, a freehold qualification should be bestowed on funded movable property of the same value as that which affords a qualification for land or houses.

6. That unless they retain their present indirect representation, a certain number of members should be bestowed on our American and Indian possessions.

If the leading principles of the present Bill, viz. the disfranchisement of all the nomination boroughs, and the adoption of the low freehold standard, are adhered to, the country is thenceforward placed under the dominion of the tenants of ten pound houses. Let any man examine the principles, habits, and information of these men in his own neighbourhood, and say, whether he would willingly submit his *private affairs* to their management. If he would not, is the state, with all its complicated interests and weighty dependencies, safe in hands unfit to be trusted with the management of the affairs of a private family?

BEECHEY'S VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC AND BEHRING'S STRAIT.*

In England, almost the first thought of youth is the sea, and the first aspiration of boyhood to be a sailor. Every thing that we read, or see, or hear, impresses on our mind the same feeling; and who cannot remember having been enraptured long, long days together, over the tales of strange, new scenes, and dangerous passages, and wild adventures, in Anson, Vancouver, or Cook? and having longed to see the beings of another world there portrayed, or to wander through those sweet islands in that ocean, happily called the Pacific? Few there are who have not such remembrances, and the book at present under review will call up in the minds of all many a pleasant daydream of early years, when the thought of dangers and difficulties was as nothing before the spirit of young adventure; and every unknown spot, from the desolate and icy cliffs of Cape Horn, to the smiling solitudes of Juan Fernandez, was involved in the lustrous atmosphere of dawning imagination.

Amongst such scenes this voyage was directed; and the account of it is conceived in the spirit of a gentleman, and written in the plain and unaffected style of a sailor. Captain Beechey acknowledges in the Introduction, that he is not what the world calls a literary man, and he apologizes for it, by reminding the reader of the early age at which he entered a profession which claimed and received all his attention. The apology for the absence of very refined composition in the production of a sailor, was hardly necessary. Pomp and elaboration of style is not expected from a naval man, nor would it harmonize well with the subject of a voyage. Neither is there in the mere wording of Captain Beechey's book any thing to offend, if there be nothing to dazzle; while the plain, straightforward, sailor-like manner, in which he describes scenes of interest, adventure, and danger, brings them up more forcibly to the mind's eye, and engages the feelings of the reader more strongly in the cause of the narrator, than any display of artful eloquence.

His style, in general, is plain and manly; and the only passages which appear at all objectionable in this point, are a very few, in which an occasional desire for what is called fine writing has led him from his more simple and natural manner.

The land expeditions of Captain Franklin in the Arctic regions, will never be forgotten by any one who has read the vivid account of the sufferings, dangers, and fatigues, which he and his companions underwent; and the feeling which every one entertains in regard to that gallant officer, would communicate itself in some degree to a voyage undertaken to co-operate with, and assist him in, his second great attempt, even if the voyage itself had not possessed matter of infinite interest. But, apart from all collateral causes of pleasure, this book contains within itself much both to please and delight, from the vast variety of different scenes—the excitement of some—the splendour of others—and the rapid transition from extreme to extreme—from those climes where,

> —— "vertical, the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays;"

While

> "O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
> Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
> From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze;"

To

> ——"Hecla, flaming through a waste of snow,
> And farthest Greenland; to the Pole itself,
> Where failing gradual, life itself goes out."

Such scenes must always be full of interest to those persons who have not seen them, from the stimulus they give to imagination, and the satisfaction they afford to curiosity; and to those persons who have seen them, from the re-awakening of drowsy memoirs to matters of thought and feeling long past. But in Captain Beechey's book, there is a mingling of valuable observation with amusing narrative, which merits more detailed examination.

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* Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait, to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions, &c. &c. By Captain W. F. Beechey, R.N. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

In 1825, Captains Parry and Franklin set out upon their last expedition, to seek for a north-west passage to the Pacific; and Captain Franklin being unprovided with the means of returning to England in case of his success, the Blossom sloop, mounting sixteen guns, was sent out to Behring's Strait, for the purposes of meeting him, and of rendering assistance to either expedition whose endeavours might prove effectual. Precautions were taken to strengthen the vessel, and to provide her with every thing necessary for exploring the coast, overcoming the difficulties she might meet with, and for cultivating the regard and friendship of the natives in those countries to which she was destined.

Various officers, well known for their scientific acquirements, were appointed to the vessel, and Captain Beechey, who had already accompanied two of the northern expeditions, was placed in command. The instructions given by the Admiralty were minute, and somewhat restrictive. The particular survey of various points in the Pacific, the position of which was doubtful, was one great object of the voyage; but Captain Beechey was directed to make every thing subservient to the purpose of meeting Captain Franklin. In case of that officer not appearing either in 1826 or 1827, the Blossom was to remain as long as possible in Behring's Strait, without running the risk of being forced to winter there; and then to return directly home. This command was precise, and was perhaps both prudent and necessary; but yet, it may be regretted now, that a greater degree of license was not permitted both to Captain Franklin and Captain Beechey, as those two officers came within so short a distance of each other, that exertions, slight in comparison to those which they had previously made, would have effected their meeting, and produced results which would have satisfactorily determined some of the most obscure points in the science of modern geography.

Captain Beechey sailed from Spithead on the 19th of May, 1825; and, after a passage distinguished by nothing of any great importance, arrived at Rio Janeiro, whence he proceeded, as soon as possible, towards the Pacific, doubling Cape Horn. In this part of the passage some interesting scientific details are slightly touched upon; but, in general, the great mass of information of this kind, obtained during the voyage, is collected in the Appendix, by which means, the course of the narrative is allowed to proceed uninterrupted. The accounts of the voyage round Cape Horn, and along the Chilian coast, however, are entertaining from their very simplicity; and some of the descriptions, without any effort, and probably without the writer's consciousness, are highly picturesque. What Sir Joshua Reynolds was accustomed to call "the repose of a fine picture," is often happily transferred to descriptive writing, but it must always be unaffected and easy. Such a character runs through the few lines which describe the approach to Talcahuana, the seaport of Conception.

> "Our arrival off the port, was on one of those bright days of sunshine which characterise the summer of the temperate zone on the western side of America. The cliffs of Quiriquina, an island situated in the entrance of the harbour, were covered with birds, curiously arranged in rows along the various strata; and on the rocks were numberless seals basking in the sun, either making the shores reecho with their discordant noise, or so unmindful of all that was passing, as to allow the birds to alight upon them, and peck their oily skin without offering any resistance."

The dangers of the passage round Cape Horn have been represented as so tremendous, by those who achieved the feat in an age when it was seldom attempted, that for a considerable time, a double license was allowed to the magnifying and story-telling propensities of all who could boast of having accomplished the undertaking. Captain Beechey, however, very much reduces its terrors, and leaves the bugbear of former navigators greatly diminished in importance. The city of Conception was found by the officers of the Blossom just beginning to revive from the desolating effects of many years of anarchy and turbulence, and Captain Beechey dwells with philanthropic pleasure on various objects, which evinced the renewal of law and confidence, since the visit of Captain Hall. The state of society, however, does not offer the most delightful picture, notwithstanding the salubrity of the climate, and the vigour and activity of the inhabitants. The same fierce and determined character, which, in days of old, gave new features (at least in South American warfare) to the struggles so beautifully depicted in the Araucana of Alonzo de Ercilla, are still to be found amongst the Indians of this province; and as, thanks to European civilisation, they are generally intoxicated, their presence is any thing but desirable. Other subjects of greater interest, however, still remain to be touched upon; and, after running rapidly over two thousand miles of the wide Pacific, where the living changes of the capricious tropics were all that accompanied the vessel on her course—now blazing round her in the lightning—now sleeping over her sunshiny track in the calm drowsiness of an equatorial day—the Blossom approached at length one of those small insulated cradles of human nature, which some unknown fate has scattered so strangely over that wide world of waters. In truth, it must be with a sweet, a singular, and a thrilling feeling, after the eye has rested for days and weeks on nothing but sky and sea, that the voyager of the ocean first beholds one of those solitary islands rising over the waves, while the firm, steadfast aspect of man's natural dwelling-place, the earth, contrasts strongly with the fluctuating instability of that element which he has so boldly made his home. How many, too, must be the expectations raised in the small world—the microcosm of a ship—as it sails up to a little spot like that, pitched in the midst of the wild billows, full of warm life, and all life's thousand strange relationships, and thronging with beings whose every thought, and habit, and feeling, and desire, is new!

To think of the human creatures who, in the very youth of their nature, inhabit the islands of that wide expanse of sea which flows between South America and Asia, instantly brings on regret that it is impossible so to circumscribe their communion with the more civilized savages of other countries, that they should neither be taught to dread and fly the sight of the stretched canvass, which, from time to time, comes as if

> " a cloud had dropt from heaven,
> And were sailing on the sea,"

nor to learn vices and sorrows from men who have neither virtue nor happiness to impart. Did such men as Cook, and La Perouse, and Beechey, alone visit the infant tribes of the Pacific, the terrible changes which have been observed in the manners of many of these islanders would not have taken place. Alterations, but alterations for the better, would have followed, and we should have planted neither the passion for European vices, nor the hate of European violence. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Easter Island were only spoken of as a mild, though very uncivilized race; but some trading vessels, it is known—and Captain Beechey thinks many more than are known—have lately touched at this island, and committed acts of unjustifiable violence, the result of which is proved by the events which attended the visit of the Blossom. Those events themselves are full of interest, and therefore, though the extract be somewhat long, it may as well be given as a specimen of the book.

> " As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers: and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern, and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c. were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visitors to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers, there were a great many females, who were equally, or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion to induce the crew to admit them. But to have

acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety, the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized by the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowd hanging to them, many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them—the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they committed a theft. The women were no less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures.

"In proceeding to the landing-place, the boats had to pass a small isolated rock, which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room, crowded upon this eminence, pressing together so closely that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these Nereids, three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visitors. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father; and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in compassion, allowed her a seat in his boat. She was young and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made; her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her colour deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her countrywomen, from the waist downward to the knee, in narrow compact blue lines, which, at a short distance, had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular maro, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officers' apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her countrywomen who aspired to the same seat of honour with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but unkind as it might appear to interfere to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable.

"As our party passed, the assemblage of females on the rocks commenced a song, similar to that chanted by the lady in the boat, and accompanied it by extending their arms over their heads, beating their breasts, and performing a variety of gestures which shewed that our visit was acceptable, at least to that part of the community. When the boats were within a wading distance of the shore, they were closely encompassed by the natives, each bringing something in his hand, however small, and almost every one importuning for an equivalent in return. All those in the water were naked; and only here and there, on the shore, a thin cloak of the native cloth was to be seen. Some had their faces painted black —some red—others black and white, or red and white, in the ludicrous manner practised by our clowns; and two demon-like monsters were painted entirely black. It is not easy to imagine the picture that was presented by this motley crowd, unrestrained by any authority or consideration for their visitors, all hallooing to the extent of their lungs, and pressing upon the boats with all sorts of grimace and gestures.

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"The gentleman who disembarked first, and from that circumstance probably was considered a person of distinction, was escorted to the top of the bank, and seated upon a large block of lava, which was the prescribed limit to the party's advance. An endeavour was then made to form a ring about him; but it was very difficult, on account of the islanders crowding to the place, all in expectation of receiving something. The applicants were impatient, noisy, and urgent: they presented their bags, which they had carefully emptied for the purpose, and signified their desire that they should be filled: they practised every artifice, and stole what they could in the most careless and open manner; some went even farther, and accompanied their demands by threats. About this time, one of the natives, probably a chief, with a cloak and head-dress of feathers, was observed from the ship hastening from the huts to the landing-place, attended by several persons with short clubs. This hostile appearance, followed by the blowing of the conch-shell, a sound which Cook observes he never knew to portend good, kept our glasses for a while riveted to the spot. To this chief, it is supposed, for it was impossible to distinguish amongst the crowd, Mr Peard made a handsome present, with which he was very well pleased, and no apprehension of hostilities was entertained. It happened, however, that the presents were expended, and this officer was returning to the boat for a fresh supply, when the natives, probably mistaking his intentions, became exceedingly clamorous; and the confusion was farther increased by a marine endeavouring to regain his cap, which had been snatched from his head. The natives took advantage of the confusion, and redoubled their endeavours to pilfer, which our party were at last obliged to repel by threats, and sometimes by force. At length, they became so audacious, that there was no longer any doubt of their intentions, or that a system of open plunder had commenced; which, with the appearance of clubs and sticks, and the departure of the women, induced Mr Peard, very judiciously, to order his party into the boats. This seemed to be the signal for an assault: the chief who had received the present threw a large stone, which struck Mr Peard forcibly upon the back, and was immediately followed by a shower of missiles which darkened the air. The natives in the water and about the boats, instantly withdrew to their comrades, who had run behind a bank out of the reach of the muskets, which former experience alone could have taught them to fear, for none had yet been fired by us.

"The stones, each of which weighed about a pound, fell incredibly thick, and with such precision, that several of the seamen were knocked down under the thwarts of the boat, and every person was more or less wounded, except the female to whom Lieutenant Wainwright had given protection, who, as if aware of the skilfulness of her countrymen, sat unconcerned upon the gunwale, until one of the officers, with more consideration for her safety than she herself possessed, pushed her overboard, and she swam ashore. A blank cartridge was at first fired over the heads of the crowd; but forbearance, which, with savages, is generally mistaken for cowardice or inability, only augmented their fury. The showers of stones were, if possible, increased, until the personal safety of all rendered it necessary to resort to severe measures. The chief, still urging the islanders on, very deservedly, and perhaps fortunately, fell a victim to the first shot that was fired in defence. Terrified by this example, the natives kept closer under their bulwark; and though they continued to throw stones, and occasioned considerable difficulty in extricating the boats, their attacks were not so effectual as before, nor sufficient to prevent the embarkation of the crew, all of whom were got on board.

"Several dangerous contusions were received in the affair; but, fortunately, no lives lost on our part; and it was the opinion of the officers commanding the party, that the treacherous chief was the only victim on that of the islanders, though some of the officers thought they observed another man fall. Considering the manner in which the party were surrounded, and the imminent risk to which they were exposed, it is extraordinary that so few of the natives suffered; and the greatest credit is due to the officers and crew of both boats, for their forbearance on the occasion."

As little or no hope remained of entering into any peaceful relations with the people of this place, the Blossom now pursued her course for Ducie's, and thence to Elizabeth Island, which last, though small and uninhabited, offers a curious example of one of the several modes of formation, by which islands have been, and probably are, continually produced in the Pacific. Volcanic appearances are distinct in so many of the principal groups, that no doubt can exist of the agency of that phenomenon in the creation of a great number; but, if influencing at all the peculiar structure which either of these two exhibits, it must be exerted in very different manner from that in which it commonly acts. In Ducie's Island, there seems to be but little difference from the usual coral formation, except that, at the north-eastern and south-western extremities, projecting masses are thrown out with a less degree of inclination than presented by the ordinary sides of the island, and thus two immense natural breakwaters are formed, which intercept the action of the sea before it can reach the entrance of a little lagoon formed in the centre. "It is singular," Captain Beechey remarks, "that these two buttresses are opposed to the only two quarters whence their structure has to apprehend danger—that on the north-east, from the constant action of the trade wind; and that on the other extremity, from the long rolling swell from the south-west, so prevalent in these latitudes; and it is worthy of observation, that this barrier, which has the most powerful enemy to oppose, is carried out much farther, and with less abruptness, than the other."

Elizabeth Island has very peculiar and distinct characters; and though great doubt may exist whether volcanic agency had any share in its production, as Captain Beechey imagines, yet his description is so minute and clear, that it may lead to a true solution, even if his own be not the correct one.

"We found that the island differed essentially from all the others in its vicinity, and belonged to a peculiar formation, very few instances of which are in existence. Wateo, and Savage Islands, discovered by Captain Cook, are of this number, and, perhaps, also Malden Island, visited by Lord Byron in the Blonde. The island is five miles in length, and one in breadth, and has a flat surface nearly eighty feet above the sea. On all sides, except the north, it is bounded by perpendicular cliffs about fifty feet high, composed entirely of dead coral, more or less porous, honey-combed at the surface, and hardening into a compact, calcareous substance within, possessing fracture of secondary limestone, and has a species of millepore interspersed through it. These cliffs are considerably undermined by the action of the waves, and some of them appear on the eve of precipitating their superincumbent weight into the sea; those which are less injured in this way, present no alternate ridges, or indication of the different levels which the sea might have occupied at different periods; but a smooth surface, as if the island, which there is every probability has been raised by volcanic agency, had been forced up by one great subterraneous convulsion. The dead coral, of which the higher part of the island consists, is nearly circumscribed by ledges of living coral, which project beyond each other at different depths; on the northern side of the island, the first of these had an easy slope from the beach, to a distance of about fifty yards, when it terminated abruptly about three fathoms under the water. The next ledge had a greater descent, and extended to two hundred yards from the beach, with twenty-five fathoms water over it, and there ended as abruptly as the former; a short distance beyond which, no bottom could be gained with two hundred fathoms of line. Numerous *echini* live upon these ledges; and a variety of richly coloured fish play over their surface, while some cray-fish inhabit the deeper sinuosities. The sea rolls in successive breakers over these ledges of coral, and renders landing upon them extremely difficult. It may, however, be effected by anchoring the boat, and veering her close into the surf, and then, watching the opportunity, by jumping upon the ledge, and hastening to the shore before the succeeding roller approaches. In doing this, great caution must be observed, as the reef is full of holes and caverns, and the rugged way is strewed with sea-eggs, which inflict very painful wounds; and if a person fall into one of these hollows, his life will be greatly endangered by the points of coral catching his clothes, and detaining him under water. The beach, which appears at a distance to be composed of a beautiful white sand, is wholly made up of small broken portions of the different species and varieties of coral, intermixed with shells of testaceous and crustaceous animals."

It is this minute and comprehensive detail—this dwelling upon each particular without confusing the whole, which gives to description the stamp and impress of reality, which enables science to know and judge without the tangible presence of the object, and presents to the casual reader a clear and complete picture, which no vague and general terms could convey. This was one of the great points in that wonderful reformation which the Author of Waverley worked in the world of novel-writers. Instead of loose descriptions, uncertain figures, and a misty atmosphere of indefinite verbiage, which enveloped every character of the former school, he substituted a clear and definite form, in which each feature and line had been marked and traced by a master's hand and eye, and over which the picturesque spirit of a poetical mind spread the magic sunshine of his own vivid and wonderful imagination. Others followed with infinitely less power, and less originality, but still an immense improvement was produced. Every man who knows any thing intimately, will have the means of describing it minutely; and though, in general reasoning, or even in the sallies of wit and imagination, it is necessary to possess the great talent of casting away the insignificant and the worthless, yet it is the small fine shades, these minute details, which give identity to description, and call up every particular scene in all its individuality before the mind's eye. Captain Beechey thus gives as true and distinct pictures of what he saw, as if he represented them by painting to the material organ of vision. Nor is this confined to the scenery alone; the actions and habits of the people with whom he is brought in contact are all treated in the same graphic way, and we as much see Adams, the mutineer of the Bounty, his patriarchal customs, his interesting race, and his beautiful island, as if we had once been there ourselves, and memory called up all that we then had seen. The history of that famous mutiny has been already told by Captain Heywood, and ornamented in the poetry of Byron; but the account given of it by Adams himself to Captain Beechey, will still be read with infinite pleasure, as well as the farther story of the nascent nation on Pitcairn Island, and of the strange, but beautiful change from a community of violent and criminal Europeans, and wild licentious savages, to a religious, sober, orderly race, amongst whom violence is unknown, and the lightest promise inviolable—perhaps the grandest and most splendid instance on record of the true influence of that bright religion which interested knaves have sometimes corrupted, and proud fools have pretended to despise.

As a whole, this account of the mutineers of the Bounty would be too long for insertion here, and to mutilate it would be injustice to the author and to the public. The present state of the island and its inhabitants, however, is more within the limits of a justifiable extract, and is full of pleasant feelings and anticipations—But first, the appearance of old Adams himself.

"The interest which was excited by the announcement of Pitcairn Island from the mast-head, brought every person upon deck, and produced a train of reflections that momentarily increased our anxiety to communicate with its inhabitants—to see and partake of the pleasures of their little domestic circle—and to learn from them the particulars of every transaction connected with the fate of the Bounty; but, in consequence of the approach of night, this gratification was deferred until the next morning, when, as we were steering for the side of the island, on which Captain Carteret has marked soundings, in the hope of being able to anchor the ship, we had the pleasure to see a boat, under sail, hastening towards us. At first, the complete equipment of this boat raised a doubt as to its being the property of the islanders; for we expected to see only a well-provided canoe in their possession, and we therefore concluded that the boat must belong to some whale-ship on the opposite side; but we were soon agreeably undeceived by the singular appearance of her crew, which consisted of old Adams and all the young men of the island. Before they ventured to take hold of the ship, they enquired if they might come on board; and upon permission being granted, they sprang up the sides, and shook every officer by the hand with undisguised feelings of gratification.

"The activity of the young men outstripped that of old Adams, who was consequently almost the last to greet us. He was in his sixty-fifth year, and was unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulency. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trowsers, and a low-crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand, until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat, and smoothing down his bald forehead whenever he was addressed by the officers.

"It was the first time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps, by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts; he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed towards him, both on the part of the British Government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head: and as every person endeavoured to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home.

"The young men, ten in number, were tall, robust, and healthy, with good-natured countenances, which would any where have procured them a friendly reception;

and with a simplicity of manner, and a fear of doing wrong, which at once prevented the possibility of giving offence. Unacquainted with the world, they asked a number of questions which would have applied better to persons with whom they had been intimate, and who had left them but a short time before, than to perfect strangers; and enquired after ships and people we had never heard of. Their dress, made up of the presents which had been given them by the masters and seamen of merchant ships, was a perfect caricature. Some had on long black coats, without any other article of dress, except trowsers, some shirts without coats, and others waistcoats without either; none had shoes or stockings, and only two possessed hats, neither of which seemed likely to hang long together."

After landing the observatory, and partaking the hospitality of the islanders, the English party were, shewn to the beds prepared for them, consisting of mattrasses of palm-leaves, covered with native cloth, and sheets of the same material. The evening hymn, sung by the islanders, after the lights were extinguished, pleasingly disturbed the first sleep of their guests, and the morning hymn broke their early dreams; but the evening and the night passed away otherwise in calm repose; and, the next day, Captain Beechey proceeded to examine the island more minutely.

"We assembled at breakfast about noon, the usual eating hour of the natives, though they do not confine themselves to that period exactly, but take their meal whenever it is sufficiently cooked; and afterwards availed ourselves of their proffered services to shew us the island, and under their guidance, first inspected the village, and what lay in its immediate vicinity. In an adjoining house, we found two young girls seated upon the ground, employed in the laborious exercise of beating out the bark of the cloth-tree, which they intended to present to us, on our departure, as a keepsake. The hamlet consisted of five cottages, built more substantially than neatly upon a cleared patch of ground, sloping to the northward, from the high land of the interior, to the cliffs which overhang the sea, of which the houses command a distant view in a northern direction. In the NE. quarter, the horizon may also be seen peeping between the stems of the lofty palms, whose graceful branches nod like ostrich plumes to the refreshing trade-wind. To the northward, and north-westward, thicker groves of palm-trees rise in an impenetrable wood, from two ravines which traverse the hills in various directions to their summit. Above the one, to the westward, a lofty mountain rears its head, and towards the sea terminates in a fearful precipice filled with caverns, in which the different sea-fowl find an undisturbed retreat. Immediately round the village are the small enclosures for fattening pigs, goats, and poultry; and beyond them, the cultivated grounds producing the banana, plantain, melon, yam, taro, sweet potatoes, appai, tee, and cloth plant, with other useful roots, fruits, and shrubs, which extend far up the mountain, and to the southward; but in this particular direction they are excluded from the view, by an immense banyan tree, two hundred paces in circumference, whose foliage and branches form of themselves a canopy impervious to the rays of the sun. Every cottage has its outhouse for making cloth, its baking place, its sty, and its poultry-house.

"Within the enclosure of palm-trees is the cemetery where the few persons who had died on the island, together with those who met with violent deaths, are deposited. Besides the houses above mentioned, there are three or four others built upon the plantations beyond the palm-groves. One of these, situated higher up the hill than the village, belongs to Adams, who has retired from the bustle of the hamlet to a more quiet and sequestered spot, where he enjoys the advantages of an elevated situation, so desirable in warm countries; and there are four other cottages to the eastward, which belong to the Youngs and Quintals.

"All these cottages are strongly built of wood, in an oblong form, and thatched with the leaves of the palm-tree, bent round the stem of the same branch, and laced horizontally to rafters, so placed as to give a proper pitch to the roof. The greater part have an upper story, which is appropriated to sleeping, and contains four beds built in the angles of the room, each sufficiently large for three or four persons to lie on. They are made of wood of the cloth-tree, and are raised eighteen inches above the floor; a mattress of palm-leaves is laid upon the planks, and above it three sheets of the cloth-plant, which form an excellent substitute for linen. The lower room generally contains one or more beds, but it is always used as their eating-room, and has a broad table in one part, with several stools placed round it. The floor is elevated about a foot from the ground, and, as well as the sides of the house, is made of stout plank, and not of bamboo or stone, as stated by Captain Folger; indeed they have not a piece of bamboo on the island; nor have they any mats. The floor is a fixture, but the side-boards are let into a groove in the supporters, and can be removed at pleasure, according to the state of the weather, and the whole side may, if required, be laid open. The lower room communicates with the upper by a stout ladder in the centre, and leads up through a trapdoor into the bedroom."

And again,

"During the period we remained upon the island, we were entertained at the board of the natives, sometimes dining with one person, and sometimes with another: their meals, as I have before stated, were not confined to hours, and always consisted of baked pig, yams, and taro, and more rarely of sweet potatoes.

"The productions of the island being very limited, and intercourse with the rest of the world much restricted, it may be readily supposed their meals cannot be greatly varied. However, they do their best with what they have, and cook it in different ways, the pig excepted, which is always baked. There are several goats upon the island, but they dislike their flesh, as well as their milk. Yams constitute their principal food; these are broiled, baked, or made into pillihey (cakes), by being mixed with cocoa-nuts, or bruised and formed into a soup. Bananas are mashed and made into pancakes, or, like the yam, united with the milk of the cocoa-nut, into pillihey, and eaten with molasses, extracted from the tee-root. The taro-root, by being rubbed, makes a very good substitute for bread, as well as the bananas, plantains, and appai. Their common beverage is pure water, but they made for us a tea, extracted from the tee-plant, flavoured with ginger, and sweetened with the juice of the sugar-cane. When alone, this beverage and fowl soup are used only for such as are ill. They seldom kill a pig, but live mostly upon fruit and vegetables. The duty of saying grace was performed by John Buffet, a recent settler among them, and their clergyman; but if he was not present, it fell upon the eldest of the company. They have all a great dislike to spirits, in consequence of M'Coy having killed himself by too free an indulgence in them; but wine in moderation is never refused. With this simple diet, and being in the daily habit of rising early, and taking a great deal of exercise in the cultivation of their grounds, it was not surprising that we found them so athletic and free from complaints. When illness does occur, their remedies are as simple as their manner of living, and are limited to salt water, hot ginger tea, or abstinence, according to the nature of the complaint. They have no medicines, nor do they appear to require any, as these remedies have hitherto been found sufficient.

"After their noontide meal, if their grounds do not require their attention, and the weather be fine, they go a little way out to sea in their canoes, and catch fish, of which they have several kinds, large, and sometimes in abundance; but it seldom happens that they have this time to spare; for the cultivation of the ground, repairing their boats, houses, and making fishing lines, with other employments, generally occupy the whole of each day. At sunset they assemble at prayers as before, first offering their orison and thanksgiving, and then chanting hymns. After this follows their evening meal, and at an early hour, having again said their prayers, and chanted the evening hymn, they retire to rest; but before they sleep, each person again offers up a short prayer upon his bed.

"Such is the distribution of time among the grown people; the younger part attend at school at regular hours, and are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They have very fortunately found an able and willing master in John Buffet, who belonged to a ship which visited the island, and was so infatuated with their behaviour, being himself naturally of a devout and serious turn of mind, that he resolved to remain among them; and, in addition to the instruction of the children, has taken upon himself the duty of clergyman, and is the oracle of the community. During the whole time I was with them, I never heard them indulge in a joke, or other levity, and the practice of it is apt to give offence: they are so accustomed to take what is said in its literal meaning, that irony was always considered a falsehood, in spite of explanation. They could not see the propriety of uttering what was not strictly true, for any purpose whatever."

Some just and kindly observations of Captain Beechey's, and the pleasing information of his Majesty's government having taken measures for the welfare and benefit of this little colony, may well be added.

"We soon found, through our intercourse with these excellent people, that they had no wants excepting such as had been created by an intercourse with vessels. Nature has been extremely bountiful to them; and necessity has

> taught them how to apply her gifts to their own particular uses. Still they have before them the prospect of an increasing population, with limited means of supporting it. Almost every part of the island capable of cultivation, has been turned to account; but what would have been the consequences of this increase, had not an accident discovered their situation, it is not difficult to foresee; and a reflecting mind will naturally trace in that disclosure the benign interference of the same hand which has raised such a virtuous colony from so guilty a stock. Adams, having contemplated the situation which the islanders would have been reduced to, begged, at our first interview, that I would communicate with the government upon the subject, which was done; and I am happy to say that, through the interference of the Admiralty and Colonial office, means have been taken for removing them to any place they may choose for themselves; and a liberal supply of useful articles has recently been sent to them."

A very interesting sketch of Adams, whose patriarchal look harmonizes well with his patriarchal name, and his patriarchal character, accompanies Captain Beechey's book, and renders it altogether the most complete and amusing account which has ever been given of a spot, where the past, and present, and future, are all linked together by a chain of the most singular interest. After leaving Pitcairn Island, and steering through an archipelago, which in every day's sail offered something new and curious, the Blossom made an unknown island, where, to the surprise of all, a colony of Christians from Otaheite was discovered. In many respects, a degree of mystery seemed to hang over these people, but the very fact of their having found their way thither in an open canoe, when it is considered that their native country lay at six hundred miles distance in the direction of the trade-wind, is in itself a matter of no slight importance to science. The question of how these scattered dwelling-places first received their inhabitants, has been one that has excited many an ingenious investigation, and sometimes shaken faith in the historical truths of the Mosaic account. The positive certainty, however, though the known instance be singular, of a large body of men and women having been driven six hundred miles from their native country, against the prevailing wind, is sufficient to render the explanation easy, and to sweep away a thousand vain hypotheses.

The reasoning of Captain Beechey is simple and conclusive. The similarity of language, customs, and traditions, between the islanders of the Pacific and the Malays, the people of Sumatra, Borneo, and others of the same general class, is clearly established. The navigation between the different islands of the Pacific in canoes is well known, as well as the custom of warriors, after a defeat, trusting themselves to the mercy of the waves, rather than yielding to the cruelty of their conquerors. The only strong objection to the belief that these islands were originally peopled from Asia, and that the inhabitants were spread gradually from one insulated spot to another, has ever been the distance between the different points, which was contended to be impracticable in canoes, especially when the trade-wind and the general current were against the attempt. But Captain Beechey demonstrates, that the interruption of the trade-winds by the monsoon, and the effect of those sudden and violent gales, in driving any wandering canoe far out of its course amongst the thronged groups of the Pacific, must in many instances bring about the peopling of far distant islands, which before were destitute of inhabitants: while the clear fact of six hundred miles having thus been past in an opposite direction to the trade-wind, gives the lie to the impossibility, and leaves the solution of the problem perfectly admissible, if not irrefragably proved. Whatever has been done, may be done again, and we may suppose, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that it has been done often. Nor is it an absolute conclusion, that the precise distance of six hundred miles, which this canoe reached, must have been the extreme limit of such adventures. But the story of Tuwarri and his companions, is the best elucidation which can be given of the manner in which the seeds of future nations have been carried from island to island; and in which, while the industrious little insects of the coral are grain by grain raising up new lands and continents out of the broad bosom of that distant sea, nature—or rather nature's God—is leading, by the path of accident, new denizens to inhabit and enjoy the new-born countries.

"Two days afterwards, we discovered a small island in lat. 19° 40′ S. and long. 140° 29′ W., which, as it was not before known, I named Byam Martin Island, in compliment to Sir Thomas Byam Martin, G. C. B., the comptroller of the navy. As we neared the shore, the natives made several fires. Shortly afterwards, three of them launched a canoe, and paddled fearlessly to the barge, which brought them to the ship. Instead of the deep-coloured uncivilized Indians inhabiting the Coral Islands in general, a tall, well-made person, comparatively fair, and handsomely tatooed, ascended the side, and, to our surprise, familiarly accosted us in the Otaheitan manner. The second had a hog and a cock tatooed upon his breast—animals almost unknown among the islands of Eastern Polynesia; and the third wore a turban of blue nankeen. Either of these were distinctions sufficient to excite considerable interest, as they convinced us they were not natives of the island before us, but had either been left there, or had drifted away from some other island; the latter supposition was the most probable, as they described themselves to have undergone great privation and suffering, by which many of their companions had lost their lives, and their canoe to have been wrecked upon the island; and that they and their friends on shore were anxious to embark in the ship, and return to Otaheite. A little suspicion was at first attached to this account, as it seemed impossible for a canoe to reach their present asylum without purposely paddling towards it; as Byam Martin Island, unlike Wateo, upon which Omai found his countrymen, is situated six hundred miles from Otaheite, in the direction of the trade-winds. We could not doubt, however, that they were natives of that place, as they mentioned the names of the missionaries residing there, and proved that they could both read and write. To their solicitations to return in the ship to Otaheite, as their number on shore amounted to forty persons, I could not yield; and I pointed out to them the impossibility of doing so. But that we might learn the real history of their adventures, I offered a passage to the man who first ascended the side, as he appeared the most intelligent of the party. The poor fellow was at first quite delighted, but suddenly became grave, and enquired if his wife and children might accompany him, as he could on no account consent to a separation. Our compliance with this request appeared to render him completely happy; but, still fearful of disappointment, before quitting the ship he sent to ask if I was in earnest.

"The next morning, on landing, we found him, his wife, and family, with their goods and chattels, ready to embark; and all the islanders assembled to take leave of them. But as we wished to examine the island first, we postponed the ceremony until the evening. The little colony gave us a very friendly reception, and conducted us to their village, which consisted of a few low huts, similar to those at Barrow Island; but they had no fruit to offer us excepting pandanus-nuts, which they disliked almost as much as ourselves, and told us they had been accustomed to better fare."

After an account of the island, and some remarks upon its inhabitants, who were all Christians from the Society group, Captain Beechey proceeds to describe the parting of Tuwarri and his companions, and then details the farther particulars of his voyage. After visiting Gloucester Island, the Blossom proceeded onward to Bow Island, and a boat was dispatched to ascertain whether it was possible for the ship itself to enter the lagoon. In this boat, Tuwarri was sent on shore for the purpose of communicating with the natives, should any be found; and inhabitants were soon observed upon the beach. Tuwarri's horror of cannibals was great, and his courage small, so that the appearance of the men on the shore, together with the loading of the muskets in the boat (in case of necessity), gave him no very pleasant sensations. His fears, however, were speedily removed, when the first man he met upon the beach was his own brother. The meeting was singular and affecting, and as it happened that a brig, which had brought Tuwarri's brother thither as a diver, and belonged to the English Pearl Company, was then at the island, with an interpreter on board, the story of the wanderers they had found at Byam Island, was soon made clear to Captain Beechey and his crew.

"Tuwarri was a native of one of the low coral formations discovered by Captain Cook in his first voyage, called Anaa by the natives, but by him named Chain

Island, situated about 300 miles to the eastward of Otaheite, to which it is tributary. About the period of the commencement of his misfortunes, old Pomarree, the King of Otaheite, died, and was succeeded by his son, then a child. On the accession of this boy, several chiefs and commoners of Chain Island, among whom was Tuwarri, planned a voyage to Otaheite, to pay a visit of ceremony and of homage to their new sovereign. The only conveyance these people could command was double canoes, three of which, of the largest class, were prepared for the occasion.

" To us, accustomed to navigate the seas in ships of many tons burden, provided with a compass and the necessary instruments to determine our position, a canoe, with only the stars for her guidance, and destined to a place whose situation could be at the best but approximately known, appears so uncertain and frail a conveyance, that we may wonder how any persons could be found sufficiently resolute to hazard the undertaking. They knew, however, that similar voyages had been successfully performed, not only to mountainous islands to leeward, but to some that were scarcely six feet above the water, and were situated in the opposite direction; and as no ill omens attended the present undertaking, no unusual fears were entertained. The canoes being accordingly prepared, and duly furnished with all that was considered necessary, the persons intending to proceed on this expedition were embarked, amounting in all to 150 souls. What was the arrangement of the other two canoes is unknown to us; but in Tuwarri's there were 23 men, 15 women, and 10 children, and a supply of water and provisions calculated to last three weeks. On the day of departure, all the natives assembled on the beach to take leave of our adventurers. The canoes were placed with scrupulous exactness in the supposed direction, which was indicated by certain marks upon the land, and then launched into the sea amidst the good wishes and adieus of their countrymen. With a fair wind and full sail they glided rapidly over the space, without a thought of the possibility of the miseries to which they were afterwards exposed.

" It happened, unfortunately, that the monsoon that year began earlier than was expected, and blew with great violence; two days were, notwithstanding, passed under favourable circumstances, and the adventurers began to look for the high land of Maitea, an island between Chain Island and Otaheite, and to anticipate the pleasures which the successful termination of their voyage would afford them, when their progress was delayed by a calm, the precursor of a storm which rose suddenly from an unfavourable quarter, dispersed the canoes, and drove them away before it. In this manner they drifted for several days; but, on the return of fine weather, having a fortnight's provisions remaining, they again resolutely sought their destination; but a second gale drove them still farther back than the first, and lasted so long, that they became exhausted. Thus many days were passed; their distance from home hourly increasing; the sea continually washing over the canoes, to the great discomfiture of the women and children; and their store of provision dwindled to the last extremity. A long calm, and what was to them even worse, hot, dry weather succeeded the tempest, and drove them to a state of despair. From the description, we may imagine their canoe alone, and becalmed on the ocean; the crew, perishing with thirst beneath the fierce glare of a tropical sun, hanging exhausted over their paddles; children looking to their parents for support, and mothers deploring their inability to afford them assistance. Every means of quenching their thirst were resorted to; some drank the sea water, and others bathed in it, or poured it over their heads; but the absence of fresh water in the torrid zone cannot be compensated by such substitutes. Day after day those who were able extended their gourds to Heaven, in supplication for rain, and repeated their prayers, but in vain; the fleecy cloud, floating high in the air, indicated only an extension of their suffering; distress, in its most aggravated form, had at length reached its height, and seventeen persons fell victims to its horrors.

" The situation of those who remained may readily be imagined, though their fate would never have been known to us, had not Providence, at this critical moment, wrought a change in their favour. The sky, which for some time had been perfectly serene, assumed an aspect which, at any other period, would have filled our sufferers with apprehension; but, on the present occasion, the tropical storm, as it approached, was hailed with thankfulness, and welcomed as their deliverer. All who were able came upon deck with blankets, gourds, and cocoa-nut shells, and extended them towards the black cloud, as it approached, pouring down torrents of rain, of which every drop was of incalculable value to the sufferers; they drank copiously and thankfully, and filled every vessel with the precious element.

Thus recruited, hope revived; but the absence of food again plunged them into the deepest despair. We need not relate the dreadful alternative to which they had recourse, until several large sharks rose to the surface, and followed the canoe; Tuwarri, by breaking off the head of an iron scraper, formed it into a hook, and succeeded in catching one of them, which was instantly substituted for the revolting banquet which had hitherto sustained life.

"Thus refreshed, they again worked at their paddles, or spread their sail, and were not long before their exertions were repaid with the joyful sight of land, on which clusters of cocoa-nuts crowned the heads of several tufts of palm-trees; they hurried through the surf, and soon reached the much-wished for spot, but being too feeble to ascend the lofty trees, were obliged to fell one of them with an axe.

"On traversing the island, to which Providence had thus conducted them, they discovered by several canoes in the lagoon, and pathways intersecting the woods, that it had been previously inhabited; and knowing the greater part of the natives of the low islands to be cannibals, they determined to remain no longer upon it than was absolutely necessary to recruit their strength, imagining that the islanders, when they did return, would not rest satisfied with merely dispossessing them of their asylum. It was necessary while they were allowed to remain, to seek shelter from the weather, and to exert themselves in procuring a supply of provisions for their farther voyage; huts were consequently built, pools dug for water, and three canoes added to those which were found in the lake.

"Their situation by these means was rendered tolerably comfortable, and they not only provided themselves with necessaries sufficient for daily consumption, but were able to lay by a considerable quantity of fish for sea stock. After a time, finding themselves undisturbed, they gained confidence, and deferred their departure till thirteen months had elapsed from the time of their landing. At the expiration of which period, being in good bodily health, and supplied with necessaries for their voyage, they again launched upon the ocean in quest of home. They steered two days and nights to the north-west, and then fell in with a small island, upon which, as it appeared to be uninhabited, they landed, and remained three days, and then resumed their voyage. After a run of a day and a night, they came in sight of another uninhabited island. In their attempt to land upon it, their canoe was unfortunately stove; but all the party got safe on shore. The damage which the vessel had sustained requiring several weeks to repair, they established themselves upon this island, and again commenced storing up provisions for their voyage. Eight months had already passed in these occupations, when we unexpectedly found them thus encamped upon Byam Martin's Island, with their canoe repaired, and all the necessary stores provided for their next expedition.

"The other two canoes were never heard of."

Tuwarri was, after this, safely restored to his native island, and shewed feelings of gratitude and attachment to those who thus brought him back from his long and painful exile, which raised him highly in their opinion.

With great judgment, Captain Beechey does not dwell farther on Otaheite—which has been so often and so well described—than is absolutely necessary to point out the changes which have lately taken place, and to detail the events of his own stay. His observations, however, on the efforts of the missionaries, and the consequences of the present system of biblical instruction, are conceived in a spirit of kindness and liberality, guided by strong good sense, which does high honour to himself, and may do infinite good, if those engaged in the propagation of the gospel will but attend to the remonstrances of one who evidently wishes them the most complete success. Nothing requires more care in examining, and more cool judgment in deciding, than the choice of persons to be sent out amongst an uncivilized people for the purpose of communicating to them a new religion, in which the spirit is all, and the forms are really nothing. It is much to be feared, that amongst the islanders of the South Sea, forms and words have been, not perhaps more taught, but certainly more learnt, than the essence or spirit. This Captain Beechey's observations tend to shew, but still more the simple facts which he narrates. The great care of all engaged in sending missionaries to the South Seas, should be against fanaticism; because it is the natural, and unhappily too frequent, disease of that noble and self-devoting zeal which first prompts the missionary to his arduous task—because it is the bane of all his efforts—and because, instead of implanting good in the savage mind he goes to teach, it invariably produces evil. Zeal will never be wanting in men who abandon home, and all home's ties, for the purpose of diffusing light and civilisation amongst the dark and barbarous; the great requisite in those that send and those that go, is good sense.

From the group of which Otaheite forms the chief, the Blossom proceeded to the Sandwich Islands; and the comparison between the two is treated by Captain Beechey in a most able and masterly manner. The rapid advances of the Sandwich islanders towards civilisation, and the causes, are displayed, while the narrative of the ship's proceedings goes on uninterrupted, without the least pretence of deep views or fine reasoning. All is simple, natural, and easy; and the mind of the reader is gradually led on from facts to conclusions, without being whipped into conviction by logic, or insulted by dogmatism. The details, too, of manners, customs, and scenes (which Captain Beechey gives wherever any thing new was to be portrayed) are always vivid, clear, and interesting, and fill the whole pages with spirit and activity.

The time now began to approach appointed for his presence in Kotzebue Sound; and, sailing onwards towards the Pole, he left behind him the happy climate and smiling islands of the south, and in a wonderfully short time plunged into the midst of snows and everlasting ice. On the eve of the first of June, the Blossom left the Tropic, and, on the 27th of the same month, she was at Kamschatka. How her crew must have felt such a change can only be imagined from the bare fact. Captain Beechey wisely gives no description; but the sudden transition, within three pages, from the sunny valleys and groves of palm, the smile and the light, the lovely scenes and rich productions of the south, to icebergs and frozen cliffs, skin-covered Esquimaux, and fossil elephants, is the most extraordinary that can be conceived, and really reminds one of the Icelandic idea of the punishment of sinful souls, which are supposed to be made red hot in Hecla, and then plunged into the snows which surround that mountain. Here, however, some of the most interesting parts of Captain Beechey's voyage commenced; and the tracking up the western coast of America, as far as latitude 71° 23′ 31″ north, longitude 145° 21′ 30″ west, will make the expedition memorable for ever as one which has added immensely to our knowledge of this earth that we inhabit. Only 146 miles of the coast of America now remain to be explored—the probabilities of a north-west passage are greatly increased—the hypothesis is plausible of a gradual diminution of the ice of the polar regions, which would render that passage available; and surely all these circumstances may well encourage the hope, that an enterprise which has called forth the energies of so many distinguished men, and obtained many important results even in the attempt, will not be abandoned at a moment when success is likely, and certainty may, at all events, be ensured. Had the Blossom been ordered to Kotzebue Sound one fortnight earlier in the year, had she possessed any means of equipping a land expedition, even for a short journey, Captain Franklin might have been met, and the great geographical problem would have been solved. Let us hope that such a plan may still be adopted, and that, by combined efforts on both sides of the continent, the end may still be obtained. In regard to this part of the voyage, no extracts can be made. The whole is interesting in the highest degree, but it must be read as a whole.

After waiting as long as his instructions permitted, Captain Beechey gave up the hope of meeting Captain Franklin, and once more turned towards the south. Pursuing his survey through many parts of the northern Pacific, he at length reached California; where, during his stay for the purpose of procuring supplies, he obtained an immense mass of information concerning a country very little known. The extraordinary neglect of the Spanish government, in regard to an extensive and fertile dependency, blessed with a delightful climate and a rich productive soil, first calls Captain Beechey's attention; and, indeed, it is a curious and lamentable fact, that, while the thronged population of Europe offers really no prospect but plague, battle, or famine, a beautiful, salubrious, and prolific land should be left comparatively uninhabited or forgotten. The account of the government and the missions of Spanish priests is amusing, shrewd, and even humorous; while underneath the surface is much matter for reflection and regret. The description, however, of the Indians of that part of America—a race very different from the Mexicans, the Peruvians, or, in fact, any of the other tribes either to the north or south—must be noticed more particularly.

"Like the Arabs and other wandering tribes, these people [the Indians] move about the country, and pitch their tents wherever they find a convenient place, keeping, however, within their own district.

"They cultivate no land, and subsist entirely by the chase, and upon the spontaneous produce of the earth. Acorns, of which there is great abundance in the country, constitute their principal vegetable food. In the proper season they procure a supply of these, bake them, and then bruise them between two stones into a paste, which will keep until the following season. The paste, before it is dried, is subjected to several washings in a sieve, which, they say, deprives it of the bitter taste common to the acorn. We cannot but remark the great resemblance this custom bears to the method adopted by the South Sea islanders to keep their bread-fruit; nor ought we to fail to notice the manner in which Providence points out to the different tribes the same wise means of preserving their food, and providing against a season of scarcity.

"The country inhabited by the Indians abounds in game, and the rivers in fish; and those tribes which inhabit the sea-coast, make use of mussels and other shell-fish, of which the *Haliotis gigantea* is the most abundant. In the chase they are very expert, and avail themselves of a variety of devices to ensnare and decoy their game. The artifice of deceiving the deer, by placing a head of the animal upon their shoulders, is very successfully practised by them. To do this, they fit the head and horns of a deer upon the head of a huntsman, the rest of his body being painted to resemble the colour of a deer. Thus disguised, the Indian sallies forth equipped with his bow and arrows, approaches the pasture of the deer, whose actions and voice he then endeavours to imitate, taking care to conceal his body as much as possible; for which purpose he generally selects places which are overgrown with long grass. This stratagem seldom fails to entice several of the herd within reach of his arrows, which are frequently sent with unerring aim to the heart of the animal, and he falls without alarming the herd; but if the aim should fail, or only wound its intended victim, the whole herd is immediately put to flight."

Various stratagems are also detailed by which the Indians provide themselves with wild fowl; after which Captain Beechey proceeds:

"The occupation of the men consists principally in providing for their support, and in constructing the necessary implements for the chase, and for their own defence. The women attend to their domestic concerns, and work a variety of baskets and ornamental parts of their dress, some of which are very ingenious, and all extremely laborious. Their closely wove baskets are not only capable of containing water, but are used for cooking their meals. A number of small scarlet feathers of the *Oriolus phœniceus* are wove in with the wood, and completely screen it from view on the outside; and to the rim are affixed small black crests of the Californian partridges, of which birds a hundred brace are required to decorate one basket:—they are otherwise ornamented with beads and pieces of mother-of-pearl. They also embroider belts very beautifully with feathers of different colours, and they work with remarkable neatness, making use of the young quills of the porcupine in a similar manner to the Canadian Indians; but here they manufacture a fine cloth for the ground, whereas the Canadians have only the bark of the birch-tree. They also manufacture caps and dresses for their chiefs, which are extremely beautiful; and they have a great many other feathered ornaments, which it would be stepping beyond the limits of my work to describe.

"The stature of the Indians, which we saw in the Missions, was by no means diminutive. The Alchones are of good height, and the Tuluraios were thought to be generally above the standard of Englishmen. Their complexion is much darker than that of the South-sea Islanders, and their features far inferior in beauty. In their persons, they are extremely dirty, particularly their heads, which are so thatched with wiry black hair, that it is only by separating the locks with the hand, that it can be got at for the purpose of cleanliness. Many are seen performing such acts of kindness upon their intimate friends; and, as the readiest means of disposing of what they find, consuming it in the manner practised by the Tartars, who, according to Hakluyt, 'cleanse one another's heades, and ever as thei take an animal do eate her, saeing, thus will I doe to our enemies.'

"Their bodies are, in general, very scantily clothed, and in summer many go entirely naked. The women, however, wear a deer skin, or some other covering about their loins; but skin dresses are not common among any of the tribes concerning whom we could procure any information. The women are fond of ornaments, and suspend beads and buttons about their persons, while to their ears they attach long wooden cylinders, variously carved, which serve the double purpose of ear-rings and needle-cases.

"Tattooing is practised in these tribes by both sexes, both to ornament the person, and to distinguish one clan from the other. It is remarkable that the women mark their chins precisely in the same way as the Esquimaux.

"The tribes are frequently at war with each other, often in consequence of trespasses upon their territory and property; and weak tribes are sometimes wholly annihilated, or obliged to associate themselves with those of their conquerors; but such is their warmth of passion and desire of revenge, that very little humanity is in general shewn to those who fall into their power. Their weapons consist only of bows and arrows: neither the tomahawk nor the spear is ever seen in their hands. Their bows are elegantly and ingeniously constructed, and, if kept dry, will discharge an arrow to a considerable distance. They resemble those of the Esquimaux, being strengthened by sinews at the back of the bow, but here one sinew, the size of the wood, occupies the whole extent of the back, and embraces the ends, where they are turned back to receive the strings; the sinew is fixed to the bow while wet, and, as it becomes dry, draws it back the reverse way to that in which it is intended to be used. The Indian manner of stringing these bows is precisely similar to that practised by the lovers of archery in England; but it requires greater skill and strength, in consequence of the increased curvature of the bow, and the resistance of the sinew.

"The religion of all the tribes is idolatrous. The Olchone, who inhabit the sea-coast between San Francisco and Monterey, worship the sun, and believe in the existence of a beneficent and an evil spirit, whom they occasionally attempt to propitiate. Their ideas of a future state are very confined; when a person dies, they adorn the corpse with feathers, flowers, and beads, and place with it a bow and arrows; they then extend it upon a pile of wood, and burn it amidst the shouts of the spectators, who wish the soul a pleasant journey to its new abode, which they suppose to be a country in the direction of the setting sun. Like most other nations, these people have a tradition of the Deluge: they believe also that their tribes originally came from the north.

"The Indians in their wild state are said to be more healthy than those which have entered the missions. They have simple remedies, derived from certain medicinal herbs, with the properties of which they have previously made themselves acquainted. Some of these roots are useful as emetics, and are administered in cases of sickness of the stomach: they also apply cataplasms to diseased parts of the body, and practise phlebotomy very generally, using the right arm for the purpose when the body is affected, and the left when the limbs. But the temiscal is the grand remedy for most of their diseases.

"The very great care taken of all who are affected with any disease ought not to be allowed to escape a remark. When any of their relations are indisposed, the greatest attention is paid to their wants; and it was remarked by Padre Arroyo, that filial affection is stronger in these tribes than in any civilized nation on the globe with which he was acquainted."

From California the Blossom proceeded once more to the Sandwich Islands, and thence was obliged, by want of proper medicines and supplies, to proceed to China, where her captain and crew were subject to the usual insolence of the Chinese authorities. Loo Choo is the next point of great interest at which Captain Beechey touched; and though Captain Hall has written well and at large upon that interesting group, the visit of the Blossom will be read with infinite pleasure. The character of the Chinese, softened and ameliorated in the Loochooan, is well and ably depicted, and all the fine and amusing absurdities of a vain, weak, crafty nation, are touched with a light and masterly hand. Much valuable information also is communicated—information obtained by observation of the manners of the people, not by conversation with them, for it appears that the worthy natives of Napakang and its vicinity are the most egregious liars that the world ever produced. Other nearly unknown islands were still to be visited, and really nature, in forming the Bonin Isles, to which the Blossom next steered her course, seems to have drawn from all her stores with the most bountiful and decorating hand. We can easily imagine two seamen, willingly remaining behind in such a brilliant and favoured spot, after a long and tedious voyage over the broad uncertain sea, hoping there to find that rest and peace which is the universal aspiration of all mankind. Two such men were met by Captain Beechey, on his arrival at the chief of the Bonin Islands, or Yslas del Arzobispo. The trading vessel in which they had been seamen was casually wrecked on the island, but a new ship had been constructed by their companions, who had steered back for Europe. Such, however, was the effect of the climate and the scene upon these two men, that at their own desire they were left behind, filled probably with as bright imaginations of an earthly paradise as ever dazzled the eyes of any inexperienced child, whom this schoolmaster world has never whipped from any of youth's idle dreams.

It appears, however, that after Captain Beechey went away, habit, solitude, and monotony, dispelled the vision, and that they sought and found the means of returning to Europe, leaving the island stored with hogs, which the writer thinks likely to do great harm to the vegetable productions of the place,—much more valuable in those latitudes than the best pigs that ever became bacon. At the same time, plenty of animal food was to be found there already; for, in addition to manifold sorts of fowl and fish in various sandy bays, "the green turtle are sometimes so numerous that they quite hide the colour of the shore." What a punishment for a Lord Mayor's cook, who had mismanaged a dish of fins, to set him on shore on that island without his utensils for cooking!

But this long-drawn article must now be closed. A high opinion has been expressed of the merits of this book, and copious extracts have been inserted, in order to justify that opinion. The passages cited have been taken without much selection, and instead of being choice sentences, which stand well alone, are rather injured than improved by being disjoined from the narrative. In the course of these, however, various errors of composition are observable; and did the merits of this work depend upon the accuracy of style, more than one fault would have to be remarked, which are now completely forgotten in a mass of information, interest, and amusement, such as few works of any day can boast. These faults, indeed, are noticed here only because they are of a kind which Captain Beechey could easily avoid, and would certainly have avoided, had he been more habituated to literary composition. Long sentences, which for perspicuity should have been divided into two or three short ones, and the frequent heedless recurrence of the same word, and the same form of expression; these are the chief errors of style, and these might easily be altered. In the whole book there is only one brief passage—a few pages—which is in the least degree tedious. This is the chronicle of the Kings of Loo Choo. Doubtless its insertion in some part of the work was necessary, but it would have been better in the Appendix. Having said thus much, the faults—which but little influence the pleasure afforded by the book—are sufficiently noticed; but to point out all that is excellent and admirable in the work, would require far more space than any review can grant. We know of no officer that ever sailed, who has displayed greater faculties of observation than Captain Beechey. Wherever he touches, whatever he describes, all that can interest, or amuse, or benefit, is seized at once, nor does any one possess a greater power of presenting a complete picture to the mind of the reader. At the same time, his observations on what he sees are replete with that choice rare gift, good sense—and, though ventured sparingly and modestly, are firm and just. It is difficult for a commander to write a long account of an expedition conducted by himself, without some degree of egotism; but little of it is discoverable in this book; and throughout the whole, the great desire of giving full praise to his officers and crew, is pleasingly apparent. A frank and gentlemanly spirit, and a kindly heart, give a sunshiny tone to the whole composition, and a strong feeling of reverence for true religion, without the slightest touch of fanaticism, is seen wherever circumstances call for the expression of any opinions on the subject.

Justice could not be done to the scientific parts of the work, except in a review set apart for that purpose. Suffice it here to say, that as nothing was left undone which could fulfil the views of the government, and benefit the country by the expedition, nothing has been omitted which could give value to the work; and while the public in general read it for entertainment, the naturalist and the philosopher will find much genuine information, and great matter for thought.

Some beautiful engravings by Finden are scattered through the volumes; but, though this is an age in which the grown babies of society never seem satisfied, without imagination be helped out with a picture, yet Captain Beechey's descriptions are so graphic, that they require little assistance from the pencil.

To conclude, the expedition of the Blossom has been any thing but in vain. An accurate survey has been made of the greater part of the Pacific. A more complete and general account of the islands of that sea, than ever was before obtained, has been laid before the public. A thousand important errors have been corrected, a thousand important facts have been ascertained. In the Arctic regions, discoveries, great in themselves, and great in their consequences, have been added to those which went before; an hundred and forty-six miles alone remain untraversed; these may easily be accomplished, and certainty will be finally won.

NOTE.

Although we have purposely abstained from noticing the scientific parts of Captain Beechey's narrative, yet it is but fair to state, that the theories which he advances with the modest diffidence of true genius, display an extent of views and depth of knowledge which do him the highest credit. The minute, circumstantial, and accurate account given of the drift wood at page 580, is in itself highly valuable, as illustrative of a very curious question; and the opinion to which Captain Beechey inclines, that this immense quantity of loose timber is borne down from the interior by the rivers running into Bristol Bay, Port Clarence, Norton and Kotzebue Sound, Schismar, Hotham, and Wainwright's Inlets, though not absolutely proved to be correct, has every probability in its favour.

In regard to the currents also, Captain Beechey's account is wonderfully clear and accurate, considering the difficulty of examination, while the ship was close in shore engaged in the laborious occupation of surveying, and the labour which he bestowed in ascertaining how far these currents extended below the surface—for it must be remembered that almost all currents are quite superficial—entitles him to the highest praise.

To correct a clerical error in our text, it may be as well to state here, that the precise extent of coast discovered by Captain Beechey's expedition, including the discoveries of the boat, was 126 miles.

IRELAND AND THE REFORM BILL.

What a strange destiny is that of Ireland!—how incorrigible in her faults—how pitiable in her misfortunes! The whole page of her history—the whole aspect of her national character—are made up, like a German story, of combinations of the ludicrous and the terrible;—there is no calm—no resting-place of peace and comfort, upon which the mind can repose with satisfaction and thankfulness. Whether we look upon times past or present, we behold frantic exultation, fierce contention, and deep despair, following each other in rapid succession—the sounds of wild and fantastic glee seem scarcely to have died upon the echoes, till they are succeeded by the yells of savage fury,—and these again give place to the hopeless wail that despondency puts forth over the dying and the dead.

The Irish seem to be utterly unteachable in the most ordinary lessons of prudence—all experience is lost upon them, and we would be almost constrained to look upon them as a doomed people—as a race foreordained to wretchedness, were it not that we know that they enjoy a great deal of happiness when potatoes are plenty, and the sun shines merrily above their heads; and when the misery they have suffered, and may suffer again, is no more thought of than the dark clouds of November, in this joyous month of June. The western shores of Ireland being open to the Atlantic ocean, the chilling storms that sweep across that vast mass of waters frequently injure, and sometimes totally destroy, the crops of the farmer, compensating him only with huge piles of seaweed, which the force of the storm tears from the inaccessible depths of the ocean, and flings upon the shore, from which it is removed for manure, or dried for burning. It might have been supposed that where such visitations were common, some habits of preparation would have grown up among the people, and that they would no longer trust entirely to the potatoe—the stock of which must be renewed every season. But there is no such thing—the peasant of Mayo, or Galway, takes as little thought of the vicissitude of the seasons, as he of Carlow or Kilkenny, whose crop almost never disappoints him. Indeed we have some doubt whether the Connaught peasant would not think it a sinful mistrust of Providence to make any unusual provision for the future; and when the torment of famine comes, he submits with melancholy resignation to what he calls "the will of God." In the places most subject to famine, there is an habitual patience of misery, which none but those who have witnessed it would deem possible—"they die, and make no sign." The author of an admirable book, descriptive of the manners and habits of the peasantry in the part of Ireland of which we speak, says that the observation, "sure it was too much trouble entirely," reconciles them to the smoke that darkens their little cabin, and the rain that patters through the unthatched roof; and the same feeling inclines them to lie down and die, when Providence has blasted their potatoe crop, and deprived them of the fruit of their labours. Hard as was the task, it was sometimes necessary to refuse that relief which could not be extended to all in full proportion to their wants; but never was the refusal met by a murmur or a reproach. On one such occasion, "God help us!" was the answer of the poor man, with an expressive movement of his shoulders; "God help us then; for if your honour can do nothing for us, there is no one that can." There is something peculiarly touching in this submissive patience; and clamorous and reiterated supplication is much more easily repulsed, than the "God bless you—sure it can't be helped then?"

It is among the contradictions that belong to Ireland, that while no soil in Europe is more generally rich and fertile, in no other country of Europe have there been such frequent recurrences of famine. In other countries there has been some care for provision even in war, but in Ireland all was laid waste, and many more perished by famine than by the sword. When Lord Edward Bruce, the brother of the deliverer of Scotland, pushed his way from the north to the south of Ireland, famine obliged him speedily to return; and when he got back to Ulster, so horrible was the state of the army, that the dead bodies of those who had died were torn from their graves, and their flesh boiled in their own skulls, and eaten by the famishing survivors. After Desmond's rebellion in the reign of Elizabeth, Spenser tells us that "out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like anatomies of death,—they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked, as to a feast for the time."

In the rebellions of the two O'Neales, the horrors of war were also greatly aggravated by those of famine; but even in peace this scourge has not ceased to visit fertile Ireland, and that which did result from the dire necessities of warfare, is now the consequence of errors in social arrangement, and civil government. The Irish starve, while Ireland overstocks the English market with corn and cattle. The poor that dwell in the land have no protection, save the hand of casual charity; but though all is done by charity that private charity can do, what does it avail to "a people in beggary—a nation which stretches out its hands for food?"

But what, says the impatient reader who gapes for the wisdom which he doubts not is about to be poured forth touching the Irish Reform Bill, "what has this to do with the matter in hand?" "Most excellent, praiseworthy, and attentive reader," I answer, "No exordium to the brief discourse which I intend to deliver for your learning, can be more natural, for it brings us directly to the consideration of the real Reform which is wanting, and teaches us to perceive the hollowness and cruel absurdity of the sham Reform which his Majesty's Ministers propose to a country in a state so deplorable." The indignant language of Scripture says, "shall he ask for bread, and shall you give him a stone!" But even this mockery would not be so bad as that of our government, who, when a people is distracted by ignorance, barbarism, and starvation, offer them a more extended right of returning representatives to the Imperial Parliament! This is beginning at the wrong end with a vengeance. Nothing can save Ireland but a strictness of government coming more near to despotism than the now existing British constitution will admit of, even in the most extreme cases; and instead of this, an attempt is made to loosen the force of government, and to scatter its power among the unruly hands of a wild and disaffected multitude. It is not possible to conceive more deplorable infatuation; and throughout Ireland, it is the general fear of the conservative party, and the universal boast of the noisy supporters of the Revolutionary Bill, that once it is passed, *it must* be followed by a separation from the legislative government of England, or, at the least, by an abandonment of the Church property to the funds of the State, and thence to the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. That the English Reform Bill will not satisfy the popular craving for change which it has excited, is matter of reasonable conjecture; that the proposed Irish Reform Bill will not satisfy the Irish, is already proved by Mr O'Connell's letter, for he is too cunning to have expressed his dissatisfaction, without being well aware that he could carry the mass of the people along with him:—and now that I have mentioned this letter, I shall say something about it, in conjunction with the proposed measure which it criticises. Feeling, as I do, as much interest as a foreigner possibly can feel, in the honour and glory of the kingdom of Kerry, I reflect with no small shame upon the circumstance of one of its representatives in Parliament having put forth such a rambling piece of botheration as this letter on the Reform Bill. Indeed the fact of having suffered Dan O'Connell to be elected for Kerry, is in my mind no small disgrace to my favourite kingdom; and I marvel where its ancient aristocratic pride is gone, when a man, whose grandfather was nobody, has been suffered to seize the representation even without a fight for it. What can *he* feel for Kerry, that a Kerry man should feel? How can *he* sympathize with the land of lakes and Latin, of mountains and mathematics—of clouds and classicality—of scenery and science? He has no feeling for any thing but the rant of radicalism, with a riotous rabble roaring in his rear. I am not, thank Heaven, a Member of Parliament, being in no degree ambitious of the martyrdom of stewing in Saint Stephens's five nights in the week from June to September, in the company of such a group of talkers as the Reform-stricken populace returned at the late election; but if I were thus to suffer, I don't know the place I would more willingly suffer for than Kerry. Rich and rare is its beauty; the very grass seems to rejoice in growing as it shoots up, green and luxuriant, out of the dark soil. Far more delicious than the flesh of ordinary sheep is thy small mutton, O Kerry, slightly heather-flavoured! Thy rivers, that " wander at their own sweet will," not too huge, nor yet diminutive—how exquisite their fish! How abundant and incomparable the trout, how admirable the salmon in size and flavour—better than if they were bigger I think, yet a monster is sometimes taken, and " what a delicate monster!" Excellent are thy small well-proportioned black cattle, that spend their youthful days upon the mountain-slopes, picking the herbage not unmixed with heath; and magnificent are these mountains, rearing their eagle-haunted tops into the clouds! Honour and fame be unto you, Mangerton, with the " Devil's punch bowl" lying deep and still within your bosom, and to you, loftier Carran Thual, " and the rest," and your neighbouring lakes, island-studded; where the green and crimson of the arbutus festoon the fantastic rocks, drooping to the water, made beautiful with their shadows. The red deer still dwells within thy natural woods, fair Killarney; and we drop our oars that we may watch him sweeping along the hills—but he is gone, and we draw near the shore, and climb our way to where O'Brien's cascade thunders down, tearing its way through the thick wood, in the season the dwelling-place of innumerable woodcocks, which Pat, Dennis, Dan, and Larry, hunt down to the water's edge, while you, standing or seated in your boat, deal death continually from your double-barrelled detonator.

Dan O'Connell feels nothing of all this, as a representative of Kerry ought to do—the place that his soul loveth is that where there is crowd, and bustle, and noise, and newspapers. He should represent some town—some clamorous, prating, riotous, litigious town, stuffed with radical manufacturing men, and flaunting loquacious women. He should have nothing to do with the county—I mean the kingdom—of Kerry. But this digression may seem to be beside the matter—so now for the letter, and the Bill. The letter commences with the usual whining rant about the extreme excellence of the " genuine Irish," and the bad usage they have received from the English. Nobody ever did justice to Ireland who was " impregnated with Angleism." This whole phrase is an O'Connellism—" Angleism" has nothing to do with English, and I venture further to affirm, that it is not " genuine Irish"—but why should the " Liberator" be bound by the trammels of grammar? Let us come to his facts:—" We genuine Irish," he says, " have always behaved well to England—we deserve well of the English people—we have observed every national treaty—we have performed with perfect good faith every stipulation." It is perhaps not too much to affirm, that O'Connell knows no more of Irish history than of English grammar—What he has learned of either is merely casual, such as may be picked up in conversation or from newspapers. It would be uncharitable to suppose, that he made such an assertion about the " genuine Irish," with any knowledge of the historical facts which it falsifies. The most prominently distinguishing feature of their history, is their inconstancy to political engagements. Other nations that have been attacked by a powerful enemy, have fought while there was any hope in resistance, and when that ceased, they have submitted, and become faithful to their conquerors, until by degrees they became incorporated with them; but the Irish never did make a general resistance to the English—their fashion was to submit, whenever a great force, or even an important individual, was at hand to require their submission; but no sooner was the power that had overawed their imagination withdrawn, than they broke their engagement, and relapsed into what they called independence. Thus it is, that in truth "Ireland has never been *conquered*," because the Irish never would wait for that to happen—they yielded to the English—then began to fight among themselves, and then, being in the humour, began to fight against the power to which they owed allegiance—and this process went on, not once merely, but repeatedly. Even Sir John Davies, whom Irish patriots love to quote, because, being an English lawyer, he has nevertheless vowed at the end of his book, and probably at the end of his bottle also, that "there is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves,"—even he tells us, that in Henry the Eighth's time the Irish made their *fourth general submission*, "whereof the first was made to King Henry the Second—the second to King John—the third to King Richard the Second—and this last to Sir Anthony St Leger in the thirty-third of Henry the Eighth." Four *general* submissions anterior to the days of Elizabeth, does not look very like "the constant and undeviating course of perfect good faith" of which Mr Dan O'Connell boasts, without in reality knowing any thing at all about the matter; yet it is upon the ground of the transcendent merits of the Irish in this matter that he *demands* a greater share for Ireland in the senate of the United Kingdom, than even the new constitution-making Ministry are pleased to allow.

He has one other argument, to be sure, the logic of which must make every undegenerate Kerryman blush up to, and over, the ears. To the Irish, he says, the British nation is indebted for the adoption of the principle of the Reform Bill—there was a majority of Scotch members against that principle—there was a majority of English members against that principle—but it was carried through the second reading by "the *great and overwhelming majority of the Irish members in its favour*." Thus, because Ireland, a distracted, uncivilized portion of the empire, unable to pay any thing like its fair proportion of the taxes, while the outrageous habits of its population require an enormous expense for civil and military force—because Ireland is able, by the number of its representatives, to force the principle of revolution upon the United Kingdom, in spite of decided majorities of the representatives of the wealthy, and powerful, and peaceable portions of the empire against it, this Ireland is to get a yet larger share of the general representation! If this be not using the *argumentum ad absurdum*, where an argument of serious cogency was intended, such a blunder was never made. It is impossible to adduce a stronger argument than this, to prove that the reasonable Reform of Irish representation would be found in its *curtailment*.

My objection to the Irish Reform Bill commences with the second clause of its preamble—it is almost needless to go farther than this and the succeeding clause, for if the preamble be false, then the measure founded upon it is erroneous, *ab initio*, and ought not to pass. The Irish Reform Bill commences thus—"Whereas it is expedient to diminish the expenses of elections in Ireland, and to extend the elective franchise to many of his Majesty's subjects therein, who have not heretofore enjoyed the same, and to increase the number of representatives for certain cities and boroughs in that part of the United Kingdom." The first clause is true, also it is true that the moon is not made of green cheese—the second and third clauses are both flagrantly untrue.

The propositions need but to be calmly considered for one minute by any man who is not mad, nor Irish, to appear in their true colour of glaring falsehood. Why should the elective franchise be extended? Is it because the mass of the Irish are becoming more independent in their circumstances—more attached to the united government—more elevated in their pursuits—more peaceable and orderly in their habits? The question seems a mockery, in the face of the afflicting evidence which every day affords proof that the Irish are becoming worse and worse—that wretchedness, fierceness, ignorance, superstition—every thing that degrades humanity, is on the increase. In the name of common sense then, what can there be more like madness than the proposition to extend the elective franchise to many of them who have not previously enjoyed the same? Surely every sane man will admit that the elective franchise ought to be limited, if possible, to such as have some property and some intelligence; why then should it be extended to a greater number of the population of Ireland? Again—what principle is there more established, than that power in the legislature should be proportioned to power out of the legislature:—Knowledge is power—wealth is power—population is power, if accompanied by the other two; but is a wild, unemployed, ignorant, fierce, famishing multitude, an ingredient of national power?—and if it be not, what is the power in Ireland which demands an increase in the number of its representatives? Ireland has nearly a *sixth* of the Parliamentary representation of the United Kingdom,—does she contribute one-tenth in any way, save in a lawless and burdensome population, to the public store of the United Kingdom? All men and books, of decent reputation, that treat of politics (to which add even the Times newspaper, although not of decent reputation), admit that it is easier to excite a passion for liberty, than to qualify men for the enjoyment of it. Our Ministers have chosen the easier part; but in Ireland the people are as yet utterly without the teaching which would qualify them to enjoy the political liberty they already possess. In speaking of Ireland in this paper, I should always be understood as excluding the principal part of Ulster, which is in all respects as worthy as England or Scotland; but for the rest, it would be much better that for ten or twenty years it had no right to send any members to Parliament. It should be put under military government—its parliament should be a general officer's staff—its speaker, one who could presently assist himself with cannon, in the event of his voice being too weak to be heard, and attended to. Such a man as Sir Henry Hardinge, with a dozen good officers to assist him, accountable only to Parliament for the due execution of military authority, would probably make Ireland in ten or fifteen years what it should be; and certainly no government, according to the law of England, as it now stands, can do so. Such laws as ours can only serve our purposes in society, while the society generally respects them, and feels an interest in maintaining them in their force. There is no such respect—no such interest felt by the mass of the population in the south and west of Ireland, and therefore there is no sufficient power in the law to keep them in order. They are not yet sufficiently civilized to be fit for the enjoyment of such privileges and franchises as they have, yet our Ministers, by the Reform Bill, seek to extend them; and O'Connell says the bill is an "insult and an injury," because the extension is not carried further. All this is most pitiable ignorance and folly—if statesmen wish to learn how to make Ireland prosper, let them read the history of the administration of Strafford who did make Ireland prosper astonishingly. He was, however, despotic and severe, in some cases inexcusably so; but the evils of his despotism might be avoided, while its good might be retained, for his despotism did do good; and nothing but a government approaching to despotism, in the determination and swiftness of its executive authority, will break the barbarism of the Irish into a state fit for a large extension of civil liberty. Mr O'Connell complains of the Bill, that the elective franchise fixed in cities and towns, that is, the occupation of houses worth ten pounds a-year, is greatly too high, and will unjustly exclude too many of the people. I shall not dispute that point with him; and if all the occupiers of ten pound houses are to have the franchise, I am sure it would be much better to extend it still farther—there would be more chance of honesty and right feeling even in a selection by the whole mass of the population, than in one governed by such a class as this Bill would confer the franchise upon. English gentlemen do not know what they are doing, in giving to such people as the shopkeepers in the Irish towns, the right of returning a number of members to Parliament equal to the whole amount of the present representation for Scotland.

The Irish peasant is a wild, headlong, fierce, frolicsome fellow, whose nature is capable of good, in spite of his extreme imprudence and love of mischief; but the low Irish shopkeeper is, for the most part, a compound of knavish cunning and bigotry, fierce and obstinate, in proportion to his ignorance. Ireland is not a place where fair, straight-forward, honest dealing will bring a man on in a small way of business, and those who succeed in this way, do so by obsequiousness and cunning. The first object is to make a friend of the priest, and, interest and superstition joining together, they submit themselves to him with a desperate idolatry, which almost excludes all love and reverence for any thing else. They look upon their temporal and eternal welfare as placed in his hands, and consider it a merit to hate with unrelenting hatred, whatever is, or seems to be, inimical to his interest. Such are the people to whom the Irish Reform Bill proposes to give more than forty representatives. As yet, the towns of Ireland have returned but one Roman Catholic member, a gentleman who is not of the Romish faction in politics, Mr Callaghan, of Cork. Were this bill to be passed, it is probable the circumstances would be very nearly reversed, and no more than two or three Protestants (except in Ulster) would be returned for the towns. A greater blow, therefore, could not be given to the Protestant interest in Ireland, than the bill would inflict. With regard to the alteration of the franchise proposed by the Reform Bill to be effected in counties, it would, so far as it goes, do good. It proposes to give leaseholders for 21 years of property, paying a rent of L.50 a-year, a right to vote; and as these are almost all people of a respectable class in society, Mr O'Connell is extremely angry with the arrangement, though "having no *kind of inclination* to assist in playing the game of the Tories, he refrained from *tracing out* the defect until after the elections shall have terminated." He would much rather give the franchise to those who have a profit rent of L.10 a-year out of leaseholds—that is, he would rather give the county franchise also to his friends the shopkeepers in the towns, who are in the habit of taking leases of land in their neighbourhood, laying out upon it a little capital, and then re-letting it in lots, at an enormous profit, to the poor farmer, whom they grind, to obtain the uttermost farthing beyond what will support him, or rather keep him alive, in the most miserable condition that can be conceived. These petty landlords, the "middle men," are the greatest curse and scourge of the Irish small farmer; they know exactly what may be screwed out of him, beyond what will afford him potatoes, and they exact it without pity, and without even the remotest notion of the wrong they are doing. To these O'Connell wishes to give the franchise, merely because it would give him more power; but happily in this matter the bill does not serve his purpose. For the same reason, he roars out yet more lustily against the provision which takes away from the L.10 voters in towns, the right of voting for the counties in which the towns are situate. A hundred of the voters for the county of Kerry, are, as he says, residents in the town of Tralee, and would be disfranchised, as relates to the county elections, if the bill were to pass. Such a state of things as this, he adds, "*cannot* be;" and "he hopes he may add, *it shall not be*." Certainly if it cannot be, he is quite justified in entertaining a very lively hope that it shall not be; but if it were to be, it would be a very important improvement. In brief, the faults of the Irish Reform Bill consist in the extension of the number of representatives, and in giving the representation of the towns into the hands of the L.10 householders. The other arrangements are improvements upon the present system, and the change they would effect would be that of strengthening the interest of the gentry. The forty-shilling franchise, which was the great plague, is already done away with; and let it not be said that this measure is a valid precedent for the wholesale disfranchisement of the boroughs in England. To take away the privilege of returning members to Parliament from an enormous multitude of shoeless, shirtless, priest-driven creatures, as wild and ignorant as the cattle upon the hills, is surely a very different sort of policy from that of taking away the same privilege from ancient corporations, or from moneyed interests of vast importance in the country.

O'Connell's nonsense about the different and more favourable treatment which England and Scotland receive by their Reform Bills, is really not worth following. It is such absolute trash in writing and in reasoning, as to be fit only for laughing at in conversation. What can one say to a man who, in a letter professing to be a grave dissertation upon a proposed act of the legislature, falls into such silly rant as this?—"Justice, I exclaim—justice for Ireland! Real justice—no mockery—no delusion! Above all, no hypocritical pretences! Justice for Ireland *is my motto!*"

How piteous that the population of Ireland should be so much under the dominion of a man possessing so little common sense, whenever he rises above common affairs! Alas, for Ireland! she does indeed want reform, very different from Parliamentary Reform; but where or how shall we look for it, in such a time of public madness as the present? The cry in England at present is, "Give Ireland poor laws." Even "The Standard," whose knowledge of Ireland is as certain as the ignorance of others, calls for poor laws. But for myself, I doubt the practicability of a system any thing like that of England, or at all so extensive in its operation. But this—this it is that should occupy the attention of Ministers with regard to Ireland, and not the senseless project miscalled Reform. If the Bill should pass, it will be the first part of a three-act political drama, of which the second act will be "Repeal of the Union," and the third, "Rebellion in Ireland."

T. W. H.

THE PLAINT OF ABSENCE.

BY DELTA.

I think of thee at morning, when the shades
Fly off like spectres from the blessed sun;
I think of thee, when twilight's march pervades
The world, and wraps it in her mantle dun;
Beneath the moon, and when the midnight skies
Sparkle o'er earth, with their bright myriad eyes:—
Life seems a wilderness; I look around
In vain for thee, who spake to me of heaven:
My thoughts are mantled in a gloom profound,
And o'er my heart Grief's furrowing plough hath driven;
see no beauty in the shining day,
But peak in loneliness, and pine away:
Wrapt in the past, mine ardent longings flee
To dwell with thee!

I think of thee in Spring-time, when the flowers
Expand in beauty to the wooing sun,
When sing the small birds 'mid the greening bowers,
And from the hills the ice-freed waters run;
Amid the summer's wealth, and when the hues
Of Autumn gentlest pensiveness infuse;
And when is howling the tempestuous gale
Of Winter o'er the desolated heath;
When floods the rain-shower, or the rattling hail
Mantles the mountain in a robe of death;

From the bleak pasture and the leafless tree
I turn my weary gaze—and think of thee—
  I think of thee—and lo! before my sight
    Thou comest in beauty bright!

I think of thee—I muse on thee—and then
  Thou stand'st before me, idol of my heart,
In thy subduing loveliness, as when,
  Though link'd in spirit, Fortune bade us part:
On thy sweet presence Hope and Peace await,
  And in thy melting eyes I read my fate;
Thy voice comes o'er me like the lulling sound
  Of desert fountains to the traveller's ear;
Again this dim earth grows enchanted ground,
  I cling to life, and feel that thou art near;
The present disappears, the past returns,
And with the light of love my bosom burns,
  But when I name thee, the illusions fade
    To silence and to shade!

I think of thee—of all thy beauty's glow,
  Such as, when flashing on my raptured sight,
With bright brown hair and alabaster brow,
  With cheek of roses, and with eyes of light,
Thou stood'st before me in thy cloudless prime,
  An angel pilgrim, sanctifying time!
And then I think, since we are sunder'd, pass
  How languidly the listless hours away!
While Memory comes, in slumber, with her glass,
  When hush'd to peace is all the strife of day,
To pour upon my visions richly bright
Joys that have been, and hopes that set in night;
  And in the virgin glory of thy charms,
    I clasp thee in mine arms.

I think of thee, as when, in happier hours,
  Thou stood'st in smiles, a heaven-descended guest,
When life seem'd like a garden strewn with flowers,
  And sorrow fled at thy benign behest.
Alas! we little dreamt how soon the cloud
  Of disappointment pleasure's sky may shroud.
Oh Fortune! wilt thou ever take delight
  To tear asunder heart that grows to heart
In mutual faith—Affection's blooms to blight—
  To step between link'd souls and bid them part,
Hope's Eden-tinted landscapes to destroy,
And mingle poison in Love's cup of joy:—
  Alas! when shall the flowers of Pleasure's tree
    Unshaken pass by thee?

I think of thee at morn,—at noon,—at eve,—
  'Mid cities and in solitude—I call
Thine image up, while Hope delights to weave
  Love's rainbow hues, and clothes thee in them all;
Of thee I think upon the shore and sea—
  Awake and in my dreams I pine for thee!
For 'mid the changes of this changeful world
  Thou hast been steadfast as the lucid star
Duly on Evening's radiant map unfurl'd
  The first, and shining through the dusk afar.
I gaze from out the deep abyss of care
To greet that ray—and ever it is there;
  Then bow, renewed in faith, to Heaven's decree,
    The Heaven, which gave me thee!

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. XI.

The Ruined Merchant.

It is a common saying, that sorrows never come alone—that "it never rains, but it pours;"* and it has been verified by experience, even from the days of that prince of the wretched—the man "whose name was Job." Now-a-days, directly a sudden accumulation of ills befalls a man, he utters some rash exclamation like the one in question, and too often submits to the inflictions of Providence with sullen indifference—like a brute to a blow—or resorts, possibly, to suicide. Poor stupid unobserving man, in such a case, cannot conceive how it comes to pass that all the evils under the sun are showered down upon *his* head—at once! There is no attempt to account for it on reasonable grounds—no reference to probable, nay, obvious causes—his own misconduct, possibly, or imprudence. In a word, he fancies that the only thing they resemble is Epicurus' fortuitous concourse of atoms. It is undoubtedly true that people are occasionally assailed by misfortunes so numerous, sudden, and simultaneous, as is really unaccountable. In the majority, however, of what are reputed such cases, a ready solution may be found, by any one of observation. Take a simple illustration. A passenger suddenly falls down in a crowded thoroughfare; and, when down and unable to rise, the one following stumbles over him—the next, over him, and so on—all unable to resist the on-pressing crowd behind; and so the first-fallen lies nearly crushed and smothered. Now, is not this frequently the case with a man mid the cares and troubles of life? One solitary disaster—one unexpected calamity—befalls him; the sudden shock stuns him out of his self-possession; he is dispirited, confounded, paralysed—and down he falls, in the very throng of all the pressing cares and troubles of life, one implicating and dragging after it another—till all is uproar and consternation. Then it is, that we hear passionate lamentations, and cries of sorrows "never coming alone"—of all this "being against him;" and he either stupidly lies still, till he is crushed and trampled on, or, it may be, succeeds in scrambling to the first temporary resting-place he can espy, when he resigns himself to stupified inaction, staring vacantly at the throng of mishaps following in the wake of that one which bore him down. Whereas the first thought of one in such a situation should surely be, "let me be 'up and doing,' and I may yet recover myself." "Directly a man determines to *think*," says an eminent writer, "he is wellnigh sure of bettering his condition."

It is to the operation of such causes as these, that is to be traced, in a great majority of cases, the necessity for medical interference. Within the sphere of my own practice, I have witnessed, in such circumstances, the display of heroism and fortitude ennobling to human nature; and I have also seen instances of the most contemptible pusillanimity. I have marked a brave spirit succeed in buffeting its way out of its adversities; and I have seen as brave a one overcome by them, and falling vanquished, even with the sword of resolution gleaming in its grasp; for there *are* combinations of evil, against which no human energies can make a stand. Of this, I think the ensuing melancholy narrative will afford an illustration. What its effect on the mind of the reader may be, I cannot presume to speculate. *Mine* it has oppressed to recall the painful scenes with which it abounds, and convinced of the peculiar perils incident to rapidly acquired fortune, which too often lifts its possessor into an element for which he is totally unfitted, and from which he falls exhausted, lower far than the sphere he had left!

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* —— And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude—
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!"—SHAKSPEARE.

Mr Dudleigh's career afforded a striking illustration of the splendid but fluctuating fortunes of a great English merchant—of the magnificent results ensured by persevering industry, economy, prudence, and enterprise. Early in life he was cast upon the world, to do as he would, or rather *could*, with himself; for his guardian proved a swindler, and robbed his deceased friend's child of every penny that was left him. On hearing of the disastrous event, young Dudleigh instantly ran away from school, in his sixteenth year, and entered himself on board a vessel trading to the West Indies, as cabin-boy. As soon as his relatives, few in number, distant in degree, and colder in affection, heard of this step, they told him, after a little languid expostulation, that as he had made his bed, so he must lie upon it; and never came near him again, till he had become ten times richer than all of them put together.

The first three or four years of young Dudleigh's novitiate at sea, were years of fearful, but not unusual hardship. I have heard him state that he was frequently flogged by the captain and mate, till the blood ran down his back like water; and kicked and cuffed about by the common sailors with infamous impunity. One cause of all this was obvious; his evident superiority over every one on board in learning and acquirements. To such an extent did his tormentors carry their tyranny, that poor Dudleigh's life became intolerable; and one evening, on leaving the vessel after its arrival in port from the West Indies, he ran to a public-house in Wapping, called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to the chief owner of the vessel, acquainting him with the cruel usage he had suffered, and imploring his interference; adding, that if that application failed, he was determined to drown himself when they next went to sea. This letter, which was signed "*Henry Dudleigh, cabin-boy*," astonished and interested the person to whom it was addressed; for it was accurately, and even eloquently worded. Young Dudleigh was sent for, and after a thorough examination into the nature of his pretensions, engaged as a clerk in the counting-house of the ship-owners, at a small salary. He conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, and displayed such a zealous interest in his employers' concerns, that in a few years' time he was raised to the head of their large establishment, and received a salary of L.500 a-year, as their senior and confidential clerk. The experience he gained in this situation, enabled him, on the unexpected bankruptcy of his employers, to dispose most successfully of the greater proportion of what he had saved in their service. He purchased shares in two vessels, which made fortunate voyages; and the result determined him henceforth to conduct business on his own account, notwithstanding the offer of a most lucrative situation similar to his last. In a word, he went on conducting his speculations with as much prudence, as he undertook them with energy and enterprise.

The period I am alluding to may be considered as the golden age of the shipping interest; and it will occasion surprise to no one acquainted with the commercial history of those days, to hear that in little more than five years time, Mr Dudleigh could "write himself worth" L.20,000. He practised a parsimony of the most excruciating kind. Though every one on 'Change was familiar with his name, and cited him as one of the most "rising young men there," he never associated with any of them but on occasions of strict business. He was content with the humblest fare; and trudged cheerfully to and from the city to his quiet quarters near Hackney, as if he had been but a clerk luxuriating on an income of L.50 per annum. Matters went on thus prospering with him, till his thirty-second year, when he married the wealthy widow of a ship-builder. The influence which she had in his future fortunes, warrants me in pausing to describe her. She was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old; of passable person, as far as figure went, for her face was rather bloated and vulgar; somewhat of a dowdy in dress; insufferably vain, and fond of extravagant display; a termagant; with little or no intellect.

In fact, she was the perfect antipodes of her husband. Mr Dudleigh was a humble, unobtrusive, kind-hearted man, always intent on business, beyond which he did not pretend to know or care for much. How could such a man, it will be asked, marry such a woman?—Was he the *first* who has been dazzled and blinded by the blaze of a large fortune? Such was his case. Besides, a young widow is somewhat careful of undue exposures, which might fright away promising suitors. So they made a match of it; and he resuscitated the expiring business and connexion of his predecessor, and conducted it with a skill and energy, which in a short time opened upon him the floodgates of fortune. Affluence poured in from all quarters; and he was everywhere called by his panting, but distanced competitors in the city, the "*fortunate*" Mr Dudleigh.

One memorable day, four of his vessels, richly freighted, came, almost together, into port; and on the same day he made one of the most fortunate speculations in the funds which had been heard of for years; so that he was able to say to his assembled family, as he drank their healths after dinner, that he would not take *a quarter of a million* for what he was worth! And there, surely, he might have paused, nay, made his final stand, as the possessor of such a princely fortune, acquired with unsullied honour to himself, and, latterly, spent in warrantable splendour and hospitality. But no: As is and ever will be the case, the more he had, the more he would have. Not to mention the incessant baiting of his ambitious wife, the dazzling capabilities of indefinite increase to his wealth proved irresistible. *What* might not be done by a man of Mr Dudleigh's celebrity, with a *floating* capital of some hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and as much credit as he chose to accept of? The regular course of his shipping business brought him in constantly magnificent returns, and he began to sigh after other collateral sources of money-making; for why should nearly one-half of his vast means lie unproductive? He had not long to look about, after it once became known that he was ready to employ his floating capital in profitable speculations. The brokers, for instance, came about him, and he leagued with them. By and by the world heard of a monopoly of nutmegs. There was not a score to be had anywhere in London, but at a most exorbitant price—for the fact was, that Mr Dudleigh had laid his hands on them all, and by so doing cleared a very large sum. Presently he would play similar pranks with *otto of roses;* and as soon as he had quadrupled the cost of that fashionable article, he would let loose his stores on the gaping market—by which he gained as large a profit as he had made with the nutmegs. Commercial people will easily see how he did this. The brokers, who wished to effect the monopoly, would apply to him for the use of his capital, and give him an ample indemnity against whatever loss might be the fate of the speculation; and, on its proving successful, awarded him a very large proportion of the profits. This is the scheme by which many splendid fortunes have been raised, with a rapidity which has astonished their gainers as much as any one else! Then, again, he negotiated bills on a large scale, and at tremendous discounts; and, in a word, by these, and similar means, amassed, in a few years, the enormous sum of half a million of money!

It is easy to guess at the concomitants of such a fortune as this. At the instigation of his wife—for he himself retained all his old unobtrusive and personally economical habits—he supported two splendid establishments—the one at the "West End" of the town, and the other near Richmond. His wife—for Mr Dudleigh himself seemed more like the *hired steward* of his fortune than its possessor—was soon surrounded by swarms of those titled blood-suckers that batten on bloated opulence which has been floated into the sea of fashion. Mrs Dudleigh's dinners, suppers, routes, *soirées, fetes champêtres,* flashed astonishment on the town, through the columns of the obsequious prints. Miss Dudleigh, an elegant and really amiable girl, about seventeen, was beginning to get talked of as a fashionable beauty, and, report said, had refused her coronets by dozens! While "young

Harry Dudleigh" far out-topped the astonished Oxonians, by spending about half as much again as his noble allowance. Poor Mr Dudleigh frequently looked on all this with fear and astonishment, and, when in the city, would shrug his shoulders, and speak of the "*dreadful* doings at the West!" I say, when in the city—for as soon as he travelled westwards, when he entered the sphere of his WIFE's influence, his energies were benumbed and paralysed. He had too long quietly succumbed to her authority to call it in question now, and therefore he submitted to the splendid appearance he was compelled to support. He often said, however, that "he could not understand what Mrs Dudleigh *was at*;" but beyond such a hint he never presumed. He was seldom or never to be seen amid the throng and crush of company that crowded his house evening after evening. The first arrival of his wife's guests, was his usual signal for seizing his hat and stick, dropping quietly from home, and betaking himself either to some sedate city friend, or to his country-house, where he now took a kind of morbid pleasure in ascertaining that his gains were safe, and planning greater, to make up, if possible, he would say, "for Mrs Dudleigh's awful extravagance." He did this so constantly, that Mrs Dudleigh began at last to *expect* and calculate on his absence, as a matter of course, whenever she gave a party; and her good-natured, accommodating husband too easily acquiesced, on the ground, as his wife took care to give out, of his *health's* not bearing late hours and company. Though an economical, and even parsimonious man in his habits, Mr Dudleigh had as warm and kind a heart as ever glowed in the breast of man. I have heard many accounts of his systematic benevolence, which he chiefly carried into effect at the periods of temporary *relegation* to the city, above spoken of. Every Saturday evening, for instance, he had a sort of *levee*, numerously attended by merchants' clerks and commencing tradesmen, all of whom he assisted most liberally with both "cash and counsel," as he good-humouredly called it. Many a one of them owes his establishment in life to Mr Dudleigh, who never lost sight of any deserving object he had once served.

A far different creature Mrs Dudleigh! The longer she lived, the more she had her way, the more frivolous and heartless did she become—the more despotic was the sway she exercised over her husband. Whenever he presumed to "lecture her," as she called it, she would stop his mouth, with referring to the fortune she had brought him, and ask him triumphantly, "what he could have done without her cash and connexions!" Such being the fact, it was past all controversy that she ought to be allowed "to have her *fling*, now they could so easily afford it!" The sums she spent on her own and her daughter's dress were absolutely incredible, and almost petrified her poor husband when the bills were brought to him. Both in the articles of dress and party-giving, Mrs Dudleigh was actuated by a spirit of frantic rivalry with her competitors; and what she wanted in elegance and refinement, she sought to compensate for in extravagance and ostentation. It was to no purpose that her trembling husband, with tears in his eyes, suggested to her recollection the old saying, "that fools make feasts, and wise men eat them;" and that, if she gave magnificent dinners and suppers, of course great people would come and eat them for her; but would they thank her? Her constant answer was, that they "ought to support their station in society"—that "the world would not believe them rich, unless they shewed it that they were," &c. &c. &c. Then, again, she had a strong plea for her enormous expenditure in the "bringing out of Miss Dudleigh," in the arrayment of whom, panting milliners "toiled in vain." In order to bring about this latter object, she induced, but with great difficulty, Mr Dudleigh to give his bankers orders to accredit her separate cheques; and so prudently did she avail herself of this privilege for months, that she completely threw Mr Dudleigh off his guard, and he allowed a very large balance to lie in his bankers' hands, subject to the unrestricted drafts of his wife. Did the reader never happen to see in society that horrid harpy, an old dowager, whose niggard jointure drives her to cards? Evening after evening did several of these old creatures squat, toad-like, round Mrs Dudleigh's card-table, and succeeded at last in inspiring her with such a frenzy for "PLAY," as the most ample fortune must melt away under, more rapidly than snow beneath sunbeams. The infatuated woman became notoriously the first to seek, and last to leave the fatal card-table; and the reputed readiness with which she "bled," at last brought her the honour of an old Countess, who condescended to win from her, at two sittings, very nearly L.5000. It is not now difficult to account for the anxiety Mrs Dudleigh manifested to banish her husband from her parties. She had many ways of satisfactorily accounting for her frequent drafts on his bankers. Miss Dudleigh had made a conquest of a young peer, who, as soon as he had accurately ascertained the reality of her vast expectations, fell deeply in love with her! The young lady herself had too much good sense to give him spontaneous credit for disinterested affection; but she was so dunned on the subject by her foolish mother, so petted and flattered by the noble, but impoverished family, that sought her connexion, and the young nobleman, himself a handsome man, so ardent and persevering in his courtship, that at last her heart yielded, and she passed in society as the "envied object" of his affections! The notion of intermingling their blood with NOBILITY, so dazzled the *vain* imagination of Mrs Dudleigh, that it gave her eloquence enough to succeed, at last, in stirring the phlegmatic temperament of her husband. "Have *a nobleman* for MY SON-IN-LAW!" thought the merchant, morning, noon, and night; at the East and at the West End—in town and country! What would the city people say to that! He had a spice of ambition in his composition beyond what could be contented with the achieval of mere city eminence. He was tiring of it;—he had long been a kind of *king* on 'Change, and, as it were, carried the Stocks in his pockets. He had long thought that it was "possible to choke a dog with pudding," and he was growing heartily wearied of the turtle and venison eastward of Temple-Bar, which he was compelled to eat at the public dinners of the great companies, and elsewhere, when his own tastes would have led him, in every case, to pitch upon "port, beef-steaks, and the papers," as fare fit for a king! The dazzling topic, therefore, in which his wife held forth with unwearied eloquence, was beginning to produce conviction in his mind; and though he himself eschewed his wife's kind of life, and refused to share in it, he did not lend a very unwilling ear to her representations of the necessity for an even increased rate of expenditure, to enable Miss Dudleigh to eclipse her gay competitors, and appear a worthy prize in the eyes of her noble suitor. Aware of the magnitude of the proposed object, he could not but assent to Mrs Dudleigh's opinion, that extraordinary means must be made use of; and was at last persuaded into placing nearly L.20,000 in his new banker's hands, subject, as before, to Mrs Dudleigh's drafts, which she promised him should be as seldom and as moderate as she could possibly contrive to meet necessary expenses with. His many and heavy expenses, together with the great sacrifice in prospect, when the time of his daughter's marriage should arrive, supplied him with new incentives to enter into commercial speculations. He tried several new schemes, threw all the capital he could command into new, and even more productive quarters, and calculated on making vast accessions of fortune at the end of the year.

About a fortnight after Mr Dudleigh had informed Mrs Dudleigh of the new lodgment he had made at his banker's, she gave a very large evening-party at her house, in —— Square. She had been very successful in her guests on the occasion, having engaged the attendance of my Lords *This*, and my Ladies *That*, innumerable. Even the high and haughty Duke of —— had deigned to look in for a few moments, on his way to a party at Carlton-House, for the purpose of sneering at the "splendid cit," and extracting topics of laughter for his royal host. The whole of —— Square, and one or two of the adjoining streets, were absolutely choked with carriages—the carriages of HER guests! When you entered her magnificent apartments, and had made your way through the soft crush and flutter of aristocracy, you might see the lady of the house throbbing and panting with excitement—a perfect blaze of jewellery—flanked by her very kind friends, old Lady ——, and the well-known Miss ——, engaged, as usual, at unlimited loo. The good humour with which Mrs Dudleigh lost, was declared to be "quite charming"—"deserving of better fortune;" and inflamed by the *cozened* compliments they forced upon her, she was just uttering some sneering and insolent allusion to "that odious *city*," while old Lady ——'s withered talons were extended to clutch her winnings, when there was perceived a sudden stir about the chief door—then a general hush—and in a moment or two, a gentleman, in dusty and disordered dress, with his hat on, rushed through the astonished crowd, and made his way towards the card-table at which Mrs Dudleigh was seated, and stood confronting her, extending towards her his right hand, in which was a thin slip of paper. It was Mr Dudleigh! "There—there, madam," he gasped in a hoarse voice,—"there, woman!—what have you done?—Ruined—ruined me, madam, you've *ruined* me! My credit is destroyed for ever!—my name is tainted!—Here's the first dishonoured bill that ever bore Henry Dudleigh's name upon it!—Yes, madam, it is YOU who have done it," he continued, with vehement tone and gesture, utterly regardless of the breathless throng around him, and continuing to extend towards her the protested bill of exchange.

"My dear!—my dear—my—my—my dear Mr Dudleigh," stammered his wife, without rising from her chair, "what is the matter, love?"

"*Matter*, madam?—why, by ——!—that you've ruined me—that's all!—Where's the L.20,000 I placed in Messrs ——'s hands a few days ago?—Where—WHERE is it, Mrs Dudleigh?" he continued almost shouting, and advancing nearer to her, with his fist clenched.

"Henry! dear Henry!—mercy, mercy!——" murmured his wife faintly.

"Henry, indeed! *Mercy?*—Silence, madam! How dare you deny me an answer? How *dare* you swindle me out of my fortune in this way?" he continued fiercely, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "Here's my bill for L.4000, made payable at Messrs ——, my new bankers; and when it was presented this morning, madam, by ——! the reply was 'NO EFFECTS!'—and my bill has been dishonoured!—Wretch! *what* have you done with my money? Where's it all gone?—I'm the town's talk about this —— bill!—There'll be a run upon me!—I know there will—aye—THIS is the way my hard-earned wealth is squandered, you vile, you unprincipled spendthrift!" he continued, turning round and pointing to the astounded guests, none of whom had uttered a syllable. The music had ceased—the dancers left their places—the card-tables were deserted. In a word, all was blank consternation. The fact was, that old Lady ——, who was that moment seated, trembling like an aspen-leaf, at Mrs Dudleigh's right-hand side, had won from her, during the last month, a series of sums amounting to little short of L.9000, which Mrs Dudleigh had paid the day before by a cheque on her banker; and that very morning she had drawn out L.1000 odd, to pay her coach-maker's, confectioner's, and milliner's bills, and supply herself with cash for the evening's spoliation. The remaining L.7000 had been drawn out during the preceding fortnight to pay her various clamorous creditors, and keep her in readiness for the gaming-table. Mr Dudleigh, on hearing of the dishonour of his bill—the news of which was brought him by a clerk, for he was staying at a friend's house in the country—came up instantly to town, paid the bill, and then hurried, half beside himself, to his house in —— square. It is not at all wonderful, that though Mr Dudleigh's name was well known as an eminent and responsible mercantile man, his bankers, with whom he had but recently opened an account, should decline paying his bill, after so large a sum as L.20,000 had been drawn out of their hands by Mrs Dudleigh. It looked suspicious enough, truly!

"Mrs Dudleigh!—where—WHERE is my L 20,000?" he shouted almost at the top of his voice; but Mrs Dudleigh heard him not; for she had fallen fainting into the arms of Lady

——. Numbers rushed forward to her assistance. The confusion and agitation that ensued it would be impossible to describe; and, in the midst of it, Mr Dudleigh strode at a furious pace out of the room, and left the house. For the next three or four days he behaved like a madman. His apprehensions magnified the temporary and very trifling injury his credit had sustained, till he fancied himself on the eve of becoming bankrupt. And, indeed, where is the merchant of any eminence, whom such a circumstance as the dishonour of a bill for L.4000 (however afterwards accounted for) would not exasperate? For several days Mr Dudleigh would not go near ——— square, and did not once enquire after Mrs Dudleigh. My professional services were put into requisition on her behalf. Rage, shame, and agony, at the thought of the disgraceful exposure she had met with, in the eyes of all her assembled guests, of those respecting whose opinions she was most exquisitely sensitive, had nearly driven her distracted. She continued so ill for about a week, and exhibited such frequent glimpses of delirium, that I was compelled to resort to very active treatment to avert a brain fever. More than once, I heard her utter the words, or something like them,—"be *revenged* on him yet!" but whether or not she was at the time sensible of the import of what she said, I did not know.

The incident above recorded—which I had from the lips of Mr Dudleigh himself, as well as from others—made a good deal of noise in what are called "the fashionable circles," and was obscurely hinted at in one of the daily papers. I was much amused at hearing, in the various circles I visited, the conflicting and exaggerated accounts of it. One old lady told me she "had it on the best authority, that Mr Dudleigh actually *struck* his wife, and wrenched her purse out of her hand!" I recommended Mrs Dudleigh to withdraw for a few weeks to a watering-place, and she followed my advice; taking with her Miss Dudleigh, whose health and spirits had suffered materially through the event which has been mentioned. Poor girl! she was of a very different mould from her mother, and suffered acutely, though silently, at witnessing the utter contempt in which she was held by the very people she made such prodigious efforts to court and conciliate. Can any situation be conceived more painful? Her few and gentle remonstrances, however, met invariably with a harsh and cruel reception; and at last she was compelled to hold her peace, and bewail in mortified silence her mother's obtuseness.

They continued at ——— about a month; and on their return to town, found the affair quite "blown over;" and soon afterwards, through the mediation of mutual friends, the angry couple were reconciled to each other. For twelve long months Mrs Dudleigh led a comparatively quiet and secluded life, abstaining, with but a poor grace it is true, from company and cards—from the latter compulsorily; for no one chose to sit down at play with her, who had witnessed or heard of the event which had taken place last season. In short, every thing seemed going on well with our merchant and his family. It was fixed that his daughter was to become Lady ——, as soon as young Lord —— should have returned from the continent; and a dazzling dowery was spoken of as hers on the day of her marriage. Pleased with his wife's good behaviour, Mr Dudleigh's confidence and good-nature revived, and he held the reins with a rapidly-slackening grasp. In proportion as he allowed her funds, her scared "friends" flocked again around her; and by and by she was seen flouncing about in fashion as heretofore, with small "let or hinderance" from her husband. The world—the sagacious world—called Mr Dudleigh a happy man; and the city swelled at the mention of his name and doings. The mercantile world laid its highest honours at his feet. The Mayoralty—a Bank—an East-Indian Directorship—a seat for the city in Parliament—all glittered within his grasp—but he would not stretch forth his hand. He was content, he would say, to be "plain Henry Dudleigh, whose word was as good as his bond"—a leading man on 'Change—and, above all, "who could look every one full in the face with whom he had ever had to do." He was indeed a worthy man—a rich and racy specimen of one of those glories of our nation—a true English merchant. The proudest moments of his life were those, when an accompanying friend could estimate his consequence, by witnessing the mandarin movements that everywhere met him—the obsequious obeisances of even his closest rivals—as he hurried to and fro about the central regions of 'Change, his hands stuck into the worn pockets of his plain snuff-coloured coat. The merest glance at Mr Dudleigh—his hurried, fidgety, anxious gestures—the keen, cautious expression of his glittering grey eyes—his mouth screwed up like a shut purse—all, all told of the "man of a million." There was, in a manner, a "plum" in every tread of his foot, in every twinkle of his eye. He could never be said to breathe freely—really to *live*—but in his congenial atmosphere—his native element—the City!

Once every year he gave a capital dinner, at a tavern, to all his agents, clerks, and people in any way connected with him in business; and none but himself knew the quiet ecstasy with which he took his seat at the head of them all—joined in their timid jokes, echoed their modest laughter, made speeches, and was be-speechified in turn! How he sate while great things were saying of him, on the occasion of his health's being drunk! On one of these occasions, his health had been proposed by his sleek head-clerk, in a most neat and appropriate speech, and drunk with uproarious enthusiasm; and good Mr Dudleigh was on his legs, energetically making his annual avowal that "that was the proudest moment of his life," when one of the waiters came and interrupted him, by saying that a gentleman was without, waiting to speak to him on most important business. Mr Dudleigh hurriedly whispered that he would attend to the stranger in a few minutes, and the waiter withdrew; but returned in a second or two, and put a card into his hand. Mr Dudleigh was electrified at the name it bore—that of the great loan contractor—the city Crœsus, whose wealth was reported to be incalculable! He hastily called on some one to supply his place; and had hardly passed the door, before he was hastily shaken by the hands by ——, who told him at once that he had called to propose to Mr Dudleigh to take part with him in negotiating a very large loan on account of the —— government! After a flurried pause, Mr Dudleigh, scarce knowing what he was saying, assented. In a day or two the transaction was duly blazoned in the leading papers of the day; and every one in the city spoke of him as one likely to double or even treble his already ample fortune. Again he was praised—again censured—again envied! It was considered advisable that he should repair to the continent, during the course of the negotiation, in order that he might personally superintend some important collateral transactions; and when there, he was most unexpectedly detained nearly two months. Alas! that he ever left England! During his absence, his infatuated wife betook herself—"like the dog to his vomit, like the sow to her wallowing in the mire"—to her former ruinous courses of extravagance and dissipation, but on a fearfully larger scale. Her house was more like an hotel than a private dwelling; and blazed away, night after night, with light and company, till the whole neighbourhood complained of the incessant uproar occasioned by the mere arrival and departure of her guests. To her other dreadful besetments, Mrs Dudleigh now added the odious and vulgar vice of—intoxication! She complained of the deficiency of her animal spirits; and said she took liquor as a *medicine!* She required stimulus, and excitement, she said, to sustain her mind under the perpetual run of ill luck she had at cards! It was in vain that her poor daughter remonstrated, and almost cried herself into fits, on seeing her mother return home, frequently in the dull stupor of absolute intoxication!—"Mother, mother, my heart is breaking!" said she one evening.

"So—so is mine"—hiccuped her parent—"so get me the decanter!"

Young Harry Dudleigh trode emulously in the footsteps of his mother; and ran riot to an extent that was before unknown to Oxford!—The sons of very few of the highest nobility had handsomer allowances than he; yet was he constantly over head and ears in debt. He was a backer of the ring ruffians; a great man at cock and dog fights; a racer; in short—a blackguard of the first water. During the recess, he had come up to town, and taken up his quarters, not at his father's house, but at one of the distant hotels—where he might pursue his profligate courses without fear of interruption. He had repeatedly bullied his mother out of large sums of money to supply his infamous extravagancies; and at length became so insolent and exorbitant in his demands, that they quarrelled. One evening, about nine o'clock, Mrs and Miss Dudleigh happened to be sitting in the drawing-room, alone—and the latter was pale with the agitation consequent on some recent quarrel with her mother; for the poor girl had been passionately reproaching her mother for her increasing attachment to liquor, under the influence of which she evidently was at that moment. Suddenly a voice was heard in the hall, and on the stairs, singing, or rather bawling, snatches of some comic song or other; the drawing-room door was presently pushed open, and young Dudleigh, more than half intoxicated, made his appearance, in a slovenly evening dress.

"Madame ma mère—!" said he, staggering towards the sofa where his mother and sister were sitting—"I—I *must* be supplied—I must, mother!"—he hiccuped, stretching towards her his right hand, and tapping the palm of it significantly with his left fingers.

"Pho—nonsense!—off to—to bed, young scape-grace!" replied his mother, drowsily—for the stupor of wine lay heavily on her.

"'Tis useless, madam—quite, I assure you!—money—money—money I must and will have!" said her son, striving to steady himself against a chair.

"Why, Harry, dear!—where's the fifty pounds I gave you a cheque for only a day or two ago?"

"Gone! gone! the way of all money, madam—as *you* know pretty well!—I— I *must* have L.300 by to-morrow——"

"*Three hundred pounds*, Henry!" exclaimed his mother, angrily.

"Yes, ma'am! Sir Charles won't be put off any longer, he says. Has my—my—word—'good as my bond'—as the old governor says!—Mother," he continued in a louder tone, flinging his hat violently on the floor—"I must and WILL have money!"

"Henry—it's disgraceful—infamous—most infamous!" exclaimed Miss Dudleigh, with a shocked air; and raising her handkerchief to her eyes, she rose from the sofa, and walked hurriedly to the opposite end of the room, and sat down in tears. Poor girl! what a mother! what a brother!—the young man took the place she had occupied by her mother's side, and in a wheedling coaxing way, threw his arm round Mrs Dudleigh, hiccuping — "mother—give me a cheque! do, please!—'tis the last time I'll ask you—for a twelvemonth to come!—and I owe L.500 that *must* be paid in a day or two!"

"How can I, Harry?—dear Harry—don't be unreasonable! recollect I'm a kind mother to you," kissing him, "and don't distress me, for I owe three or four times as much myself, and cannot pay it."

"Eh! — eh!—cannot pay it?—stuff, ma'am!—why—is the bank run dry?"—he continued, with an apprehensive stare.

"Yes, love—long ago!"—replied his mother, with a sigh.

"Whoo—whoo!"—he exclaimed; and rising, he walked, or rather staggered a few steps to and fro, as if attempting to collect his faculties—and think!—

"Ah—ha, ha!—eureka, ma'am!" he exclaimed suddenly after a pause, snapping his fingers—"I've got it—I have!—the PLATE, mother,—the plate!—hem! raising the wind—you understand me!"

"Oh! shocking, shocking!"—sobbed Miss Dudleigh, hurrying towards them, wringing her hands bitterly—"oh mother! oh Henry, Henry! would you ruin my poor father, and break his heart?"

"Ah, the plate, mother!—the plate!"—he continued, addressing his mother—then turning to his sister—"away, you little puss—puss!—what do *you* understand about business, eh?"—and he attempted to kiss her—but she thrust him away with indignation and horror in her gestures.

"Come, mother!—will it do!—a lucky thought! the plate!—Mr—— is a rare hand at this kind of thing!—a thousand or two would set you and me to rights in a twinkling!—come, what say you?"

"Impossible, Harry!"—replied his mother, turning pale,—"'tis quite—'tis—'tis—out of the question!"

"Pho! no such thing!—It *must* be done!—why cannot it, ma'am?" enquired the young man earnestly.

"Why, because—if you *must* know, sirrah!—because it is ALREADY pawned!"—replied his mother, in a loud voice, shaking her hand at him with passion. Their attention was attracted at that moment towards the door, which had been standing a-jar—for there was the sound of some one suddenly fallen down. After an instant's pause, they all three walked to the door, and stood gazing horror-struck at the prostrate figure of Mr DUDLEIGH!

He had been standing unperceived in the door-way—having entered the house only a moment or two after his son—during the whole of the disgraceful scene just described, almost petrified with grief, amazement, and horror—till he could bear it no longer, and fell down in an apoplectic fit. He had but that evening returned from abroad, exhausted with physical fatigue, and dispirited in mind—for while abroad, he had made a most disastrous move in the foreign funds, by which he lost upwards of sixty or seventy thousand pounds; and his negotiation scheme also turned out very unfortunately, and left him minus nearly as much more.—He had hurried home, half dead with vexation and anxiety, to make instant arrangements for meeting the most pressing of his pecuniary engagements in England, apprehensive, from the gloomy tenor of his agent's letters to him while abroad, that his affairs were falling into confusion. Oh! what a heart-breaking scene had he to encounter—instead of the comforts and welcome of home!

This incident brought me again into contact with this devoted family; for I was summoned by the distracted daughter to her father's bedside, which I found surrounded by his wife and children. The shock of his presence had completely sobered both mother and son, who hung horror-stricken over him, on each side of the bed, endeavouring in vain to recall him to sensibility. I had scarce entered the room, before Mrs Dudleigh was carried away swooning in the arms of a servant. Mr Dudleigh was in a fit of apoplexy. He lay in a state of profound stupor, breathing stentoriously—more like snorting. I had him raised into nearly an upright position, and immediately bled him largely from the jugular vein. While the blood was flowing, my attention was arrested by the appearance of young Dudleigh; who was kneeling down by the bedside, his hands clasped convulsively together, and his swollen blood-shot eyes fixed on his father. "Father! father! father!" were the only words he uttered, and these fell quivering from his lips unconsciously.—Miss Dudleigh, who had stood leaning against the bedpost in stupified silence, and pale as a statue, was at length too faint to continue any longer in an upright posture, and was led out of the room.

Here was misery! Here was remorse!

I continued with my patient more than an hour, and was gratified at finding that there was every appearance of the attack proving a mild and manageable one. I prescribed suitable remedies, and left,—enjoining young Dudleigh not to quit his father for a moment, but to watch every breath he drew. He hardly seemed to hear me, and gazed in my face vacantly while I addressed him. I shook him gently, and repeated my injunctions; but all he could reply was—"Oh—doctor—we have killed him!"

Before leaving the house, I repaired to the chamber where Mrs Dudleigh lay, just recovering from strong hysteries. I was filled with astonishment, on reflecting upon the whole scene of that evening; and, in particular, on the appearance and remorseful expressions of young Dudleigh. What could have happened?—A day or two afterwards, Miss Dudleigh, with shame and reluctance, communicated to me the chief facts above stated! Her own health and spirits were manifestly suffering from the distressing scenes she had to endure. She told me, with energy, that she could sink into the earth, on reflecting that she was the daughter of such a mother, the sister of such a brother!

[The Diary passes hastily over a fortnight,—saying merely that Mr Dudleigh recovered more rapidly than could have been expected—and proceeds—]

Monday, June, 18—. While I was sitting beside poor Mr Dudleigh, this afternoon, feeling his pulse, and putting questions to him, which he was able to answer with tolerable distinctness, Miss Dudleigh came and whispered that her mother, who, though she had seen her husband frequently, had not spoken to him, or been recognised by him since his illness—was anxious then to come in, as she heard that he was perfectly sensible. I asked him if he had any objection to see her; and he replied, with a sigh,—"No. Let her come in, and see what she has brought me to!" In a few minutes' time she was in the room. I observed Mr Dudleigh's eyes directed anxiously to the door before she entered; and the instant he saw her pallid features, and the languid exhausted air with which she advanced towards the bed, he lifted up his shaking hands, and beckoned towards her. His eyes filled with tears, to overflowing—and he attempted to speak—but in vain. She tottered to his side, and fell down on her knees; while he clasped her hands in his, kissed her affectionately, and both of them wept like children; as did young Dudleigh and his sister. That was the hour of full forgiveness and reconciliation! It was indeed a touching scene. There lay the deeply injured father and husband, his grey hair grown long, during his absence on the continent, and his illness, combed back from his temples; his pale and fallen features exhibiting deep traces of the anguish he had borne. He gave one hand to his son and daughter, while the other continued grasped by Mrs Dudleigh.

"Oh, dear, dear husband!—Can you forgive us, who have so nearly broken your heart?"—she sobbed, kissing his forehead. He strove to reply, but burst into tears without being able to utter a word. Fearful that the prolonged excitement of such an interview might prove injurious, I gave Mrs Dudleigh a hint to withdraw—and left the room with her. She had scarcely descended the staircase, when she suddenly seized my arm, stared me full in the face, and burst into a fit of loud and wild laughter. I carried her into the first room I could find, and gave her all the assistance in my power. It was long, however, before she recovered. She continually exclaimed—"Oh, what a wretch I've been! What a vile wretch I've been!—and he so kind and forgiving, too!"

As soon as Mr Dudleigh was sufficiently recovered to leave his bedroom—contrary to my vehemently expressed opinion—he entered at once on the active management of his affairs. It is easy to conceive how business of such an extensive and complicated character as his, must have suffered from so long an intermission of his personal superintendence—especially at such a critical conjuncture. Though his head-clerk was an able and faithful man, he was not at all equal to the overwhelming task which devolved upon him; and when Mr Dudleigh, the first day of his coming down stairs, sent for him, in order to learn the general aspect of his affairs, he wrung his hands despairingly, to find the lamentable confusion into which they had fallen. The first step to be taken, was the discovery of funds wherewith to meet some heavy demands which had been for some time clamorously asserted. What, however, was to be done? His unfortunate speculations in the foreign funds had made sad havoc of his floating capital, and further fluctuations in the English funds during his illness had added to his losses. As far as *ready money* went, therefore, he was comparatively penniless. All his resources were so locked up, as to be promptly available only at ruinous sacrifices; and yet he *must* procure many thousands within a few days—or he trembled to contemplate the consequences.

"Call in the money I advanced on mortgage of my Lord ——'s property," said he.

"We shall lose a third, sir, of what we advanced, if we do," replied the clerk.

"Can't help it, sir—*must* have money—and that instantly—call it in, sir." The clerk, with a sigh, entered his orders accordingly.

"Ah—let me see. Sell all my shares in ——."

"Allow me to suggest, sir, that if you will but wait two months—or even six weeks longer, they will be worth twenty times what you gave for them; whereas if you part with them at present, it must be at a heavy discount."

"*Must* have money, sir!—must!—write *it* down too," replied Mr Dudleigh, sternly. In this manner he "ticketed out his property for ruin," as his clerk said—throughout the interview. His demeanour and spirit were altogether changed; the first was become stern and imperative, the latter rash and inconsiderate to a degree which none would credit who had known his former mode of conducting business. All the prudence and energy which had secured him such splendid results, seemed now lost, irrecoverably lost. Whether or not this change was to be accounted for by mental imbecility consequent on his recent apoplectic seizure—or the disgust he felt at toiling in the accumulation of wealth which had been and might yet be so profligately squandered, I know not; but his conduct now consisted of alternations between the extremes of rashness and timorous indecision. He would waver and hesitate about the outlay of hundreds, when every one else—even those most proverbially prudent and sober, would venture their thousands with an almost absolute certainty of tenfold profits;—and again would fling away thousands into the very yawning jaws of villainy. He would not tolerate remonstrance or expostulation; and when any one ventured to hint surprise or dissatisfaction at the conduct he was pursuing, he would say tartly "that he had reasons of his own for what he was doing." His brother merchants were for a length of time puzzled to account for his conduct. At first they gave him credit for playing some deep and desperate game, and trembled at his hardihood; but after waiting a while, and perceiving no

——"wondrous issue
Leap down their gaping throats, to recompense
Long hours of patient hope"——

they came to the conclusion, that as he had been latterly unfortunate, and was growing old, and indisposed to prolong the doubtful cares of money-making—he had determined to draw his affairs into as narrow a compass as possible, with a view to withdrawing altogether from active life, on a handsome independence. Every one commended his prudence in so acting—in "letting well alone." "Easy come, easy go," is an old saw, but signally characteristic of rapidly acquired commercial fortunes; and by these, and similar prudential considerations, did they consider Mr Dudleigh to be actuated. This latter supposition was strengthened by observing the other parts of his conduct. His domestic arrangements indicated a spirit of rigorous retrenchment. His house near Richmond was advertised for sale, and bought "out and out" by a man who had grown rich in Mr Dudleigh's service. Mrs Dudleigh gave, received, and accepted fewer and fewer invitations; was less seen at public places; and drove only one plain chariot. Young Dudleigh's allowance at Oxford was curtailed, and narrowed down to L.300 a-year; and he was forbidden to go abroad, that he might stay at home to prepare for—orders! There was nothing questionable, or alarming in all this, even to the most forward quidnuncs of the city. The world that had blazoned and lauded his—or rather his *family's* extravagance, now commended his judicious economy. As for himself personally, he had resumed his pristine clock-work punctuality of movements; and the only difference to be perceived in his behaviour, was an air of unceasing thoughtfulness and reserve. This was accounted for, by the rumoured unhappiness he endured in his family—for which Mrs Dudleigh was given ample credit. And then his favourite—his idolized child—Miss Dudleigh—was exhibiting alarming symptoms of ill health. She was notoriously neglected by her young and noble suitor, who continued abroad much longer than the period he had himself fixed on. She was of too delicate and sensitive a character, to bear with indifference the impertinent and cruel speculations which this occasioned in "society." When I looked at her—her beauty, her amiable and fascinating manners—her high accomplishments—and, in many conversations, perceived the superior feelings of her soul—it was with difficulty I brought myself to believe that she was the offspring of such a miserably inferior woman as her mother! To return, however, to Mr Dudleigh. He who has once experienced an attack of apoplexy, ought never to be entirely from under medical *surveillance*. I was in the habit of calling upon him once or twice a-week to ascertain how he was going on. I observed a great change in him. Though never distinguished by high animal spirits, he seemed now under the influence of a permanent and increasing melancholy. When I would put to him some such matter-of-fact question as—"How goes the world with you now, Mr Dudleigh?" he would reply with an air of lassitude—"Oh — as it *ought!* as it ought!" He ceased to speak of his mercantile transactions with spirit or energy; and it was only by a visible *effort* that he dragged himself into the city.

When a man is once on the *inclined plane* of life—once fairly "going down hill," one push will do as much as fifty; and such an one poor Mr Dudleigh was not long in receiving. Rumours were already flying about, that his credit had no more substantial support than *paper* props; in other words, that he was obliged to resort to accommodation-bills to meet his engagements. When once such reports are current and accredited, I need hardly say that it is "all up" with a man, in the city. And ought it not to be so? I observed, a little while ago, that Mr Dudleigh, since his illness, conducted his affairs very differently from what he had formerly. He would freight his vessels with unmarketable cargoes—in spite of all the representations of his servants and friends; and when his advices confirmed the truth of their surmises, he would order the goods to be sold off—frequently at a fifth or eighth of their value. These, and many similar freaks, becoming generally known, soon alienated from him the confidence even of his oldest connexions; credit was given him reluctantly, and then only to a small extent—and sometimes even point blank refused! He bore all this with apparent calmness, observing simply that "*times were altered!*" Still he had a corps de reserve in his favourite investiture—mortgages: a species of security in which he had long had locked up some forty or fifty thousand pounds. Anxious to assign a mortgage for L.15,000, he had at last succeeded in finding an assignee on advantageous terms, whose solicitor, after carefully inspecting the deed, pronounced it so much waste paper, owing to some great technical flaw, or informality, which vitiated the whole! Poor Mr Dudleigh hurried with consternation to his attorney; who, after a long shew of incredulity, at last acknowledged the existence of the defect! Under his advice, Mr Dudleigh instantly wrote to the party whose property was mortgaged, frankly informing him of the circumstances, and appealing to his "honour and good feeling." He might as well have appealed to the winds! for he received a reply from the mortgager's attorney, stating simply, that "his client was prepared to stand or fall by the deed, and so, of course, must the mortgager!" What was Mr Dudleigh's further dismay at finding, on further examination, that every mortgage transaction, except one for L.1500, which had been intrusted to the management of the same attorney, was equally, or even more invalid than the one above mentioned!—Two of the heaviest proved to be worthless, as *second* mortgages of the same property, and all the remainder were invalid, on account of divers defects and informalities. It turned out that Mr Dudleigh had been in the hands of a swindler, who had intentionally committed the draft error, and colluded with his principal, to outwit his unsuspecting client Mr Dudleigh, in the matter of the double mortgages! Mr Dudleigh instantly commenced actions against the first mortgager, to recover the money he had advanced in spite of the flaw in the mortgage-deed, and against the attorney through whose villainy he had suffered so severely. In the former, which of course decided the fate of the remaining mortgages similarly situated —he failed; in the latter, he succeeded—as far as the bare gaining of a verdict could be so considered; but the attorney, exasperated at being brought before the court and exposed by his client, defended the action in such a manner as did himself no good, at the same time that it nearly ruined the poor plaintiff; for he raked up every circumstance that had come to his knowledge professionally, during the course of several years' confidential connexion with Mr Dudleigh—and which could possibly be tortured into a disreputable shape; and gave his foul brief into the hands of an ambitious young counsel, who, faithful to his instructions, and eager to make the most of such an opportunity of vituperative declamation, contrived so to blacken poor Mr Dudleigh's character, by cunning, cruel innuendoes, asserting nothing, but *suggesting* every thing vile and atrocious—that poor Mr Dudleigh, who was in court at the time, began to think himself, in spite of himself, one of the most execrable scoundrels in existence—and hurried home in a paroxysm of rage, agony, and despair, which, but for my being opportunely sent for by Mrs Dudleigh, and bleeding him at once, must in all probability have induced a second and fatal apoplectic seizure. His energies, for weeks afterwards, lay in a state of complete stagnation; and I found he was sinking into the condition of an irrecoverable hypochondriac. Every thing, from that time, went wrong with him. He made no provision for the payment of his regular debts; creditors precipitated their claims from all quarters; and he had no resources to fall back upon at a moment's exigency. Some of the more forbearing of his creditors kindly consented to give him time, but the small fry pestered him to distraction; and at last one of the latter class, a rude, hard-hearted fellow, cousin to the attorney whom Mr Dudleigh had recently prosecuted, on receiving the requisite "denial," instantly went and struck the docket against his unfortunate debtor, and Mr Dudleigh—the celebrated Mr Dudleigh—became a—BANKRUPT!

For some hours after he had received an official notification of the event, he seemed completely stunned. He did not utter a syllable when first informed of it; but his face assumed a ghastly paleness. He walked to and fro about the room—now pausing—then hurrying on—then pausing again, striking his hands on his forehead, and exclaiming with an abstracted and incredulous air—"A bankrupt! a bankrupt! *Henry Dudleigh* a bankrupt? What are they saying on 'Change!"—In subsequently describing to me his feelings at this period, he said he felt as though he had "fallen into his grave for an hour or two, and come out again cold and stupified."

While he was in this state of mind, his daughter entered the room, wan and trembling with agitation.

"My dear little love, what's wrong? What's wrong, eh? What has dashed you, my sweet flower, eh?" said he, folding her in his arms, and hugging her to his breast. He led her to a seat, and placed her on his knee. He passed his hand over her pale forehead. "What have you been about to-day, Agnes? You've forgotten to dress your hair to-day," taking her raven tresses in his fingers; "Come, these must be curled! They are all damp, love! What makes you cry?"

"My dear, dear, dear darling father!" sobbed the agonized girl, almost choked with her emotions—clasping her arms convulsively round his neck, "I love you dearer—a thousand times—than I ever loved you in my life!"

"My sweet love!" he exclaimed, bursting into tears. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

"You are young, Agnes, and may be happy—but, as for me, I am an old tree, whose roots are rotten! The blasts have beaten me down, my darling!" She clung closer to him, but spoke not. "Agnes, will you stay with me, now that I'm made a—a beggar? Will you? I can *love* you yet—but that's all!" said he, staring vacantly at her. After a pause, he suddenly released her from his knee, rose from his seat, and walked hurriedly about the room.

"Agnes, love! Why, is it true—is it really TRUE that I'm made a *bankrupt* of, after all? And is it come to that?" He resumed his seat, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. "'Tis for *you*, my darling—for my family—my children, that I grieve! What is to become of you?" Again he paused. "Well! it cannot be helped—it is more my misfortune than my fault! God knows, I've tried to pay my way as I went on—and—

and—no, no! it doesn't follow that every man is a *villain* that's a bankrupt!"

"No, no, no, father!" replied his daughter, again flinging her arms round his neck, and kissing him with passionate fondness, "Your honour is untouched—it is"—

"Aye, love—but to make the *world* think so—*There's* the rub! What has been said on 'Change to-day, Agnes? That's what hurts me to my soul!"

* * "Come, father, be calm! We shall yet be happy and quiet, after this little breeze has blown over! Oh yes, yes, father! We will remove to a nice little comfortable house, and live among ourselves!"

"But, Agnes, can you do all this? Can *you* make up your mind to live in a lower rank—to—to—to be, in a manner, your own servant?"

"Yes, God knows, I can! Father, I'd rather be your servant girl, than wife of the king!" replied the poor girl, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, my daughter!—Come, come let us go into the next room, and do you play me my old favourite—'*O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.*' You'll feel it, Agnes!" He led her into the adjoining room, and set her down at the instrument, and stood by her side.

"We must not part with this piano, my love,—must we?" said he, putting his arms round her neck, "we'll try and have it saved from the wreck of our furniture!" She commenced playing the tune he had requested, and went through it.

"Sing, love—sing!" said her father. "I love the words as much as the music! Would you cheat me, you little rogue?" She made him no reply, but went on playing, very irregularly however.

"Come! you *must* sing, Agnes."

"I can't!" she murmured. "My heart is breaking! My—my—bro—" and fell fainting into the arms of her father. He rung instantly for assistance. In carrying her from the music stool to the sofa, an open letter dropped from her bosom. Mr Dudleigh hastily picked it up, and saw that the direction was in the handwriting of his *son*, and bore the "Wapping" post-mark. The stunning contents were as follow:—"My dear, dear, tr. Agnes, farewell! it may be fly from my country! While you are reading this note, I am on my way to America. Do not call me cruel, my sweet sister, for my heart is broken! broken! Yesterday, near Oxford, I fought with a man who dared to insult me about our family troubles. I am afraid—God forgive me—that I have killed him! Agnes, Agnes, the blood-hounds are after me! Even were they not, I could not bear to look on my poor father, whom I have helped to ruin, under the encouragement of ONE who might have bred me better! I cannot stay in England, for I have lost my station in society; I owe thousands I can never repay; besides—Agnes, Agnes! the blood-hounds are after me! I scarce know what I am saying! Break all this to my father—my wretched father—as gradually as you can. Do not let him know of it for a *fortnight*, at least. May God be your friend, my dear Agnes! Pray for me! pray for me, my darling Agnes, yes, for me, your wretched, guilty, heart-broken brother. H. D."

"Ah! he might have done worse! he *might* have done worse," exclaimed the stupified father. "Well, I must think about it!" and he calmly folded up the letter, to put it into his pocketbook, when his daughter's eye caught sight of it, for she had recovered from her swoon while he was reading it; and with a faint shriek, and a frantic effort to snatch it from him, she fell back, and swooned again. Even all this did not rouse Mr Dudleigh. He sat still, gazing on his daughter with a vacant stare, and did not make the slightest effort to assist her recovery. I was summoned in to attend her, for she was so ill, that they carried her up to bed.

Poor girl, poor Agnes Dudleigh! already had CONSUMPTION marked her for his own! The reader may possibly recollect, that in a previous part of this narrative, Miss Dudleigh was represented to be affianced to a young nobleman. I need hardly, I suppose, inform him that the "affair" was "all off," as soon as ever Lord —— heard of her fallen fortunes. To do him justice, he behaved in the business with perfect politeness and condescension; wrote to her from Italy, carefully returning her all her letters; spoke of her admirable qualities, in the handsomest strain; and, in choice and feeling language, regretted the altered state of his affections, and that the "fates had ordained their separation." A few months afterwards, the estranged couple met casually in Hyde Park, and Lord —— passed Miss Dudleigh with a strange stare of irrecognition, that showed the advances he had made in the command of manner! She had been really attached to him, for he was a young man of handsome appearance, and elegant, winning manners. The only things he wanted were a head and a heart! This circumstance, added to the perpetual harassment of domestic sorrows, had completely undermined her delicate constitution; and her brother's conduct prostrated the few remaining energies that were left her.

But Mrs Dudleigh has latterly slipped from our observation. I have little more to say about her. Aware that her own infamous conduct had conduced to her husband's ruin, she had resigned herself to the incessant lashings of remorse, and was wasting away daily. Her excesses had long before sapped her constitution; and she was now little else than a walking skeleton. She sate moping in her bedroom for hours together, taking little or no notice of what happened about her, and manifesting no interest in life. When, however, she heard of her son's fate—the only person on earth she really loved—the intelligence smote her finally down. She never recovered from the stroke. The only words she uttered, after hearing of his departure for America, were "wretched woman! guilty mother! I have done it all!" The serious illness of her poor daughter affected her scarce at all. She would sit at her bedside, and pay her every attention in her power, but it was rather in the spirit and manner of a hired nurse than a mother.

To return, however, to the "chief mourner"—Mr Dudleigh. The attorney, whom he had sued for his villainy in the mortgage transactions, contrived to get appointed solicitor to the commission of bankruptcy sued out against Mr Dudleigh; and he enhanced the bitterness and agony incident to the judicial proceedings he was employed to conduct, by the cruelty and insolence of his demeanour. He would not allow the slightest indulgence to the poor bankrupt, whom he was selling out of house and home; but remorselessly seized on every atom of goods and furniture the law allowed him, and put the heart-broken helpless family to all the inconvenience his malice could suggest. His conduct was, throughout, mean, tyrannical—even diabolical, in its contemptuous disregard of the best feelings of human nature. Mr Dudleigh's energies were too much exhausted to admit of remonstrance or resistance. The only evidence he gave of smarting under the man's insolence, was, after enduring an outrageous violation of his domestic privacy—a cruel interference with the few conveniences of his dying daughter, and sick wife—when he suddenly touched the attorney's arm, and in a low broken tone of voice, said, "Mr ——, I am a poor heart-broken man, and have no one to avenge me, or you would not dare to do this"—and he turned away in tears!—The house and furniture in —— Square, with every other item of property that was available, being disposed of, on winding up the affairs, it proved that the creditors could obtain a dividend of about fifteen shillings in the pound. So convinced were they of the unimpeached,—the unimpeachable integrity of the poor bankrupt, that they not only spontaneously released him from all future claims, but entered into a subscription amounting to L.2000, which they put into his hands, for the purpose of enabling him to recommence housekeeping, on a small scale—and obtain some permanent means of livelihood. Under their advice—or rather direction, for he was passive as an infant—he removed to a small house in Chelsea, and commenced business as a coal-merchant, or agent for the sale of coals, in a small and poor way, it may be supposed. His new house was very small, but neat, convenient, and situated in a quiet and creditable street. Yes, in a little one-storied house, with about eight square feet of garden-frontage, resided the once wealthy and celebrated Mr Dudleigh!

The very first morning after Mrs Dudleigh had been removed to her new quarters, she was found dead in her bed: for the fatigues of changing her residence, added to the remorse and chagrin which had so long preyed upon her mind, had extinguished the last spark of her vital energies. When I saw her, which was not till the evening of the second day after her decease, she was lying in her coffin; and I shall not soon forget the train of instructive reflections elicited by the spectacle. Poor creature—her features looked indeed haggard and grief-worn!—Mr Dudleigh wept over her remains like a child, and kissed the cold lips and hands, with the liveliest transports of regret. At length came the day of the funeral, as plain and unpretending an one as could be. At the pressing solicitations of Mr Dudleigh, I attended her remains to the grave. It was an affecting thought, that the daughter was left dying in the house from which her mother was carried out to burial! Mr Dudleigh went through the whole of the melancholy ceremony with a calmness—and even cheerfulness—which surprised me. He did not betray any emotion when leaving the ground; except turning to look into the grave, and exclaiming rather faintly—"Well—here we leave you, poor wife!" On our return home, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he begged to be left alone for a few minutes, with pen, ink, and paper, as he had some important letters to write—and requested me to wait for him, in Miss Dudleigh's room, where he would rejoin me, and accompany me part of my way up to town. I repaired, therefore, to Miss Dudleigh's chamber. She was sitting up, and dressed in mourning. The marble paleness of her even then beautiful features, was greatly enhanced by contrast with the deep black drapery she wore. She reminded me of the snowdrop she had an hour or two before laid on the pall of her mother's coffin! Her beauty was fast withering away under the blighting influence of sorrow and disease! She reclined in an easy-chair, her head leaning on her small snowy hand, the taper fingers of which were half-concealed beneath her dark clustering, uncurled tresses—

> "Like a white rose, glistening 'mid
> evening gloom."

"How did he bear it?" she whispered, with a profound sigh, as soon as I had taken my place beside her. I told her that he had gone through the whole with more calmness and fortitude than could have been expected. "Ah!—'Tis unnatural! He's grown strangely altered within these last few days, Doctor! He never seems to *feel* any thing! His troubles have stunned his heart, I'm afraid!—Don't you think he *looks* altered?"

"Yes, my love, he is *thinner*, certainly—"

"Ah—his hair is white!—He is old—he won't be long behind us!"

"I hope that now he is freed from the cares and distractions of business—"

"Doctor, is the grave deep enough for THREE?" enquired the poor girl, abruptly,—as if she had not heard me speaking. "Our family has been strangely desolated, Doctor—has not it?—My mother gone; the daughter on her deathbed; the father wretched, and ruined; the son—flown from his country—perhaps dead, or dying!—But it has all been our own fault—"

"*You* have nothing to accuse yourself of, Miss Dudleigh," said I. She shook her head, and burst into tears. This was the melancholy vein of our conversation, when Mr Dudleigh made his appearance, in his black gloves, and crape-covered hat, holding two letters in his hand.

"Come, Doctor," said he, rather briskly—"you've a long walk before you!—I'll accompany you part of the way, as I have some letters to put into the post."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that, Mr Dudleigh!—*I'll* put them into the post, as I go by."

"No, no—thank you—thank you"—he interrupted me, with rather an embarrassed air, I thought—"I've several other little matters to do—and we had better be starting." I rose, and took my leave of Miss Dudleigh. Her father put his arms round her neck, and kissed her very fondly. "Keep up your spirits, Agnes!—and see and get into bed as soon as possible—for you are quite exhausted!"—He walked towards the door. "Oh, bless your little heart, my love!"—said he, suddenly returning to her, and kissing her more fondly, if possible, than before. "We shall not be apart long, I dare say!"

We set off on our walk towards town; and Mr Dudleigh conversed with great calmness, speaking of his affairs, even in an encouraging tone. At length we separated. "Remember me kindly to Mrs ——," said he, mentioning my wife's name, and shaking me warmly by the hand.

The next morning, as I sate at breakfast, making out my daily list, my wife, who had one of the morning papers in her hand, suddenly let it fall, and looking palely at me, exclaimed—"Eh, surely—surely, my dear, this can never be—Mr Dudleigh!"—I enquired what she meant,—and she pointed out the following paragraph:—

"Attempted Suicide.—Yesterday evening, an elderly gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, was observed walking for some time near the water side, a little above Chelsea-Reach, and presently stepped on board one of the barges, and threw himself from the outer one into the river. Most providentially this latter movement was seen by a boatman who was rowing past, and who succeeded, after some minutes, in seizing hold of the unfortunate person, and lifting him into the boat—but not till the vital spark seemed extinct. He was immediately carried to the public-house by the water-side, where prompt and judicious means were made use of—and with success. He is now lying at the ——— public-house,—but as there were no papers or cards about him, his name is at present unknown. The unfortunate gentleman is of middling stature, rather full make—of advanced years—his hair very grey,—and he wears a mourning ring on his left hand."

I rung the bell, ordered a coach, drew on my boots, and put on my walking-dress; and in a little more than three or four minutes was hurrying on my way to the house mentioned in the newspaper. A twopenny post-man had the knocker in his hand at the moment of my opening the door, and put into my hand a paid letter, which I tore open as I drove along. Good God! it was from—Mr Dudleigh. It afforded unequivocal evidence of the insanity which had led him to attempt his life. It was written in a most extravagant and incongruous strain, and acquainted me with the writer's intention to "bid farewell to his troubles that evening." It ended with informing me, that I was left a legacy in his will for L.5000—and hoping, that when his poor daughter died, "I would see her magnificently buried." By the time I had arrived at the house where he lay, I was almost fainting with agitation: and I was compelled to wait some minutes below, before I could sufficiently recover my self-possession. On entering the bedroom where he lay, I found him undressed, and fast asleep. There was no appearance whatever of discomposure in the features. His hands were clasped closely together—and in that position he had continued for several hours. The medical man who had been summoned in over-night, sate at his bedside, and informed me that his patient was going on as well as could be expected. The treatment he had adopted, had been very judicious and successful; and I had no doubt, that when next Mr Dudleigh awoke, he would feel little if any the worse for what he had suffered. All my thoughts were now directed to Miss Dudleigh; for I felt sure that if the intelligence had found its way to her, it must have destroyed her. I ran every inch of the distance between the two houses, and knocked gently at the door with my knuckles, that I might not disturb Miss Dudleigh. The servant girl, seeing my discomposed appearance, would have created a disturbance, by shrieking, or making some other noise, had I not placed my fingers on her mouth, and in a whisper, asked how her mistress was? "Master went home with you, sir, did not he?"—she enquired with an alarmed air.

"Yes—yes"—I replied hastily.

"Oh, I told Miss so! I told her so!" replied the girl, clasping her hands, and breathing freer.

"Oh, she has been uneasy about his not coming home last night—eh?—Ah—I thought so, this morning, and that is what has brought me here in such a hurry," said I, as calmly as I could. After waiting down stairs to recover my breath a little, I repaired to Miss Dudleigh's room. She was awake. The moment I entered, she started up in bed,—her eyes straining, and her arms stretched towards me.

“My—my—father!”——she gasped; and before I could open my lips, or even reach her side, she had fallen back in bed, *and—as I thought—ex*pired. She had swooned: and during the whole course of my experience, I never saw a swoon so long and closely resemble death. For more than an hour, the nurse, servant-girl, and I hung over her in agonizing and breathless suspense, striving to detect her breath—which made no impression whatever on the glass I from time to time held over her mouth. Her pulse fluttered and fluttered—feebler and feebler, till I could not perceive that it beat at all. “Well!” thought I, at last removing my fingers,—“you are gone, sweet Agnes Dudleigh, from a world that has but few as fair and good”—when a slight undulation of the breast, accompanied by a faint sigh, indicated slowly-returning consciousness. Her breath came again, short and faint—but she did not open her eyes for some time after. * * *

“Well, my sweet girl,” said I, presently observing her eyes fixed steadfastly on me; “why all this? What has happened? What is the matter with you?” and I clasped her cold fingers in my hand. By placing my ear so close to her lips that it touched them, I distinguished the sound—“My fa—father!”

“Well! And what of your father? He is just as usual, and sends his love to you.” Her eyes, as it were, dilated on me—her breath came quicker and stronger—and her frame vibrated with emotion. “He is coming home shortly, by—by—*four* o'clock this afternoon—yes, four o'clock at the latest. Thinking that a change of scene might revive his spirits, I prevailed on him last night to walk on with me home—and—and he slept at my house.” She did not attempt to speak, but her eye continued fixed on me with an unwavering look that searched my very soul! “My wife and Mr Dudleigh will drive down together,” I continued, firmly, though my heart sunk within me at the thought of the improbability of such being the case; “and I shall return here by the time they arrive, and meet them. Come, come, Miss Dudleigh—this is weak—absurd!” said I, observing that what I said seemed to make no impression on her. I ordered some port wine and water to be brought, and forced a few tea-spoonfuls into her mouth. They revived her, and *I gave her more. In a word, she rapidly* recovered from the state of uttermost exhaustion into which she had fallen; and before I left, she said solemnly to me, “Doctor ——! If—IF you have deceived me! If any thing dreadful has really—really——”

I left, half distracted to think of the impossibility of fulfilling the promise I had made her, as well as of accounting satisfactorily for not doing so. What could I do? I drove rapidly homewards, and requested my wife to hurry down immediately to Miss Dudleigh, and pacify her with saying that her father was riding round with me, for the sake of exercise, and that we should come to her together. I then hurried through my few professional calls, and repaired to Mr Dudleigh. To my unutterable joy and astonishment, I found him up, dressed—for his clothes had been drying all night—and sitting quietly by the fire, in company with the medical man. His appearance exhibited no traces whatever of the accident which had befallen him. But, alas! on looking close at him—on examining his features—Oh, that eye! That smile! They told of departed reason!—I was gazing on an *idiot!* Oh, God! What was to become of Miss Dudleigh? How was I to bring father and daughter face to face? My knees smote together, while I sate beside him! But it *must* be done, or Miss Dudleigh's life would be the forfeit! The only project I could hit upon for disguising the frightful state of the case, was to hint to Miss Dudleigh, if she perceived any thing wild, or unusual in his demeanour, that he was a little flustered with wine! But *what* a circumstance to communicate to the dying girl! And even if it succeeded, what would ensue on the next morning? Would it be *safe* to leave him with her? I was perplexed and confounded between all these painful conjectures and difficulties!

He put on his hat and great-coat,

and we got into my chariot together. He was perfectly quiet and gentle, conversed on indifferent subjects, and spoke of having had "a cold bath" last night, which had done him much good! My heart grew heavier and heavier as we neared the home where I was to bring her idiot father to Miss Dudleigh! I felt sick with agitation, as we descended the carriage steps.

But I was for some time happily disappointed. He entered her room with eagerness, ran up to her and kissed her with his usual affectionate energy. She held him in her arms for some time, exclaiming,—"Oh, father, father! How glad I am to see you!—I thought some accident had happened to you! Why did you not tell me that you were going home with Dr ——?" My wife and I trembled, and looked at each other despairingly.

"Why," replied her father, sitting down beside her, "you see, my love, Dr —— recommended me a cold bath."

"A *cold bath* at THIS time of the year!" exclaimed Miss Dudleigh, looking at me with astonishment. I smiled, with ill-assumed nonchalance.

"It is very advantageous at—at—even this season of the year," I stammered, for I observed Miss Dudleigh's eye fixed on me like a ray of lightning.

"Yes—but they ought to have *taken off my clothes first*," said Mr Dudleigh, with a shuddering motion. His daughter suddenly laid her hand on him, uttered a faint shriek, and fell back in her bed in a swoon. The dreadful scene of the morning was all acted over again. I think I should have rejoiced to see her expire on the spot; but, no! Providence had allotted her a further space, that she might drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs!

Tuesday, 18*th July*, 18——. I am still in attendance on poor unfortunate Miss Dudleigh. The scenes I have to encounter are often anguishing, and even heart-breaking. She lingers on day after day and week after week in increasing pain!—By the bedside of the dying girl sits the figure of an elderly grey-haired man, dressed in neat and simple mourn- ;—now, gazing into vacancy with ack-lustre eye"—and then suddenly kissing her hand with childish eagerness, and chattering mere gibberish to her! It is her idiot father! Yes, he proves an irrecoverable idiot—but is uniformly quiet and inoffensive. We at first intended to have sent him to a neighbouring private institution for the reception of the insane; but poor Miss Dudleigh would not hear of it, and threatened to destroy herself, if her father was removed. She insisted on his being allowed to continue with her, and consented that a proper person should be in constant attendance on him. She herself could manage him, she said! and so it proved. He is a mere child in her hands. If ever he is inclined to be mischievous or obstreperous—which is very seldom—if she do but say "hush!" or lift up her trembling finger, or fix her eye upon him reprovingly, he is instantly cowed, and runs up to her to "kiss and be friends." He often falls down on his knees, when he thinks he has offended her, and cries like a child. She will not trust him out of her sight for more than a few moments together—except when he retires with his guardian, to rest;—and indeed he shews as little inclination to leave her. The nurse's situation is almost a sort of sinecure; for the anxious officiousness of Mr Dudleigh leaves her little to do. He alone gives his daughter her medicine and food, and does so with requisite gentleness and tenderness. He has no notion of her real state—that she is dying; and finding that she could not succeed in her efforts gradually to apprize him of the event, which he always turned off with a smile of incredulity, she gives in to his humour, and tells him—poor girl!—that she is getting better! He has taken it into his head that she is to be married to Lord ——, as soon as she recovers, and talks with high glee of the magnificent repairs going on at his former house in —— Square! He always accompanies me to the door; and sometimes writes me cheques for L.50—which of course is a delusion only—as he has no banker, and few funds to put in his hands; and at other times slips a shilling or a sixpence into my hand at leaving—thinking, doubtless, that he has given me a guinea.

Friday.—The idea of Miss Dudleigh's rapidly approaching marriage continues still uppermost in her father's head; and he is incessantly pestering her to make preparations for the event. To-day he appealed to me, and complained that she would not order her wedding-dress.

"Father, dear father!" said Miss Dudleigh, faintly, laying her wasted hand on his arm,—"only be quiet a little, and I'll begin to make it!—I'll really set about it to-morrow!" He kissed her fondly, and then eagerly emptied his pockets of all the loose silver that was in them, telling her to take it, and order the materials. I saw that there was something or other peculiar in the expression of Miss Dudleigh's eye, in saying what she did—as if some sudden scheme had suggested itself to her. Indeed the looks with which she constantly regards him, are such as I can find no adequate terms of description for. They bespeak blended anguish—apprehension—pity—love—in short, an expression that haunts me wherever I go. Oh what a scene of suffering humanity—a daughter's death-bed watched by an idiot father!

Monday.—I now knew what was Miss Dudleigh's meaning, in assenting to her father's proposal last Friday. I found, this morning, the poor dear girl engaged on her shroud!—It is of fine muslin, and she is attempting to sew and embroider it. The people about her did all they could to dissuade her; but there was at last no resisting her importunities. Yes—there she sits, poor thing, propped up by pillows, making frequent but feeble efforts to draw her needle through her gloomy work,—her father, the while, holding one end of the muslin, and watching her work with childish eagerness. Sometimes a tear will fall from her eyes while thus engaged. It did this morning. Mr Dudleigh observed it, and, turning to me, said, with an arch smile, "Ah, ha!—how is it that [illegible] always cry about being [illegible] the look Miss Dud[illegible] me, as she suddenly drop[illegible] work, and turned her head aside!

Saturday.—Mr Dudleigh is hard at work making his daughter a cowslip wreath, out of some flowers given him by his keeper!

When I took my leave to-day, he accompanied me, as usual, down stairs, and led the way into the little parlour. He then shut the door, and told me in a low whisper, that he wished me to bring him "an *honest* lawyer,"—to make his will: for that he was going to settle L.200,000 upon his daughter!—of course I put him off with promises to look out for what he asked. It is rather remarkable, I think, that he has never once, in my hearing, made any allusion to his deceased wife. As I shook his hand at parting, he stared suddenly at me, and said—"Doctor—Doctor! my daughter is VERY slow in getting well—is'nt she?"

Monday, July 23.—The suffering angel will soon leave us and all her sorrows!—She is dying fast: She is very much altered in appearance, and has not power enough to speak in more than a whisper—and that but seldom. Her father sits gazing at her with a puzzled air, as if he did not know what to make of her unusual silence. He was a good deal vexed when she laid aside her "wedding-dress,"—and tried to tempt her to resume it, by shewing her a shilling!—While I was sitting beside her, Miss Dudleigh, without opening her eyes, exclaimed, scarcely audible, "Oh! be kind to him! be kind to him! He won't be long here! He is very gentle!"

——— *Evening.* Happening to be summoned to the neighbourhood, I called a second time during the day on Miss Dudleigh. All was quiet when I entered the room. The nurse was sitting at the window, reading; and Mr Dudleigh occupied his usual place at the bedside, leaning over his daughter, whose arms were clasped together round his neck.

"Hush! hush!"—said Mr Dudleigh, in a low whisper, as I approached,—"Don't make a noise—she's asleep!"—Yes, she was ASLEEP—and to wake no more!—Her snow-cold arms,—her features, which on parting the dishevelled hair that hid them, I perceived to be fallen—told me that she was dead!

She was buried in the same grave

as her mother. Her wretched father, contrary to our apprehensions, made no disturbance whatever while she lay dead. They told him that she was no more—but he did not seem to comprehend what was meant. He would take hold of her passive hand, gently shake it, and let it fall again, with a melancholy wandering stare that was pitiable!—He sate at her coffin-side all day long, and laid fresh flowers upon her every morning. Dreading lest some sudden paroxysm might occur, if he was suffered to see the lid screwed down, and her remains removed, we gave him a tolerably strong opiate in some wine, on the morning of the funeral; and as soon as he was fast asleep, we proceeded with the last sad rites, and committed to the cold and quiet grave another broken heart!

Mr Dudleigh suffered himself to be soon after conveyed to a private asylum, where he had every comfort and attention requisite to his circumstances. He had fallen into profound melancholy, and seldom or never spoke to any one. He would shake me by the hand languidly when I called to see him,—but hung down his head in silence, without answering any of my questions. His favourite seat was a rustic bench beneath an ample sycamore-tree, in the green behind the house. Here he would sit for hours together, gazing fixedly in one direction, towards a rustic church-steeple, and uttering deep sighs. No one interfered with him; and he took no notice of any one.—One afternoon a gentleman of foreign appearance called at the asylum, and in a hurried, faltering voice, asked if he could see Mr Dudleigh. A servant but newly engaged on the establishment, imprudently answered—"Certainly, sir. Yonder he is, sitting under the sycamore. He never notices any one, sir." The stranger—young Dudleigh, who had but that morning arrived from America—rushed past the servant into the garden; and flinging down his hat, fell on knee before his father, clasping his hands over his breast. Finding his father did not seem inclined to notice him, he gently touched him on the knee, and whispered—"FATHER!"—Mr Dudleigh started at the sound, turned suddenly towards his son, looked him full in the face—fell back in his seat, and instantly expired!

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

The House of Peers being the body in the state where the next defensive contest of the constitution is to be maintained, has become, as might be expected, the subject of unmeasured obloquy and misrepresentation, on the part of the Reforming Journals, for some time past. One would imagine, from the style of their attacks, that this illustrious assembly was composed of persons whose interests were not only inconsistent, but adverse to those of the other classes of society—that they form a sort of insulated junto in the middle of the other members of the state—and that all the vituperation so justly lavished on the privileged ranks in the continental states, may fairly be transferred to the British peerage. The frequency and hardihood of such assertions, is calculated not only to impose upon the uninformed, but even to induce forgetfulness of the truth, on the part of the learned By the constant repetition of falsehood, even the sound of truth at length appears strange to ears once most accustomed to hear it.

The circumstance which made the aristocracy so hateful to the French nation, and still renders it so injurious in most of the European monarchies is, that they were not only relieved from all the burdens which oppressed the other classes, but enjoyed a monopoly of all the honourable situations of every description, under government. Not only were all the higher situations, such as ambassadors, generals, and admirals, but all the inferior offices, such as abbacies, judges, bishops, exclusively open to the younger branches of the nobility. Unless a man could prove the nobility of his descent, he was debarred from rising higher than to the rank of a lieutenant in the army or navy; and he had no chance of obtaining better preferment than a country curacy of L.30 or L.40 a-year in the church. The whole ecclesiastical dignities and emoluments were exclusively enjoyed by the aristocracy. "It is a terrible thing," said Pascal, "that influence of nobility—it gives a man an ascendency which could not be acquired by half a century of glory. Look at that young fool—it is from that stock that we make the bishops, marshals, and ambassadors of France." The line now drawn in India between the power and eligibility for office, of the British youth, and the native Hindoos, is not more rigid than existed in France, prior to 1789, between the descendants of noble and those of plebeian blood. It was this invidious distinction that mainly contributed to produce the Revolution, because it inflicted a personal injury upon every man of plebeian birth, and opposed an insuperable bar to the ambition and fortunes of conscious talent, in ninety-nine out of the hundred, in the whole community. "What is the Tiers Etat?" said the Abbé Sieyes, in his celebrated pamphlet at the opening of the Constituent Assembly; "It is the whole nation, *minus* 150,000 individuals." For this class to monopolize all the fortunes and distinctions of the monarchy, became, in an age of rising prosperity, altogether insupportable. Not the corruption of the court, nor the infidelity of the philosophers, produced the Revolution, for these were of partial application, but the pride of the nobles, based on centuries of exclusive power, and intolerable in an age of rising improvement.

These privileges were accompanied, on the part of the church and the nobility, by a total exemption from taxation, upon the principle that the first saved the state by their prayers, and the second defended it by their swords. This exemption was of comparatively little importance, during the days of feudal power, when taxes were inconsiderable, and the expenses of government, from the absence of standing armies, not greater than those of a powerful baron. But when the expenses of the state increased, and the embarrassments of the Treasury augmented, the exemption became intolerable. To behold 150,000 of the richest persons in France, most of whom were perfectly idle, and who enjoyed all the lucrative offices under government, altogether free from taxation, while their poorer brethren toiled under the weight of burdens to the amount of L.25,000,000 a-year, was, to the last degree, exasperating.

It added immensely to the weight of these grievances that the privileges of nobility were perpetual, and descended with titles of honour to all the members of a family indiscriminately. The effect of this was to create an exclusive class whose rights never expired, which passed from father to son even to the last generation, and which had nothing in common, either in point of interest, feeling, or habits, with the inferior classes of society. Custom and prejudice, omnipotent with this order in every country, precluded any young men of noble birth from entering into commerce or business of any sort; and the necessary consequence was, that the whole were thrown upon the offices in the disposal of government: and every situation, however inconsiderable, was sought after by a host of noble competitors, to the utter exclusion of every person of plebeian descent. But for the poverty of this needy race, which rendered marriage unfrequent, save in the eldest son of the family, and the excessive dissolution of their manners, France would have been overspread like Spain by a race of haughty idlers, whose 480,000 Hidalgos, too proud to do any thing for themselves, spend their lives in basking in the sunshine in their provincial towns.

How different in all these respects is the aristocracy of England, and how totally inapplicable are all the ideas drawn from the situation of foreign to the important duties of the British nobility! No exemption from taxation, no exclusive privileges, no invidious distinctions, separate them from the other classes in the state. By a fortunate custom, which has done more, says Hallam, for the liberties of England than any other single circumstance in its domestic policy, the distinction of titles has been confined from time immemorial to the eldest son of the family, while the younger branches, in the estimation of law commoners, speedily acquire the ideas of that class, and, in the space of a few generations, become indistinguishable from the general body of the community. In this way the younger branches of the nobility, the curse and bane of continental monarchies, have become one of the most useful and important classes in the British community, because they form a link between the otherwise discordant branches of society, and blend the dignified manners of elevated, with the vigour and activity of humble birth. Here, in the splendid language of Mr Sheridan, is no sullen line of demarcation for ever separating the higher from the lower orders; but all is one harmonious whole, insensibly passing as in the colours of the prism from the bright glitter of the orange, where the nobility bask in the sunshine of rank and opulence, to the sober grey of the indigo, where the peasant toils in the shade of humble life.

The prerogative of the Crown for the creation of Peers has been liberally exercised of late years: and the nobles are now four times as numerous as they were during the great Rebellion. Who have been the men, who have thus been elevated to the rank of hereditary legislators? The greatest and most illustrious characters of their day—the statesmen who have sustained the country by their exertions—the heroes who have led its armies to victory—the sailors who shook the world with its fleets—the patriots who have vindicated its freedom by their courage. The names of Marlborough and Wellington, of Abercrombie and Anglesey, of Lynedoch and Hill, recall the most splendid passages in the military annals of Britain: those of Nelson and St Vincent, of Howe and Duncan, the most glorious triumphs of its Navy: those of Chatham and Somers, of Grenville and Wellesley, the most illustrious efforts of its statesmen. Such men not only add dignity to the assembly in which they are placed, but the prospect of obtaining so brilliant a distinction for their family, operates powerfully on the exertions of the profession to which they belong. When Nelson run his own vessel between two line-of-battle ships at St Vincent's, and boarded them both at the same time, he exclaimed, "A peerage, or Westminster Abbey!" and a similar feeling operates universally, not only upon those who have such a distinction placed within their reach, but who can hope by strenuous exertion ultimately to obtain it. No man can doubt that the prospect of hereditary honours being conferred upon the leaders of the Army and Navy, operates most powerfully in elevating the feelings, stimulating the exertions, and sustaining the courage of those employed in these services; and that but for such distinctions, not only would their caste in society be lowered, but their national usefulness diminished.

By immemorial custom also, the Chancellor of England, a lawyer, and generally elevated from the inferior stations of society, is placed at the head of the House of Peers. It is a proud thing, as Mr Canning well observed, for the Commons of England, "to see a private individual, elevated from obscurity solely by the force of talent, take precedence of the Howards, the Talbots, and the Percys; of the pride of Norman ancestry, equally with the splendour of royal descent." The Chancellor is usually a man raised from the lower ranks. Every lawyer knows that none but those trained to exertion, by early and overbearing necessity, can sustain the herculean labour of rising to the head of the English Bar. It was thus that Lord Hardwicke, Lord Loughborough, Lord Mansfield, Lord Thurlow, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Eldon, and Lord Lyndhurst arose; they were trained in the school of necessity to the exertions requisite to rise to the summit of so terrible an ascent. In this way the peerage is perpetually renovated by the addition of talent and energy from the walks of humble life, and the lower orders are attached to the country, by the possibility of rising to the highest stations which its government can afford.

While, therefore, the aristocracy of the continental states, by rigidly closing the door against plebeian ability, both weakened the state by excluding its ablest members, and irritated the lower orders by establishing an impassable barrier between them and the higher; the aristocracy of England, by throwing open their doors to receive the most eminent of its citizens, both brought the talents of the great body of the people to bear upon the fortunes of the state, and elevated the dignity of their own body by the successive acquisition of the most illustrious members of the commonwealth. The peerage of England, therefore, so far from being a restraint upon the talent, or a burden upon the energies, of the lower orders, is the highest encouragement to their vigour and exertions, and holds forth the glittering prize which stimulates the talent and ensures the fortunes of thousands who are never destined to obtain it. Few indeed are destined to rise from private life like a Hardwicke, a Mansfield, or an Eldon; but every man in these situations recollects the rise of these illustrious men; and the confidence in their own good fortune, which is so universal in the outset of life, stimulates multitudes, from these examples, to exertions, which, if they do not lead to titles, at least contribute to success and usefulness.

It is a common theme of complaint with the radical journals, that the aristocracy usurp an undue share of patronage in the Navy, the Army, and the Church; and that unless a young man has connexions possessing parliamentary interest, he has no chance of elevation in any of these lines. There never was a complaint worse founded. That the younger branches of the nobility are to be found in great numbers in these useful and honourable lines, is in a peculiar manner the glory and the blessing of England; that instead of wasting their days in listless indolence, as in Spain, or in unceasing gallantry, as in Italy, they are to be found actively engaged in real business; discharging the duty of country curates, or enduring the hardships of naval, or facing the dangers of military life, without any distinction from their humbler brethren. Destroy this invaluable distinction; banish the sons of the opulent from active employment, and where will they be found? At the gaming-table or the race-course; corrupting the wives of the citizens, or squandering the fortunes of ages. It is in vain to expect that men will ever live without an object: if a good one is taken away, a bad one will speedily succeed: if they are prevented from following the career of honour and usefulness, they will embrace that of sensuality and corruption.

If indeed the Aristocracy had the monopoly of any of these departments, the *exclusive* privilege would be equally injurious to themselves and their inferiors. But this neither is, nor in the present state of human affairs can be, the case. No man can pretend that the army, the navy, or the church, are *exclusively* in the hands of the nobility. Every individual is acquainted in his own little circle with numbers who are rising in these professions without the aid of any aristocratic connexion. But if the complaint be only that they encounter the nobility in their struggle through life, then we reply that such competition is the greatest public advantage. Such civil contests between the different classes of society are always for the advantage of the whole community, however painful they may be to individuals. Without them, the energy of both would be enfeebled: aristocratic indolence would relapse into inactivity—democratic vigour into sordid ambition. Nor need popular enterprise envy the sons of the great the advantages which in the outset of life belong to elevated birth: those very advantages in general prove their ruin, because they do not habituate the mind to the vigorous exertions essential to lasting reputation.

The prevailing tone and character of all the professions into which the Aristocracy generally enter, is unquestionably greatly elevated by the intermixture of honourable feeling which they occasion. If Montesquieu was right in asserting that the principle of monarchy is honour, every day's experience must convince us that the influence of the Aristocracy is not less salutary in sustaining the dignified feeling of private life. Whence is it that England, so long immersed in commercial pursuits, which Napoleon styled a nation of shopkeepers, still retains so much of the elevating influence of ancient chivalry; that her warriors exhibit such undecaying valour, her legislators such moral courage, her higher orders such dignified manners? How has it happened that the progress of opulence, fatal to the growth of all other states, has here been so long co-existent with public virtue that a thousand years of prosperity has neither sapped the foundation of public or private integrity; and that though grey in years of renown, she still teems with the energy of youthful ambition? The answer is to be found in the happy combination of the nobility and the people; in the tempering the pride of aristocratic birth by the vigour of popular enterprise, and elevating the standard of plebeian ambition by the infusion of chivalrous feeling. Sever the connexion between these two principles, and what will the nation become? An assemblage of calculating tradesmen, possessing no higher standard of manners than the Americans, and no nobler feelings of patriotism than the Dutch.

The stability of the European monarchies, compared with the ephemeral duration of the Eastern dynasties, is chiefly to be ascribed to the hereditary descent of honours and estates in particular families. It was seemingly an institution of Providence, destined to secure the ascendency of European civilisation and the Christian religion over Oriental barbarism and Mahometan degradation, that the Barbarians who settled in the Roman empire, all by common consent established primogeniture and the hereditary descent of honours: while the divisions of the same tribes who settled in the Eastern empires, adopted the system, that all personal distinctions should expire with the first possessor. In this single circumstance will be found the remote cause of the steady progress, uniform policy, and stable government of the European states, compared with the fluctuating dynasties, perpetual convulsions, and declining prosperity of the Eastern empires. The want of a hereditary noblesse has inflicted the same evils on Persia and Turkey, which the want of an hereditary crown has occasioned to Poland.

Permanence of design and system can never be obtained till permanence of interest is established. When honours expire, and fortunes are divided on the death of an individual, the seed which was beginning to expand, is again restored, upon every case of individual dissolution, to its native earth; and the succeeding generation, actuated by no common interest, is tossed on the sea of life, without any definite or permanent object. The fortunes of the state crumble with the successive dispersion of individual accumulation; and generation after generation succeeds, without any addition either to the national stability, or any improvement in the national fortune.

It is easy to declaim, now that we have obtained the advantages of regular government, against the tyranny and oppression of the feudal nobility; without that institution, European civilisation would have become extinct during the anarchy of the dark ages, or yielded to the fury of Mahometan conquest. All that we now possess, or that distinguishes us from the Asiatic people—our laws, our liberties, our religion—have been preserved by the barrier of the feudal aristocracy. "Gratefully we must acknowledge," says Hallam, "that the territorial nobility were, during the dark ages, the chief support not only against foreign invasion, but domestic tyranny; and that violence would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the barons had not been independent and free."* What was it that enabled European valour to stem the torrent of Mahometan conquest—who saved Christian civilisation from Asiatic oppression on the field of Tours—who combated the forces of the Saracens in their own domains, and fought the battle of European freedom on the fields of Palestine? Who expelled the Arabs from Spain, and maintained for eight centuries an uninterrupted contest with the Moorish spoiler? The nobility of Europe—the territorial barons, permanently interested in the soil by the hereditary possession of estates, and actuated by undecaying spirit from the descent of family honours. Compare the steady progress, regular government, and unceasing improvement, of the European states, with the perpetual vacillation, periodical anarchy, and general slavery of the Asiatic dynasties, and the immeasurable benefits of an hereditary nob[illegible] must appear obvious to [illegible]considerate observer, [illegible] ive the mo[illegible] s, both brough[illegible] great body of the[illegible]

The freedom which is now so much the object of deserved eulogium, was nursed in its cradle by the feudal nobility. It was beneath the shadow of the castle-wall that industry, civilisation, and improvement, first took root; in every part of Europe the earliest seeds of liberty expanded under the protection of hereditary power. The traveller, as he glides along the Rhine, or descends the rapid stream of the Rhone, or skirts the tower-clad heights of the Appenines, can still discern in the villages which are clustered round the roots of the castellated heights, the influence of aristocratic power in protecting the first efforts of laborious industry. *Magna Charta* was extorted from a pusillanimous monarch by a combination of the feudal nobility: the early liberties of France, Germany, and Spain, were established by the same influence, in opposition to the encroachments of royal power. For centuries before the people had thought of moving in defence of their liberties, or were capable of understanding the meaning of freedom, it had been the object of repeated contests on the part of the hereditary nobility.

Nor let it be imagined, that these advantages are all past—that a new era has opened in human affairs—and that having made use of an hereditary nobility in the infancy of society, we can now with safety discard their assistance. They are not less needed in the advanced than the early stages of nations: the dangers to freedom are as great now as in the days of *Magna Charta*: the power by which it is assailed is more formidable than the array of the Plantagenet kings.

The danger to be apprehended now is, that, by the destruction of the power of the nobility, we shall be handed over, first, to the horrors of popular licentiousness, and, next, to the tranquillity of undisturbed despotism. This is not a fanciful apprehension—it is the uniform history of the decay of freedom in past ages: future historians will probably point to the present Reform Bill, as the first step in the extinction of British freedom.

[illegible] Middle Ages.

How long did the liberties of England survive the destruction of the House of Peers, and the assumption of absolute power by the Long Parliament? What was the consequence of the almost total annihilation of the Norman aristocracy by the wars of the Roses? The despotism of the Tudors—the cruel severity of Henry VIII.—the fires of Smithfield—the arbitrary reign of Elizabeth. It is a fact well worthy of notice, that the most arbitrary reign in the English annals, that in which the greatest number of executions (72,000) took place on the scaffold, the greatest confiscation of private property was inflicted, the most arbitrary alterations in the laws effected, succeeded immediately the virtual extinction of the feudal nobility by the civil wars. The spirit of the Commons perished with its support in the territorial aristocracy: it seemed as if the Barons of Runnymede had been succeeded by the senate of Tiberius. To such a degree of pliant servility did the Commons arrive, that they actually declared the King's proclamations equal to acts of Parliament, and petitioned the monarchs for a list of members to be returned in the succeeding Parliament![*]

How long did the liberties of the French monarchy outlive the decline of the feudal nobility, under the crafty policy of Mazarine and Richlieu? What became of the boasted liberties of Arragon and Castile, when their nobles were crushed by the despotism of the Austrian monarchs, or corrupted by the wealth of American slavery? After the Patricians were corrupted, and the Plebeians left alone in presence of military power, how long did the freedom of Rome survive? When the nobility fought the last battle of Roman virtue at Pharsalia, did not the people fill the ranks of the usurper, and join with him in forging chains for their country? Did not the children of the very men who had burned with Gracchus in the forum, and shaken by democratic violence the firm bulwark of the republic, break, under the dictator, the liberties of their country, and extinguish its last embers on the field of Philippi? Did not the citizens of Rome, worn out with dissensions of democratic violence, and shattered by the collision of military with popular power, fly for refuge under the shadow of despotism, and seek in the servility of the empire, that security which could no longer be found amidst the storms of the republic?

The destruction of Roman freedom was immediately owing to the people revolting against the aristocracy. The firmness and steadiness of the senate had long preserved the fortunes and favoured the growth of the republic; but when plebeian ambition prevailed over aristocratic power, the vacillation and convulsions immediately commenced, which were the sure forerunners of military despotism. Marius, the first consul of plebeian blood, brought the democracy into immediate collision with the aristocracy; and, but for the magnanimous surrender of absolute power by Sylla, the liberties of Rome had perished in the first struggle. The democracy afterwards chose Cæsar as their leader: the eloquent apologist of Catiline's Conspiracy commanded all the suffrages of the popular party; and by a popular act, in opposition to the most vehement resistance from the senate, they twice conferred upon him, for five years, the important province of Gaul, with five legions. The subjugation of Rome, therefore, and the extinction of its freedom, was only immediately owing to military ambition; its remote cause is to be found in the democratic spirit which had placed power in the hands of that ambition—and this was the work of the plebeians, blindly rushing, like our reformers, upon their own ruin, out of jealousy to their hereditary legislators.

Freedom in the Italian republics was entirely of aristocratical birth: In the freest period of Italian history, 20,000 citizens in the great towns of Florence, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Pisa, and Sienna, gave law to as many millions of people.[†] When the progress of opulence, when five centuries of civilisation, had corrupted the citizens of the republics, what became of Italian freedom? Did the people alone, without the aid of their superiors, long maintain the fabric of liberty? It everywhere crumbled into ruins; in some instances, on the first assault of external violence, in most, by the voluntary surrender of their liberties to a neighbouring tyrant. Deprived of the steady support and systematic conduct of the aristocracy, the vehemence of party strife became so excessive, that the tranquillity of despotism was, by common consent, deemed an eligible exchange.

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[*] Mackintosh's England, vol. ii. p. 342.

[†] Sismondi.

The nobility of France were destroyed in the first burst of the Revolution; or rather, seduced by the applauses and intimidated by the threats of the people, they voluntarily abdicated all their privileges, and trusted to maintain their ascendency by heading the movement. From that day, not only their own power but the liberty of the country were destroyed — despotism more severe than that of the Bourbons—energy more terrible than that of legitimate imbecility, crushed the ambition of the people. The tyrants of their own creation were a thousand times worse than those they had deposed. The energy of Danton, the cruelty of Robespierre, the despotism of the Directory, the sceptre of Napoleon, by turns ruled the state. Freedom, more real freedom than France had ever enjoyed since the days of Clovis, was revived, with the partial restoration of the nobility, on the return of Louis: it has now perished with the expulsion of Charles; and the bayonets of the National Guards, again, as in 1790, become the unbalanced power in the state. It requires little foresight or knowledge of the past to foresee, that the present anomalous state of things cannot permanently continue in that country: and that if the aristocracy are indeed irrevocably destroyed, and the people left alone in presence of military power,—the fumes of democratic ambition will speedily evaporate, and Eastern despotism close the scene.

Effects so uniform following the destruction of aristocratic influence in all ages and countries, must have proceeded from some common and universal cause. Nor [illegible] it difficult to see what this cause [illegible]. The people without hereditary [illegible]rs are like an army without of[illegible] they may succeed during a moment of extraordinary effervescence, but they are incapable of the sustained and systematic efforts requisite for lasting success. The regular and uniform conduct which is imprinted by permanence of interest on the measures of an aristocratic, can never be attained by a popular government. With the excitation of the moment their efforts relax; the cheers of a mob are succeeded by their unavoidable panics. The maxim, "*varium et mutabile semper*," is the characteristic not more of feminine inclination than of plebeian ambition. New events arise, other objects of desire present themselves; in the rapid changes of public men, which the endless vacillations of popular favour occasion, all permanent or systematic conduct is abandoned. The same generation who were intoxicated with the passion for freedom, in 1789, trembled in silence beneath the Reign of Terror, crouched under the severe yoke of the Directory, and followed with enthusiastic shouts the car of Napoleon.

Let any man observe the rapid, extraordinary, and almost inconceivable changes of opinion which take place in the objects and desires of the people, even in the most regular and systematic governments, and he will cease to be surprised at such vacillation and weakness in their conduct, when they are deprived of their hereditary leaders. Observe the changes of opinion which have occurred within our own recollection. Who was so popular as the Duke of Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo? When amidst a nation's transports he received the thanks of the House of Commons, or went in procession to St Paul's, to share in the universal thanksgiving, who would have been bold enough to foretell that in fifteen years he should be stoned like another Scipio through the streets of the capital, which he had saved from a greater than Hannibal? Recollect the universal intoxication on the fall of Paris: could any man have believed in those days that in so short a time the glories of that period should in all the popular journals be the subject of envious obloquy as triumphs of the boroughmongers, in which the people had no interest? Who has forgot the vehemence of popular interest in the late Queen? The files of the Times demonstrate that the whole energies of that popular journal were for months together devoted to demonstrate that the driven snow was not purer than the virtue of that much injured princess. In what company is her life now to be found in the shops of the metropolis? We give no opinion on the character of that celebrated person; we mention only the mutability of opinion regarding her. What volumes of panegyrics have for centuries been lavished on the British Constitution? What theme was, till within these few months, so common with the learned, so grateful to the patriotic, so acceptable to the people? When did the national theatres resound with such unanimous applause, as when the British Constitution was the subject of panegyric, and the fond wish expressed that it should be perpetual? And now, what topic is so hateful to the people, as the very one which so recently was an universal favourite; or what sentiments so sure a passport to popular favour as the most vehement condemnation of those very institutions which had so long been the subject of their admiration? In proportion as the British Constitution has become more popular, public opinion has become more variable; and the reverence for antiquity, the sure mark of stable, exchanged for the passion for change, the invariable characteristic of declining institutions. St Paul well characterised not only the Athenian, but all other democracies, when he said that they passed their lives in hearing and seeing something new.

It is this excessive vacillation of all democratic societies, which renders them the certain prey, in a very short time, either of military despotism, or monarchical power. The continual change of the leaders of the people, with the endless mutations of their affections, renders them incapable of acquiring any skill or experience in political life, or of permanently prosecuting any object whatever: the people, however vehement in support of their liberties at one time, become enamoured of some other object at another, and in the prosecution of this new phantom, they speedily relinquish to ambitious hands the guidance of their freedom. Steady in nothing but the unceasing jealousy of their governors,—they pull down with merciless severity all those who have for a few months been placed at the head of affairs. They are tired, like the Athenian populace, of hearing them called the Just. The consequence is, that no steady system, and no skill, either in politics or war, can be attained by their leaders: and they become incapable of resisting foreign subjugation but by crouching under a despotic yoke of their own creation. The fortunes of republican France were rapidly on the decline, and the existence of the country hung on a thread, when the Committee of Public Safety arose, and crushing all the chimeras of general equality, drew forth the resources of the country, by an oppression unparalleled since the beginning of the world.

Now, the liberties of a people, after the extinction of its hereditary legislators, are constantly exposed to attacks from persevering and reckless ambition. The mob unarmed, divided, and vacillating, find themselves in presence of an organized and ambitious military force. During the tumults and suffering consequent on civil convulsions, the army becomes not only the only refuge of the daring, but the only organized force in the country. Hence the extraordinary facility with which a military usurper has, in all ages, put the finishing stroke to public distractions, by establishing his own power on the ruins of democratic institutions. The people, having destroyed their natural leaders, and overturned all the settled relations of life, are no more capable of withstanding them, than the rabble in the streets are of resisting a charge of steel-clad cuirassiers.

In defending, therefore, the institutions of the country from being overthrown, the British aristocracy are not maintaining any privileges of their own in opposition to the public welfare: they are preserving the freedom of England from destruction; they are saving an infatuated nation from the otherwise inevitable consequences of its own madness. Like the Jewish legislator, they are called upon to stand between the people and the plague: and the people to their latest generation will bless those who now oppose their wishes. In defending the interests of their own order, they are preserving the only bulwarks of real freedom; they are standing between the tide of democratic ambition, and the sword of military despotism. If they are destined to fall, with them will perish the last defenders of order and freedom; and instead of the stable and beneficent constitution of Britain, her people will be convulsed in the madness of popular ambition, or mourn in silence beneath the weight of despotic power.

Let not the British Aristocracy be deterred by the assertion, that they are not sufficiently powerful to withstand the House of Commons. The present House is differently constituted from any prior one in English History. By the confession of the Reformers, according to the boast of the radical journals, the influence of the Peers has been almost extinguished in the late elections. What is the legitimate inference to be drawn from this circumstance? It is that the conservative party now are to be found chiefly in the Upper House; and that the two branches of the Legislature stand, in consequence of the popular triumph at the late elections, in a totally different situation from what they ever did before. The House of Commons, for the first time in British annals, no longer fully represents all classes in the state; a majority has, from popular excitement, been returned of the tribunes of the people: and unless the Aristocracy are to be destroyed, and the Democratic Ascendency rendered paramount, the Conservative Party must seek their full representation in the House of Lords.

In the counties where the Reformers have triumphed (and that embraces almost all England), the great bulk of the landed proprietors, and almost all the clergy, are opposed to the Bill. They have been outvoted by the multitudes of Reformers, whom democratic ambition, [illegible] awakened by the sudden and prodigious gift of political power, brought up to the poll. The property, intelligence, and education of the country, is arrayed on one side; on the other, numbers, energy, and popular ambition, are course, there are many exceptions: but this forms the present great classification of the empire. How or where is the vehemence of the tribunes delegated to support democratic power to be resisted? By the firmness of patrician purpose, and in the Senate of the British Empire.

"Were the love of Reform," says an author, generally supposed to be Lord Brougham, "a plant of yesterday's growth, it might be safe to prune it carelessly, or even pluck it up;—but that which was *a few years ago but as a grain of mustard-seed, and the least of plants*, is now grown to a tree, in which the fowls of the air build their nests."* Of such short growth, even in the opinion of its ablest supporters, is the present passion for Reform. "A few years ago it was a grain of mustard-seed, the least of plants." Is it for an object of such ephemeral, such transient duration, that we are now to be required to sacrifice the British constitution? To overturn a system which has accommodated itself to the wants of twenty generations; which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; which is not a passion of a few years' growth, but the result of experience since the days of Alfred? Lord Brougham says that the passion for reform has sprung up since 1782, from a meeting in the Palace Yard at York:—Such is the oldest date assigned to the wish for the new constitution; while the attachment to the old is lost in the obscurity of forgotten time.

"Can you seriously believe," says the same author, "that such men as the Dukes of Norfolk, Somerset, Devonshire, Grafton, Bedford, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Cleveland, Lord Yarborough, Lord Stafford, Lord Winchilsea and Manvers, and so many others with great estates and high-sounding titles, are anxious to increase the democratic influence in the constitution beyond due bounds? The supposition that any of these men we have mentioned, who are placed in situations which render them entirely independent of the favours of the crown, would support a measure, the tendency of which was to endanger their possessions, it and destroy their real power and influence, is to the last degree absurd."* We answer, that we firmly believe they do not expect such a result, and we as firmly believe that they are pursuing a course which will most certainly have this effect. History is fresh in our recollection; this is not the first time that nobles, quite as elevated, as patriotic, and as able as these, have, during the tempest of Reform, rushed on their own destruction.

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* Peers, p. 17.

Did the Duke of Orleans, when he shewed the first example of deserting his order, and fainted with emotion as he left the chamber of the hereditary peers of France to join his great name and influence to the Tiers Etat, intend to exclude himself from the French throne? Was he aware that in so doing he was ascending the first steps of that scaffold, to which in less than three years he was led in melancholy state, at the gate of his own palace? Did the Marquis Rochefoucault, or the Duke de Liancourt, the firm friend of the people, the enlightened patron of agriculture, the warm philanthropist, imagine that in following his example, they were consigning themselves to the exile and ruin, which so soon afterwards rewarded all their exertions in favour of the democracy? Did the Marquis Lafayette, the adored commander of the National Guard, whose white plume was the signal for universal shouts in the streets of Paris, imagine that the course he was pursuing was destined to raise a flame which even his influence could not subdue, and that he should so soon be compelled to seek for refuge from the fury of plebeian ambition in the security of an Austrian dungeon? Did the Marquis of Crillon intend, in joining the ranks of the Reformers, to extinguish his high descent on the revolutionary scaffold; or the heir of Montmorency to terminate the long line of the Constables of France, under the axe of the guillotine? Did the forty-six nobles who, in June 1789, deserted the House of Peers to support the innovations of the democracy, suppose that in so doing they were exposing themselves to the confiscation and death which so soon overtook them? Did Bailly, the first President of the Assembly, the democratic mayor of Paris, the author of the Tennis Court Oath, the most popular man in France, intend to rouse a spirit which should lead him forth a miserable victim to a cruel and lingering death on the Champs de Mars? Did the illustrious Marquis de Mirabeau, whose eloquence had so long shook the assembly, imagine that popular rancour would pursue him even beyond the grave, and that his ashes, torn up from the Pantheon, should be consigned amidst universal execration to the winds? We have witnessed these events: the blood of the nobles, whose lives paid the forfeit of their misguided patriotism, is yet reeking: the ability with which their conduct was eulogized, is yet fresh in our recollection, and yet we are now called upon to surrender the constitution, because British is following the career of French innovation.

"But, then," continues the same author, "it is said, if you once remove the landmarks of the constitution, you will be unable to stop where you wish. This argument *would be a very true one* if it were intended to retain any of the abuses of the system; but as they are to be done away with by the Bill, all reasonable opposition to our representative system is removed, and its defenders are thus placed on a vantage-ground, from whence they may easily defy the attacks of their enemies."†—Is then the Reform Bill *so very perfect*, that it will at once cure all objections, remove all complaints, against our representative system? Will the excluded householders—the multitude of unrepresented proprietors—the vast swarm of ambitious radicals, have nothing to say? Is democratic ambition, once excited, so easily subdued? Does the removal of all existing abuses check the progress of revolution? "The concessions of the king," said Mirabeau, in June 23, 1789, "*have removed* all the real grievances of France."‡ Did his vast concessions preserve the aristocracy or save the throne? "I have been anxiously considering," said that beneficent monarch, when informed of his sentence of death, "whether, during the whole course of my reign, I have done any thing to my people with which I should now reproach myself; and I solemnly declare, when about to appear at the judgment-seat of God, that I have not: that I have never wished any thing but their happiness."* And it is in the lifetime of the generation who have witnessed his execution, that the House of Peers is now called upon to plunge into the fatal career of innovation.

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* Friendly Advice to the Peers, p. 25.

† Ibid, p. 25.

‡ Miguet, vol. I.

"In the time of the civil war in England," continues the same author, "we find it stated, that in the year 1646, the majorities of the Lords and Commons differed from each other upon almost every political topic; and it was only by the reluctant and ungracious *yielding of the former*, that business was able to proceed." *What was the consequence?* We turn to another page of the same History, and we find, that, on the 6th February, 1649, it was voted, that the House of Peers is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. "The misery and disturbances which followed these dissensions in the different branches of the legislature, are well known to all; the iron rule of Cromwell, the merciless Restoration, the tyranny and folly of the Stuart brothers."† In these remarks historic truth has prevailed over party ambition. *It was* "in consequence of the ungracious yielding" of the Lords that the House of Peers was abolished, the sovereign beheaded, and the iron rule of Cromwell established. The democratic party acquired such vigour, and so immensely increased in strength from this great victory, that, thenceforward, they became irresistible.—Let [illegible] ssors hear the warning ost all the [illegible] imitate the example l. They hav[illegible] such fatal consequences of R[illegible] forefathers.

eir su [illegible] ion, [illegible] was the "*ungra-* s, and [illegible] prodigal[illegible] Peers which s brought [illegible] ght up to [illegible] us consequence s upon the [illegible] ence, a[illegible] mo[illegible] rent re- id, that it [illegible] ry, is array[illegible] differs, their ding" of [illegible] ther, numbe[illegible] peo[illegible] — the [illegible] ambi[illegible] are

timely submission? Here, again, history comes in to complete the lesson of experience. The French nobility tried the system of "gracious" concession; at the desire of their sovereign they yielded the great question of voting together, or in separate chambers; in one night they surrendered all their privileges—they relinquished, without a struggle, their titles of honour. The force of concession could no farther go; and in return, the throne was overturned, the aristocracy destroyed; and they were treated with a degree of severity to which the proscription of the Long Parliament appears to be an act of mercy.

The author of the Friendly Advice declares, that if the Reform Bill be resisted, the Peers will be the first victims. Whether this will be the case or not is discussed in another article in this Number;‡ but experience warrants the melancholy presage, that if it is carried, the leaders of the movement will be the first to suffer from its effects. Within a few months after Neckar, the leader of the reforming ministry of France, had been recalled by the popular voice to the helm of affairs, and traversed the kingdom in all but regal procession, he was exiled, proscribed, and ruined, by the Assembly which he had first installed in popular sovereignty. Lafayette was the next object of popular execration, and his life saved only by voluntary exile; the illustrious Bailly, the next victim of democratic revenge. Within three years after Reform had been commenced amidst unanimous transports in France, *every one* of its early leaders had perished on the scaffold, or been driven, after their fortunes had utterly perished, into distant lands.—May Heaven avert such scenes of disaster from this kingdom! but if they should occur, we shall at least have the consolation of reflecting that we have warned the authors of the measure we deplore of its consequences to themselves and their country; and incessantly presented the lessons of historic experience as the mirror of future fate.

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† Friendly Advice, p. 30.

* French Revolution, No. VII.

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SOTHEBY'S HOMER.

CRITIQUE III.

We have the highest respect for Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. Dr Hugh had so much taste and talent, that his mind bordered on genius. It may be said to have lived in the debateable land between the two great kingdoms of Reason and Imagination. Not that we mean to say the Doctor was in any mood a poet; but in many a mood he loved poetry, and saw and felt its beauties. It spoke to something within him, which was not mere intelligence. In short, Nature had not gifted him with Imagination active, but of Imagination passive she had given Hugh a considerable share; and thus, though it was impossible for him to originate the poetical, it was easy for him to appreciate it when set before him by the makers. A pure delight seems to have touched his heart, in contemplating the creations of genius, in listening to the inspiration of those on whom heaven had bestowed " the vision and the faculty divine." The Professor doth sometimes prose, it must be confessed. "wearisome exceedingly;" but that in some measure was his vocation; and the heaviest of all vehicles is perhaps, in print, a Lecture. It was his bounden duty to be as plain as a pike-staff, perspicuous as an icicle; and rare would have been his felicity had he escaped the " timmer-tune" of the one, and the frigidity of the other, in his very elegant and useful prelections. Cowper, in one of his letters, commends Blair's good sense, but speaks most contemptuously of his utter destitution of all original power either of thought or feeling; but there the author of the Task was too severe, for compare him with the best critics going or gone, and he will appear far from barren. His manner is somewhat cold, but there is often much warmth in the matter —and let us say it at once, he had, in his way, enthusiasm. In private life Blair was a man of a constitution of character by no means unimpassioned; his human sensibilities were tender and acute; with finer moral, or higher religious emotions, no man was ever more familiar; and with these and other endowments, we take leave to think that he was entitled and qualified to expatiate, *ex cathedra*, nay, without offence, even now and then to prose and preach by the hour-glass, as if from the very pulpit, on epic poetry and poets, yea, even on Homer.

Mr Wordsworth has been pleased to say, that the soil of Scotland is peculiarly adapted by Nature for the growth of that weed, called the Critic. He instances David Hume and Adam Smith. David certainly was somewhat spoiled by an over addiction to French liqueurs; and he has indited some rare nonsense about Shakspeare. Adam, too, for poetry had a Parisian palate; and cared little for Percy's Reliques. It seems he once said that the author of the ballad of " Clym of the Cleugh," could not have been a gentleman. For this sentiment, he of the Excursion has called the author of the Theory of Moral Sentiments a weed. If he be, then, to use an expression which Wordsworth has borrowed from Spenser, 'tis " a weed of glorious feature." We agree with Adam Smith in believing that the ancient balladmonger was no gentleman. But we must not "cry mew" to him on that account; for ancient balladmongers are not expected to be gentlemen; and they may write admirably of deer-stalking, of deer-shooting, and deer-stealing, though in the rule of manners they have not anticipated Chesterfield. We found fault with Mr Wordsworth for having suffered his spite towards one of its productions, the Edinburgh Review, to vitiate his judgment of the whole soil of Scotland—and to commit himself before the whole world by declaring people to be worthless and ugly weeds, who are valuable and useful flowers. David and Adam are Perennials—or, " say rather," Immortals. Both the one and the other is

> —— " like a tree that grows
> Near planted by a river,
> Which in its season yield its fruit,
> And its leaf fadeth never."

So is William Wordsworth—and justifiably would he despise the person who, pitying perhaps poor Alice Fell, without seeing any thing particularly poetical or pathetic in her old or new duffle cloak, should, forgetful of all his glories, call the author of that feeble failure, a weed. True enough, he is there commonplace as a docken by the way-side; but elsewhere rare as amaranth, which only grows in heaven.

The truth seems to be, that the soil of Scotland is most happily adapted for the cultivation of philosophical criticism. There was old Kames, though flawed and cracked, a diamond almost of the first water. Hold up his Elements between your eye and the firmament, and you see the blue and the clouds. To speak sensibly, he was the very first person produced by this island of ours, entitled to the character of a philosophical enquirer into the principles of poetical composition. He is the father of such criticism in this country—the Scottish—not the Irish—Stagyrite. He is ours—let the English shew their Aristotle. That his blunders are as plentiful as blackberries, is most true; but that they are so is neither wonder nor pity;—for so are Burke's;—yet is his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, juvenile as it is, full of truth and wisdom. Change the image; and fling Kames's Elements of Criticism into the fanners of Wordsworth's wrath; and after the air has been darkened for a while with chaff, the barn-floor will be like a granary rich in heaps of the finest white wheat, which, baked into bolted bread, is tasteful and nutritive sustenance even for a Lake poet.

By much criticism, sincerely or affectedly philosophical, has the genius of Shakspeare been lately belaboured, by true men and by pretenders—from Coleridge and Lamb, to Hazlitt and Barry Cornwall. But, after all, with the exception of some glorious things said by the Ancient Mariner and Elia, little new has been added, of much worth, to the Essays of Professor Richardson, a forgotten work, of which a few copies have been saved by thieves from the moths. There, too, is Alison's delightful book on Taste, in which the Doctrine of Association is stated with the precision of the Philosopher, and illustrated with the prodigality of the Poet. Compare with it Payne Knight's Analytical Enquiry, and from feasting on the juicy heart of an orange, you are starving on its shrivelled skin. Of the Edinburgh Review, and Blackwood's Magazine,—mayhap the least said is soonest mended; but surely it may be permitted us to say this much for Francis Jeffrey, and Christopher North, that the one set agoing all the reviews, and the other all the magazines, which now periodically, that is perpetually, illumine the world; and if the Quarterly and its train have eclipsed, or should eclipse, the Blue and Yellow, and the Metropolitan and its train take the shine out of Her of the Olive, let it be remembered with grateful admiration what those planets once were; and never for one moment be forgotten the illustrious fact, that Scotland has still to herself been true; for that certain new-risen Scottish stars have outshone certain old ones; that—again to change the image—the Tweed has lent its light and music to the Thames, and made it, at once, a radiant and a sonorous river.

As to German philosophical criticism, almost all that we know of it is in Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, and the Schlegels. We understand on good authority, that of Carlisle, Moir, and Weir, that there are at least seven wise men in that land of lumber, and we understand on still better, our own, that there are at least seventy sumphs, who, were the Thames or the Rhine set on fire by us, would speedily extinguish it. But of the above said heroes, the two first, like Hercules, conquer the bulls they take by the horns; of Wilhelm Meister on Shakspeare, our friends aforesaid have expressed their reverence; but that, we hope, need not hinder us from hinting our contempt; and as for the " bletherin' brithers," as the Shepherd most characteristically called the Schlegels, they are indeed boys for darkening the daylight and extinguishing the moon and stars. So, let us return from these few modest remarks on the former schools of Philosophical Criticism to where we set out from, namely, the Chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, with Dr Hugh Blair sitting in it decorously, and lecturing on Epic Poetry, particularly on Homer, and more particularly on the Iliad. The Doctor doth thus dissert on the opening of the Iliad.

"The opening of the Iliad possesses none of that sort of dignity, which a modern looks for in an Epic Poem. It turns on no higher subject, than the quarrel of two chieftains about a female slave. The priest of Apollo beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, who, in the plunder of a city, had fallen to Agamemnon's share of booty. He refuses. Apollo, at the prayer of his priest, sends a plague into the Grecian camp. The augur, when consulted, declares, that there is no way of appeasing Apollo, but by restoring the daughter of his priest. Agamemnon is enraged at the augur; professes that he likes this slave better than his wife Clytemnestra; but since he must restore her, in order to save the army, insists to have another in her place; and pitches upon Briseis the slave of Achilles. Achilles, as was to be expected, kindles into rage at this demand; reproaches him for his rapacity and insolence, and, after giving him many hard names, solemnly swears, that, if he is to be thus treated by the general, he will withdraw his troops, and assist the Grecians no more against the Trojans. He withdraws accordingly. His mother, the goddess Thetis, interests Jupiter in his cause; who, to avenge the wrong which Achilles had suffered, takes part against the Greeks, and suffers them to fall into great and long distress; until Achilles is pacified, and reconciliation brought about between him and Agamemnon."

The Doctor has delivered his dictum that the opening of the Iliad possesses none of that sort of dignity which a modern looks for in an Epic poem. It turns, quoth he, contemptuously, on no higher subject than the quarrel of two chieftains about a female slave. Now we wish the worthy Doctor had told us what is the sort of dignity which a modern looks for in an Epic poem—and that he had furnished us with a few specimens. The Doctor is not orthodox here—he is a heretic—and were he to be brought to trial before the General Assembly of the Critical Kirk, his gown would, we fear, be taken from his shoulders, and himself left to become the head of a sect which assuredly, unlike some others, would not include any considerable quern of womenfolk. What higher subject of quarrel between two chieftains would Dr Blair have suggested, than a beautiful woman? That Briseis was so—an exquisite creature—is proved by the simple fact of her having been the choice of Achilles. The City-Sacker, from a gorgeous band, culled that one Flower, who filled his tent with "the bloom of young desire, and purple light of love." The son of Thetis tells us that he loved her as his own wife. Nay, she was his wife—he had married her, just as if he had been in Scotland, by declaring that they two were one flesh, in presence of Patroclus, and then making a long honey-moon of it in the innermost heart of the tent. True, Briseis was a slave, but how could she help that circumstance, and was it not the merest trifle in that age? For hundreds of miles round, while Achilles Poliorcetes was before Troy, there was not a king's daughter who in a day might not be a slave. Ovid, we believe, or some other liar, says, that Briseis was a widow, and that Achilles slew her husband when he ravaged Lyrnessus. But she never was a widow in her life, till that fatal flight of the arrow of Paris. Till Achilles made her his own, she was a virgin princess.

But say that Briseis was, in matter-of-fact, simply a "Female Slave." She was not a maid of all work. Her arms were not red, nor her hands horny; her ankles were not like bedposts; huggers she wore not, nor yet bauchles. Her sandals so suited her soles, and her soles her sandals, that her feet glided o'er the ground like sunbeams, as bright and as silent, and the greensward grew greener beneath the gentle pressure. Her legs were like lilies. So were her arms and hands—her shoulders, neck, and bosom; and had the Doctor but once looked on her, he would have forgot his clerical dignity, and in place of calling her "a female slave," have sworn, though a divine, by some harmless oath, that she was an angel. "A rose," Shakspeare says, "by any other name would smell as sweet." True, men call her the Queen of Flowers. And she is so. But were all the disloyal world to join in naming her the Slave of Weeds, still would she be sole sovereign of her own breathing and blushing floral kingdom. We defy humanity to discrown or dethrone her—for she is queen by divine right, and holds, by a heavenly tenure, of the sun, on condition merely of presenting him with a few dewdrops every dawn, during the months she loves best to illumine with her regal lustre. Just so was it with her whom Dr Hugh Blair chose to call "female slave." She was free as a fawn on the hill—as a nightingale in the grove—as a dove in the air—a bright bird of beauty, that loved to nestle in the storm-laid bosom of the destroyer. Achilles was the slave. Briseis captived the invincible—hung chains round his neck, which to strive to break would have been the vainest madness—the arrow of Paris, it is fabled, smote the only vulnerable spot of the hero—his heel, and slew him—but Briseis assailed him with the archery of her eyes, and the winged wounds went to the very core of his heart, inflicting daily a thousand deaths, alternating with life-fits that in their bliss alone deserved the name of being. And what signifies it to Achilles, that Dr Blair persists, like a Presbyterian as he is, in calling his Briseis a female slave? The Professor should have said a seraph.

The Doctor forgot that the loss of a mistress is sadly felt by a general on foreign service. Had Agamemnon been at Argos, he might not—though there is no saying—have been so savage on the forced relinquishment of a Chryseis. Had Achilles been in Peleus' palace in Pthia, he might have better borne the want of a Briseis. In the piping times of peace, people's passions are not so impetuous as in the trumpeting times of war. Dr Blair admits that Agamemnon loved Chryseis better than Clytemnestra; indeed we have the king of men's own word for it; and Achilles, who was the soul of truth and honour, tells us that he adored his Briseis, who, though in childhood betrothed to one of her own princes, fell into his arms a virgin, and that on his return to Pthia, he intended to make her his queen. Alas! such was not his fate! He chose death with glory, rather than life with love. And as for Agamemnon, he indeed returned to Argos; but if those Tragic Tales be true that shook the stage with terror under the genius of Æschylus, better for the king of men had he too died before Troy; for the adulterous and murderous matron slew him, even like a bull, with an axe before the domestic altar. Oh! that bloody bath! As for his lovely and delicious leman, the uncredited prophetess, the long-haired Cassandra, Clytemnestra killed her too, smiting her on the broad white forehead, with the same edge that had drank the gore of Agamemnon. But ere long came the avenger—and beneath the sacred sword of her own son, the murderess "stooped her adulterous head as low as death." Then from the infernal shades arose the Furies to dog the flying feet of the distracted parricide. But at last the god of light and the goddess of wisdom stretched the celestial shield of their pity over Orestes, and at their divine bidding, the snaky sisters, abandoning their victim restored to reason and peace, thenceforth Furies no more! all over Greece were called Eumenides!

But let us for a moment make the violent supposition—that Briseis was a black—a downright and indisputable negro. Jove, we shall suppose, made Achilles a present of her, on his return from one of his twelve days' visits to the blameless Ethiopians. What then? Although Thetis had white feet, that is no reason in the world against her son's being partial to black ones; for surely a man is not bound to love in his mistress what he admires in his mother. Neither is there any accounting for taste—nobody dreams of denying that apophthegm. As for blubber-lips, we cannot say that we ever felt any irresistible inclination to taste them; yet a negress's lips are rosy, and her teeth lilies. And therefore, had Briseis been a negro, and Achilles so capricious as to prefer her black but comely to paler beauties, the quarrel consequent on her violent abreption from his arms by the mandate of Agamemnon, might not have given the opening of the Iliad that sort of dignity which a modern —that is Dr Blair—looks for in a great epic poem; but still, as the act would have been one of most insolent injustice, unstomachable by Achilles, who was not a person to play upon with impunity, the quarrel would at least have been natural, and so would the opening of the Iliad; in which case, perhaps, we might have dispensed with the dignity, just as we do on seeing a delicate white Christian lady get married and murdered by an immense monster of a Moor, the very pillow becoming pathetic, and the bed-sheets full of ruth and pity as a shroud prepared for the grave.

Well would it be for the world, lay and clerical, civil and military, were kings and kingdoms to go together by the ears, for no less dignified cause than that which produced the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. Indeed, we may safely defy Dr Blair, or any body else, to produce an instance of an equally dignified cause of quarrel between crowned heads with that which ennobles the opening of the Iliad. Ambassadors keep hopping about at much expense from court to court all over Europe, and Asia too at times, not to mention America and Africa, maintaining the honour of their respective sovereigns, insulted, it would often seem, by such senile, or rather anile, indefinable drivelling, as would have ashamed the auld wife herself of Auchtermuchty; while state-papers, as they are called, present such a gawlimaufry of gossip as was never equalled in the hostile correspondence of a broken-up batch of veteran village tabbies, caterwauling in consequence of having all together set their caps at the new minister. Not one war in twenty that originates in any more dignified dispute, than, in a vegetable market, a squabble about a contested string of onions, or, in a fish one, about the price of some stinking haddies. What even is the right of search? But let us not disgust ourselves by the recollection of the sickening sillinesses that have so often drenched Europe in blood. We do not abhor a general war, for we despise it. The quarrels which cause general wars in our times, would indeed make pretty openings for great epic poems. They would possess, we presume, all that sort of dignity which a modern looks for in such noble compositions. Homer had no idea of dignity; Dr Blair had; Achilles and Agamemnon went almost to loggerheads about Briseis; we could mention kings who deluged their lands in blood, tears, and taxation, about a beer-barrel.

The excellent Doctor talks with uncommon nonchalance about honest people's undignified daughters. The daughter of the Priest of Apollo, "in the plunder of a city, had fallen to Agamemnon's share of booty." She had; and the old gentleman (as dignified as if he had been Moderator) not at all relishing it, complained to the god he served, who sent a plague into the Grecian camp. Now a plague, up to the time of Dr Hugh Blair, had uniformly been considered a very dignified visitation—and, begging the Doctor's pardon, it is considered so still—sufficiently so to satisfy the mind of any moderate modern meditating on what may be fit matter for the opening of a great epic poem. The plague Apollo sent was a very superior personage to Cholera Morbus, although even he is not to be sneezed at, even when, on his arrival at Leith from Riga, merely performing quarantine. Why, Apollo was himself the plague. He descended from heaven to earth νυκτι εοικως. The sun became a shadow—day grew night—and life was death. Is not that dignity enough for the Doctor?

Throughout the whole passage you perceive the Doctor fumbling at the facetious. Having determined that the opening of the Iliad should be deemed deficient in dignity, he sketches it sneeringly and sarcastically, and yet it lours upon us, in spite of his idle derision, as something prodigious and portentous—black with pestilence and war, disunion, despair, and death.

But ere we dismiss Death and the Doctor, observe, that while the latter somewhat pedantical personage is supposing himself to be criticising in this passage the opening of the Iliad, and pointing out how undignified it is, why, he is sketching, without being aware of it, the plan of the whole poem—beginning, middle, and end. Is it all undignified together? If not, at what point, pray, does the meanness merge into the dignified, and the march begin of the majestical? "Such is the basis of the whole action of the Iliad," he continues, meaning thereby to say, that it is all as insignificant in itself as the opening with the quarrel of two chieftains about a female slave. "Hence," he well says, "rose all those 'speciosa miracula,' as Horace terms them, which fill up that extraordinary poem; and which have had the power of interesting almost all the nations of Europe during every age since the days of Homer. The general admiration commanded by a poetical plan so very different from what any one would have formed in our times ought not, upon reflection, to be matter of surprise. For besides that a fertile genius can enrich and beautify any subject on which it is employed, it is to be observed that ancient manners, how much soever they contradict our present notions of dignity and refinement, afford, nevertheless, materials for poetry superior in some respects to those which are furnished by a more polished state of society. They discover human nature more open and undisguised, without any of those studied forms of behaviour which now conceal men from one another. They give free scope to the strongest and most impetuous motions of the mind, which make a better figure in description than calm and temperate feelings. They shew us our native prejudices, appetites, and desires, exerting themselves without control. From this state of manners, joined with the advantage of that strong and expressive style, which commonly distinguishes the composition of early ages, we have ground to look for more of the boldness, ease, and freedom of native genius, in compositions of such a period, than in those of more civilized times. And accordingly, the two great characters of the Homeric poetry are, Fire and Simplicity."

The one great original error of supposing that the subject-matter of the Iliad is in itself undignified, and that its poetical plan is, on that account, so very different from what any one would have formed in our times, runs through the whole of the passage we have quoted from Blair, and vitiates the philosophy of its criticism. Had any one in our times chosen the subject for an epic poem in the heroic ages of Greece, he would have been puzzled to find one different from that of the Tale of Troy Divine, unless, perhaps, he had been at once a Homer and a Shakspeare, and then there is no saying what he might not have done; and had any one in our times chosen to choose a subject from our times, or from any other times intermediate between that heroic and this unheroic age, he might have stretched his brain till the crack of doom, ere he had found one more dignified; even though the Iliad begins with the wrath of Achilles for sake of a female slave, Briseis, is conversant about the middle with his furious grief for loss of a male friend, Patroclus, draws to a close with the lamentations of two old people, Hecuba and Priam, and ends with the funeral rites of Hector the Tamer of Horses.

But making allowances for that first and fatal error, all must admit that Blair speaks truly and finely towards the close of the paragraph; and that he says as much in a few simple sentences, and more, too, than both the Schlegels put together, in their shadowy style, would have said in a whole essay written in Cloudland. The good Doctor warms as he walks—and finally escapes out of the ungenial gloom of heresy, declaring, with an inconsistency that does him infinite credit, "that the subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be in the main happily chosen."—"Homer has, with great judgment, selected one part of the Trojan War, the Quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise." In short, the Professor forgets all his former folly about want of dignity and so forth, and expresses the admiration natural to so fine a mind, of the miracle wrought by Homer.

We said that we should seize on Sotheby, as a subject for six critiques

—that is to say, on his translation of the Iliad, as affording us fine opportunities of launching out upon Homer. In the present utter dearth of poetry, caused by a drought—"in the Albion air adust"—by the political dog-star, which not only looks so exceedingly Sirius, but foams at the mouth like the Father of Hydrophobia, if not Hydrophobia himself, we see nothing left for us but to take a flight of a few thousand years back into antiquity; and being partial to the epic, we propose prosing away thereupon—when wearied taking a tift at Tragedy—and occasionally, laying our lugs into a cup of Lyrics.

Having descanted on the First and Sixth Books of the Iliad, in a style not unsatisfactory to those who perused our articles, and inoffensive to those who, with a skip, gave them the go-by—both classes numerous—suppose, gruff or gentle reader, that we take a glimpse of what is going on in the Ninth. Some of the Books of the Iliad are, as you know, each in itself a poem. The Iliad is a river, that expands itself into Twenty-Four Lakes. Each Lake is a beautiful or magnificent watery world in itself, reflecting its own imagery all differently divine. The current is perceptible in each that flows through them all—so that you have always a river as well as a lake feeling; in the seclusion of any one are never forgetful of the rest; and though contented, were there neither inlet nor outlet to the circular sea on which you at the time may be voyaging, yet assured all the while that your course is progressive, and will cease at last, only when the waters on which you are wafted along by heavenly airs shall disappear underground among some Old Place of Tombs.

Now the Night-scene in the Ninth Book is bright with Achilles—an apparition, who vanished from our bodily eyes in the first, although he continued to move through the succeeding seven—and especially in the sixth—before those of our imagination. A night-scene in Homer, even without Achilles, is worth looking at—and therefore let us look at it without him—Lo, here it is!

Οἱ δὲ, μέγα φρονέοντες, ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο γεφύρῃ
Εἵατο παννύχιοι· πυρὰ δέ σφισι καίετο πολλά.
Ὡς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνετ᾽ ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ᾽ ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθὴρ,
Ἐκ τ᾽ ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ, ϗ πρώονες ἄκροι,
Καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπεῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,
Πάντα δέ τ᾽ εἴδεται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν·
Τόσσα, μεσηγὺ νεῶν ἠδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων,
Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνετο Ἰλιόθι πρό.
Χίλι᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο· πὰρ δὲ ἑκάστῳ
Εἵατο πεντήκοντα, σέλας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
Ἵπποι δὲ κρῖ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ϗ ὀλύρας,
Ἑστaότες παρ᾽ ὄχεσφιν, εὔθρονον Ἠῶ μίμνον.

CHAPMAN.

And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined,
As when about the siluer moone, when aire is free from winde,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects and the brows
Of all steepe hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for showes;
And even the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signes in heaven are seen, that glad the shepheards harts:
So many fires disclosde their beames, made by the Troian part,
Before the face of Illion; and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires; and every guard allow'd
Fiftie stout men, by whom their horse eate oates and hard white corne,
And all did wilfully expect the siluer-throned morne.

POPE.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground,

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays,
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky honours gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field;
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

COWPER.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,
Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watch'd their num'rous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, and ether open'd wide;
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.
So num'rous seem'd those fires, between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy, a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors, seated near;
The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day.

SOTHEBY.

But Troy elate, in orderly array
All night around her numerous watch-fires lay.
As when the stars, at night's illumin'd noon,
Beam in their brightness round the full-orb'd moon,
When sleeps the wind, and every mountain height,
Rock, and hoar cliff, shine tow'ring up in light,
Then gleam the vales, and ether, widely riv'n,
Expands to other stars another heav'n,
While the lone shepherd, watchful of his fold,
Looks wondering up, and gladdens to behold.
Not less the fires, that through the nightly hours
Spread war's whole scene before Troy's guarded tow'rs
Flung o'er the distant fleet a shadowy gleam,
And quivering play'd on Xanthus' silver stream.
A thousand fires; and each with separate blaze
O'er fifty warriors cast the undying rays;
Where their proud coursers, saturate with corn,
Stood at their cars, and snuff'd the coming morn.

There you see, most classical of readers, is the close of the eighth book, in the original Greek—and there are four distinguished translations, by four of our true poets. The Trojans, with Hector at their head, have, as you know, given the Greeks a total—Agamemnon dreads a fatal—overthrow; and at sinking of the sun, the whole Trojan army, fifty thousand strong, are lying on their arms beside their watch-fires, fifty warriors round each; so altogether, without aid of John Cocker or Joseph Hume, there are, you perceive, a thousand blazes.

Now this is, perhaps, the most celebrated simile in the Iliad. It has been lauded to the skies, of which it speaks, and from which it is sprung, by scholars who will here see no beauty but in the original Greek, and in it all beauty; while, by the same scholars, the heaven reflected in Pope's translation is declared to be not only not Homer's heaven, but no heaven at all—a night-scene, say they, such as never was seen on this planet, and such as on this planet is impossible. People again, who are no scholars, admire Pope's picture as celestial, and without pretending to know that language, devoutly believe that it is all one in the Greek. Now, observe, most perspicacious of perusers of Maga's face, and of the face of heaven, that three separate questions are submitted to your decision—First, what is the meaning and the merit of the said simile, as it stands in Homer? secondly, what is the merit or demerit of the said simile, as it stands in Pope? and, thirdly, what is its character as it stands there, viewed in the light of a translation?

As it is not impossible you may have forgot your Greek, or improbable that you may never have remembered it, allow us, with all humility, to present you with a literal prose translation.

Christopher NORTH.'s prose translation

But they, greatly elated, upon the space between the two armies
Sat all the night; and many fires were burning to them.
But as when the stars in heaven, around the shining moon,
Shine beautiful, when the air is windless,
And all the eminences appear, and pinnacles of the heights,
And groves; and the immeasurable firmament bursts (or expands) from below,
And all the stars are seen; and the shepherd rejoices in his heart:—
So numerous, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus,
The fires of the Trojans burning their fires appeared before Troy.
For a thousand fires were burning on the plain; and by each
Sat fifty (men) at the light of the blazing fire.
And the horses eating white barley and oats,
Standing by the chariots, awaited the beautiful-throned Aurora.

We are now all ready to proceed to form and deliver judgment. Taking, then, Homer's Greek and Christopher's English to be one and the same, what was the object of the old Ionian in conceiving this vision of the nocturnal heaven? Why, aim and impulse were one. Under the imagination-moving mental perception of a thousand fires burning on the earth between the Grecian ships and the streams of Xanthus, Homer suddenly saw a similar, that is, for the time being, a kindred and congenial exhibition, up aloft in the heavens. That was the impulse. But the moment he saw the heavenly apparition, he felt it to be kindred and congenial with the one on earth, and under the influence of that feeling, he delighted to describe it, in order to glorify the one on earth—that was his aim—in four and a half hexameters, which have won the admiration of the world.

But the world often admires without knowing why, any better than the wiseacres who, in their pride, would correct the world. Why then has the world—meaning thereby that part of it that could or can read Greek—admired so prodigiously this passage? Simply, because heaven and earth, the starry sky and the field with its thousand fires, appeared mutual reflections of each other; for pleasant it is for us mortal creatures, high and low, rich and poor, to recognise a resemblance between our limited and evanescent scenery,—especially if the work of our own hands, which watch-fires are, the same being of wood we ourselves have gathered and heaped up into piles,—and the scenery of everlasting infinitude. Depend upon it this emotion was in the very rudest minds when they kindled beal-fires. To the most beggarly bonfire it brings fuel. Homer felt this; and he knew that all who should ever listen to his rhapsodies, either from his own lips, or from the lips of αοιδοί singing their way on continent or isle, would feel it; for he had no forewarning given him of the invention of printing, or of Pope's or Sotheby's translation, or of this article in Maga.

So much for the spirit of the simile, almost identifying for the time the scenery of earth and heaven. If it does almost identify them, then it is successful, and the admiration of the world is legitimate. But when we come to analyze the passage, which is the self-same thing as to analyze our own perceptions, what do we find? Difficulty and darkness in what we thought facility and light—and our faces are at the wall. We believe that we can see as far into either a mill or a milestone as ever Homer could; but we doubt if we can see as far into heaven. For, simple as it seems to be, we do not believe that the man now lives who thoroughly understands that simile.

In the first place, take the line,—"As when the stars in heaven around the bright moon shine beautiful,"—with what object on earth does the "bright moon" correspond in heaven? With none. The thousand watch-fires are like the thousand stars. But no great central queen watch-fire, that we are told of, burned below—therefore the moon, wanting her counterpart, had perhaps no business on high. Would not a starry but a moonless sky have better imaged the thousand fire encampments?

This natural, nay, inevitable feeling, has suggested the reading of αστερα φαει νῆν for φαεινην—not a very violent change; and if we suppose the moon new, it will be the next thing to no moon at all, and as our present wish is, at all events, to get rid of the full moon, that reading is for that effect commendable. But then, alas! nothing less, we fear, will satisfy the shepherd—not the Ettrick Shepherd—but Homer's—than the full moon. She must be an ample shiner so to gladden his heart. The stars alone—though αριπρεπεα—could not have done that sufficiently to justify Homer in mentioning his gladness on such an occasion. Was the moon then young or old, crescent or full—like Diana's bow when bent, "or round as my shield?"

It was round as my shield. The shepherd's delight is decisive. It is, then, a similitude of dissimilitude; and though haply not the less on that account Homeric—for Homer was a strange old star-gazer and moon-mouther, and would often absurdly yield to the temptation of a sudden glorious burst of beauty—it is so much less like that for resembling which all scholars have always admired it, except a few who, desirous to get rid of an unnecessary φαεινην σεληνην, have tried to prove her infancy by a violent or false reading. The truth is, that we can imagine Homer mentioning the full moon for the sake of her own transcendant beauty, though imaging nothing at the time seen below; but why he should have mentioned her at all if νῆν, that is, scarcely visible, and equally imaging nothing at the time below, surpasses, we fear, all reasonable conjecture. Be it then, we repeat, the full moon.

But in all this there is no real difficulty—and we have, as you will have perceived, been merely throwing about the waters, "like a whirling mop, or a wild goose at play." Now comes the pinch. Read the Greek on to ναπαι, line sixth—our English on to "groves," ditto, and you have a picture in which the stars are conspicuous—they are beautiful—φαεινην αμφι σεληνην φαινετ' αριπρεπεα. What, then, mean the mysterious words immediately following? "The immeasurable firmament bursts from below, and all the stars are seen." Or how do you translate ὑπεῤῥάγη? Another vision is seen by Homer—whence and how comes it? You are mute.

Perhaps it thus fared with Homer. At first there was no wind. He says so, and we must believe him, however suspicious may seem the assertion. There were some stars seen around the shining moon—not many—but such as were seen, were "beautiful exceedingly"—αριπρεπεα. By and by the wind, which was thought to be absent or dead, began to move in the region—the clouds falling into pieces, opened a new reach of heaven upwards—ὑπεῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αιθηρ—that is, to Homer's eyes looking from below—and he was not blind, not he indeed—there came a bursting, or breaking, or expanding, or unfolding, a gradual clarification of the immeasurable firmament, and then, indeed, all the stars were seen —not merely αστρα φαεινην αμφι σεληνην αριπρεπεα, but παντα δε τ' εἴδεται αστρα, or, in the more ornate, or rather gorgeous language of Milton,

> " Then glowed the firmament with living
> sapphires."

Observe, Homer does not again mention the moon. She was still there —shield or arc-like; but even her orb ceased to be central to that vast " starry host;" and though doubtless beheld by Homer and his shepherd, as their hearts gladdened, the gladness came from the universal face of the boundless heavens.

The picture, then, is, if such be the right interpretation of the words, of a glory that is progressive; and if so, intended Homer, think ye, or did he so unintentionally, to depict, by the gradual illumination of the heaven, the gradual illumination of the earth —fires rising after fires, like stars after stars, till the lower and the upper regions were, respectively, all in a blaze, only the lower lights more flashful, the higher subdued by distance into a soft-burning beauty?

Remember, both regions were not brilliant at one and the same time—that was impossible in nature. The stars, in that clime so lustrous, would have bedimmed the fires; the fires, fed each by fifty warriors, would have extinguished the stars. They would have neutralized each other, and the scene would have been " dark with excessive bright." But the earth-woke reality gave the heaven-born vision; and both to this day are glorious—and sufficient, even when separate, from dimness to redeem this article, and to shed a splendour over our third critique on Sotheby.

Let us say, that such is the double soul—the twofold life of Homer's Night-scene—and see if—bating all other objections—it has been transfused by Pope into his celebrated version. No. According to our interpretation,

> " Around her throne the vivid planets
> roll,"

is so far right. " Vivid" may do for αριπρεπεα, but "roll" is very bad for φαινετ'. Roll perhaps they may; indeed otherwise they would not be planets; but certainly not round the moon. Homer was perhaps no great astronomer—though he knew well the Planetary Five. But Homer, who had the use of his eyes, never, drunk or sober, thought, when looking at the moon, that he saw " around her throne the vivid planets roll." If by " her throne" Pope means the firmament, then he forgets the Greek words; but it is manifest he means the moon herself, absurdly confusing with her throne the queen who sits thereon, whom by the way, he had chosen, injuriously to Nature and to Homer, to call, a few lines before, " refulgent lamp of night." However, we have said the line is so far right; but that which follows, if our interpretation of Homer's heaven be true, is altogether wrong—

> " And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing
> pole;"

for Homer yet has made no mention of stars unnumbered; if αστρα αριπρεπεα mean " vivid planets," which it may, Pope had no right to surround them with " unnumbered stars," for it is afterwards, and when a great change has occurred to the immeasurable firmament, that παντα δε τ' ειδεται αστρα. Homer speaks not of clouds—though we have suggested the probability of clouds being there, the disparting of which, and their floating away into nothing, finally revealed this infinite starriness; but be that suggestion of ours right or wrong, Pope had no right to assure us of what Homer did not, " that not a cloud o'ercast the solemn scene." Homer says merely that " the eminences and pinnacles of the heights appear, and the groves." Pope makes but sorry work of that, by needless elaboration of its picturesque simplicity; we do not know that he makes it unnatural, though he does make it confused; though there is far more light, there is far more darkness; and the landscape is no longer in aught Homeric. That much admired line,

> " A flood of glory bursts from all the
> skies,"

would almost seem to be intended for a version of " ουρανοθεν δ'αρ' ὑπερράγη ασπετος αιθηρ, παντα δε τ' ειδεται ἄστρα—but then, unfortunately, Pope has given us before—"and stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;" and really, after the refulgent lamp of night has been hung on high, and vivid planets roll round the throne of the moon, and stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole, while not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene, how any farther flood of glory can burst from all the skies, we are not astronomer enough, either scientific or empirical, to comprehend or conjecture—nor do we believe that Pope himself had any theory on the subject, but wrote away by candle-light, perhaps in his grotto, from memory somewhat dim, while the shining moon, it may have been, was herself in heaven, and the boundless firmament thick-strewn with stars. The scriptural simplicity of, "and the shepherd rejoices in his heart," how far more touching to every one who has walked over the hills by night, than Pope's philosophical paraphrase! As for the application of the sky-sight to the ground-scene, we have no room to remark upon it, farther than that while it departs equally from the original, and is laboured overmuch,—it possesses a certain shadowy magnificence, for sake of which its faithlessness, or departure from the faith, may, in some moods of mind, be forgiven.

We find that the three questions we wished you to decide for us, are running, or have run, into one; but no great matter; so, what think you, on the whole, of this famous passage in Pope's Homer? Three of our best descriptive poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, have, as you probably know, declared it infamous; and Wordsworth, especially, has not hesitated to hint, in his unceremonious style, that the many millions of his fellow-Christians who have fallen into admiration of this moonlight scene, painted on transparent paper, have been little better than blindfolded fools. The entire description, he avers, in words we forget, but we quoted them in our Winter Rhapsody, is utter, contradictory, and unintelligible nonsense. It is no such thing. We have seen that it is not a translation of Homer's moonlight scene, scarcely even a paraphrase. And we have seen, too, that in departing from Homer, Pope departed from nature; but still the picture is beautiful. Forget that there is any such passage in Homer as that of which it pretends to be a translation. Read it by itself—try it by itself—and we are willing to wager a crown with Wordsworth, that even he will read with a benign aspect this very page of Maga. What are its faults? Why, we have told them already. There is some vagueness where there should be none; some repetition, where Pope believed he was adding new touches; and perhaps objects are made to appear in light which must have been in shadow; but these defects, in no offensive degree, once admitted, there

> "Breathes not the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,"

this is extremely beautiful. In a description of external nature, no doubt a poet is sworn at her shrine to speak the truth—that is to say, to tell all manner of lies—provided only they do so coalesce and hang together in their beauty, that the poet believes them, and eke the whole world. That in poetry is true which, on sufficient grounds, and she is often easily satisfied, Imagination conceives to be so; and Reason has no right to step insolently in upon Imagination in her dream, and to dissipate all her dear delusions. As long as Imagination tells only white lies, her tongue should be encouraged to wag night and day, that she may people the air with pleasant fancies. But what we were wishing to say is this, that in the description of a moonlight scene, for example, we must not exact from the poet, at every touch, the utmost precision; words, after all, do not paint to the eye, but to the conceptive faculty; and the conceptive faculty delights at times in half-formed and hazy visionariness, which it may be prompted to behold by the power resident in terms collocated in an order that could not resist the onset of the logician. We do not mean to say that poets are not expected, like other dishonest people, to speak sense; but there are various sorts of sense; some have very much the appearance of nonsense, and in that appearance lies their charm;—let us but see that the supposed strange sweet specimen of some unsubstantial seeming, is nothing but absolute sense, and we commit suicide.

Chapman is good, for he adheres to Homer. He knew that Homer was not a man to bother people about the moon and stars, and that, except for illustration of life, he cared not a straw for such luminaries. Indeed what great poet does or ever did? The human soul is, under God, the centre of the solar system. The sun seems to support it—but that is a vulgar scientific error—were we all dead, it would fly into flinders. "Living in the spirit of this creed," Homer eyed the heavens as part of his own being; and so indeed did all those strong-souled mortals, who, age after age, kept continually constructing the Grecian Mythology. When constructed, what was it but an illuminated manuscript of biographies and autobiographies of men, women, and children, that had been conspicuous and famous on the terrene, and were thus immortalized in the celestial? True that much of this spiritualization was breathed over the skies, before the invention of letters; but that mattered little or nothing, for natural and revealed religion was older far than Cadmus. But not to indulge in that reverie, suffice it now to say, that the ασπετος αιθηϱ was too magnificent in Homer's imagination to be played and dallied with, as a baby does with a doll, lisping, "Oh! how pretty!" He looked up—saw—and sung; and his strong steady strain bespoke, in a few lines, the depth of his inspiration. The sky smote his soul with sudden perception and emotion of beauty and sublimity; and he said, or could say, little more than that the sky was their source. Just as when a lovely lady smiles upon us, we exclaim, "Thou art beautiful!" But to palaver away about the paleness or brightness of her countenance, belongs not to the poetry of beatified affection. "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye"—he who said that of Eve said enough—volumes are in these words—and they unfold themselves into millions of unwritten dreams—as a few seeds become an umbrageous and golden-fruited grove, filled with the warbling of nightingales.

Thus, in these fine lines has Homer shewn a moonlight and starry heaven, that continueth to shine over the whole world, and all the generations of its inhabitants. He did not set himself down to paint it, like an associate of the Royal Academy, as Pope did, bringing out the effect by long considered and elaborate processes of art, touching and retouching, occasionally biting his nails, and sucking his pen; but, as Shelley said, when

> "Some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of thunder and
> eclipse;"

so we say did Homer dip his pencil in moonlight, and, lo! his picture swam in lustre unbedimmable by the mist of years.

They who never before read Homer's fine Greek lines, or our fine English ones, and turn to them now from Pope's glittering paraphrase, may think them bald in their simplicity; but study them in silence with your eyes shut, and you have a pure vision of the nocturnal heavens. Chapman saw the very night Homer did; and all he wanted was adequate power of expression to make us see it too; but even in his lines it is serenely beautiful,—

> "And all the signs in heaven are seen
> that glad the shepherd's heart."

"Thrust up themselves for shews," are words not in Homer, but the feeling is in Homer; for in his picture, the πασαι σκοπιαι, και πϱωονες ακϱοι, και ναπαι seem indeed alive and conscious in the calm, and to look at us in their exaltation. Chapman says, "and even the lowly vallies joy to glitter in their sight,"—that is, the sight of the stars—a fine line, but rather Wordsworthian than Homeric. Homer mentions not "lowly valleys;" but Chapman seems so to have construed ναπαι, groves. For he omits groves; and it is not likely that the word ναπαι could have escaped his notice. It is not surprising that Pope, in this error, should have followed Chapman. He has "then shine the vales;" but it is surprising that such a scholar as Sotheby should—saying "then gleam the vales," a mere repetition of Pope's words, with "gleam" for "shine,' which is a change for the worse, for no man of woman born, we suspect, ever saw a vale—unless there was in it a river or lake—*gleam* by moonlight.

But that "the vales" should be seen gleaming by one and the same man —say Homer or Sotheby—at one and the same time—is manifestly impossible, according to the present laws of perspective, and in general of optics.

Cowper's translation is, as usual, admirable. Of him, as truly as of any man that ever breathed, may we say, in that fine line of Campbell,

> "He mused on nature with a poet's eye."

He does not fear to say "the clear bright moon," despising the reading "φαει νῆν," and in love with "φαεινην." Nor does he fear to say, that around the "clear bright moon," "the stars shine in full splendour." Now Coleridge asserted in one of his lectures in the Royal Institution, that in the immediate neighbourhood of a "refulgent" moon, the stars must look wan or dim, and so, we understand, saith Wordsworth. 'Tis but a mere matter of moonshine, it is true; yet worth settling; and we go along with Homer and Chapman and Cowper. There cannot be two stronger words than φαεινην and αριπρεπεα; moon and stars were alike lustrous. "About the silver moon stars shine clear," are Chapman's words, and they are in the same spirit. Cowper's you have before you, more radiant still. Do not abuse Pope, then, O ye lakers, while you let Homer, Chapman, and Cowper go Scot-free. Horace, too, speaks of a lady bright as the moon among the lesser fires, meaning that they too were bright. She shone with a larger and serener lustre, as if they from "her *silver* urn drew light." In one line Cowper transcends all his competitors, and equals his divine original—

> "The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights,
> Stand all apparent."

Compare that with Pope, and "Oh! the difference to me!" But Pope's beautiful line,

> "And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,"

was in Cowper's memory when he said,

> "Not a vapour streaks the boundless blue;"

for Homer says nothing of vapours, nor, had not Pope negatived the idea of clouds, had Cowper. But seldom indeed it is that that most original writer owes even a word to any body; here Pope was natural, and Cowper, in unconsciously remembering him, forgot Homer. Neither does Homer speak of "blue" as Cowper does; yet blue, beyond doubt or praise, is the firmament, and there can be no harm in saying so. Cowper felt the meaning of that untranslatable word ὑπεῤῥαγη, and his

> "Ether, open'd wide,
> All glitters,"

is magnificent—perhaps even finer than Homer, for it gives the effect in fewer and simpler words—it is indeed poetry. "And the shepherd's heart is cheer'd," is, like Homer—bible-like and divine.

And now for Sotheby. He must have come to the passage prepared for a high achievement. Has he succeeded? Not entirely to our heart's desire. "At night's illumined noon," is a fine expression, had it stood by itself—for it shews us at once the moon and stars in heaven. It proves Sotheby to be a poet. But it does not, like the town of Kilkenny, "shine well where it stands." That nothing resembling it is in Homer, is one fatal objection to it, on the score of fidelity, the first of virtues in a translator—herself the Queen, all others being her subjects, and brightening and extending her sway. But there is another. Why is there nothing resembling it in Homer? Because Homer is going to shew us "night's illumined noon;" and in what lies the illumination. Therefore he does not lay down that thesis, as Sotheby does, and then illustrate it by divine discourse. So pregnant is that thesis of Sotheby's, that it is in itself a shining sermon, and needed no preacher. Mr Sotheby will see at once that this objection is, like every objection of ours, insuperable. He has had the misfortune to paint a fine picture at one sweep; and we are so perfectly satisfied with it, that we are dissatisfied with his future filling up, and eager to snatch the pencil out of his hand. It may seem hard to punish a man for a flash of genius, but justice compels us to do so; and Sotheby stands reproved before us, exalted, however, rather than humbled by the sentence of an incorruptible Rhadamanthus.

> "Beam in their brightness round the full-orb'd moon,"

is fine and bold; and also in itself a picture. The next two lines are perfect; "then gleam the vales," very imperfect, as we said before, and we do wish he had given us the woods. "Ether widely riven," comes perhaps as near as is possible to the difficult

> "ὓπεῤῥαγη ασπετος αιθηρ,"

and there is great grandeur in the line,

> "Expands to other stars another heaven."

That, unquestionably, is the vision seen by Homer. Would not "for," in place of "to," perhaps be better? The riving up from below of the boundless ether expands another heaven *for* (or *with*) other stars. In that expansion they have room for all their multitudes—then and there seems to be infinitude. With the concluding lines, fine as they are in themselves, we are not satisfied. Sotheby knows as well as any man wherein lies the power of Homer's immortal half-hexameter. Cowper caught it, and embodied it in equal bulk. Chapman likewise seized its spirit. Pope, unaffected apparently by that scripture, or betrayed into forgetfulness of its manifest character by the ruling passion in which he wrote, ambition to excel Homer, diluted the simple sentiment of the shepherd, which is indeed nothing else than natural religion, into feeble metaphysics and a cold philosophy. "Conscious swains," is silly; and "bless the useful light," is absolutely the doctrine of the Utilitarians applied to the gratitude of the shepherd,

> "Where he doth summer high in bliss upon the hills of God!"

Our objections to Sotheby's lines, over and above the main one, amplification of simplicity, are different from those urged against Pope's, but nearly as strong. "Watchful of his fold," is an idea always interesting, but "watchful" is, to our ear, needlessly intense. In that beautiful chapter of the New Testament, the shepherds "were watching their flocks by night." "Watchful" could never have entered into that verse. On so serene a night as that Homer describes, when all was peace, the shepherd could have had no fears about his fold. He was sitting or lying beside them—but not "watchful;" he merely felt that they were there; for their sakes too, as well as his own, his heart was cheered by the heavens he looked on; and happier even than he knew at that hour was the pastoral life.

This is but a slight matter; but slight matters affect the delight of the soul in poetry. Pope had said, "eyes the blue vault," and Sotheby, betrayed into imitation by admiration, says, "looks wondering up." That the shepherd looked up, there can be no doubt. Homer took it for granted that he did; for the shepherd was not asleep. The truth is, that he had been looking up for a long time—had seen the moon rise, and the stars—and perhaps had been composing a song on a white-footed girl filling her urn at the fountain. To suppose that he had been looking down, would be a libel, not only on that anonymous shepherd, but on all Arcadia, and the golden age. But we object more stoutly to the word, "wondering." May this be the last line we shall ever write, if he did "look wondering up." Shepherds from their infancy are star-gazers. They are familiar with the skies—for on the hill-tops they live, and move, and have their being, in the immediate neighbourhood of heaven. At a comet they would wonder—for he is a wild stranger of a hundred years. But they do not wonder even at meteors, for the air is full of them, and they go skyring through the stars, and dropping down into disappearance, like the half assured sights seen in dreams. But the moon and the planets, and the fixed stars, are to the shepherd no more wonderful at one time than at another;—in one sense, indeed, they are to him always wonderful—for he wonders, and of his wondering finds no end, how and by whom they were made; or he wonders at them in their own beautiful eternity. But Sotheby's words do not imply this; they merely imply that the shepherd wonders to behold such a night as that described by

Homer. Why should he? 'Twas but one of thousands that had canopied his solitary grass-bed, and its sole power was the peaceful power of accustomed gladness—still renewed, and never fading in his heart—γεγηθε δε τε φρενα ποιμην. The truth is, that three words of Sotheby's two lines do of themselves produce the whole desired effect—"gladdens to behold." All the rest are superfluous. That is wholly nature, and almost wholly Homer. Sotheby, as an Athenian, knew what was right—he should have been a Lacedemonian too—and practised it.

It is only with distinguished writers, like Sotheby, that such criticism as this would be endurable; with them, it is imperative on us; nor, unless we much mistake, is it without instruction. Poetry is indeed a Fine Art—fine as the pellucid air, in which you may see a mote. The perusal of his composition, generally so exquisite, sharpens all our inmost senses, and makes us critical as eagles floating over a valley. And now we pounce down on our prey—the poor word "lone"—and swallow it. Let nobody pity it, for it "had no business there." In Homer, ποιμην has no epithet. No need to tell us he was alone. The one word of itself does that—that he was all alone, is felt to be essential to that gush of gladness. Homer, during that description, was not thinking of any shepherd. He had the heavens to himself; but no sooner was the beauty of the scene consummate, than arose one image of solitary life. He saw a being—and that his heart was glad; and so dear a thing is human happiness, that sufficient for Homer was the joy of one simple shepherd beneath the starry cope of the ασπετος αιθηρ. Another great poet knew, on an occasion somewhat similar, but not the same, the proper use of the word "alone." Thus, in Rob Roy's Grave, Wordsworth, speaking of the remembrances or traditions of that outlaw, says,

"Bear witness, many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman, when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes;
And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same,
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of Rob Roy's name."

Here the bard had room to employ epithets—and he had likewise leisure—for he was quietly ruminating; "thoughtful," and "alone." "Loch Veol's heights," and "Loch Lomond's braes," carry us along with the herdsman on his day-long world of dreams; and descending from these solitary heights, we find ourselves among "faces" in the vales, many faces far and near, all kindling at "sound of Rob Roy's name," a name there pronounced and heard,—but up among the mountains, silent in the herdsman's heart, as he walks "thoughtful and alone," in his uncommunicated memories.

By the way, we cannot help thinking, that all the translators we have looked at have mistaken the meaning of the important words,—"επι πτολεμοιο γεφυρας,"—end of first line of the quotation. From Chapman's translation it does not clearly appear what he conceived to be the meaning of these words—though perhaps "open field" answer to them, which is indeed right, though vague. Pope writes,—"sat in order round,"—which shews his understanding of the words—leaving out πτολεμοιο. Cowper says,

"They sat,
Not disarray'd, but in fair forms disposed
Of even ranks."

That is his interpretation of επι πτολεμοιο γεφυρας. And Sotheby, by far the best Grecian of them all, translates them "in orderly array." All this seems to us very odd, for what is γεφυρα? Turning up Donnegan, we find—"a dam dyke or mound—the space between hostile armies—a wall—*generally* a bridge;" and he refers us to Pindar for ποντου γεφυρα an isthmus. But what does it usually mean in Homer? In Iliad Δ 371: "Τι δ' οπιπτευεις πολεμοιο γεφυρας," by Heyne translated, "quod prospicis intervallum inter utramque aciem." And he adds, "has enim esse γεφυρας, κελευθους, οδους πολεμου, patet ex θ 374. 549. Λ. 160. Υ. 427. Το μεταμιχαιον." On referring to these passages, we find that το μεταμιχαιον is the meaning of επι πτολεμοιο γεφυρας. The Greeks had been beat back—and the Trojans kindled their fires on the space lying between the two battles. We forget what annotator on Milton it was that proposed reading for "on the rough edge of battle ere it joined" "on the rough bridge of battle," an emendation for which he got himself laughed at. We daresay Milton wrote "edge;" but bridge is, we see, Homeric, and therefore good. Επι πτολεμοιο γεφυρας is "upon the bridge of battle." Cowper and Sotheby seem then to have misunderstood the words here; as well as in such other places where they occur, as we have had leisure to turn up. If we are mistaken—they will lay the blame partly at the door of Heyne.

But let us attend to the Greeks. Thus fared the Trojan host; but "Flight, companion of soul-chilling Fear, dispatched from heaven"—so Cowper translates it—or "Grief, the feeble consort of cold fear, strangely infused from heaven"—so chanteth Chapman—or "Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight, and heaven-bred horror"—so Pope hath it—or "Heaven-sent flight, chill Fear's ally"—so sings Sotheby—possessed the Grecians—and Agamemnon commands the heralds to call by name each chief to council, but without the sound of proclamation. Let us try the translators at the following four lines.

HOMER.

῾Ιζον δ' εἰν αγορῇ τετιηότες· ἀν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
῞Ιστατο δακρυχέων, ὥστε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
῝Η τε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ·
῟Ως ὁ βαρυστενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα.

NORTH (*literal prose.*)

They sat down therefore in the assembly, sad; but Agamemnon
Stood up tears-shedding—as a fountain dark-watered,
Which down a steep (goat-defying, or rather leaving) rock pours mist-emitting water:
Thus did he, heavily groaning out words—among the Greeks harangue.

CHAPMAN.

They sadly sate; the king arose and pour'd out tears as fast
As from a lofty rock a spring doth his black waters cast.
And deeply sighing thus bespake the Argives.

POPE.

These surround their chief
In solemn sadness and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a living torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood opprest;
Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.

COWPER.

The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast,
As some deep fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And groaning, the Achaians thus addressed.

SOTHEBY.

Bow'd by grief,
The summon'd leaders gather'd round their chief.
In tears Atrides stood; thus ceaseless flow
The dark streams gushing from a rocky brow.
He spake and groan'd, "Ye Argive leaders! hear! &c.

A simpler, shorter, apter simile than this, is nowhere to be found—let, then, all these qualities be preserved by the translator. Chapman, as he thinks, preserves them all—and he is almost as good as Homer. In the original, we have μελανυδρος and δνοφερον ὕδωρ—both signifying, as many say, "black water"—intensifying the gloomy aspect of Agamemnon. Perhaps in English such synonimes could not have been used—and Chapman confines himself to the one word "black."

But the truth is, that κρηνη μελανυδρος means a fountain black-watered, because hidden from the light by overhanging rocks, or in some great depth. The water is not in itself black, or even drumly when smitten "by touch etherial of heaven's fiery rod"—but pure as diamonds. In falling over the face of the inaccessible rock, it is not black, although the face of the rock may be, and probably is; indeed we do not remember ever to have seen black water when fairly poured out, unless you choose to call ink so—and we are sorry to say that the ink we are dribbling at this moment is light-blue—or unless you choose to call tea so, and we are still sorryer to say that the tea we are sipping at this moment is a faint green; while δνοφερον, though misnamed in lexicons dusky, and so forth, assuredly is "spray-shedding," or "mist-emitting," or "vapoury," or something of that sort—for which if there be an English word, we cannot recollect its phiz. All the translators, therefore, are mistaken who call the falling water dark, or dusky, or sable, or black—confounding an accident of its source with a quality of the stream—and libelling Agamemnon's tears. The source from which they flowed may be said figuratively to have been "black"—his heart—and his face was gloomy; just as that other source and that other face in and of the rock—but his tears were clear, and glistened, just as the ὑδωρ to which Homer likened them—and, though the expression is strong—so were they mist-emitting, for his grief was very great.

It is not easy to read Pope's paraphrase without anger. Determined was he to improve upon Homer; and therefore will he spin out—beat out—his four lines into eight—not giving us one word in English exactly corresponding to one word in Greek. Τετιηοτες—afflicted—*excruciantes se*, as Heyne gives it, he changes into—

> "In solemn sadness and majestic grief."

Now, that is a downright lie. The Argive leaders were not in "solemn sadness," though we daresay their countenances were considerably elongated; and if they were "in majestic grief," it is more than Agamemnon himself was, for he wept and groaned, though we daresay that his presence was not without dignity. Here, then, is an absurd attempt to impose upon us, and to win from us that sympathy for a set of pompous magnificoes, which we give at once to men τετιηοτες. "Mournful circle" is surely needless after "solemn sadness and majestic grief." Then Agamemnon's cheek is superfluously said to be "wan;" and "briny torrent" is unhappy, for though tears are salt, they are here likened to a fresh-water spring, and therefore we have no business with "brine." Why would not Pope say, shedding tears, or weeping, as Homer does? Is it not excessively childish to translate Δακρυ χεων

> "Down his wan cheek a briny torrent
> flows?"

Proceed on that principle throughout, and the Iliad will reach from this to London.

> "So silent fountains, from a rock's tall
> head,
> In sable streams soft-trickling waters
> shed."

Why silent? Then observe how very awkward fountains, plural, and a rock's tall head, singular! Homer is not speaking of fountains in general, but of one "fountain black-water'd;" "soft-trickling" is not the right word, for χεει, *stillat*, means simply "sheds," and sheds by itself is sufficient.

> "With more than vulgar grief he stood
> opprest,"

is a foolish interpolation. Who the deuce ever thought the king of men vulgar? But, after all, Pope has not been able by this line to put him on a par with his subordinates who surrounded him

> "In solemn sadness and majestic grief."

Agamemnon among them looks like an old woman. "Words mixed with sighs" we must not complain of, for they are Milton's; but we want Homer's—and he gives us groans, and deep ones—ὁ βαρυ στεναχων. However, that line will do. But is not the whole a wilful wickedness and a feeble failure?

Cowper is concise and vigorous. "The sad assembly sat" is so especially. There is much majesty in the rising of Agamemnon, "weeping fast;" and the lines about the fountain do finely shew us the king. Cowper has chosen to sink the colour black. He calls the fountain "deep;" and as most deep fountains look black, deep let it be; but "rapid" we do not like, for water falling down a rock must be rapid whether it will or not—we defy it to help itself—and Cowper should have given us δνοφερον, if he had even said "dismal." Homer's δνοφερον is a strange word; and though we choose to believe that it denotes spray, Cowper may have seen cause to call it rapid. "Groaning" is good—for he who sighs deeply, groans. The picture is in Cowper's hands Homeric.

Sotheby is strong—perhaps too concise—but that in a translator of Homer is a fine fault. "In tears Atrides stood" is in itself excellent; but it hardly comes up to the meaning of ἵστατο δακρυχέων. That epithet implies an active, a profuse, a prodigal pouring out of tears—and such pouring out there must have been to suggest the simile of the dark-watered fountain shedding its gloomy, or rapid, or sprayey stream, down the cheek of a lofty rock. Homer's heroes, when they weep, do so in right good earnest. At the same time, they groan, or they roar, or they roll themselves on the ground. So did Achilles. Andromache wept smilingly—and her eyes, we ween, looked lovelier through their tears—her whole face—herself—Love, Grief, and Pity, in one. "Ceaseless" is not the right word, for Agamemnon's tears did cease, while the black-watered fountain Homer had in his eye may be flowing down the face of the lofty rock at this very hour.

> "The dark streams gushing from its rocky
> brow,"

strikes us as very fine. Perhaps they were dark after all—and even the word "brow" has here a beauty not to be found in the Greek. For it shews us Agamemnon's; and it too was rocky, for the broad bone above his eyes was rugged—we see it now—as Sotheby did when he dropped that eloquent line on paper. "He spake and groaned" ought to be transposed thus—He groaned and spake. Judging by ourselves, a man ceases to groan almost as soon as he begins to speak. 'Tis well if his hearers do not then take up what he has laid aside; though in this case, if the Argive leaders gave a groan-accompaniment, 'twas in dismal sympathy with the sufferings of their king.

Atrides then conducts the great chiefs of Greece to his pavilion; and after feasting them in kingly fashion, awaits advice. Nestor rises, and thus harangues:—

> Ἀτρείδη, κύδιστε, αναξ ἀνδρῶν, Αγάμεμνον,
> Ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι· ἕνεκα πολλῶν
> Λαῶν ἐσσὶ ἀναξ, ϗ τοι Ζεὺς ἐγγυάλιξε
> Σκῆπτρόν τ', ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βȣλεύησθα·
> Τῷ σε χρὴ πέρι μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος, ἠδ' ἐπακοῦσαι,
> Κρηῆναι δὲ ϗ ἄλλῳ, ὅταν τινὰ θυμὸς ἀνώγῃ
> Εἰπεῖν εἰς ἀγαθόν· σέο δ' ἕξεται, ὅ,ττι κεν ἄρχῃ.
> Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω, ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
> Οὐ γάρ τις νόον ἄλλος ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοήσει,
> Οἷον ἐγὼ νοέω, ἠμὲν πάλαι, ἠδ' ἔτι ϗ νῦν,
> Ἐξέτι τοῦ, ὅτε, διογενὲς, Βρισηΐδα κούρην
> Χωομένου Ἀχιλῆος ἔβης κλισίηθεν ἀπούρας·
> Ουτι καθ' ἡμέτερόν γε νόον· μάλα γάρ τοι ἔγωγε
> Πόλλ' ἀπεμυθεόμην· σὺ δὲ σῷ μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ
> Εἴξας, ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἀθάνατοί περ ἔτισαν,
> Ἠτίμησας· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας· ἀλλ' ἔτι ϗ νῦν
> Φραζώμεσθ', ὥς κέν μιν ἀρεσσάμενοι πεπίθοιμεν
> Δώροισίν τ' ἀγανοῖσιν, ἔπεσσί τε μειλιχίοισι.
> Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
> Ω γέρον, ου τι ψεῦδος ἐμὰς ἄτας κατέλεξας·
> Ἀασάμην, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι· ἀντί νυ πολλῶν
> Λαῶν ἐστιν ἀνὴρ, ὅντε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ·
> Ὡς νῦν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
> Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμην, φρεσὶ λευγαλέησι πιθήσας,

`Αψ ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·
'Υμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνομήνω.

NORTH (*literal prose.*)

" Son of Atreus,—most illustrious,—king of men,—Agamemnon,
In thee will I end, from thee will I begin. Since of many
Nations thou art king, and Jupiter hath put into thy hands
Both the sceptre and the laws, that for them thou mightst deliberate,
Therefore thee it behoves, above all others, to speak your opinion, and to listen,
And to bring into effect another's (counsel), when his mind may move him
To speak for the (common) good; for on thee will it depend whatever (counsel) may prevail;
But I will speak whatever appears to me the best.
For no one shall find out better counsel than that
Which I find out, both formerly, and also now,
From the time when, oh, noble one! the girl Briseis
Thou didst go and take away from the tent of the enraged Achilles.
Not indeed according to my counsel; for greatly indeed thee did I for my part
With many words dissuade; but thou to thy mighty spirit
Giving way, the bravest man whom ever the Immortals have honoured
Thou hast treated with disrespect; for having taken, thou retainest his reward; but even now
Let us deliberate how we may please and prevail on him, by soothing gifts, and honied words."
Him, on the other hand, addressed the king of men, Agamemnon.
" Oh, old man, not falsely my errors hast thou enumerated:
I have done unjustly, I deny it not; equal, indeed, to a numerous
Host is the man whom Jupiter shall love in his heart;
Him indeed hath he now honoured, and hath humbled the nation of the Greeks.
But since I have erred, by yielding to my wayward mind,
Again I wish to appease him, and to give him an immense recompense,
And, in the presence of you all, the splendid gifts will I enumerate."

POPE.

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states, and lords of earth, obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O king, the counsels of my age attend,
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end.
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste,
At once my present judgment and my past;
When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid,
I first opposed, and, faithful, durst dissuade;
But, bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admired;
Now, seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king—With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself a host.
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our hands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks,—and witness what I vow.

COWPER.

Atrides! glorious monarch! king of men!
With thee shall I begin, with thee conclude,

For thou art sov'reign, and to thee are given
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
I will promulge the counsel which to me
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,
But I have ever held it since the day
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleas'd to take
By force the maid Briseis from the tent
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;
But thou, complying with thy princely wrath,
Hast shamed a hero whom the gods themselves
Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.
Yet even now conciliate him; perchance,
With soft persuasion and by gifts we may.
  Then answer'd Agamemnon, king of men:
Old chief, there is no falsehood in your charge
I have offended, and confess the wrong.
The warrior is alone a host, whom Jove
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake
He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
But if, the impulse of a wayward mind
Obeying, I have err'd; behold me, now,
Prepar'd to soothe him with atonement large
Of gifts inestimable, which by name
I will propound in presence of you all.

SOTHEBY.

" Atrides! king of kings, my word attend!
With thee my speech begins, with thee shall end;
For vast the sway by Jove to thee assign'd—
Power that controls, and laws that mend mankind.
Therefore, it thee behoves, beyond the rest,
To speak thy thoughts, and hear what ours suggest.
Then what may profit most the public state,
'Tis thine, O king! by act to consummate.
I speak what wisdom prompts, nor other word
More wise than Nestor's shall by thee be heard—
No sudden thoughts the words I speak create,
Long has my spirit laboured with their weight,
From that dread hour, when thou by force of arms
From scorn'd Pelides reft'st Briseis' charms.
In vain my warning voice thy rage withstood,
And strove to calm the torrent of thy blood,
When frantic passion bade thee proudly scorn
The bravest hero, whom the gods adorn,
Whose prize thou hold'st. Now all your counsel bend,
How best to soothe the chief thou dared'st offend;
How deprecate his wrath—how win his aid,
By gifts to gain him, and by prayer persuade."
The King replied.—" O thou, for wisdom famed,
Whose words of truth my wrong has justly blamed,
I own the offence, and him whom favouring Jove
Holds in his heart, I rate a host above.
Jove, to exalt his fame, our force subdues,
And Troy's wide plain with Hellas' blood embrues,
But whom I wrong'd, let gifts unbounded gain,
And reunite fair friendship's broken chain.
Be witness all what now your king proclaims—
Hear, while his word each present singly names."

These speeches cannot be said to be remarkable in any way, but they are very pleasant reading; and our hearts warm towards the speakers. We confess that Nestor seldom rises without causing us considerable alarm. We are instantly seized with the idea of a nightcap, and ere he sits down, we are ready to sink into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Homer assuredly intended in him to describe that mysterious phenomenon—dotage. In his youth he had been no mean warrior, but not much wiser, as far as we have heard, than his neighbours. But he probably always had a turn for public-speaking; and it is wonderful how oratory grows upon a person, when it has happened to meet with an idiosyncracy open to its reception, and naturally disposed not only to imbibe but cherish the disease. Such a man was Nestor. Eloquent overmuch he must have been even in middle life; in old age his wisdom was still more heavily overbalanced by the weight of words; but on tending towards a hundred, and in the First Book of the Iliad it was long since he had seen fourscore we shall swear, his most reverential admirers must confess that it was well for Job that he did not encounter the Pylian sage among the other trials of his affliction. Yet was Nestor just the old man for an oracle among those fiery Greeks. His disposition was mild, without being milky; he laid claim chiefly to the wisdom of experience; and he did not force his opinion upon any council. He was no advice-monger. But when king or leader requested the benefit of his time-instructed understanding, the sage—say not he was superannuated—did then indeed pour out "the treasures of experienced age," after the fashion of one of those quiet floods that flow smoothly along a well-cultivated level, which no doubt they help to fertilize; though without manure, for our own parts, we have never hoped high of mere irrigation. All noble nations reverence old age. 'Tis natural for them to think

> "That the sunset of life gives it mystical
> lore;"

and none felt that reverence more habitually than the Greeks. A word from the wise, if the wise was aged, went far with them, when fifty words far wiser from the warlike would not have gone an inch; and thus "that old man eloquent," of whom we speak—not North but Nestor—"always fit audience found, tho' few," a congregation assembled in council, of Agamemnon and all his peerage.

Still we maintain that Nestor was in his dotage. Every man, indeed, is so, after sixty, and most before it—with the single exception perhaps of Homer himself—and old Parr. But then ordinary dotage is but drivel; whereas there is a kind of dotage that sometimes seems inspiration. The reasoning powers—if they ever were in any great force—are numb or gone—but all conclusions that the mind had kept drawing for many long and perhaps many-coloured years, remain unimpaired, and in order, ready for use, and at any man's service, who chooses to consult the sage. Full is he of "wise saws and *ancient* instances;" and a strange case, indeed, will be yours, if he cannot illustrate it by a parallel passage in the life of some one buried before your father was born. After all, what want we but a "few strong instincts, and a few plain rules," for the conduct of the human understanding, even in seasons of perplexity and peril? We fear to follow them, of ourselves; but when an old grey-beard bids us do so, as if a voice from Heaven did speak, we obey the oracle; and then we wonder at the wisdom, which, after all, is but the self-same knowledge which we feared to recognise as true, so long as we thought it merely our own; while it proceeds from that principle, which we hesitated, in like manner, formerly to consider paramount, but which now we admit to be so, under the sanction of one whom we reverence,—and need we say that that principle is—Conscience?

In saying that Nestor was in his dotage, you perceive, then, from this explanation, that we were desirous of recording our most delicate testimony to his inappreciable worth. The Greeks could never have done without him—and long ere the opening of the Iliad must have raised the siege of Troy. On the present occasion, in the royal pavilion, Agamemnon knew, in his troubled conscience, that there was but one course for him to pursue, in order to avert destruction from the Grecian host—to confess the wrong he had done Achilles—ask pardon—and request his return. No ghost needed to come from the grave, to tell him that—no Nestor. But many emotions chained that thought in his heart, and shame upon his lips

"Then clapped the padlock on, and snapp'd
the lock."

Nestor saw the inside of his soul through his eyes; and said to him, as Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man." Verily the king heard, and was troubled; his heart was sore afraid; and he must send, with large atonement, a mission to the Monarch of the Myrmidons, the sole hope of Greece.

One would think it not difficult to translate into good English verse two such sensible speeches as these—and to do justice to Nestor—here uncommonly concise—and to Agamemnon, who, in both thought and language, shews himself a man and a king. Yet Pope's translation is far from being what it ought to be—and of neither speech so characteristic of the speaker as the original. The purport and spirit of Homer, says Gilbert Wakefield truly, "are but dimly seen beneath the ornaments which Pope has thrown over them. The following attempt is nearly literal—

"Most glorious son of Atreus! king of
men!
With thee my words shall cease, with
thee begin:
For thou art king of myriads; thine
from Jove,
The laws and sceptres to direct mankind."

Gilbert's version is much the better; for Nestor was not magniloquent. He loved many words, but he was not particularly partial to big ones. "Of many nations thou art king," is all he says—and it is enough. Pope does not say more—but he has a hubbub of sonorous words, which would have sickened Agamemnon.

"Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom
thine,"

is something very sententious, and so far Nestorian. But not one word of all that does it please the good old man to utter—and therefore Eustathius' comment upon it, praised by Pope, on which he lectures on envy, is in the predicament of a sermon without a text, nor would the world have lost any thing had there been no preacher. The well-deserved compliment paid by Nestor to the excellence of his own advice, Pope omits; and we suspect he did not see it. "With prayers to move him or with gifts to bend," is a line which must have been pleasant to Pope's ear, for he has a thousand such in his works. But "move" and "bend" make a poor antithesis, or rather no antithesis at all, nor has moving any more to do with prayers than bending, nor bending any more to do with gifts than moving; and what is unlucky, Nestor does not mention prayers, but "soothing gifts and honied words," applying equally to both "please and prevail"—which is sound sense, and good language, such as always distinguish the style of that raven-old moral philosopher. Nor is the King's answer better off in Pope's hands. The very first line of it loses its entire spirit. Agamemnon confesses his errors without hesitation or reservation. "Oh, old man! not falsely my errors hast thou enumerated. I have done unjustly—I deny it not." We love the king of men for that he humbles himself before the princes. But in Pope, Atrides tries to shirk the concern with the basest cunning—to shift his own personality off his shoulders upon the imaginary back of some supposititious prince.

"With justice hast thou shewn
A prince's faults, and I with reason own."

The grammar is vile, too; and Agamemnon should have been sent to school for a dult. The next is not so bad, but not one line is exactly what it should be—which is a pity.

We will trouble you to point out a single fault in Cowper—even to a word. You try, and cannot. Then we will. He should not have put the word "Achilles" into Agamemnon's mouth. Homer did not—and there were strong reasons for Agamemnon to sing,

"O, no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard;

My lips are now forbid to speak
That once-familiar word."

With this profound objection—not ours, but suggested by Pope—Cowper's version is perfect.

Sotheby's? About half way between Pope's and Cowper's, but somewhat nearer Cowper's. The character of Nestor is well preserved, and the first eight lines could hardly be better. "No sudden thoughts the words I speak create," is a line in which thoughts and words struggle for the accusative; and for a long time it threatens to end in a drawn battle, but at last "words" has it; and vindicates his disputed title to the accusative. Yet has he not much to boast of—for he is in a very doubtful case. "By gifts to gain him and by prayers persuade," is Popeish—and that is enough for us. "I rate a host above," is constrained—but rhyme is a tyrant—especially "Jove." "Reunite friendship's broken chain," is a mode of speech that Agamemnon would never have discovered had he lived a thousand years—or if he had, he would not have used it, till he had remodelled, not only his own proper lingo, but the language of all Greece. There are other minor faults. Mr Sotheby has unconsciously contracted a constant habit of using the word "word." It ends, at least, a hundred lines in his Iliad, and becomes quite a "catch-word." In this short passage we have,—"my word attend,"—"nor other word,"—"the words I speak,"—"whose word of truth,"—"while his word." We add, *verbum sapienti.* It is odd enough that in the only two places where Homer uses the word "words" in this passage, Mr Sotheby rejects it. With the exception of "friendship's broken chain," which must be flung away, the faults we have pointed out are superficial and accidental—and by an hour's labour of so skilful an artist as Sotheby could be rubbed off, and the metal left without a stain on the silver polish.

A deputation is appointed by Nestor to go to Achilles—consisting, as you know, of Phœnix, Ajax, and Ulysses—attended by two heralds, Hodius and Eurybates—and the Pylian sage having earnestly exhorted the son of Laertes to exert his powers to the utmost to soothe Pelides' rage—the embassy takes its departure from the pavilion.

Τὼ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
Πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένω γαιηόχῳ Ἐννοσιγαίῳ,
Ῥηϊδίως πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπί τε κλισίας ϗ νῆας ἱκέσθην·
Τὸν δ' εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ,
Καλῇ, δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεος ζυγὸς ἦεν·
Τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πτόλιν Ἠετίωνος ὀλέσσας·
Τῇ ὅγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἄειδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἐναντίος ἧστο σιωπῇ,
Δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὁπότε λήξειεν ἀείδων.
Τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἡγεῖτο δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
Στὰν δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο· ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς,
Αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμιγγι, λιπὼν ἕδος, ἔνθα θάασσεν.
Ὣς δ' αὔτως Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδε φῶτας, ἀνέστη·
Τὼ ϗ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

NORTH (*literal prose*).

They two, therefore, went along the shore of the much-resounding sea,
Many things very much praying to the earth-encircling earth-shaker,
That he would easily bend the mighty mind of the grandson of Æacus.
And they came to the tents and the ships of the Myrmidons:
And there found him soothing his spirit by means of the sounding harp,
Beautiful, of exquisite workmanship, and it had a silver ζυγος,
Which he took from the spoils, when he destroyed the city of Eëtion.
With it he was soothing his spirit, and was singing the glorious deeds of heroes.
But Patroclus alone sat opposite to him in silence,
Waiting till the grandson of Æacus should cease singing.

And they two *went farther ben*, (*Scotice*,) and the illustrious Ulysses led the way,
And they stood before him: amazed, Achilles started up,
Leaving his seat, along with his harp, where he was sitting.
In the same manner also Patroclus, when he saw the men, stood up:
Them both receiving kindly, addressed the swift-footed Achilles.

CHAPMAN.

The quarter of the Myrmidons they reacht, and found him set,
Delighted with his solemn harpe, which curiously was fret
With works conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't
His loftie neck, was silver twist: this (when his hand laid waste
Aetion's citie) he did chuse, as his especiall prise,
And (louing sacred music well) made it his exercise:
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great heröes dead,
And his true mind, that practice failed, sweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat his friend
Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end.
Th' ambassadors did forward preasse, renowned Ulysses led.
And stood in view: their sodaine sight his admiration bred,
Who with his harpe and all arose: so did Menetius' sonne
When he beheld them. their receipt, Achilles thus begun.

POPE.

Through the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Aeacides.
And now arriv'd, where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
(The well wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame.)
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only, of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun.

COWPER.

Along the margin of the sounding deep
They passed to Neptune, compasser of Earth,
Preferring numerous vows, with ardent prayers,
That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Eacides. Arriving soon
Among the Myrmidons, their chief they found
Soothing his sorrow with his silver-fram'd
Harmonious lyre, spoil taken when he took
Eëtion's city: with that lyre his cares
He sooth'd, and glorious heroes was his theme.
Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
Before him, on Æacides intent,
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)
Unto his presence; at the sight, his harp
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
Achilles seiz'd their hands, and thus he spake.

SOTHEBY.

On their high charge the delegated train
Pursued their way along the sounding main,
And to appease the Chief, devoutly pray'd,
And oft implored the Ocean monarch's aid.
But when they came, where, camp'd along the bay,
Pelides and his host in order lay,
They found him kindling his heroic fire
With high-toned strains, that shook the sounding lyre;
That silver lyre that erst the victor bore
His chosen prize from sack'd Eëtion's store.
There, as the hero feats of heroes sung,
And o'er the glowing chords enraptur'd hung,
Alone Patroclus, list'ning to the lay,
Watch'd till the impassion'd rapture died away.
They forward march'd, Ulysses led them on;
They came, and stood before fam'd Peleus' son.
Achilles, wondering, started from his seat,
Sped forth, his lyre in hand, the chiefs to greet:
Patroclus rose: and strait Achilles prest
Their hands in his, and kindly thus addrest.

We have always thought this one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in the whole world. It seems to us indeed to be perfect. How solemn the Mission moving along the margin of the sounding deep, preferring prayers to Neptune that its issue might be fortunate, for well they knew the character of fierce Æacides! Not a word is said about the night; and that shews that Homer never repeats himself, except when he has some purpose to serve by the repetition. A thousand Trojan watch-fires were blazing; but Phœnix, Ulysses, and Ajax, all absorbed in their prayers to Neptune, saw them not—and Homer himself had forgotten now the vision of the moon and stars. No time is lost, and we see them already among the Myrmidons. Had it been put beforehand to any person of loftiest temper, who, knowing the character of Achilles, had yet no knowledge of this interview, how he might imagine the goddess-born would be found employed, think ye that he could ever have made such a noble guess as the truth? Never. Homer alone could have thus exalted his hero. Not many suns have yet gone down on his wrath, and you remember how at its first outburst it flamed like a volcano. It smoulders now in that mighty bosom—but the son of Thetis is not sitting sullen in his tent—he has forgotten the ungrateful, injurious, and insulting Agamemnon, and all his slaves. His soul is with the heroes. Achilles is a savage—a barbarian, forsooth—but half-civilized, though Nereus himself was his grandsire! There he sits, the bravest and most beautiful of mortal men, a musician, perhaps a poet, for Homer tells us not whether the Implacable is singing his own songs, or those of the Αοιδοι. Yes, the Swift-footed is a man of genius; and among all the spoils he won when he sacked the city of Eëtion, most he prized that harp on which he is now playing—the harp with the silver cross-bar, and beautiful in its workmanship, as if formed by Dædalus, and fine-toned its strings, as if smitten by the Sun-god's hand. His proud soul would disdain to harp even to princes. Patroclus alone, still and mute, is listening, hero to hero.

But how have our translators acquitted themselves here—let us see. Chapman drops the epithet πολυφλοισϐοιο, and merely says the shore, which was wrong, the noise of the sea being essential to a maritime night. "The god that earth doth bind in brackish chains," are poor words—sorry substitutes for those two extraordinary ones γαιηοχω 'Εννοσιγαιω. Better have said simply, Neptune. All the rest is very nobly done. The two lines about Patroclus are perfect, except the words, "who now his song did end." He waited till the song should end. And he would have been willing to wait till midnight, had Achilles not started up on entrance of the ambassadors. "Who with his harp and all arose," is very majestic.

We have just been reading over

Pope for the tenth time this evening, and though we might not unjustly find some faint fault with a few particular words, yet we should be ashamed of ourselves were we to do so; for he is Alexander the Great here,

> ——" and is attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

The versification is most harmonious; and the lines might themselves be chanted to the harp. Pope, when happy, had a heroic genius; and though true it is that he too too often miserably misrepresents Homer, it is, as we have said, wilfully, and with malice aforethought—seldom in ignorance, and never in stupidity; but knowing that his strength lay in a style essentially different from the old bard's, it was not to be expected, perhaps not to be desired, that he should lay it aside, and endeavour to adopt Homer's, or imitate it, which, to a poet who had attained consummate excellence of another kind, would have been accompanied with the perpetual constraint of difficulty, nay, impossible. We must take it, then, as it is, and be thankful for another Iliad.

Only a great master could safely come after Pope in this passage, and Cowper is a great master. How differently the two speak of the sea, yet both how finely! Pope brings the voice of the sea to our ears, by almost an accumulation of epithets —means legitimate, and dear to many delightful poets. We

> ——" hear the *roar*
> Of *murmuring* billows on the *sounding* shore."

Cowper fills our ear with the same voice at once,

> " Along the margin of the *sounding* deep."

Pope calls Neptune

> ——" Ruler of the seas profound,
> Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,"

which, though far from being intensely Homeric, is not without grandeur. Cowper calls him, more simply and Greekishly, " compasser of earth," nor dreams of telling us that his " arms are liquid," or his " chains brackish," liquidity and brackishness being qualities lying so much on the surface, as well as in the depths, that mention of them does not throw much new or old light on the character of Neptune. All the lines about the heroic Harper are very fine—the pauses solemn—the repetition of the word " soothe," shews how deeply Cowper felt for the sufferer; the close is full of elevation—" and glorious heroes were his theme." The only line we do not entirely like, is,

> " Expecting still when he should cease to sing."

It seems to intimate that Patroclus was impatient of the strain—a sad mistake. But perhaps Cowper uses the word " expecting" for waiting; and if so, it is all right.

> ——" At the sight,
> His harp still in his hand," &c.

is a picture. It is better than Pope's

> " Achilles, starting as the chiefs he spied,
> Leapt from his seat, and laid the harp aside."

" Leapt" is undignified—Achilles " started," but Homer says " leaving his seat." The start was momentary,—he walked towards Ulysses with the calm air and stately step of the Hero of Heroes.

Sotheby is not faultless—but his beauties are pre-eminent. His versification, if inferior to Pope's, is flowing and sonorous—and the diction glows like gold. Perhaps wisely, he forbears to touch the " earth-encircling earth-shaker," and calls him the " ocean-monarch." Kindling his " heroic fire," is fine and true. So is, " There as the hero feats of heroes sang." Equally excellent is, " Alone Patroclus listening to the lay;" and " Achilles, wondering, started from his seat." But we said the version is not faultless. Perhaps nothing in this world is—except a lily. " Delegated *train*," is not to our mind. It is true but formal. " Sounding strain," and " sounding lyre," should not have been in one passage. " Eëtion's *store*," smells of Boston. We are sorry for it, but we cannot admire, " Watched till the impassioned rapture died away." Impassioned rapture, if we are not much mistaken, is a very unhomeric form and spirit of speech. But that is not our chief objection to the line. The impassioned rapture did *not* die away. We do not believe it would, even had Achilles not been interrupted. His lyrical poem and music would have gone off in a tremendous burst—it would have rolled away in very thunder. Such is our belief; but it was interrupted—on the appearance of Ulysses, Achilles stopt suddenly, even as we have seen an eagle do in the sky, when flying at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. "Sped forth," gives us the notion of covering more ground than Achilles had to do ere he seized the hands of the chiefs. That is a trifle —a speck—but the others are flaws. So rare without them is "a gem of purest ray serene."

What a glorious volume of odes, elegies, and hymns, would be "The Lays of Achilles!" But who could write it? Let all our poets form themselves into an association, to be called the Achillean, and distribute among themselves the subjects of song that bestrewed Greece, and the Isles of Greece, before the Trojan war. To prevent all wrangling, let us who do not belong to the Irritable, be appointed Perpetual Prose-President. The Achillean Association, at each celebration of the anniversay of its own birth, shall put into our hands the poetry of the preceding year, and we, like an old Grecian, *ore rotundo,* shall chant the Lays of Achilles to the harp, an instrument on which the world acknowledges we excel. The ladies in the gallery—our Festival being in Freemasons' Hall—will "rain influence and dispense the prize." The prize-poems shall all be engrossed in the Album of the Achillean Association, and at the end of ten years, a period taken from the Trojan War, the Album shall be printed by Ballantyne, and published by Blackwood, under such auspices as never before launched into light immortal songs.

From the Achillean Association, we prophesy the revival of Lyrical Pœtry. "The ancient spirit is not dead;" it but sleepeth, and will awake as if startled by the sound of a trumpet. Pindars will appear—and Corinnas too—for the Hemans, and the Mitford, and the Landon must be members—and the immortal Joanna. Sir Walter—more magnificent than in Marmion—will invent moving minstrelsies for the Mythic tales of Old Achaia; Wordsworth—nobler even than in the Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle—will sanctify in dim religious light the roamings of that sad Aleian field, and awaken the whole world to ruth for fury-haunted Bellerophon; Southey—in even loftier inspiration than that which sang "Fill high the horn to Hirlas"—will celebrate Meleager and the Boar of Caledon; Coleridge—wilder than in the Ancient Mariner—will rave gloriously of Jason and the Golden Fleece, and fling forth fiery fragments of argonautics; Moore—eclipsing the light of his own Loves of the Angels, will breath Epithalamia for Venus and Juno, and sigh-charged roundelays sung to his celestial Leman by Endymion on Mount Latmos; Crabbe—in vision more terrible than the madness of Sir Eustace Grey—will paint Hercules Furens, and call his picture-poem the Poison'd Shirt; Bowles —pathetic more than on the Grave of the Last Saxon—will murmur melody over Hyacinthus or Adonis; Montgomery—already familiar with the world before the flood—will darken the despair of Deucalion—and, illustrious above all, Campbell —but there is absolutely no end to the members of the Achillean Association! To, *eugete* and *valete*, all ye bright sons of song, and starlike may you shine in the "high heaven of invention!"

Was the tent of Achilles, think ye, lighted with gas? Unquestionably. The ages of old were wonderful old ages. Not in blind caves sat Thetis below the sea-depths. Lustrous were all her haunts in the groves of coral; and as she could never have stooped to burn oil—indeed too well did she love the phocæ—she must have lighted her marine palaces with aerial fire; nor can you doubt for a moment that she provided her son with the unmetered radiance. As the ambassadors entered, the night-tent of Achilles was bright as day, and he himself, harp in hand, rising from his seat, and advancing towards them, stately as the beautiful Apollo.

How courteous that princely greeting! No manners like those of the heroic age.

Χαίρετον· ἦ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἱκάνετον· ἦ τι μάλα χρεὼ,
Οἵ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοί ἐστον.

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρω ἄγε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
Εἷσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι, τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν·
Αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν, ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·
  Μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίου υἱὲ, καθίστα,
Ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιρε, δέπας δ' ἔντυνον ἑκάστῳ·
Οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ.

Achilles thus addresses the heroes. We adopt Heyne's punctuation in the first line, which is different from others, and best, because most in character with the "imperatoria brevitas" of Achilles.

NORTH, (*literal prose.*)

Hail: you are indeed friends who have come: verily some necessity strongly (presses on you,)
Who to me, angry though I be, are of the Greeks the most beloved.
Thus indeed having spoken, the illustrious Achilles led them farther *ben*, (*Scotice ut supra*,)
And made them sit down on reclining seats, on purple cushions:
And Patroclus, who was near him, he then quickly addressed.
" A larger goblet, oh son of Menœtius, set down,
And more generous mix it: and for each provide a drinking cup:
Since men, by me, the most beloved, are under my roof."

CHAPMAN.

Health to my lords! right welcome men assure yourselves to be;
Though some necessity I know doth make you visit me,
Incenst with just cause 'gainst the Greeks. This said, a covered seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease entreat,
And said—Now, friend, our greatest bowle with wine unmixt, and meat,
Oppose the lords; and of the depth let every man make proof;
These are my best esteemed friends, and underneath my roof.

POPE.

Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And placed in seats, with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown the larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

COWPER.

Hail friends! Ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold
(Though angry still) of all Achaia's host.
So saying, he introduced and seated them
On thrones with purple arras overspread,
Then thus bespoke Patroclus standing nigh—
Son of Menætius! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine
Diluted less; then give to each his cup;
For dearer friends than those who now arrive
Beneath my roof, nor worthier, have I none.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Whether a friendly visit lead your steps,
Or some necessity impels, all hail!
To me, though sad, most dear of all the Greeks.

SOTHEBY.

Hail friends! ye come by strong compulsion moved
Though here I rage, I hail you most beloved.
He spoke; and to his tent the chieftains led,
And placed on seats, with purple arras spread.

Now haste, Patroclus, to each guest assign
A larger beaker charged with stronger wine,
To greet the friends, whose presence I revere,
Guests who beneath my roof most loved appear.

That fine fiery fellow Chapman is seldom or never at fault, when he has to deal with a burst of simple, natural emotion. His spirit is strung to Homer's. Like two harps tuned together, when the one is struck the other responds—and 'tis noble concert. 'Tis so in this passage. A marginal note says, "Achilles' *gentle receipt* of Ulysses, Ajax," &c.; and it is gentle—for Achilles, if ever there was one on this earth, was a gentleman—not a finer one even Sir Philip Sydney—whose Life and Arcadia, by Gray of Magdalen, we this morning perused with unfaded delight. "Of the depth let every man make proof," is perhaps going a *leetle* too far—though, beyond doubt, Achilles did hope and trust that each hero would drain it—not to the dregs—for dregs there were none—but till he saw his face, a smiling oblong, at the bottom. But the warmth of welcome, and the simple style of it, and the dignified sincerity of the noble host, are finely preserved—and Chapman is Homer.

It is provoking to see a man wilfully going wrong, who knows perfectly well how to go right—walking with his eyes open as if they were shut—and knocking himself against stools and chairs, like a blind blunderer in a room which he has himself set in order. So doth Pope. "This short speech," saith he, "is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is under a great expectation of what Achilles will say at the sight of these heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could satisfy it, but the very thing he here accosts them with." Admirable—but why, then, Pope! oh, Pope! didst thou perversely violate thine own true sense of the perfect fitness of the original, in thy translation? "Or strong necessity or urgent fear," is a bad line; for a stronger necessity than urgent fear, we defy you to imagine—so "or" has no office, and no point the antithesis. "Welcome, *though* Greeks," is the very reverse of the feeling of Achilles at that moment; he rejoiced to see them *as* Greeks. "For not as foes ye *came*," is miserable, and its lame wretchedness is aggravated by its vile grammar. The change of tense destroys the intensity—pardon the pun. "And open every soul," is paying a poor compliment to his guests. Their souls were open; nor was Achilles the man to suspect that they were shut. Sincere as the sky himself, he saw no clouds on their brow, except of sadness, which the sunshine of his welcome would illumine or disperse. "Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend," is very pretty, indeed; but Achilles "spoke right on," and not like the Master of Ceremonies at Bath. He was no Beau Nash. How impertinent, on such an occasion, and from such a man, a compliment to himself!—Pope has now dree'd his punishment. He winces—his back is red—he is about to faint—the army-surgeon looks at his watch, nods, "enough," and the culprit is released from the halberts.

Cowper is good—very good. "On thrones with purple arras overspread," gives great grace and dignity to the reception of the heroes. They were placed as in the days of chivalry, "under the deas." Chapman supposes each hero, time about, which is fair play, to lay his lugs in the same "great bolle," with an eye to view the bottom, like the Fellows of a College, with their "cup," at the high table on day of Gaudeamus. Cowper supposes one "beaker more capacious," replenished with wine diluted less, and then out of it Patroclus filling up each hero's own particular cup to the brim, till no heel-tap was detectable, and a bumper brimmed with beads, such as Ganymede gives to Jove when there is revelry in heaven. The terms in which he speaks of his visitors are full of heart, such as a hero uses when speaking of heroes. Cowper! we love thee well—and wish thou hadst not been so often and so long so unhappy in this world. But now thou art in bliss, which is more than we shall venture to say for old Newton.

Sotheby, as usual, is strong—and

here strength was wanted; but he is constrained—and his winged words should have been free as sunbeams. "Strong compulsion moved," is liker Dr Paley than Achilles. "Though here I rage," is not equal to Cowper's, "though angry still." Achilles "was angry still"—yea he was so, even when to his harp singing of heroes. But he was not at that moment "raging;" he knew better than to "rage," in the unexpected presence of such friends; he was all kindness and courtesy; sunshine and music shone and murmured along his speech, which was like a river-flash; but all the while in the dark depths of his sullen soul, nevertheless, growled wrath and indignation over the drowned image of Agamemnon. Sotheby strove with Homer—at line for line; and though in the struggle he has shewn great muscle and skill, the champion has given him a fair back-fall. "A larger beaker, charged with stronger wine," is the best line we ever read, without the single shadow of an exception. It would of itself atone for any sin in composition, however flagrant; but Sotheby has committed no sins at all in this passage—he is merely a little stiff or so—and his stiffness was inevitable in the bold attempt to give eight lines of Greek—and such lines, in eight of English—which, though "by strong compulsion moved," are pregnant.

Before we can possibly understand any thing of Homer, it has been said, *ex-cathedralishly*, that we must study the manners of the heroic ages. And, pray, where are we to study them? Why, in Homer to be sure. Ho, ho! So you merely mean that we must read the Iliad? Such is the pompous impertinence of pedantry, pretending to rare erudition. Yet will a German professor get you up a volume on the Manners of the Heroic Ages, in which he will seem, for a while at first, to have had access to information in bards long anterior to Melesigines. Fling him into the fire, and let him make his escape, if he can, up the flue, and turn you to your Homer. Not a syllable, by any possibility, or impossibility, can be known of the Heroic ages, but from him—and him you must read along with the Bible. Yea! the Bible; and you will then know the meaning of the title of a book you may have never seen, any more than ourselves —*Homerus* 'Εϐϱαιζων.

Here is a specimen of the manners of the heroic age, how patriarchal! We quote Sotheby, who manages them, perhaps, better than any other translator:—

He spake; nor him Patroclus disobey'd—
Then, nigh the fire his lord a basket laid,
There cast a goat's and sheep's extended chine,
And the huge carcass of a fatted swine.
Serv'd by Automedon, with dexterous art
Achilles' self divided part from part,
Fix'd on the spits the flesh, where brightly blaz'd
The fire's pure splendour, by Patroclus rais'd.
Patroclus next, when sank the flame subdued,
O'er the rak'd embers plac'd the spitted food,
Then rais'd it from the props, then, salted o'er,
And duly roasted, to the dresser bore:
Next to each guest, along the table spread
In beauteous baskets the allotted bread;
Achilles' self distributed the meat,
And plac'd against his own, Ulysses' seat.
And now Patroclus, at his lord's desire,
The hallow'd offering cast amid the fire—
The guests then feasted, and, the banquet o'er,
When satiate thirst and hunger claim'd no more,
And to hoar Phœnix Ajax gave the sign,
Ulysses, mindful, crown'd his cup with wine,
And to Achilles drank:

It is not easy to suppose a more savoury supper. We never read this steaming account of it, without lamenting that we did not assist at the feast. 'Tis, in truth, the model of the Noctes Ambrosianæ—

> "There cast a goat's and sheep's extended
> chine,
> And the huge carcass of a fatted swine—"

To the life! to the death! Nothing wanting but—oysters.

In nothing was the constitution of the heroes more enviable than its native power—of eating at all times, and without a moment's warning. Never does a meal to any distinguished individual come amiss. Their stomachs were as heroic as their hearts, their bowels magnanimous. It cannot have been forgotten by the reader, who hangs with a watering mouth over the description of this entertainment, that about two hours before, these three heroes, Ulysses, Ajax, and old Phœnix, had made an almost enormous supper in the pavilion of Agamemnon—

> "There to the *sated* guests, the Pylian
> sage
> Unlock'd the treasures of experienced
> age."

Sated they might have been, a couple of hours ago, at the remotest, but their walk

> "Along the margin of the sounding
> deep,"

had re-awakened their slumbering appetite. At the smell of the roasted goat, and the "huge carcass of the "fatted swine"—a noble line—they feel themselves instantly sharp-set—*yawp*, (*Scotice*)—and such another knife and fork, that is, finger and thumb—we have not, except perhaps in Picardy, seen played since the Heroic age. We allude more particularly to the performances of old Phœnix.

After all, there is nothing in this wicked and weary world like—good eating—"to which, if you please," whispers the pensive Public, "add good drinking," and then, with that yawn of hers—"sound sleeping" —in common terms, "Bed, board, and lodging." Good washing, too, is well; but not vitally essential to national comfort—witness that worthy land lying north of the Tweed. Secret gluttons alone openly abuse gormandizing—men of "steady, but not voracious appetites," alone publicly panegyrize it. We have known sallow sumphs scowl from a distance at Ambrose's suppers, as illegally and unnaturally enormous, who, after dinner on a fast-day, have been under the necessity of an emetic. Good must be the digestion of that Poet, whose genius is divine. A bilious bard is abhorred of all the Muses, nor will Apollo, physician though he be, prescribe for the Blue and Yellow. Homer himself thought nothing of a saddle of mutton or a sirloin of beef. In a twinkling vanished from his trencher a boar's head. Then washed he all well down with a glorious goblet.

There is something exceedingly satisfactory to our ear in the sound of the word—Rations. A rational repast. Mark the blind beggar devouring bread and cheese, or mouthfuls of cold rags of lean meat, by the way-side, and you see he is in heaven. He licks his shrivelled lips—folds his withered hands—turns up his sightless eyes—mutters something not unheard afar—and catching up his crutch, hobbles away with no unsuccessful attempt at a song.—Lo! a whole army—nay, two whole armies—on the field of battle—*dining!* It requires much caution and dexterity to keep the biscuits from trundling into these pools of blood. What a ravenous set—three courses in one—a dreadful dinner!—What tremendous thunder and lightning was that? Except our own little ship, are both fleets blown to atoms? Not at all. Merely the L'Orient. And now that the splash is over, let a double allowance of grog be served out to the merry crew of the Victory, for we are all dry as devils.—If you desire to see indeed a dinner, under the delusive name of luncheon, endeavour to get access to a popular preacher between sermons. By that porter-jug he is a deep divine.—Why, a man cannot be expected to make even a tolerable appearance on the scaffold, without a couple of rolls and of eggs to breakfast on the morning of execution. Let no man be so rash as to be hanged on an empty stomach.—Then at Funerals, watched ye ever the chief-mourners! How they do tuck in the cold ham, and the pigeon-pie, and the round! Sorrow is dry; and that fact, in the philosophy of the human mind, accounts for all these empty barrels. Never shall we forget the Funeral of the Chisholm!

To return to the Tent of Achilles. There sit Ulysses, and Ajax, and old Phœnix, hungry as hawks, though two hours ago we saw them preying in Agamemnon's Pavilion.

> " The guests then feasted, and the banquet o'er,
> When satiate, thirst and hunger claim'd no more," &c.

Thirst and hunger—observe—on a full stomach! And now, after that second most successful supper, when " their leathern sides are stretched almost to bursting," Ulysses has the face to say to Achilles,

> " But now we seek not feasts!!"

Take the entertainment in the Tent—from first to last—and it is a noble one. Where saw ye ever Three such Men-cooks as Achilles, Patroclus, and Automedon? Lo! the son of Thetis—the goddess-born—with the spit in his " inaccessible hands!" Redder is his fine face in the kitchen-fire, than it ever was flaming in the van of victorious battle. Is that an apron? And now from Cooks the Three Princes become Waiters. Achilles is his own Butler.

How much more state in the simplicity of these natural manners, than in the pomp of ours, where all is artificial! A modern entertainment is made mean by menials. It cannot bear description—nothing more contemptible than a horse-shoe table, however august the guests, lined with flunkies at a great city-feast. Compare with this repast of heroes, in the tent of Achilles, that given to four of the great European monarchs some dozen years ago in Guildhall, at which, if we mistake not, presided the Lord Mayor of London! It is Blackwall, we think, who says, that we read with delight all Homer's most minute descriptions of the houses, tables, and way of living of the ancients; but, on the contrary, that when we consider our own customs, we find that our first business, when we sit down to poetise in the higher strains, is to unlearn our daily way of life; to forget our manner of sleeping, eating, and diversions; we are obliged to adopt a set of more natural manners, which, however, are foreign to us; and must be like plants raised up in hot-beds or greenhouses, in comparison with those which grow in soils fitted by nature for such productions. Nay, so far, he continues, are we from enriching poetry with new images drawn from nature, that we find it difficult to understand the old. We live within doors, covered from nature's face; and passing our days supinely, ignorant of her beauties. We are apt to think the similies taken from her low, and the ancient manners mean or absurd. But let us be ingenuous, and confess, that while the moderns admire nothing but pomp, and can think nothing great or beautiful but what is the produce of wealth, they exclude themselves from the pleasantest and most natural images that adorn old poetry. State and form disguise men; and wealth and luxury disguise nature. Their effects in writing are answerable; a lord-mayor's show, or grand procession of any kind, is not very delicious reading, if described minutely, and at length; and great ceremony is at least equally tiresome in a poem, as in ordinary conversation. So far Blackwall—and he writes like a philosophic gentleman.

But Ajax gives the sign to old Phœnix—and Ulysses, crowning his cup with wine, drinks to Achilles, and, on his legs, volunteers a speech. Let the wily orator stand there for another month or so—and then we shall listen to his eloquence, and give a fine specimen of it from Sotheby, and " the rest."

FAMILY POETRY. NO. II.

MY LETTERS.

"*Litera scripta manet.*"—Old Saw.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there's no appearance,
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here at least I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er, "in such a day as this,"
Would Dido, with her woes oppressed,
Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have staid at home, like me,
And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea;
—On days like this one can't be tender.—

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table—
Bring that portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able.—

First, here's a card from Mrs Grimes,
"A Ball!"—she knows that I'm no dancer—
That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

"Dear Jack,
Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,
Henry Gibbs."
Why, z——ds!
I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my cousin, Sophy Daw,
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses.
"The cat has kitten'd in 'the draw,'
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses."

From Sam, "The Chancellor's motto"—nay,
Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
"Pro Rege, Lege, Grege"—aye,
"For king read mob!" Brougham's old *erratum.*

From Seraphina Price—"At two—
Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir."
Two more, because I did not go,
Beginning "Wretch!" and "Faithless monster!"

"Dear Sir,
This morning Mrs P,
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby;

" We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand"——Five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd call'd it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames, and drown'd it.

What have we next? A civil Dun,
" John Brown would take it as a favour"—
Another, and a surlier one,
" I can't put up with *sich* behaviour."

" Bill so long standing,"—" quite tired out,"—
" Must sit down to insist on payment"—
" Call'd ten times!"—here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and in—
—form Mr Snip he needn't " call" so,
But, when his bill's as " tired of standing"
As he is, beg 'twill " sit down" also.

This from my rich old uncle, Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present,
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid Nelly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at School,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle—
Another from that precious fool
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

" If you was in the puddle," how
I should rejoice that sight to see!—
" And you were out on't, tell me now
What that same puddle then would be?"

" D'ye give it up?" Indeed I do!
Confound these antiquated minxes,
I won't play " *Billy Black*," to a " *Blue*,"
Or Œdipus to such old Sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent, to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King,
" I'll burn them b——y stacks down, blow me!
Yours, most sincerely,
Captain Swing."

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I'll " execute a few commissions"
In Bond Street, " when I go that way,"

And " buy at Pearsal's, in the city,
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses,
Colour no matter—so it's pretty;
Two hundred pens——" two hundred curses!

From Mistress Jones: " My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you *just step* to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?

"And then, perhaps, you will as well see
The poor dear fellow safe to school,
At Dr Smith's, in Little Chelsea?"
Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: "Dear sir, you know,
You promised me last week a Rebus,
Or something smart and *apropos*
For my new Album?" Aid me, Phœbus!

"My hint is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be!

"Were I but what my Whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal,
You'd cry, 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal!'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon,
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on!"

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—stay—
"Reform demanded by the nation!
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail!"—aye,
By Jove, a blessed *Reformation!!*

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose,—
Or no—the filly—she's the fleeter;
The devil take the rain—Here goes—
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter!

HOMER'S HYMNS.

I.

THE POEM OF PAN.

Sing me a song about Pan,
Cloven-foot Capricorn, son
And darling of Hermes; who frisking it ran
O'er woody cragg'd Pisa, in fun,
And frolic, and laughter, with skipping nymphs after
Him shouting out—Pan—Pan.

Pan, merry musical Pan,
Piping o'er mountainous top,
Rough-headed, shaggy, and rusty like tan,
Dancing where'er the goats crop,
The precipice round, as his hoofs strike the ground,
With their musical clŏp—clŏp.

Pan is the lord of the hills,
With their summits all cover'd with snow;
Pan is lord of the brooks, of the rivers, and rills,
That murmur in thickets below;
There he saunters along, and listens their song,
And bends his shagg'd ears as they flow.

Where the goats seem to hang in the air,
And the cliffs touch the clouds with their jags,
Sometimes he hurries and leaps here and there,
Skipping o'er white-shining crags,
And quick to descry, with his keen searching eye,
Bounds after the swift-footed stags.

Pan drives before him the flocks,—
To shades of cool caverns he takes,
And gathers them round him; and under deep rocks
Of the reeds his new instrument makes;
And with out-piping lips he blows into their tips,
And the spirit of melody wakes.

Pan mighty wonders achieves
With his capriciosos, preferr'd
To the honey-tongued nightingale, hid in the leaves
When her out-pouring 'plaining is heard.
For Pan, sweet musician, with grace and precision,
Pipes far sweeter notes than the bird.

As the swift-footed nymphs round the fountains
Encircle the dark-welling spring,
And mock-loving echo bears off to the mountains
And throws back the music they sing—
Sly Pan he comes peeping, and daintly creeping
Adroitly bounds into the ring.

O'er his back is the skin of the lynx,
And he leads with a pleasant constraint
The nymphs to a soft meadow perfumed with pinks
That the crocus and hyacinth paint;
And there he rejoices in all their sweet voices,
Rehearsing their chronicles quaint.

They sang of Olympus the blest,
And the gods in that heavenly hall,
And of Hermes Inventor, much more than the rest,
Who was chosen the herald of all.
How seeking Cyllene, his own fair demesne, he
Drove goats as a goatherd to stall.

Upon Arcady's stream-gushing rocks
Descended, he chanced to behold
As he went into service, and tended the flocks,
Fair Dryope's tresses of gold;
And the passion excited was duly requited,
For she too was not very cold.

She bore him a wonderful son,
Goat-footed, capricorn rough,
With a strange visage curl'd into laughter and fun,
And indeed it was frightful enough:
For the nurse, in dismay, ran shrieking away,
When she saw the babe bearded and bluff.

But Hermes he dandled the boy,
And thought him the merriest imp,
He feather'd his ankles with infinite joy,
For he was not the godhead to limp;
Then he wrapp'd him up snug in a hare-skin rug,
And away he went up to Olymp.

Jupiter sat not alone,
But his time with his deities whil'd,
When Hermes arrived and sat down at his throne,
Look'd round to their worships and smiled,
Then his bundle untied, and pleasantly cried,
"Look ye all at my beautiful child!"

Raptures affected the gods,
(On earth we should say to a man,)
And Bacchus the most: winks, gestures, and nods
Put in motion the whole divan.
'Twas a **panto*-mime to the gods sublime
So they gave him the name of Pan.

Pan, Pan, merry Pan—
Pan, the dispenser of mirth,
With thy horn, and thy hoof, and complexion of tan,
Still deign to visit this earth.
And thy praise shall be long, though short is the song,
That has told of thy wond'rous birth.

---

* Because he pleased πασι, saith the original.—*All* being no play on the word *Pan*, I have chosen a word that has, and perhaps somewhat expresses the same idea.

THE RIVER NIGER—TERMINATION IN THE SEA.

LETTER FROM JAMES MACQUEEN, ESQ.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Last autumn you received an article from me containing a review of Clapperton's last, Lander's first, and De Caillé's late travels in Africa, together with such farther information as I had obtained relative to the termination of the great river Niger in the Atlantic Ocean. This article was in types, and was to have appeared in your September Number, along with a corrected map of the course and termination of the Niger. The length of the article, and the way in which your columns have been occupied with important political discussions, have hitherto prevented the appearance of my communication in your widely circulated publication. I am now, however, better pleased that it should stand over till the publication of Lander's new work as the whole subject of African geography can then be more satisfactorily brought forward in one view, that enterprising traveller having just arrived in England, with the confirmation, from personal research and ocular demonstration, of the important geographical fact, which, from long and patient enquiry, and from good authority, (authority which *has not been*, because it could not be, *contradicted*,) I had so often, and so many years ago, laid before the public.

Justice to myself and justice to the important subject, however, require of me at this moment to draw, and as shortly as possible, the attention of the public to the facts concerning this case.

Sixteen years ago, I pointed out in a small treatise, published in this city, that the Niger terminated in the Atlantic Ocean in the Bight of Benin and Biafra, and it is exactly eleven years since I laid before his Majesty's government, in the several public departments, a memorial, accompanied by a map, upon a very large scale, pointing out the important fact, and shewing the course of the Niger and its principal tributary streams through the interior of Northern Africa, downwards to the Atlantic Ocean. This memorial also went into the commercial advantages which this country might obtain by planting a settlement on the island of *Fernando Po, a healthy and commanding position* as a commercial *depot*, to carry on trade with the interior of Africa, by means of the navigable stream of the Niger, and it offered to bring forward a commercial company ready to undertake the work. The pernicious influence, however, exercised by Sierra Leone, baffled the commercial object then had in view. In the following year, 1821, I published a small volume, accompanied by a map upon a reduced scale, shewing the course and termination of the Niger, with my authorities for the same, and also at considerable length pointed out the trade and commerce which was carried on by the nations of the interior with the Moors and Arabs across the Great Desert, the trade with the Europeans on the south-western shores of Africa, and also the trade and commerce carried on by the nations of the interior amongst themselves. This volume was published by Mr Blackwood, Edinburgh. In June, 1826, and subsequent to the appearance of Denham and Clapperton's Travels, I inserted in your Magazine an article correcting the geography of the courses of the rivers in Eastern Sudan, about which I had felt some doubt and difficulty in the volume alluded to, while the travels of our countrymen just mentioned, enabled me more clearly to demonstrate the passage of the Niger southward to the Atlantic, with only this difference, that the bed of the stream in its southern course, was, as I suspected in my first publication, about a degree and a half more to the westward, than it had there been laid down. I had, as I have already mentioned, prepared last autumn another article, accompanied by a corrected map, on a reduced scale, with the addition of some rivers and places which Clapperton's last, and Lander's first journey enabled me then to lay down, and the map is now given with this letter. This map will give the reader a correct idea of the course and termination of the river Niger, and several of its tributary streams through Northern Central Africa, and, consequently, render any lengthened narrative on these points, by me, at this moment unnecessary. I think it right, however, to state, that I had, many years ago, received from different individuals, who had traded up the rivers in the Delta of Benin, to a considerable distance, positive information, that these rivers communicated with each other by numerous branches, and that the whole were only branches of *one great river*, which descended from the northward; and down which stream, these informants told me, large canoes, carrying a great quantity of merchandise, and a great number of people, descended from interior countries, distant *one*, *two*, and *even three months' journey*, and with which natives they were in the constant habit of carrying on a considerable trade, by bartering European goods for African productions, while the foreign slave-traders received almost all the slaves they exported from Africa, at the trading stations on the mouths of the different rivers in the Delta, to which stations these slaves had been brought down from distant countries in the interior, and chiefly by a water conveyance.

It is with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that I find all the labours and researches, and they were neither few nor light, which I undertook to demonstrate the truth, and establish the fact, that the long-sought and great River Niger terminated in the Atlantic Ocean, has been within these few days confirmed beyond the possibility of cavil or dispute; and also, that it runs through that portion of Africa where I had delineated its course to be; and no one can hail with greater satisfaction than I do, the arrival of the two brothers, Landers, with this pleasing intelligence, nor be more ready to render them the praise that is due to their enterprise and exertions.

It is painful to reflect upon the number of valuable lives which have been lost by clinging to erroneous theories, in endeavouring to solve this great geographical problem, which any one, who turned his eye to the Delta of Benin, and to the numerous rivers which enter the sea in that quarter, must have solved in a moment. It is humiliating and distressing in the extreme to a great commercial and maritime nation like this to have remained so long obstinately ignorant of the important fact, and to have wasted so much time and money as Britain has done, in attempting to do good to Africa by directing her energies and resources to the most unproductive, unhealthy, impolitic, and unprofitable parts of the coasts of Africa, while she forsook altogether the more productive and wealthy parts of the country, and that part of the African coast, from which alone any European nation can, with comparative safety and celerity, reach the more civilized, industrious, and wealthy parts of the interior of Northern Africa. But let us hope that a different course will now be pursued with energy, and by all the political strength and commercial resources which this country can put in operation.

With these observations, I shall proceed to take a short survey of the course and termination of the River Niger, and the advantages which its navigable stream can afford to the commerce of Africa, and which it will, I hope, speedily afford to the commerce of this country.

The branch of the Niger at present best known springs on the north-eastern side of the mountain called *Loma*, in 9° 15′ N. latitude, and 9° 36′ W. longitude, about 200 miles N.E. by E. of Sierra Leone, and eastward of the sources of the *Rohelle* and *Kouranko* rivers, which run into the inlet of the sea on which Sierra Leone is situated. From Loma the Niger, under the name of the *Joliba*, bends its course N.E. through *Sulimana* and *Kankan* to *Couroussa,* a town situated about 80 miles east from *Timboo,* where De Caillé, in his late journey, going eastward, crossed it, and found it, before the inundation commenced, to be 900 French feet broad, and 9 feet deep, with a current at the rate of 2½ miles per hour. The magnitude of the river at this place goes to prove that, between *Loma* and *Couroussa,* the Niger must have received a large tribute from the east, and which I conceive to be the *Coomba* or *Zamma* river, laid down in my first map, and which river is found to the N.W. of Ashantee, a considerable stream, running westward; and, as we find no rivers entering the sea on the Gold Coast, from the *Assine* river to the *Mesurado* river, so it is almost certain that the Coomba is a branch of the Niger. It is remarkable that Ptolemy brings a branch from the same quarter, while, in some very old and excellent Dutch maps, I find the higher course of the *Joliba* so laid down, and which, taking it to be the fact, will account for its great magnitude at *Couroussa,* within 100 miles of its reputed source.

De Caillé, after crossing the river, continued his journey S. E. about 180 miles to *Time,* and afterwards N. E. about 90 miles to *Tangoora,* crossing in his journey numerous large streams descending from the Kong chain, all running N. W. to the Niger, particularly one at a short distance from Couroussa named *Yandan,* 450 feet broad, and in his journey northward from *Tangoora* to *Jinne* he crossed several other rivers, all bending their course N.W. to the Niger. From Couroussa the Niger continues its course N. E. by *Kaniaba,* having previously, and a little below *Bourre,* received the *Tankisso,* (this stream was mistaken by *Mollien* for the parent branch of the *Ba Fing,* or Senegal,) a considerable river which rises a little to the west, and runs a little to the south of *Timboo.* From this junction the Niger pursues its course to *Bammako,* situated in 12° 48′ north latitude, and 3° 40′ west longitude, where Park, in his second journey, fell in with it, and found it in the early part of the wet season *one mile broad,* but still confined within its natural banks. From this place the Joliba continues its course nearly east by *Yamina, Sego,* and *Sansanding,* (here Park embarked upon it in his large canoe in his last journey,) to Jinne, where it appears to be divided into several branches, or else to receive from the N.W. some tributary streams.

Having visited Jinne, De Caillé embarked on the eastern branch, about 1200 feet broad, at *Cougallia,* and proceeded in a course nearly due north to *Timbuctoo* in a canoe of about 80 tons burden, and accompanied the greater part of the way by a fleet of nearly 80 sail of vessels of the same magnitude, loaded with goods. In his journey northwards he passed the lake *Dibbie,* the great magnitude of which surprised him exceedingly, and which stretches from east to west, instead of from north to south. In this lake I have reason to believe the Niger is joined by a river of very considerable magnitude flowing from the N. W., and called by the Moors and Negroes *Gozenzair* or *Wad-el-Fenij.* From Jinne to Timbuctoo, the banks of the river were low and marshy. Below Lake Dibbie the river generally was very deep, and from half a mile to a mile broad, with a considerable current. Although it was at the height of the dry season when De Caillé sailed down it, he found it larger than the Senegal at *Podor*, only 120 miles from the sea; in fact, says he, "THE SENEGAL IS BUT AN ORDINARY RIVER COMPARED TO THIS."

Near *Kabra*, the port of Timbuctoo, the Niger separates into two branches, the larger about *three-fourths* of a mile broad, bending its course E.S.E., and the smaller about 100 feet broad, but deep, taking its course E. by N. to Kabra. The celebrated city of Timbuctoo is about eight miles north from Kabra, and from the most accurate information which has as yet been received, stands in 17° 30′ north latitude, and 2½° east longitude. From Kabra the small branch of the Niger turns S. E. and joins the parent stream to the eastward, from which point we have reason to believe the Niger flows, in the general bearing of its course S. E. in an united stream, till it approaches Boussa, from which place its course is on the general bearing south, until it reaches the sea. From Timbuctoo to *Youri* we know very little of the Niger or the country around it, except from the journey of *Sidi Hamed*, who, as regards the river, describes it as a very large stream, and the further fact, that Park navigated it in safety to Boussa. At *Cabi*, above *Youri*, the Niger, which here assumes the name of *Quorra* or *Kowara*, is joined by a considerable river, and which rises to the east, and flows to the north of the city of *Saccatoo*, from which place the stream bends its course S. W. to the Niger at Cabi. At Boussa the Niger divides itself into three branches, two of which are filled with rocks and rapids, but still passable by vessels; and the other, called *Menai*, where Park was lost, is a deep still-running stream. Boussa is situated in 6° 11′ east longitude, and 10° 14′ north latitude, and consequently about 420 British miles, in a direct line from the sea, at the mouth of the Bonny river. Boussa is an island formed by the Niger. At a short distance below Boussa the Niger unites in one stream, represented by Clapperton to be a quarter of a mile broad in the dry season. The magnitude of the Niger above Timbuctoo, and its magnitude in the Delta of Benin, as compared to what it is represented to be, near Boussa, naturally excites surprise, and can only be accounted for, if the width given be correct, *which, however, I much doubt*, from the greater rapidity of its current over the rapids, which are found in this part of its course. Thus we see the great river Congo, which above and below the cataracts is from four to five miles broad, reduced at the great cataract to the width of only fifty yards!!

From Boussa, the Niger proceeds south by Nyffe, and is joined in this part of its course by several considerable rivers both from the east and from the west, to *Fundah*, a celebrated town situated to the eastward of *Katungah*, the capital of *Yarriba*. The river above Fundah (here several miles broad) bends for a short space to the east, turned aside, perhaps, by the granite hills of Yarriba. At Fundah, the Niger is joined by a large river from the east, and which more probably is the *Coodonia*, or *Kadania*, mentioned by Lander in his first journey as descending and receiving several other important streams which descend from that elevated land and chain of high hills which commence to the south of Kano, in the meridian of 11 degrees east longitude, and which hills stretch SSE. to the high mountains of *Mandara*, the mount *Thala* of Ptolemy; and which elevated chain just mentioned intervenes between the river *Shary* and the Lake *Tchad*, thus dividing the waters which flow from the S. and S. E. in the Shary, and from the west in the river *Yeou* into that lake, from the waters which springing in the chain mentioned, flow westward and southwestward to the Niger. About Fundah, also, I cling to the belief, that the Niger is joined by a great river descending by Mount

Thala, from the *Mountains of the Moon.* From Fundah, the river bends its course south through Benin, in which country, and probably about 7 degrees of north latitude, it separates into numerous branches, the principal of which are the *Rio de Formosa,* certainly the parent stream which enters the sea in the Bight of Benin, and the *Bonny,* and *New Calabar* rivers, which flow to the SE., to the sea nearly opposite the Island of Fernando Po. These rivers, as we shall presently see, are of great magnitude.

From the Bight of Benin to the Bight of Biafra no fewer than twenty rivers enter the sea through this alluvial Delta, which is completely flooded to a great distance from the sea, during the swell of the rivers in the rainy season. The Rio de Formosa is three and a half British miles broad at its mouth, where there are two bars of mud with thirteen feet water on each. Upwards in its course it spreads to a breadth of four miles, and is four or five fathoms deep, throwing off numerous branches to the SW., S. and SE. and on every large branch, to the WNW., which joins the sea near Lagos. From Rio de Formosa to Cape Formosa, six rivers, each of considerable magnitude, enter the sea. The *Rio dos Forcados* is the largest of these. Its mouth is the first to the south of the Rio de Formosa. South of it is the large lake called *Warree.* Passing Cape Formosa we have six rivers (the first and nearest the Cape is the river *Nun,* by which the Landers descended to the sea), which enter the sea before we come to the great outlet of the New Calabar and Bonny rivers, which join the sea by four different mouths, the principal of which is *eleven miles broad,* and very deep, with a large bank of sand on the west point, on which, though the water is thirty feet deep, the breakers are fearful, owing to the prodigious force of fresh water which here encounters a powerful current in the sea. Eastward we find a great inlet of the sea, at its mouth twelve miles broad, extending north nearly 100 miles, and which is joined by *Cross* river coming from the NW., and certainly a branch of the Niger; and by the *Rio Elrei* river and Old Calabar river both descending from the high lands to the sea eastward; but which have, I believe, no communication with the Niger.

I have thus, and as concisely as possible, brought before the reader the course and termination of this mighty stream, which has baffled the researches of the learned and the curious for nearly three thousand years. Its course in the general bearings of the line of its bed will, from Loma to Bonny river, be nearly two thousand six hundred British miles, without reckoning any thing for the length of the *Coomba,* probably the parent stream. Of this course we know it is navigable, and has been navigated from Couroussa to the sea a distance of about two thousand five hundred miles. The countries round its banks are in general very populous. The inhabitants are comparatively industrious, and to a certain extent advanced in civilisation, and they are moreover great traders, and anxious to engage in trade. The supply of European articles which they receive is principally obtained from the Moors and Arabs, after tedious and very expensive and dangerous journeys across the Great Desert, which so enhances the price that few can purchase; but the water communication, by means of the Niger, will so greatly reduce the price, that it will render the consumption of European articles much more extensive; while the supply of firearms, and other munitions of war, which the nations in the interior will by this means, and by this communication, receive, will speedily enable them to repel the fierce inroads of the *Fellatahs,* and other wandering Moorish tribes who dwell on the southern borders of the Great Desert, and there live by plundering the caravans and the peaceable and more industrious nations of the south, which pernicious inroads retard and always will retard the civilisation of the interior of Africa. In giving the future trade with the interior its proper and natural course, namely, upwards from the Delta of Benin, by means of the Niger, and its tributary streams, considerable and serious impediments will no doubt for a time be thrown in the way by the ignorance and avarice of the chiefs, and the people composing and ruling the numerous states into which Africa along the Niger is unhappily disjointed, but these difficulties and impediments will be gradually removed; while at their outset, and in their greatest strength, they cannot for a moment be compared to the more vexatious impediments and terrific dangers which accompany the march of the trader through the bands of the ferocious and half starved Moors and Arabs who rove through the Great Desert, and live by plundering the ill-fated travellers who cross it. At any rate, it is by means of the water communination now laid open, that the interior of Africa ever can be benefited by its intercourse with the civilized nations of Europe, or that these civilized nations of Europe ever can materially extend their trade with, and the consumption of European articles in the interior of Africa.

The exports and imports into the interior of that country across the Great Desert, and from the sea-coast in the Bight of Benin and Biafra, amount annually, as near as I have been able to calculate, to nearly two millions sterling imports, and of exports to a greater amount; the former consisting chiefly of the coarser and of some fine articles of British manufactures and produce, and more especially, and which are more eagerly coveted than the rest, articles necessary for domestic purposes, and for the cultivation of the soil, trade, navigation, and war, while the exports from Africa in return consist of gold-dust and various articles of raw produce of great value and importance in carrying on the different branches of our manufactures. At this moment when so many markets are shut against us, and so many more are rendered so unproductive, the trade to which I have alluded is of great importance to this country to look after, as by perseverance and judicious management, the greater portion thereof, increased and increasing, would unquestionably fall into our hands. I am, &c.

James M'Queen.

Glasgow, 18*th June*, 1831.

" At the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday last, (13 June,) Mr Barrow read a short notice from the chair, of the Messrs Landers' recent journey in the interior of Africa. Mr Barrow began by saying, that, at one time, he had hoped to be able to lay a short paper on this subject before the Society at its present meeting, with a sketch of the route followed; but having only obtained the original documents that very day at four o'clock, this was necessarily deferred. In the meantime, referring to the map in Captain Clapperton's last journey, he could state, generally, that Mr Lander and his brother had landed at Badagry, and proceeded, nearly in the tract formerly followed, to Boussa on the Niger, and afterwards to Youri, which they found to lie considerably farther north than is laid down in the map, and nearly west, as they were told, of Soccatoo. They had thence proceeded up as far as the river Cubbie, a considerable tributary which passes Soccatoo, and another town to the eastward called Cubbie, and falls into the Quorra, or Niger, a little way above Youri; and on this they had embarked on their downward voyage. Shortly after reaching Funda, the last point laid down in Captain Clapperton's map, they found the river make a bold sweep to the east, being here from five to six miles wide, and in other places it was even broader; it thence turned south-east, and circled round to south, receiving in its course another accession in the Shary, as it was called, a river from three to four miles wide, coming from the east; but which must not be confounded with the river of the same name visited by Major Denham, and which falls into Lake Tchad. (It is likely that the word Shary, or some similar word, is a generic term for river, water, or something of this kind, and that both these streams have their origin in high land interposed between them.) After receiving the Shary the Niger is still further deflected, running to the south and west, till at last it expands into a considerable lake, from which the river Nun, which Mr Lander descended, and probably several other rivers that enter the great bay of Benin in its neighbourhood, issue at different points. In descending the Nun, which is not above three hundred yards wide, the travellers were attacked by a furious party of natives; and, being taken prisoners, lost all their effects, with some portion also of their respective notes; but, providentially, what one was deprived of, the other was enabled, to a considerable extent, to preserve; so that, between the two, the joint narrative is nearly complete. From the point, then, where Mr Park first embarked, in 1805, this noble river has now been traced above two thousand miles, in the very heart of Africa; and, in Mr Lander's opinion, it is navigable for a great portion of the distance by small steam-boats. The natives, also, in the interior, are eager to see more of us; and they are even already so far advanced in civilisation as to make a trade with them worthy of pursuit. The greatest obstacles are the still existing slave-trade near the mouth of the river, and the hostile feelings which our attempts to put an end to it have excited in the deluded population there. Palm oil is, as yet, the only other equivalent for their supplies which they have been able to produce; and they naturally look forward with extreme dislike to the prospect of the market for their other and more valuable object of barter being still further curtailed. They are, in a word, the anti-machinists of the African world, and do not like to see the demand contract for manual labour. *Mutato nomine, de nobis ipsis fabula narratur.*"

[We have given the above extract from the Literary Gazette, containing a sketch by Mr Barrow of the discoveries of the Brothers Lander, as it exhibits, in a striking light, the extraordinary sagacity of our able correspondent. It is well known to all who have taken an interest in the attempt made to ascertain the geography of Northern Africa, that for many years Mr Macqueen has striven strenuously, in opposition to Mr Barrow in the Quarterly Review, and others, to prove that the Niger terminated in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Bight of Benin and Biafra. The question is set at rest by the grand achievement of these intrepid men; and we do not doubt that Mr Barrow will take the first opportunity of doing ample justice to the great knowledge and powers of reasoning exhibited by Mr Macqueen in his numerous writings on this controversy. One of the numerous mouths of the Niger should certainly be called the "Macqueen." C. N.]

Printed by Ballantyne and Company, Paul's Work, Edinburgh

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIII. AUGUST, 1831. VOL. XXX.
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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.
SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIII. AUGUST, 1831. VOL. XXX.

PART I.

UNIMORE, A DREAM OF THE HIGHLANDS,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

VISION FIRST.

MORVEN.

MORVEN and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disk
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,
Tender and delicate exceedingly,
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,
Lies the new-woke and undisturbed earth,
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of Prime.
No object in creation now looks dead.
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom, and furze and fern
Have all a lifelike semblance in the hush,
So strong is the expression of their joy;
Alive appears each solitary tree,
Half-tree, half-shrub, birch with its silver stem,
And hazel azure-hued; with feeling smiles,
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,
That budding brake; and these wild briers enwreath'd
With honey-suckles wild, brimful of life,
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill
The air with odours, by short-sleeping bee
Already visited; though not a bird
Within the nested foliage more than stirs,
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.
There within one small round of greensward set
Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all,
In their own sweetness and simplicity;
With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook
An inexhaustible hoard of primroses,
Heap'd up by spring for the delight of morn,
Miser at once and prodigal; here steep'd,
And striped and starred in colours manifold,
Mosses that 'twould be sin to tread upon;
And lo! the white mist lying like a dream,
Motionless almost, yet the while ascending
With gradual revelation of the desert

Brightly and balmily swimming far and wide,
And yet the spirit of its character
Varying not altering, as the circle spreads
Serener and more spacious;—Like the Land
Where old songs say the Silent People dwell,
And aye one Creature with a Christian name
Attends the Fairy Queen, by her beloved
O'er all Elves else, though spite of all that love,
Oft is her seven years' sojourn dimm'd with tears
Shed for their sake who, since the fatal hour
That saw their daughter spirited away,
Have little done but wander up and down
Wondering and weeping, or upon the brae
Whence she evanished, with their faces plunged
In both their hopeless hands, sit side by side,
Far from all human ken, from morn till night,
And all on through the moonlight starriness,
Without once knowing that there is a sky.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
In front is not the Scene magnificent?
Through the mist partly broken into fragments
Fleecelike, and partly roll'd voluminous
Higher and higher up what now is seen
To be a range of mountains, blind-faced cliffs
And hoary crags and blasted stumps look out
Strangely, and all as if they were alive,
From midst of that disparting glamoury;
While from yon indistinct and dubious gloom,
Even-now as sable as a mass of night,
Softening and brightening into woodiness
A shadowy slope with loveliest lights bestrewn,
(For see! the Sun is in ascension,)
Emerges an old Forest. Haunt, no doubt,
Of many a silvan shy, thick-spotted Roe,
And Red-deer vagrant from the stony heights
Below the Eagle's eyry; single trees,
Each in itself a grove, at intervals
Gigantic towering o'er a race of giants,
Illustrious in the yellow glow of Morn.
And now the mists from earth are clouds in heaven;
Clouds slowly castellating in a calm
Sublimer than a storm; while brighter breathes
O'er the whole firmament the breadth of blue,
Because of that excessive purity
Of all those hanging snow-white palaces,
A gentle contrast, but with power divine.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
A multitudinous sea of mountain-tops;
And lo! th' uneyeable sun flames up the heavens.
Broad daylight now through all the winding glens
Is flowing riverlike, but with no sound;
And there are goings-on of human life
In hut and shieling and in woodland-bower,
On the green pastures and the yellow sands;
And from the high cliff the deer-stalker sees
And hears the coble of the fisherman
Glancing and clanking, as she scarcely seems
To move o'er the still water sleepily,
From her stern almost level with the light
Letting her long net drop into the sea.

Harmonious all as music! For the soul,
Creative in the power of her delight,
Painter and Poet, though she knows it not,—
Believing all that crowd of images
That o'er the mountains swarm or on the main
To appertain by their appropriate right
To dead insensate Nature, while in truth
From the divinity within us born,
From life to death they fluctuate evermore,—
Mistakes her inward thoughts for outward things,
And erring in her blest simplicity,
By dreams thus glorifies the universe!

Morven! this magic lies upon thee now.
Imagination, she it is who bathes
With blue celestial as an angel's eyes
Thy cloud-sustaining depths which she calls Heaven!
By many an intermediate link of thought
She joins that frowning Family of Rocks
In strange relationship, till on the edge
Of the flat moor, that moss-enshrouded Cairn,
Where heroes that once fought with Fingal sleep,
Is felt one with the skyey pinnacle
Round which that speck—it is an eagle—soars.
Silent in nature all thy waterfalls,
For distance makes them dumb as wreaths of snow;
But in Imagination's ear they sound
Thundrous for ever in the wilderness.
Where now are all thy rivers? In black woods
Night-hidden flow they through the blazing morn,
Or their imprison'd foam is only seen
By the fleet merlin shrieking 'twixt the crags
That topple o'er the turmoil far below.
But she beholdeth and she heareth all
The dazzling and the din, the flowing peace,
The leaping fury; hers the glory, when
Sunshiny rivers set the straths on fire;
And hers the gloom, when sullen as the grave
Their blackness bears upon its serpent bulk
No image, but of the huge thunder-cloud
That makes the earth as grim as its own heaven.

Morven belongs now wholly to the Morn;
And morn's sole sovereign, the almighty Sun,
Surveys his kingdom with a regal eye,
On the blue, broad, and braided firmament
Throned, while his cloud-retinue hovering hangs
In idol-worship round the fount of light—
King call him not, he is indeed a God!

Look o'er the edge of the bare precipice!
Forgotten are the mountains; and your heart
Quakes and recoils, as dizzying down and down
Ventures your eyesight, often shut in fear,
Nor daring to become familiar
With that strange world withdrawing from your gaze,
Most awful in its still profundity,
Nor of this steadfast earth! Why tremble so?
Hold by the rock, lest wild imaginings
Do tempt you headlong o'er the battlements
Plumb down to undiscoverable death.
Unto the bottom of that blind abyss,
What a terrific distance from the sky!

There might the floating eagle's self feel fear!
But, look again, and with a steadied gaze;
And lo! the dangerous is the beautiful,
The beautiful indeed the true sublime.
What an abyss of glorious poetry!
All that seem'd mist and vapour like a shroud
In the dim dawning and the clearing morn,
In daylight is pure air. No—'tis not air,
Transparent though it be, and glimmering too
As gossamer by heat spun out of light,
A fine web yielding to the insect's wing;
The solid earth was ne'er so shadowy—
It is—it is—the liquid element
An arm of the great Sea!
A Highland Loch!
Loch-Sunart! who, when tides and tempests roar,
Comes in among these mountains from the main,
'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape
And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray;
And while his thunders bid the Sound of Mull
Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays
Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along
The mad mid-channel,—all as quiet they
As little separate worlds of summer dreams,—
And by storm-loving birds attended up
The mountain-hollow, white in their career
As are the breaking billows, spurns the Isles
Of craggy Carnich, and green Oronsay
Drench'd in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops driven,
And ivyed stones of what was once a tower
Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering might
In the long reach between Dungallan caves
And Point of Arderinis ever fair
With her Elysian groves, bursts through that strait
Into another ampler inland sea;
Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence,—
And potent is she though so meek the Eve,—
Down sinketh wearied the Old Ocean
Insensibly into a solemn calm,—
And all along that ancient burial-ground,
(Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
Its own eternal quiet to the waves,
Restless no more, into a perfect peace
Lulling and lull'd at last, while drop the airs
Away as they were dead, the first risen Star
Beholds that lovely Archipelago,
All shadow'd there as in a spiritual world,
Where time's mutations shall come nevermore!

In Prime of Day such now Loch-Sunart's sleep.
The Loch is there, but where the water-line
Is lying, that mysterious multitude
Of images in their confusion rich
Beyond the domes of sleep, pile below pile
Descending and descending, disarray
Fantastic were not the whole pomp sublime,
Conceals from sight, so that the beauty seems
All of one element, nor Wonder finds
An end of wondering, nor Love end of love,
Gazing together down the abyss divine.

Though none on earth, there is a breath in heaven,
That airy architecture all at once

Changes from palaces to ships; a fleet
With all sails set is waiting for the wind,
A fair wind to the isles of Paradise,
Bound thither for a freight of golden joys,
On hope's first voyage o'er the untried deep.
That fleet hangs still—but, lo! yon single ship
This moment hath slipp'd anchor, and with flags,
Like flying serpents that devour the air,
Brightening the blue above her snow-white wings,
As if a condor suddenly took flight
Boldly she beareth from the bay, her prow
Enamour'd of the orient, far away,
Out of sight almost, ere you think farewell,
And now sunk in the sun.
A dream! a dream!

VISION SECOND.

THE NAIAD.

Our waking is like sleep, our sleep like waking,
One undivided undisturb'd delight.
So let us visionaries on the plumes
Of our strong dream descend, and as we sink
In such sweet fear as only serves to give
A stronger power to fancy, admire the flowers
Rock-loving Spring doth sprinkle o'er the sides
Of the black precipice all the fathoms down
That vast abyss, profusely sowing them
In constellations round the merlin's nest.
The spirit knows no gross impediments
In dreams; but like a thing aerial
She sinks, and soars, and glides, and floats away
Delighted, her delight none witnessing,
O'er heaven and earth; nor doth she fear the depths
Of the old sunless sea, but visiteth
The kingdoms of the coral, whose groves need
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any light,
Alien to their own meteorous waves,
By night as clear as day; where under roofs
Of purple and of crimson, shining warm
Above the gentle yellow of the sands,
To Tritons trumpeting on wreathed shells
Their limb-electrifying melodies
The green-hair'd Nereids dance, and dancing sing
Songs heard by seamen on their midnight watch,
Who fondly dream it is the Mermaid's voice
Hymning their gallant ship, till fancy sees
The lovely creature sitting on a cape,
Just then a league-long line of moonshine streaming
All o'er some palmy isle, that, as a cloud
Eclipses the great planet, silently
Unnamed for ever sinks into the main.

Alighting on this small green circular mound
In this copse-wood, beside the broken roof
Of this deserted shieling, where of old
Some goatherd used to live, let us collect
Our scatter'd dreams, like rays, and pour them all
Into one splendour on Loch-Unimore!
And hath Loch-Sunart melted into air,
With all his capes and isles? No! in the sun

He lies beyond that mountain, many a league
Stretch'd far and wide in his magnificence;
But arms innumerous the sea-giant hath,
And each, in course of ages, for itself,
Has scooped a glen out of the living rocks,
By waves with tempests working and with tides,
And mountain-torrents, and one river large,
Preparing regions for the abode of calms;
And beauty no where owes to ocean
A lovelier haunt than this! Loch-Unimore!
A name in its wild sweetness to our ear
Fitly denoting a dream-world of peace!

A visionary Semblance of a Boat,
Its sails expanding on the sunshine! Lo!
A Boat it is—a Pinnace beautiful
As that in which of old Parthenopex
Sail'd to enjoy the Queen of Fairy Land.
There is a bright confusion of two boats
Hulls, masts, and sails and rigging; but a breeze
Comes rustling from the woods, and creeping blue
O'er the faint-agitated waters, now
There is but one, and she her wings doth shiver,
Impatient as a swan to stem the loch,
Away up to the far head of the glen.
Call her the NAIAD, for upon her prow
You see some cunning carver has contrived,
With the dark cedar of her polish'd deck
Quaint contrast, ivory Image of a Nymph
Bare to the waist, and veil'd her lightsome limbs
With sedges green, and water-lilies fair,
The large white leaves with delicate yellow tinged;
When bends the windward-beating bowsprit, plunged
In freshen'd beauty, like a living thing,
The lustrous Creature in the foam she loves.

Built was that Bark in some far foreign land;
So tells her fine and fairy workmanship,
And latine sails high-hoisted elegant;
Oft graceful gliding on her voyages
Of pleasure, music playing all the while,
New her light tackling, o'er the tideless sea
Mediterranean, that beholds with pride
A thousand cities glittering on her breast
By sunny calms beloved, and gentle gales,
In the perpetual absence of all storms.
Such child of sunny seas the NAIAD seems,
By some mysterious wafting hither borne
Into a Highland Loch of Caledon,
Without or crew or pilot, all unstain'd
By winds or waves the silver purity
Of her tall sails; no speck upon the glow
That runs along her sides in streaks of gold.

A stately figure on the beach, with plumes
High-nodding, and in garb majestical,
Such as a Chief upon the mountain wears,
When on commemorative festival
For some great battle fought and won, he moves
To many-echoed martial minstrelsy,
At head of his own Clan. Lightly on board,
Like one of the bold children of the deep,
Leaping, he for a moment eyes the sails

Cut with a master's skill, and raking masts,
With a proud smile; and then with mellow cheers
Uplifts the clouds, and over them lets loose
The meteors, just as tide-borne singing up
Comes the fresh sea-breeze with a flight of gulls;
And all at once escaping from the calm
Of which the Naiad was impatient,
With smooth glide first, and then with many a bound
Capricious, the gay Creature in her pride,
Along the woods flies right before the wind,
Steadying her motion to the beautiful,
On joyful Voyage of Discovery
Up that cliff-strait well to her Pilot known,
Who at the helm is sitting in a dream
Of infancy and boyhood, these sweet waves
Beyond all other waves that ever flow'd
By him beloved—his own Loch-Unimore.

Whence comes he? From the shadow of what isle,
Or city of the sea? For heretofore
That wild Bark never with these mountain winds
Dallied, nor in that sunshine stream'd aloft
Her bright emblazonry, with stars and moons
And crescents deck'd, and many symbols strange
Wrought in the changeful silk, whose colours fine
Their radiance shift to faintest shadows, wrought
Perchance by lovely lady's hands; for he
Who at the helm sits, is most beautiful
Of mortal men. So felt that Island-Queen,
Now pining many thousand leagues away,
For his ship unreturning, when she saw
Bearing majestic the Green Bough of Peace
That Form advance before his warriors,
And lay it at her feet; while all at once
From wonder love came thrilling; and to charm
The Prince of that Winged Palace, the Isle-Queen
Did lead herself the choral dances on,
In many a maze the graceful multitude
Swimming along below the torch-like stars,
And moon, in those climes a mild globe of fire;
Forgetful the Sea-Rover in the light
Of those voluptuous eyes, of all life else;
Nor ever came across the palm-tree-shade
Brighten'd with bliss, one solitary thought
Of a pale face by far Loch-Unimore!

On his own Loch once more the Chieftain sails;
And shifting oft her courses, (for one hour
In that great hollow, many-glen'd, the wind
Blows never from the same point steadily,)
The Naiad in the fiercening foam her prow
Buries, and deeply gunwale in, careers
In the blast's eye, contemptuous of the squall
That black as night and quick as lightning
Makes the spray spin above her fearless flags
That, as she stoops unto the hurricane,
One moment brush the billows, and the next
High up in air are streamering the sky.
That powerful helmsman holds the winds in fee;
They are his slaves, and in their howling rage
The Naiad in her beauty bear along,
Now on her starboard tack most beautiful

Scorning the shelter of the cliffs, and bright
As flying sunshine cross the loch that lies
Pitch-black, the very foam-wreaths sullenly
Expiring in the gloom that shrouds the waves.
In wonder on the gliding Glory gaze
Shepherd and huntsman on the hills—the eagle,
Poised miles-high mid the clouds, the NAIAD sees,
And rifle by the plumed helmsman's side;
While upward turns the Chieftain his proud eye
In search of the Bird-royal, as a scream
Directs it to a speck within the sun.
The spirit of the region fills with pride
The Chieftain's heart; for are they not his own,
Those dim blue glens, those shadowy mountains, all
Those radiant ranges of sun-smitten cliffs;
That meadow'd plain as green as emerald,
With its wide river, of the cataracts
Forgetful now, calm flowing to the loch,—
The loch, or call it what it is, the sea;
And lo! outstanding from that silvan height,
He hails the Castle of his ancestors,
And all its hoary towers.

The NAIAD glides
'Twixt two huge rocks, time immemorial call'd
The Giants; idle all at once her sails
Hang in the airlessness; around her masts
Drop down the twining flags; her bowsprit sheds
Asunder the soft branches on the bank
Of that deep bay, an amphitheatre
Of loveliest groves; already is she moor'd
To an old ivied stump, well-known of old;
But up to his own Castle of the Cliff
Why fly not the wing'd feet of Unimore?
It was but now he did affront the light
With forehead fierce in its ancestral pride
Beneath a Chieftain's plumes. But all at once,
Like deer by far-off hound-yell terrified,
He bursts into the wood. Sun-proof the Den,
All matted thick with briery tanglement
Like Indian Jungle where the Tiger growls,
That now doth harbour Morven's Mountain-Lord;
Sea-rover call him—Pirate—Bucaneir.
To bathe the burning forehead of remorse
In the chill water of some sunless fount,
Seeks he that savage penitentiary?

VISION THIRD.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

MERIDIAN reigns o'er heaven, and earth, and sea;
With a glad voice the streamy valleys sing
Their songs unto the mountains, and the crags
Fling down their joy into the dells profound;
The croaking raven happy up aloft
As on its broomy knoll the bleating lamb.
In their own world of breezy solitude
Float in fair flocks the gentle clouds along,
In changeful beauty of soft-shaded snow

That drops no flake, diffusing o'er the wide
Expanse of air and ether, all one blue,
Coolness delightful, such as ever dwells
Among the glades of an umbrageous wood.

But why so mournful Castle-Unimore?
One huge dark Shadow in the light, it seems
Disconsolate, as if its dreary towers
Would not be comforted, and in their woe
Of desolate desertion, sullenly
The sun repelling with a frown of scorn.
Tomblike it stands in its black grove of pines;
A grove that bears on its majestic growth
The silence and the storms of centuries;
Yet see! its plain-like summit half-way lies,
And hardly half-way, with its heronry
Between the rock-base and the battlements,
Breaking, but lessening not the regal height.

What aileth the old Castle? Not of yore
Thus was she wont, in the refulgent day
To look as gloomy as some burial-place,
As silent. Rising o'er the mountain-top
Oft did the Sun behold her glorious
With bright broad banners waiting for the wind,
And heard her pipes a-dinning mid the dawn
The Gathering of the Clans; while plaid and plume
Came issuing from the mists, and form'd array
Heroic, on the greensward esplanade
Flung up in front of all her iron towers
By some strong earthquake. Castle-Unimore
Was then the Heart of Morven, and it beat
So high in pride, that the remotest glens
Were gladden'd, and the deer upon the hill
Went belling fiercely, even as if they knew
Their forest chase belong'd unto a Chief
Whom all the Highlands loved, and chosen bards
Did celebrate, the Brave and Beautiful,
Of War the Whirlwind, and the Calm of Peace.

He died! Where? On the bloody sand. And how?
Thrust through by many bayonets—by hoofs
Trampled of that oft-charging cavalry,
That under cover of the cannonade
Came whirlwind-like among the clouds of smoke,
And laid a line of lofty plumage low
To wave no more, and many a noble face
All featureless and blind unto the sun
Left ghastly. With the Chieftain all his Clan
Perish'd, all but a few red broken waves
That tempest-driven, and scatter'd into spray,
Seem'd from the battle-sea to disappear!

The Lily of Lochaber,—so his Bride,
The morning she was brought by Unimore
To the bright glens of Morven, by the Clan
Had lovingly been named,—and still the name
Belong'd to her, though the tall stalk was broken,
The leaf pale, and flower faded,—hung her head,
Just like a lily trodden under foot,
That lives and still is fair among the moss,
But daily dimmer in its withering.

All fear'd that she would die; but from the dust
Springeth the crush'd flower, by pure dews benign
Encouraged and empower'd once more to face
The Sun, and wave her lovely locks in heaven.
Out of the Castle's long-unopen'd gate
Again she walked forth in her widowhood
Down the Great Glen up which she came a Bride,
And by her steps there walk'd the gallant boy
Call'd the Cliff-Climber, for his passion was
To be with the young eagles in the clouds.
Morven beheld again her Unimore;
And glad was she that for the scythe of War
That flower had been unripe, or on that day
In far-off fight he with his Sire had stood,
And with his Sire had fallen.
Years on years
Past by, and he became a stately Tree,
Conspicuous from afar, beneath whose shade
Sat Safety; and the Clan, to strength restored,
Round Castle-Unimore their battle-cry
Awoke again, and all their war-pipes yell'd,
Drowning the waterfalls, Revenge, revenge!
But a strange son was he of such a sire!
Moody and wild, and with large restless eyes
Coalblack and lamping, through the loneliest woods
He took to wandering by himself, by night
More than by day, and out of savage caves
Was sometimes seen to issue, when the storm
Mist-driving swept the howling precipice.
Different but undegenerate from his sires,
His soul was not with Morven. From her cliffs,
Like strong-wing'd Osprey looking out for prey,
Stone-still one moment, and the next light-swift,
He gazed afar, and wish'd those plumes were his
Which through the skies go sughing; that in him
Might be fulfilled the ancient prophecy
Sung by the Seer in the wilderness,
" That from his eyry built on Unimore,
(One name to castle, mountain, moor, and loch,)
Would fly forth the Sea-Eagle o'er the isles;
And home-returning after many suns,
Would fold awhile among his native cliffs,
Fresh-imp'd and full of flight his glorious wings;
Till driven away by some calamity
Cloud-hidden as the unborn hurricane,
His broad vans from the mountain-top uplifting
The Bird once more his airy life would wheel
Far o'er the sea-rim, and when ocean
Had girdled been by his victorious flight,
Return would he, dim generations dead,
And perish somewhere, all his plumage torn
And rotten in old age, among the cliffs
Whence first he shot and sounded through the sky!"

One summer-dawn all by himself he sail'd
Away in his small skiff, and never more
Was seen in Morven. Passion for the sea,
By the black billows and the hollow winds
Had on that Loch been blown into the heart
Of one by nature for adventures born
Perilous and far; and in delirium
Of wild imagination stormwards borne

Into the howling bosom of the Main,
The mountaineer no beauty in his glens
Saw, stretch'd afar in their still steadfastness;
But saw all beauty in the glens afloat
When seas are running mountains high, and ships
Descending and ascending gloriously,
Dallying with danger and in love with death.

Bound for an Indian isle, a ship of war
Sail'd, the Saldanha, and young Unimore
From the mast-head survey'd a glorious sea
With new stars crowded, lustrous far beyond
The dim lights of his native clime. His soul
Had its desire, when, blowing steadily,
The breezes of the tropics fill'd her sails
Propitious, and the joyful Vessel seem'd
At her own will to steer her own lone way
Along her own dominion; or when calms
Enchain'd her with her shadow in the sun,
As for a day of Sabbath rest,—or when
The black blast all at once her snow-white sails
Smote, till she laid her streamer'd glory down
Almost on level with the deep, then rose
Majestically back into the storm,
And through the roar went roaring, not a reef
Ta'en in, for well did the Saldanha love
To see the lambent lightning sport and play
Round her top-gallant, while a cataract
Of foam, split by her prow, went rolling by
Her flashing sides, and league-long in her wake
Tumulted the Ocean.

Many a widow'd tear
His Lady-Mother shed for him in vain.
For after dismal silence fill'd with dreams,
Uncertain rumours flew from port to port,
And penetrated, like the plague, to homes
Among the mountain-depths—She had gone down,
'Twas said, at sea, gone down with all her crew.
Drift-wood picked up upon the Indian shore
Told the Saldanha's death; and savages,
Fierce Malays, with their creases, boarding there
A native trader, other weapons shewed
That once belong'd to that ill-fated ship.
Rumours ere long were rife of mutineers
Scuttling the ship, and that her boats were seen
When she was sinking, making for the shore
In spite of all her shrieks—but dismal tales
Fly fast and far still gathering misery,
Reddening with fouler blood-streaks, till the eyes
Of horror have been feasted, and her ears
Sated with crime and death!
But never more
Was the Saldanha heard of, nor her crew—
Forgotten the lost ship with all her ghosts.

Nightlike blank blindness fell upon the soul
Of her the childless widow, black as death.
So lay she motionless for two long years,
Nor saw nor heard one living thing, the grave
Not stiller, nor the bones that lie therein.
But wondrous is the principle of life,

And she lived on. She breathed, and breathed, and breathed;
And sometimes from her hollow breast she drew,
So said the watchers, a heart-breaking sigh
From a heart broken, lengthening piteously
As if it ne'er would end. But some new change
Took place within her brain, and she awoke
One morning with unclouded memory,
And said, "I know our Unimore is drown'd!"

Then came long years of hope, of dismal hope,
Dying one day, and on another bright
As madness; for Imagination dreams
Of wild impossibilities, and Love
Will borrow for a time the eagle's wings
To sweep the isles and rocks, and finding not
What she seeks there, the long-lost beautiful,
Goes down into the caverns of the sea,
Commanding them to render up their dead.
So fared it with this lady—and a Ship
Sometime she saw come sailing up the Loch,
And call'd on all the Castle to behold
Her Unimore's return. Then with a smile
Pressing her pale hand on her forehead wan,
Of God she asked forgiveness, and knelt down
Into a sobbing prayer.
On tales she fed
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of boats
Like insect-covered leaves for weeks afloat
On the wide sea, all dropping one by one
The famish'd sailors, some delirious,
From the frail bark—and of more horrid dooms!
In all his shapes she madly cursed the sea;
Yet all the while Life held her Unimore.
The sea was innocent of his decease;
Falsely of that sin hath she accused the waves;
The shoals and rocks are guiltless, though they love
Beneath the vessel's keel to lurk, when she
Seems in immortal beauty sailing on,
Yet in the sunshine by the coral cliff
Smitten with sudden death. Her curses fall
In idle agony against the winds,
Though they the storm-proof cables vainly called
Do split like gossamer, when some anchor'd ship,
As by a sun-stroke smitten by a storm,
Drifts shorewards on to wreck; or by a cloud,
A lurid cloud, no bigger at the first
Than a man's hand,—for so in tropic climes
The threatening hurricano lours in heaven,—
Death-doom'd, ere Evening shews her golden star.

So dragg'd the dreary years. Sometimes in dreams,
As guilt knows well, and grief, and misery,
An apparition, like an angel, comes
Gliding from heaven, with her relieving hands
To lift the leaden burden from our breast;
When all at once her dewy eyes grow dim,
Fades her celestial face, her figure melts
Into thin air, and waking in our wo,
Our souls are more than ever desolate.
Even so with her who now bewail'd the dead!
Oft Resignation like an angel came,
Obedient to her prayer; but in an hour,

Unwilling any longer to abide
On earth with that poor child of misery,
With mournful beckonings she disappear'd
Away to heaven—and sometimes in the gloom,
Her aspect and her bearing underwent
To those distracted eyes a mortal change
At once into Despair!
O'er Morven's glen
Did Superstition breathe her misty dreams;
And all their phantoms into that dim faith
In which Love, Grief, and Fear will comfort find,
When Hope itself is buried in the sea,
By all the dwellers in the wilderness
Were passionately embraced. Nor think it strange
The Spiritual should have its separate worlds.
In the clear sun-bright and unhaunted sky
That canopies the common earth, it sees
All it believes; there seems no mystery
In blade or leaf, in dewdrop or in flower,
And our unquestioning souls are satisfied.
But through the outer air our arrowy eyes
Pierce, and Religion shews th' Invisible
To spirit more apparent than the earth,
Which spurning we forget, nor know it is;
And sometimes through those self-same regions goes
Imagination, on her own wild wings,
And with her own wild eyes disturbing all
She dreams or looks on, till with ghosts are rife
The visionary kingdoms of the air,
And God's dominion made most terrible;
To Superstition doth Religion turn,
Into a curse a blessing, or at best
A dreary, dim, delirious comforting,
In which the paths sublime of Providence,
That run in great lines, black, or bright, or broken,
Magnificent along the mighty sky,
Are brought down from the Region to the earth
Where we poor wretches crawl, and all confused
Into a moaning, mean bewilderment,
We cry, "Behold! believe the Scheme of God!"

No wonder, dreaming of her Unimore,
Of life, of death, of burial, of a corpse
Sunk in the sands or weltering on the waves,
Or in the desert dust a skeleton,
Or lying mangled with those beauteous limbs
Where round their great fires dance the cannibals;
No wonder the heart-broken maniac saw,—
And though she knew it not, at times she was
Indeed a maniac,—saw whatever sights
Her soul in its delirium chose to see;
That in recoil from its worst agonies
It sunk away in superstitious dreams
Idle and fond, yet not unlovely oft
And all aërial, nature's poetry
When Inspiration breathes on lonely Grief.
From Linnhe-Loch unto the Hebride isles
Strange tales were floating of young Unimore
Seen in his skiff by moonlight, all alone
But for one lady singing at his side:
Music that warbled like the voice of shells;
And wonder-loving Fancy called the Shape

Melodious in its fleeting beauty dim,
The Lady of the Sea!

O weak of faith!
Who, in that desolation of her soul,
Turn'd not to God, and to the Son of God,
And in their Word found joy. She turn'd to both,
Prostrate; but both refused to hear her cry.
From the deaf earth, and the remorseless sea,
Her misery now asked nothing; but of heaven
She asked for peace; and there did come from heaven
No answer; then she prayed imploringly
For death, and stronger in her bosom burned
The fire of life; all prayers were heard but hers;
Of all poor creatures she alone was left
To pine unpitied with a broken heart!
She clasped, she kissed, and when that she could weep,
With tears she washed the crucifix; but cold,
Oh! cold and hard to lip and bosom now
That image! whose dear touch, once so divine,
Did fill her soul with bliss ineffable.
Then of God's very being, and his Son's,
Doubt grew out of despair. The Merciful
Was but a name—a mockery; Jesus' self
A mortal man, no more; the Bible black
With drear delusion; and the narrow house
Appointed for all living, dismal name
The grave! what was it but an earthern dark,
Vain tears aye swallowing up, and vainer prayers,
Still drenched and still insatiate; from whose jaws
Ne'er shall the dust, misnamed a soul, arise.

O mortal man! whose troubled days are few,
And yet can hold within their little span
Unnumbered miseries; or with one wild wo,
As if it were a ghost no spell can lay,
Not even the cross of Christ, may day and night
Be haunted, till the dreariness of Time
Doth seem Eternity; condemn not her
Who in her sore distraction thus denied
Her Saviour! He beside the throne in heaven,
Did pity her for whom on earth He died,
And sent two Blessed Spirits at her bed
To minister! Of mortal mould were they,
But innocent as saints, as angels fair.
And when, out of the windows of the cell
Of its insanity, her stricken soul
Look'd on their heavenly faces and their eyes,
After a little while, dismay subsiding
Into sweet awe, and awe into delight,
And then delight into exceeding love,
It was made whole! Then did Religion,
Like a scared dove returning to her nest,
Glide back into the silence of her heart.
Into diviner holiness revived
All thoughts that had been holy, and all things
That had been sacred into sanctity
More sacred still; and, as upon her knees
Weeping she sank before the Crucifix
Between her daughters, so she still did call
The duteous beings, all the Saints in heaven
Rejoiced to hear them at their orisons.

VISION FOURTH.

THE SISTERS.

Two Spirits at the childless widow's bed,
Childless no more, have by the pitying heavens
Been sent to minister; and where do they,
In hut or shieling, in the central gloom
Of woods, or on the mountain's secret top
Now linger? With bright rays of happiness,
Kindling a fire upon the poor man's hearth,
Or lending lustre unto nature's light,
Unto her shade a sweeter pensiveness?
For life and nature love their presence; life
Relieved by the white hands of charity,
And nature in her desert places made
Beneath their eyes to blossom like the rose!

Lo! down the glen they come, the long blue glen
Far off enveloped in aërial haze
Almost a mist, smooth gliding without step,
So seems it, o'er the greensward, shadow-like,
With light alternating, till hand in hand
Upon a knoll, distinctly visible,
The sisters stand awhile, then lay them down
Among a weeping birch-tree's whisperings,
Like fawns, and fix their mild eyes steadfastly
Upon the clouded loch!
One face is pale
In its own pensiveness, but paler seems
Beneath the nun-like braidings of that hair
So softly black, accordant with the calm
Divine that on her melancholy brow
Keeps deepening with her dreams! The other bright,
As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy
Afloat, on her smooth forehead momently
Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes!
With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,
Stiller and stiller seems the spiritual world
That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond
New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,
And all embued with the deep hush of heaven.
There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter
Of stainless ether, in its purity
There a lone star! But other eyes are swimming
With such a lovely, such a loving light,
Breathed o'er their surface, imperceptible
The colour of the iris lost awhile
In its own beauty, and then all at once
Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud
Doth for a moment overshadow them,
Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,
And earth religious looking up to heaven
In unwill'd happiness; when Awe retires,
In some dim cave her mute solemnities
To lead along unwitness'd, and abroad
O'er hill and valley hymning as they go,
In worship of glad Nature, Joy and Love
Stand side by side upon the mountain-top.

Them roaming o'er the wilderness, the Bard
Whose genius gives unto his native glens
A beauty and a glory not their own,
Peopling the mists with phantoms, the wild Bard
Whom Morven, in her sacred memories
Dreaming of Ossian, aye will link with pride
To that great Son of Song, saw from the cliff
Whence, like an eagle from his eyry, he
Look'd in his inspiration far and wide
O'er the black heather in its purple bloom;
And in his many-measured odes and hymns,
To sunshine calms and storms of thunder-gloom
Did celebrate their virtues, and the Forms
In which they were enshrined—oh grief of griefs!
That Heaven should ever steal them from the earth!

"Like the May-Morning,"—so that Poet sang
In Gaelic lyrics untranslateable,—
"Is she the younger Sister, when the sun
With dropping flowers adorns his dewy hair;
And with a roseate robe of light, the God
Involves his silent feet how beautiful
Upon the mountains! She the while, his Bride,
Veil'd with fine shadows that may not conceal
Love blushes kindled by the genial eye
That overcomes all Nature, murmurs low,
As if awaking in her innocence
From sleep into a more delightful world
Than sleep e'er dreamt, a song that sounds at first
Like that of living water from some spring
Soft, softly welling, till her virgin fears
Becalm'd by her own gracious Luminary,
She unreluctant meets her lord's embrace
In their still cloud-pavilion, while from woods
And cliffs, and lochs and seas, fair flights of birds
Rise circling in the air around their bliss,
And the song-gifted, Nature's choristers,
In deep dells, half-way up the mountain-side,
All rustling restlessly, till earth and sky
Is music all, their hymeneal sing."

"Or look ye on the Rainbow"—so he sang
That wild-eyed bard, sole-sitting on his rock,
There haunted by all loveliest images—
"Oh! look ye on the Rainbow, in its first
Exceeding faintness, like a rising Thought,
Or a fine Feeling of the Beautiful,
An Evanescence! So you fear must be
The slight-tinged silence of the showery sky,
Nor yet dare name its name; till breathing out
Into such colours as may not deceive,
And undelusive in their heavenliness,
O'er all the hues that happy Nature knows
Although it be the gentlest of them all
Prevailing the celestial violet,
To eyes by beauty made religious, lo!
Brightening the house by God inhabited,
The full-form'd Rainbow glows! Beneath her arch
The glittering earth once more is paradise;
Nor sin nor sorrow hath her dwelling there,
Nor death; but an immortal happiness
For us made angels! Swifter than a dream

It fades—it flies—and we and this our earth
Are disenchanted back to mortal life;
Earth to its gloom, we to our miseries.
So may that Virgin like the Rainbow die!"

Then sang the poet—"Different as is Morn
From Night, with day's bright joyance dreamt between
And Eve's dim meekness, yet, when summer treads
The pathway of the spring, the same in both
The spirit of pervading purity,
Their gentleness the same; even so is She,
The blue-eyed Sister with the golden hair,
In beauty kindred, as in birth, with Her
Whose locks are only darker than her eyes,
Where joy resembles grief! Then image Thou,
O Night! aye melancholy in thy bliss,
That raven-tressed Lady. Thou who walk'st
With silent steps the sky, then loveliest sure
For most serenely simple, when the moon
Needs no star-train to light thy visage up,
Herself, perhaps one planet burning near,
To Thee, oh Night! in thy still pensiveness
Sufficient beauty for the whole of heaven!

"And there are Rainbows, lady! like to thee.
Lo! on the soft spray of the waterfall,
The lovely lunar phantom! All at once,
No warning given by some uncertain light,
The Apparition spans the black abyss,
And it is lustrous; Fancy dreams she sees
A golden palace rise; the gorgeous walls
Are pictured o'er with mosses many-died;
Bright as in day the clustering wild-flowers hang,
Only their glory softer; and such trees
Outstanding there in green and yellow air,
As if their leaves and branches delicate
Were of that air composed, in some sweet clime
May well be growing, where no sunshine comes,
But bathed by moonlight in perpetual peace!
That Lunar Rainbow on the water-flow
Smiles, fades, and dies—and such thy doom may be."

Oh! mourn not, that in nature transitory
Are all her fairest and her loveliest things;
And frail the tenure as a web of dew
By which they hold to life. For therein lies
The might of the refulgent rose, the power
Of the pale lily's leaf. The sweetest smile
That glides along the face of innocence
Is still the saddest, and the sadness comes
From dim forebodings of an early death.
Those sudden goings-down into the grave
Of the young beautiful, do sanctify
The light surviving in the precious orbs
Of eyes permitted yet awhile to shine;
And fathers seeing in their daughters' eyes
A cloudless heaven of sweet affection,
Sometimes will shudder, as they think upon,
They know not why, a Maiden's Funeral!

Like Shadows in the sunshine, softening all
We look on, till we love it, and revealing

Fair sights in dimness only visible,
Now fall such mournful thoughts upon the heads
Of these Twin-Orphans, and their character
Opens before us in a holier light
Congenial with their beauty, both divine.
Orphans they have been since the hour of birth;
Soon as their mother knew that they were born,
And as her eyes could see them, did she die.
Of seven bright brothers that for their country fell,
The brightest he who one short year before
Had made her his blest bride. A broken heart
She might have had; but of a broken heart
It was not that she died. Consumption prey'd
On her pure blood with a low-burning fire
Unquenchable, and nature's holy law,
For sake of that sweet offspring, did allow
The beatings of her heart to linger on,
After her pulse was imperceptible,
And some fear'd she was dead. The infants grew,
Flowers not untended, orphans though they were,
Their mother's mother was their guardian,
Into the loveliest children ever seen,
(Such whisper came from all who look'd on them)
So like to one another in all things,
Lips, cheeks, eyes, forehead, figure, motion, voice,
That, when the one was absent, few could tell
The other's name; but when they smiling stood
Together side by side, and hand in hand,
Proud in their glee of such comparisons,
There was new beauty in the difference
Which even then was rather felt than seen,
And left to each an equal share of love.

But as the light of childhood waned away
From their expanding foreheads, the fair Twins,
No more before affection's eyes confused
In such intense similitude, stood out
In the clear air, each clothed with loveliness
Unto herself peculiar; liker still
Than other sisters, and at times as like
Almost as ever; most so when they pray'd;
And wondrous like when they together sang,
Each with a white arm on the other's neck,
The gladdest words to melancholy tunes,
Or listen'd to some story of distress,
Or gave together alms unto the poor.

Their guardian died, and in calm grief they gazed
Upon her grave, and then look'd up to heaven.
Oh! kith and kin! ye are but homely names,
Homely, and therefore holy. Few are they,
Alas! who in this hard world choose to care,
Themselves surrounded with all happiness,
Ever so little for the orphan's head.
Icecold the hand misnamed of Charity,
That while some common want it half relieves,
Br[illegible]oth chill the blood in the receiver's heart,
The [illegible]ing a sin of gratitude!
The gh[illegible]
Nor sin [illegible] Rise up!
Nor death [illegible] ye Orphans, from your dreamy bliss,
For us ma[illegible] weeping birch-tree's whisperings,

Fair Spirits of the Wilderness! Oh! fair
Saints of the Altar! Nature calls on you
To vindicate from wrong the human heart!

On you ne'er frowned the hard-eyed world; on you,
As soon as Love expired, did Pity fix
Her dewy eyes; and from the city's din,
The day that saw you at the Funeral,
Walking and weeping, all array'd in white,
Beside the sable pall, saw you convey'd
Wondering away to far-off Unimore!
A place, in your imagination from this world
Seeming withdrawn, mid the sweet dash of waves
Familiar music grown ere daylight died.
And ere the moon had twice beheld her bow
In the calm sea, your gentle voyaging
Ceased softly in among the loveliest groves
Of woody Morven, while the anchor dropp'd
Down in deep water close unto the shore,
And bound the wearied vessel to her rest,
Left by herself among reflected stars.

How sweet the smile upon the mournful face
That in the gloomy Castle welcom'd you,
And with no other bidding brought your lips
To meet the lips that breathed those kisses calm
Through both your hearts, ere the soft touch was gone,
O'erflow'd with filial love! Ye knew not why
So sad those eyes, and why those cheeks so pale!
And yet not unacquainted, though so young,
Were ye with grief, and in your innocence
Saw further far into that Lady's heart
Than ye did know in your simplicity.
In sacred memory holding still the dead,
Soon to that Lady did ye both transfer
The deep affection that doth never die
On earth, when its first object goes to heaven,
But gaining power from pity, and on tears
Feeding itself doth shed, grows every hour
In its composure fuller of delight,
And in delight all holy acts performs
Of duty, to the cold heart difficult,
As easily as it doth draw its breath,
And as unconsciously. The whole of life,
As pious as the hour employ'd in prayer.

"She is our father's sister." That one thought,
Although your father died ere ye were born,
Stirr'd all your being up, till feelings flow'd,
Like many a little rill from unknown springs
Trickling their way, through flowery herbage green
To one still stream that gives them all a name,
And now that name is Love.

O Creatures fair!
And innocent as fair! and spiritual-bright
As innocent! oh! that your dreams were ours,
For ye communion hold with highest Heaven!

VISION FIFTH.

THE ORATORY.

THEY rise from dreams, and towards the Castle glide,
Across the rills, where many a lucid pool
Reflects their figures, for a moment seen
Like water nymphs; still gathering as they go
Delight from silence, and a mutual love
From that partaken delight. By nature's joy
Their hearts have now been strengthen'd, and they yearn
For duty's mournful sanctities, perform'd
Then best, when from permitted happiness,
Her face still smiling, Innocence retires
With footsteps hush'd disturbing not the hush,
A cup of healing though 'tis fill'd with tears
In her angelical hands, to minister
Around the bed of Grief!

This is the day,
However bright it shine in showerless heaven,
Wet in the melancholy glen below
With showers of tears, a Sabbath dedicate
To Sorrow, Queen of Life, who reigns o'er all;
To whom that childless mother pays her vows
Incessantly, nor worships aught beside;
But this is her great Festival; ten years
Have bathed and steep'd it in religion, kept
As hopeless love's own Anniversary
Of her son's disappearance from her eyes
Away to some wild death. 'Tis near the hour
When she, now palsy-stricken, on her bed,
With gentlest motion will be borne along
By reverent hands unto the Oratory
Built on a consecrated rock of old,
Within a dell close to the Castle-walls,
Yet of all lonesome places in this world
Most lonesome; such the depth of shaggy cliffs
Hawk-haunted, overarching; one blue glimpse
Cross'd by a cloud upon the clearest day
All you can see, when gazing from below
In search of the far intercepted sky!

Wide open standeth the great Castle door,
And out into the sunshine solemnly
The still Procession moves. The lady lies
Outstretch'd and motionless upon her Bier,
With folded hands and her face up to heaven,
Clothed in white raiment like a very shroud,
Herself most like the dead. But in her eyes
The spirit of life! and blent divinely there
Another spirit, religion, piety,
That makes her pallid aspect beautiful,
And as an angel's bright. The Crucifix
Is on her breast, between her wither'd hands
That slightly tremble—and you see her lips
Moving, as if in prayer—All else is still!
Before the Bier, with long locks like the snow
A holy man is walking; in his hand
A holy book; the Priest who all his days,
While generations have been blown away

By war in foreign lands, or in this glen
Faded in peace, within these Castle walls
Hath lived, and taught unto the Shadows there
The truths eternal realized in heaven.
By each side of the Bier a Spirit walks,
In shape of these Twin-Sisters; and they turn
At times their sad-eyed faces tenderly
To her who thereon lies, but shed no tears,
For undisturb'd are they in pity's well.
And who are the bier-bearers? Men who fought,
That fatal day her hero-husband fell,
Fast by their chief, and did oppose their breasts
To shield him from the bayonets; but all
In vain. Their grizzled heads are bare; the plumes,
Worn since that day in melancholy pride,
Lying somewhere in darkness; on they go,
Aged, but strong, and with a stately step
Subdued by pity and sorrow; such a step
As long ago, to them but yesterday,
They walked with, bearing from the battle-field
The body of their chieftain, while a pipe,
One solitary pipe, on foreign shores,
Sounded the coronach of Unimore.

The long straight avenue of old elm-trees
Cathedral-roof'd, the Bier hath pass'd along,
And down the greensward slope that gently dips
Into that variegated valley rich
With lowland culture, southwards flowin
And while from doors and windows of t
Look pitying faces out, the Roe-wood hide
The slow Procession, on an ancient road
Clear'd by the hunters down the dim descent
Conducting to the pass into the glen.
There in that wilder'd place of shatter'd rocks
Dinning with lonely waterfalls, the path
Green at the base of the black precipice
It follows without pause; and underneath
A narrow slip of sky cut off by cliffs,
A solitude within a solitude,
That holy man, with his long locks of snow,
Still leading on the Dream, it now ascends
A flight of steps cut in the living stone,
Up to an isle-like silvan eminence,
And with a hush of reverence, every head
A moment bow'd in prayer, it entereth slow
The sacred stillness of the Oratory;
And with exceeding gentleness, the Bier,
On which the lady seems to be asleep,
And in her sleep to smile, is now set down
Before the Altar!

"Ye in Heaven that dwell,
Created yet unfallen, hierarchies
Blissful as bright, yet in beatitude
Consummate and immortal, looking down
With pity far profounder than is known
On earth, upon the grief and guilt of earth,—
Angels! with all your eyes most merciful
Oh! now regard that Bier! And oh! ye Saints!
Whose mortal garments here the scorching fire
Consumed! And ye whose agonized flesh

The arrows pierced! And ye who underwent
All dreadful dyings unimaginable!
Oh! ye on whom mysterious Providence
Conferred a boon implored not in your prayers,
A long still life of sanctity! Behold
One like yourselves, when in this dim sojourn
You wept! Oh! then, take pity on her tears!
For hers is Faith, and Hope, and Charity;
And humble is she as a little child;
But in our best affections here below
Lurks sin that taints them all, and she who lies,
O sinless Saints! before you on that Bier,
Palsied, and yielding unto all decrees
Perfect submission in her piety,
Yet is her mother-heart rebellious, thronged
With blind repinings, and a ghost disturbs
Her spirit, even at the Confessional,
Standing between her and the peace of God!
O Mother mild! who, while the Angels sang
Among the midnight stars o'er Bethlehem,
Thy Divine Babe didst in the manger lay,
And feel that place despised the heart of heaven!
Thou, who upon the Mount of Calvary,
Didst faint not, hearing a voice sweetly say,
'Woman, behold thy son!' On Thee we call
Pity to shew unto a mother's grief,
Supported not as thou wert, though her heart
Doth long, and yearn, and burn within her, all
In vain, for reconcilement to her doom!
And Thou, who diedst for sinners! we do pray
Even unto Thee, that thou wouldst pity her,
And, pitying, pardon, and forgive her sin,
And the sins of us all! Thou biddest us,
And tell'st us how, in words from thine own lips,
Of Him, our Father, to ask, which is in heaven,
And that it shall be given! To Him we kneel,—
We wretched sinners all,—to Him who sits
Upon the Throne with Thee, at His right hand,
In light ineffable and full of glory;
And, although dust we be, and unto dust
Return, yet all who do believe His Word
Shall see His face, for them death lose his sting,
The grave its victory!"

The Holy Man
Stoops down, and from that Spectre's hands doth take,
For they are powerless both, the Crucifix,
And puts it to her lips. The pale lips give
A kiss unto Salvation's mystic Sign;
And, though tears drop not, there is in her eyes
A dimness as of tears, a swimming smile!
Words there are none, nor have there been for years.
God hath allowed her grief to take away
The power of speech; yet were it now restored,
Mute would she be; for resignation breathes
A wordless calm all through a soul alive
With thoughts and feelings, inexpressible
But in the language saints may use in heaven!

All Heaven be with her now! Angels and Saints!
The Holy, Holier, and the Holiest!
For, mercy-sent, a dreadful trial comes!

Darkening the daylight blue without the door,
In gorgeous garb, a stately Figure stands,
With plumes that touch the portal; on the Bier
His shadow falls, and as her eyes behold
The beauteous Apparition terrible,
Springs to her feet th' unpalsied mother, healed
By miracle, before the eyes of all
Fear-stunn'd, and stretching forth her hungry arms,
With gaze and gasp devouring him, shrieks out,
"The sea gives up its dead! My son! my son!"

Out in the open air, upon its Bier,
The body lies; and all believe it dead.
But down the glen there comes a mighty wind;
Uplifting all the woods, and life returns
Beneath the holy coolness fresh from heaven.
"Where am I, children? God is merciful;
And have we met within his courts at last?
Alas! I see our mortal Oratory,
And we are yet on earth! I had a dream;
My son did fill it all, my undrowned son;
No unsubstantial phantom mocked my arms;
I felt, I clasped, I kissed him, and his lips
Were warm with love and life. But God is good,
And merciful exceedingly; with hymns,
With hymns and psalms making sweet melody,
And I will join the strain,—Bless ye the Lord!"

Awe-struck, they see and hear the miracle!
Yet are not all things both in heaven and earth
Miraculous? The murmur of the bee,
The flower on which it feeds; the angel's song,
And on his brows the blooms of Amaranth!
Strange mysteries lie asleep within our souls,
And haply ne'er are waken'd; but at times—
Some wondrous times, when passion, in its power,
Rends up our being like an earthquake shock
From its foundations, these strange mysteries
Walk out among the dust, and terrify
The very regions wherein they were born,
As if, in Nature, supernatural!

The Mother's eyes have recognised her Son,
And know that on him rests the certain light
Of real life, undreamt and stationary
In undeceiving bliss! Embraces there
Are given from breast to breast, from lip to lip
Kisses, so overcharged with ecstasies,
Each moment's touch to her maternal soul
Reward celestial, more than might suffice
For entire ages dragged through misery.
That sacred greed may not be satisfied
Of famished Love! Like prisoner from some cell,
Where underground he was an-hunger'd, brought,
And, cloth'd in purple, set down at a feast
There to regale with kings! Oh! rather say,
As by the wafting of a wing set down
In his own house, where at their frugal fare,
His wife and children unforgetful sigh
For him, far off a lonely prisoner,
Among them dropping suddenly from her
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"Lift up the Bier!" And now the Glen beholds
A changed Procession, underneath the cliffs
Returning to the Castle. All is bright
That was so dim before; those long white locks
Seem almost now diffusing cheerfulness,
As the old Priest still reverently precedes
The Bier that sunny looks in its own light.
Serenely step, and with a smother'd pride,
The Bearers, seeing in his stately Son
The Sire revived, for whom of yore they bled.
And list! a hymn! a melancholy hymn!
In its excess of worship melancholy!
For with one impulse, at one mutual look,
Take up the Sisters a thanksgiving song,
The sweetest of the Songs of Israel,
With now and then, by inspiration changed
Into a deeper pathos some small word,
Appropriate more to their own gratitude,
More finely breathing their religious joy!

To their high chamber in the Western Tower
The Sisters go—the old Priest to his cell—
And in the Castle's heart, its very core,
Mother and son are left unto themselves,
Guarded by silence and by solitude,
Those sacred watchers ever faithful found,
And to disturb them were impiety
To nature's holiest passions, Love and Joy,
And their companion Grief!

Ye mountain tops!
Impatient though ye be, await the time
For your rejoicing. Then the startled moon
Will quite forget her feeble stars, when she
Beholds a hundred beacon-blazes burst
From sea to sea. 'Tis not the fiery cross
That Lewis Swiftfoot now, the huntsman, bears.
Ere shines the star of evening, all the glens
Of Morven shall have heard that Unimore
Is in his Castle, that the lovely sea
Has spared his life, and sent them back their Chief
To be once more the glory of his Clan.
"Away, ye laggards, o'er the broomy braes
And valleys where the Sassenach's self might bide.
My feet are for the heather-bent, my face
Is to the mountains!"

Soon he drops the tale
Along Loch-Conich's solitary shores
That on the precipices smile of Black
Ben-Hun the eagle-breeder, here and there
Midst the dwarf oaks a hut; and carries it
O'er Ariena's tumbling torrents, up
Sweet Ulladilla's dell, into the gorge
Of high Glen-Ulin, where the wild-deer lie.
And then among the clustering cottages
With [illegible] a village, on the pastoral stream
But in [illegible]s its soft name from its native loch,
[illegible]on! only visited by dreams
All Hea[illegible]egion inaccessible,)
The Holy. His flight while eftsoons he drops
For, mercy-sen[illegible] forest glen of Achnagoun

That idle seems though thickly strewn with life;
And round the bays of lovely Loch-Aline
Diffuses the strange tidings, till they flow;
Strong mountain music gathered from the glens,
Around the turrets of Aldtornish Castle
That rock-like points the bold Peninsula
Stretching half way across the Sound of Mull,
Passionate of storms, although she loveth too
The murmuring summer waves so peaceable,
When the sun shews the sea one sheet of gold
Almost too radiant to be looked upon,
Or, set in silver of the moonlight, rise
Her pillar'd headlands and her silvan isles.

The glens are glad, the mountains sing for joy,
And Morven once more feels herself alive,
While o'er her cliffs, startling the ear of night,
Keep thundering her broad-sheeted Cataracts
Tumultuous welcome to her Chief's return.
But dim o'er that Old Castle look the Stars;
And with disastrous halo dim, the Moon,
That rose last night so splendid, sails away
In among clouds, that ominously hang
Above those Towers alone; a single speck
Unseen elsewhere in all the sparkling skies.
Prodigious shadows on the tomblike walls
Are following one another sullenly;
And seem not Night-glooms, at such seasons, Ghosts?
Lo! stranger from the farthest Hebrides,
Hitherwards stilly on the stilliest nights
Wafted on wings whose wavings have no sound
More than have clouds, across the sable pines
Floats the great Snowy Owl! and list! a voice!
A human voice—a miserable cry!
Comes it from that dim figure on the cliffs
Walking as one might walk who roams in sleep?
His inarticulate wailings wail themselves
Into wild words by echo made more wild;
And as he disappears his moanings go
Round with him, all the haunted Castle round,
"Wo! wo! to all the house of Unimore!"

VISION SIXTH.

THE SEER.

SUMMER at once has come on Unimore;
Her Chief is now her Sun; the woods have burst
Into their full effulgence; all the glens
With green light overflow; the heather-bloom,
Anticipating autumn, purples faint
The Moors and Mountains; in the Forest-chase,
Never in such deep herbage dipped their hoofs
The red-deer, nor the goats along the cliffs
On such profusion of wild flowerage browsed;
Fed by night-rain not heavier than the dew,
Enlivening all the river'd solitudes,
Steep water-falls, for ever musical,
Keep dinning on; the Hunter on the hill,
In some short pause of pastime underneat'
The cliff, cheer'd as he listens unawares
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Far off the hollow noise; the eagle's self,
Along with his wild bark had ne'er been seen
Floating aloft so frequent, in wide rings
Seeking the sun as he would circle it;
For never in the memory of man
Had reign'd so many blue days without break,
O'er the still vastness of the unclouded sky.

Expands the Panorama as we gaze,
Nor knows the roving vision where to fix;
Here won by beauty, by magnificence
There suddenly assail'd; contented now
To linger in affection 'mid the calm
Of loveliness endearing, close at hand;
Now borne away in passion to the stir
Of grandeur restless on the shadowy heights.
From that far flight it all at once returns;
For lo! in lucid range majestical,
Deep down the disappearing loch, how still,
And yet how animated, all the cliffs
With their inverted imagery! Swans,
'Mid mingling air and water, light and shade,
In rest float imperceptibly along;
But soon their snow-white pomp evanishes;
For central in that wondrous world, with all
Its towers, and roofs, and rocks, and woods, and groves,
Serenely conscious of its Lord's return
Hangs the Old Castle proud as in its prime,
With all its banners drooping motionless;
But soon as the Great Cavern of the Gloom
Doth blow its trumpet at meridian,
The loch will lose them, and the Castle stream
Unfolded wide their bright emblazonry,
While, at a signal given by waving plumes,
Shall shout the exulting clan their Chieftain's name,
And all the echoes answer, "Unimore!"

His presence for a month hath Morven felt,
And all that month hath been one Festival.
By day among her mountains—rest is none,
And short by night in shieling and in hut
The clansmen's haunted sleep.
Their souls are stirred
As glooms by sunbeams, and as calms by blasts;
And he their Chieftain is both sun and cloud,
Sole source is he of splendours and of storms,
O'er glen and forest, mountain, sea, and loch.
The ancient pastimes of the hills revive.
And sometimes summoning all at once his Clan
To gather round him on that esplanade
In front of his old Castle, the claymore
That shone through battle, in the sweeping sway
Of his heroic sires, the Chieftain draws,
And shews in clashing combat how the Gael
Swept slaughtering onwards through the fights of old,
Before the sons of Morven. Not an arm
A[illegible] this among them all, when far outstretched
With [illegible]dden into sinewy knots its strength
But in the [illegible] to their Chieftain's not a breast
[illegible]se, though breasts are there like boles
All Heave[illegible]aks that in the tempests grow.
The Holy, Ho[illegible]
For, mercy-sent.

To-day their souls are up.
"Across the seas
The wars are raging; let our plumes again
Be seen in line of battle; let our pipes
Again be heard amid the cannon din;
And our Lochaber-axes hew their way
Again as they were wont, when at the head
Of his own Clan was seen The Unimore.
Green grows the grass again on Fontenoye;
Culloden's self is green; but be the field
Unfoughten yet afar, all bloody red—
And red for ever; for from Morven's glens
Revenge comes flying, and long heaps of dead
Piled up shall expiate every clansman's sin,
Who died not on the day his Chieftain died."

Frown'd then, as if a black cloud shadow'd it,
That broad high forehead, and the Chieftain stood
With sun-bronzed visage all inflamed with pride,
And shame! For with his sudden hand he veil'd
His eyes no more like eagle's, and the earth
Suck'd in the glaring of their ghastly light.
He stood awhile, as still as pillar-stone
Stands by itself on some wide moor, alone
Amid the mists and storms. Then waved his arm—
"Off to the mountains—all my merry-men!
The red-deer-King is belling on the cliff,
Nor in their eyry are the eaglets mute!
The feet that tread the precipice's edge
And rocks that bridge the chasms, they all erelong
In measured march along the battle-plain
Will move wet-shod in blood; but let the Horn
Now peaceful echo startle in her cave,
Upon no distant day the points of war
To wind heroically up the sky,
When we with loud shouts on the space between
The armies both drawn up in line of battle,
In Morven-Tartan bright our Rifle Band,
An army of itself, and clothed in fire,
Shout fierce assurance of a victory."

"Off to the mountains!" The wide desert rings
With trump, and horn, and pipe, and shoutings shrill
As is the goshawk's cry! No Figure there,
Though Morven mid her stately sons can shew
Giants, no Figure there like Unimore's.
Far nod his plumes upon the mountain-side
Unovertaken; Lewis Swiftfoot toils,
Plunging waist-deep in heather, or along
The smooth white bough-like bareness of the bent
With stag-like boundings measuring the moor,
After his Chief in vain. The deer-hounds lolling
Their red tongues gallop graceful by his side
As he descends one mountain, reascending
Across the glen another range of cliffs.
Now round the bases of a hundred hills
Expands the circling Tinchel, till, behold!
A waving wood of antlers, on the cliff
Above them towering up precipitous,
The hungry raven with a sullen croak
Of savage joy, as he doth eye the quarry,
Forestalling his large banquet. From the herd
Not singled out, but singling out himself,
As if he scorned the danger others dread,

The deer-king bounding on from crag to crag,
Seen oftener in the air than on the earth,
Faces the Tinchel, and high over head
Of all the hunters, stooped their plumage then,
Hoofs, bulk, and antlers furiously self-flung
As if discharged from the steep precipice,
Goes glenwards belling fierce, while Unimore,
Sparing another hour that noble life,
Motions all rifles down, and cheering on
The brindled deer-hounds ravenous now as wolves,
But silent in their savage speed, and mute
When mouthing deep the flanks that heave with death,
Away into the blue and distant day,
Floating o'er lone Lurgroy! Nor may the Chase,
For lo! he carries yet his antlers high,
Founder, till Morven's mountains all o'er-run,
He swim Loch-Sunart's straits, and through the Pass
Of Xalibreccan inaccessible
To all but hoofs like his, the rock-bound shores
Reach of Kinrira, and there unpursued
Plunge panting in the breakers of the sea.

The Hunt is o'er; for Fingal on the crags
Of Achnagavil, near the wild Loch-Uist,
Hath pull'd the deer-king down; and Unimore,
The passion of the chase extinguish'd quite,
Turns from the dying quarry and the hounds
His eyes upon the savage solitude.
Here, in this very place, the ghostlike Seer
Had stood before him many years ago,
And mutter'd the strange prophecy that work'd,
Meeting with prepared passion in his heart,
Erelong its own fulfilment; driving him
Aloof from all hereditary haunts,
And family-loves and old remembrances,
Into the crimes and perils of the deep.
He looks up to the cave in which the Seer
Once led his haunted life; and from its mouth
Out crawling slow, the same wild Being lifts
Its shapelessness among the shapeless stones,
Bent double by the dismal dreams of age,
With rusty elf-locks horridly o'ergrown.
The hideous Figure by some secret path
Hath come down from the cave, and wailingly
Clasping his wither'd hands, and flinging back
The matted hair from off his bloodshot eyes,
Falls down and grovels at the Chieftain's feet.
"In evil hour, and on a woful wind,
Came the Sea-Eagle back to Unimore.
Wo to the lovely Fawns that sport and play
By their fair selves among the forest bowers!
The cruel Osprey with his talons tears
Their beauty, and they perish side by side.
Woe to his Eyry!—to all Morven woe!"

His princely head the high-born Chieftain stoops
Down from its plumed pride, and supplicates
The revelations of a madman's dream.
His young imagination had grown up
In superstitious awe of that wild Seer;
And many a dim prediction, verified
By fatal happenings far beyond the rim

Of an ungifted ken, had then inspired
And sunk into the soul of Unimore,
In boyhood an unconscious fatalist,
A creed as strong as e'er religious faith
Died for in holiest martyrdom, endured
In fire, for sake of God's own oracles.
Whole days among the utter dreariness
Of trackless moors, where not one single rill
Murmurs, but sometimes scowls a sable loch
O'erspread with sullen and unhallowed thoughts,
Sun-hating and sun-hated,—so it seems
To life-sick wanderer o'er the wilderness,—
Walked that woe-wither'd Eld and that bright Gleam
Of beauteous Boyhood;—strange companionship!
By shrouded corpses haunted, and by long
Black trains of visionary Funerals,
The Seer, and the Heir of all the Hills,
As yet enveloped in the unfaded light
Of being's glorious prime. But potent spirits
Are Fear and Wonder o'er the dreams of youth;
Nor may the chains they forge, in after life
Be loosened, for the links are riveted
Into the very soul, and only snapped
At last asunder by bond-breaking death.
"I saw no vision of a sinking ship,
No wreck on shore, no corpse upon the sea,
No skeleton imprisoned in a cell
With thirst and hunger. Others wept thee dead,
I wept thee living as I now do weep.
One stormy day I saw Ben-Mean-Moor
Changed to a sea of blood, and sailing there
With his black flag the Pirate. On the deck
There walked the Chief of Morven! Unimore
Among his Outlaws all, a dreadful crew;
And ever round about her and above,
Wherever tempest-driven she roar'd along,
Flitted a flock of ghosts—the crews of ships
By Thee and thy fierce boarders in their wrath
All murder'd."

A deep hollow voice repeats,
"All murder'd!" Suddenly wrung out of guilt
Confession; but no sound of penitence
Was with the words, nor of remorse. The Chief
Again is standing stately o'er the Seer
With aspect of defiance,—"Doom is doom,
Fate, fate; and what the blind religionists
Call heaven or hell is but the mystery
Of each man's life, determined by the stars,
Here or hereafter; if hereafter be,
As sometimes dreams the Shadow of a Shade!
But Seer of misery and of madness, speak!"

"Death whitens at the bottom of a pool
That is itself pitch-black. The drown'd are drawn
Out of the cruel depth, both dressed like brides!
Beneath the sunshine in each other's arms
I see them lying—lovely in their lives,
Nor in their deaths divided.—Fly! oh! fly!
For ever far from Morven, Unimore!
And thou mayst die forgiven! Sometimes the shades
Deceive the Seer, and heaven's own gracious light
Doth melt away the curse. O'er far Tiree

I see thy ship at anchor, soon to sail
Bearing thee off to sin in foreign lands."

A crowd of visions storm the Chieftain's soul,
Visions of misery all, and guilt and death!
Remorse there sends her frightments, Conscience hers,
And Fear, that wild magician, worst of all;
For Sin may scorn the spectres of the dead,
But quails in solitude before the wraiths
Of the doom'd living, gliding by in shrouds,
Or only something white that in the gloom
Glimmers, a coming and a going dim,
Semblance of one who soon shall be a ghost.

The Seer is in his cave; the Chieftain stands
Alone, and utters words scarce consciously,
As if addressing his own shadow thrown,
For evening is descending, long and still,
Over the rocky hush. "Communion strange
Through agency more spiritual than air,
Yet spirit may be air and air be spirit,
Has holden been, up in his wolfish den,
Between that wretch in his insanity,
And all the sinnings and calamities
Doom'd to befall me in this troubled life.
That is a mystery—but all is mystery;
Though Superstition less mysterious far
Than what men in their blindness choose to call
Religion, now benighting half the earth.
Yet sometimes even I do feel Remorse,
And often Pity! But Remorse is vain,
For mortal man may not rebuke his fate.
'Tis Fate that wicked is, if wickedness
It be, that raging in our passions, spreads
Death with delight, and shrouds in misery
All perishable joys. Old men may nurse
Remorse, for they are wise, and sin no more;
Nay, beautiful in them is Penitence!
But every Passion in its empery
Doth laugh Remorse to scorn, and scowls contempt
On Penitence. And as for Pity, fair,
Though fancy-painted to our eyes she be,
What is it but a transient gush of tears?
And what is Sorrow, that we pity it?
A sigh—a sob—a groan—it is no more.
Hours, days, months, years of suffering, what are they
When the grave yawneth for the skeleton?
All one then Saint and Sinner—a cold corpse!
Despair and Hope, and Bliss and Agony,
What are they when that feeble spark goes out,
But past convulsions of some living thing,
Now senseless, soulless, in eternal dust?"

Night comes with all her Stars—and with her Moon
Midnight—and Dawn upon the Planet smiles
And pales her shining—and refulgent Morn
Doth drown the Dawn, and ushers in the Day
Consummate. All the while hath Unimore
Been sitting in the Solitude—his Life
Rolling before him like the stormy seas!
But now elated by the Sun, he moves
Castle-wards, nor for that dismal prophecy
Careth he more than a distemper'd dream.

VISION SEVENTH.

THE DEMON.

THE Lady of the Castle lives in heaven;
Ten Years of Misery bought one Month of Bliss,
Cheap purchase of the priceless calm divine
Deeper and deeper settling on her soul,
Farther and farther o'er its regions all
Expanding, till, like summer-sea, it lies,
Embay'd in the Pacific, some still bay
Unvisited by any wandering ship,
And known in Nature only to the stars
And moon, that love it as their native sky!

The Past is all obliterate; gone to dust
All tears, all sighs unto the wind; belong
To Hope and Fear the Future, and they two
Have left alone in her beatitude
Love, all-in-all sufficient for the Now,
The perfect Present that may never die,
Seeming immortal in its depth of rest.

In that maternal heart is happiness,
Oh! far beyond all happiness that e'er
Did dwell in Eden's garden, Paradise!
Imagination, dreaming of the life
Before Sin brought the Fall, still misses there
The joy of grief, nor understands delight
Without the mournful sanctity of tears.
But, in this world of ours, this world of woe,
Lo! Bliss is born within a breaking heart,
And therefore it is Bliss; and hymns are heard,
Thanksgiving hymns ascending up to heaven,
While bright congratulation from the stars
Shines down on eyes still wet with gratitude.
Break the iron doors, and set the prisoner free,
Exchanged Earth's dark, damp, breathless, narrow cell
For the bright, dewy, breezy, boundless cope
Resplendent for the new inhabitant
Of God's own heaven! Unchain the galley-slave,
Sink his worn oar for ever in the sea,
And let him tread again the war-ship's deck,
Below the flag that rules the world of waves,
Among the equal sons of Liberty!
Let Healing, on a sudden, smooth the bed
Of agonized disease, and carry it
Out to the shadowy sunshine of the morn,
And bid the matron lift her eyes, and see
Kneeling around her all who ought to kneel,
While she arises, and among the flowers
Walks forth restored, nor fears the harmless dews,
But sheds among them some few pious tears.
Deep joys are those and high, and woe-born all;
But far transcends them all the joy that lifts
At once a mother's whole soul from despair,
And sets it on a radiant eminence
Within a heaven beyond the heaven of hope,
With her arms twined for ever round the neck
Of him she had thought dead—her only Son!

The Lady of the Castle hath no power
To walk with her own princely Unimore
Along the greensward braes, the purple sides
Of the high-heather mountains; through the woods
Where beauteous birch-trees to the stately oaks
Whisper a gentler music; down the glens
Where rivers roll o'er frequent cataracts;
Or into dells, each with its own small rill
Pellucid, and its humble scenery
Of broomy knolls with delicate trees bedropt,
Within itself a world in miniature,
Where oft on moonlight nights the Fairies dance,
And little laughter thrills the solitude.
No power hath she, to shieling and to hut
With life besprinkling the wide wilderness,
With him to walk, and, as those lofty plumes
Below the clansman's lowly lintel stoop,
To hear and see the pride that brightens then
The dim abode of high-soul'd poverty,
Pride to love kindred, love to gratitude,
And gratitude to patriotism, name
That breathes the old Religion of the Hills.

No such delight is hers; for all her limbs,
Soon as subsided the miraculous power
Given by her Passion in the Oratory,
Relapsed into their palsied helplessness;
And ever since she hath exchanged her bed
But for that Bier, on which, when air is calm
And sunshine bright, and glimmering shadows cool,
She lies, and by those clansmen carried
To consecrated places,—many a one,
Where she and her son's sire did sit of old
Among the Castle-woods,—there meditates
On the sweet mystery of her perfect bliss,
Nor cares although no Unimore be there,
Pursuing on the mountains his own joy;
For she can make his presence visible
By act creative of her will, as bright
The Phantom's eyes, as if his very self
Were smiling on her there, the Phantom's voice,
For air hath then a tongue, as melting sweet
As if his self were speaking, and the kiss
That she receiveth from imagined lips
As tender, as when stooping o'er her Bier,
Her Long-lost Late-return'd doth breathe his breath,
His own dear breath, to her still like a child's,
Into the yearnings of his mother's soul;
One thought enough for her—He is *alive!*

O sacred Ignorance! O Delusion blest!
To her that Demon doth an Angel seem;
To her Guilt wears the brow of Innocence;
To her Sin looks like Holiness; to her
Crime holdeth up the same unspotted hands
Before the Altar of the Oratory,
As when her blameless boy, long long ago,
Knelt down in prayer beside his Father's knees.
Oh! if the radiant veil by Mercy drawn
Before the eyes of Love, radiant but deep,
With most mysterious emblems wrought therein,
Whose beauty intercepts the ghastly s

To and fro passing 'tween them and the sky,
Were rent away, how suddenly those eyes
Would then be blasted, and the soul that gazed
Out from their tears upon some object held
Holiest of all most holy, by a blow
Be broken all at once, a fiendish blow
Struck by a hand unhallowing in the light,
The dismal light of truth that shews the earth
Fit habitation only for despair!

A blessing, therefore, call Hypocrisy!
Sacred be Falsehood! and Deceit a name
To desecrate blasphĕmous! Sin this sphere
Would people else with a distracted crowd
Of ghosts, in their discovered wickedness
Daring no more to look upon the sun;
Nor, midst the upbraidings of each other's eyes,
To hope for pardon from Almighty Heaven!

And yet the Demon hath a human heart,
Nor is it dead to filial piety;
For pious even is natural tenderness,
Awaking unawares, and unawares
Partaking of mysterious feeling born
Of origin celestial—mix'd with clay.
What else hath brought the Pirate from the sea?
What else hath shewn once more with all its plumes
On his own mountains shining like a star,
The chief of Morven's death-denounced head?
When sunk the bright Saldanha, where wert thou?
Thy country's voice erelong will call on thee
To tell in what long darkness Unimore
Hath hid his name and being, whither sail'd
When she was wreck'd, as wave-born rumours yet
Darkfloating tell, one of the Frigate's boats
Deep-laden with a crew of mutineers.
Build, captain, crew, all but her name unknown,
Fleeter than winds and waves o'er many a sea,
For many a year pursued in vain, hath flown
The Black Sea-Eagle. Black at times she flew,
As was the tempest she delighted in;
But bright at times, with her new bravery on,
And like some floating Palace built for kings,
Burnish'd her hull and deck, and up aloft
Burning with meteors uneclipsed by clouds
Roll'd idly towards her unapproached path
By single ship or squadron falling fast
To leeward, as the Pirate, every gun
Silent, went windward fearless through the foam,
Glorious in flight before all enemies.

"Woe to the lovely Fawns that sport and play
By their fair selves among the Forest-Bowers!
The cruel Osprey with his talons tears
Their beauty, and they perish side by side!"
So prophesied the cliff-cave Seër wild;
But Evil Thing or Thought may not approach
By day their happy waking, nor by night
Their holy sleep; for Powers Invisible
Keep watch and ward o'er Innocence; she lies
Safe in the moonlight, in the sunshine safe
She walks, although upon the precipice

Her couch be spread, although along its edge
Should glide her blind feet o'er the dread abyss.
Then for the Orphan-sisters have no fears;
As fair as lilies and as glad as larks
They grow and sing, while banks and braes are bright
With their pale beauty, with their voices sweet
Air, sky, and clouds for ever musical.

With mournful steps and melancholy eyes
No more they move around the bed or bier
Of their blest Mother; and if tears at times
Come o'er their cheeks, they are but like the dew
On flowers, that only falls on quiet nights,
And melts on sunny morns. Their faces now
In joy's full daylight even more beautiful
Than when grief, like a gentle gloaming, dimm'd
Their pensive loveliness; for Nature wills
That cloudless be the clime, the ether pure
Within the eyes of young Virginity,
Gladdening whate'er they look on, in return
Gladdened, till life is all one heavenly smile,
And things insensate fair as those with life.
Around that bed and bier they minister
With piety that finds its own reward
In its own perfect happiness; their hymns,
Wont to ascend on high with melodies
Almost too sad, with harmonies themselves
Felt, in their pity, almost too profound,
Are warbled now, without offence to Heaven,
With a meek cheerfulness; and as they sing,
The Orphans, listening to their own sweet strains,
Humbly believe that all the prayers they breathe
Do find acceptance,—why their Mother's face,
So very pale, else seem so very blest!
But ever when unto that bier or bed
Her Son approaches, then do glide away
The thoughtful Orphans, often murmur'd back;
And at a little distance they sit down,
Whether it be within some forest glade
Taking their seat below another tree,
Or in deep window breathing mute apart
Within that holy room where they had watch'd
Alternately, by day and night, for years
When he was far away, whose presence now
Makes theirs—so think they—but of little worth.
Oh! meek mistake of sweet humility!
For many cells are in that Mother's heart,
And open to her Orphans are they all;
All save the very inmost, dedicate
To the sole image of her Unimore,
When nature, by religion overcome,
Feels, that in reverence of herself, the bliss
Must be all-secret on the Sabbath-hour
That sees once more within a mother's arms,
With supplicating prayers encircling him,
A long-lost son beneath the eye of God.

But when the pious Mother all alone
Wish'd sometimes to be left, that she might drink
The solitary cup of peace divine,
Then with the sinless Orphans Unimore
Walk'd, as a gentle brother loves to walk

With his sweet sisters in their blossoming
Flowers lovelier growing every sunny day,
Through the wide-warbling woods, the glens serene
Lengthening away in endless solitude,
Each beauteous bending but a novel glimpse
Of the same Paradise; one treeless all,
And with smooth herbage green as emerald,
As if the river once had been a loch,
In olden time o'erflowing all the braes;
Another broken here and there with groves
Crowning the knolls, the rocky side-skreens strewn
With straggling copse up to the falcon's nest;
Or suddenly, all sullen and austere
Into some place composed of precipice
Washed bare as sea-cliffs by tempestuous floods,
Where goat doth never hang, nor red-deer couch,
Nor raven croak; herb, blade, bud, leaf, and flower
All withered from the utter barrenness.
Such the grim desolation where Ben-Hun
And Craig-na-torr, by earthquake shatterings
Disjoined with horrid chasms prerupt, enclose
What Superstition calls The Glen of Ghosts.

There stunned by such soul-shaking solitudes,
By such heart-soothing solitudes subdued,
Sitting on each side of their Unimore
Their brave and beauteous brother, to wild tales
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of chains
For hopeless years worn in captivity
The Orphans listened, and when listening wept,
And weeping felt that never until then
Had they enjoyed the perfect bliss of tears.

There sometimes at his bidding they would sing
Old Gaelic tunes to Gaelic words as old,—
For with the heather-bloom and heather-balm
It seemed as if these children had imbibed
Music and verse, and scarce their murmuring lips
Betrayed the secret of their Lowland birth;—
As Unimore, with smiles, would sometimes say—
" So perfectly within that chapel, Ye,
From holy ministrations, in the huts
From humble talk, and in our mother's room
From converse with high thoughts familiar
Between yourselves, to charm the ear of her
Whose once-sweet tongue had lost the power of speech;
So perfectly from such dear lessons, Ye,
Through a fine ear a fine soul listening,
Have caught our mountain-accents, and have learnt
Our many-colour'd language, sometimes bright
With rainbow hues, and sometimes dim with shades
Flung from the forests, and sometimes with gloom
Black, such as falls down from a thunder-cloud
On the still dreariness of savage moors;
All imaged in that wondrous poetry
Floating in fragments o'er the wilderness,
Songs Ossianic never sung before
So sweetly as now by my sweet Sisters' lips
In sound accordant, as in sympathy
Their souls, by Heaven in loveliness enshrined!
O sinless Orphans! never in your prayers,
When seas between you and your brother roll

Again their howling multitude of waves,
From Morven far, forget your Unimore!"

Words full of peril to these simple ones!
But heard withouten fear; yet all the while
That they were singing—all the while that he
Was speaking to them with a voice that rung
As the harp's silver chords profound and clear,
And passion-charged with tones electrical—
Passion that seemed fraternal tenderness
For them who on their birthday had been left
Orphans, as well he knew; Oh! all that while
Had they been looking, in their innocence,
Upon a form majestically fair
In its ancestral pride; and in their hearts
Elate by that heroic poetry,
They thought, nor knew that in the thought was lodged
The fatal germ of a wild growth of woe,
That Chief so bright as he before their eyes,
Ne'er fought of old in war of chariots
By Ossian sung on Morven's Hills of Storm!

And often in the breezy sunshine, when
The Loch was blue as heaven, and not a cloud
Could find one spot of calm to shew itself
In soft reflection in the shadiest bay,—
Rejoicing to forsake her anchorage
Within that wooded amphitheatre,
Fill'd full of Life and Beauty, and as white
As snow-wreath yet unmelted in the cove
High on the mountain, all her flags on fire
Up in the air, and in the waves below
Her burnish'd gunwale flushing, and her hull
Fair as the foam that murmur'd round her prow,
The winds obedient to Her, as it seem'd,
And not She to the winds, circling the Loch,
Or shooting arrow-like from end to end,
Or then, capricious, intersecting it
With many a figure most fantastical,—
Like wild-swan swimming in his stately play
All for his mate's delight among the reeds
Brooding in secret, or in shelter'd nook
Among the water-lilies floating still
With her two cygnets,—the long summer-day
Too short for all her aimless voyaging,
For other aim with her but Freedom's joy
Was none, her bright apparel as she flew
Brightening as if she gather'd to herself
The choicest light and would not let it go,
The Naiad, making that great liquid glen
All her own empire, steer'd by Unimore,
And by his side the Orphans lost in dreams
Bewildering all their being with delights
Imagination breathes o'er virgin love,
Return'd not to her haven till the Stars
Shew'd Eve had come, or till the Moon arose
And closed the long day with a daylike night.

VISION EIGHTH.

THE CONFESSION.

THE Book of Nature and the Book of God
Interpreted by dreadless Piety,—
Pursuing her vocation, unappall'd
By mystery of evil, mid the stars
Whose places are appointed in the sky,
Or mid the goings-on of human hearts
A planetary system hard to scan,
But in its strange irregularities
Obeying steadfast laws,—on every page
In lines of light a calm assurance gives
To spiritual Faith of one immortal truth,
"Beloved by Heaven are all the Innocent!"
We see them disappear in sudden death,
And leaving tender spots of sunniness
Darker than if that radiance ne'er had shone.
The beauty of their faces is eclipsed
For ever; and for ever their sweet names
Forgotten, or when read upon their tombs,
We know not what surpassing grace endow'd
The dust that once was life. Sometimes they wane
Slowly and sadly into dim decay,
Dying by imperceptible degrees
Hourly before our eyes that still must shed
Their foolish tears for them who for themselves
Weep not, but gaze with orbs of joyful light
Upon the coming Dawn. The Innocents
Are thus for ever melting from the earth,
Like dewdrops all at once, or like dewdrops
Slowly exhaled. But never in our grief
Lose we our righteous confidence in Heaven.
Long as they live, our spirits cling and cleave
To theirs, unwilling that they should depart
From our home to their own—our chilly clime
To that pure ether where the lily white
Shall never droop nor wither any more,
Perennial by the founts of Paradise.
But when we see the bosom has no breath,
And that indeed the lovely dust is dead,
With faith how surely resignation comes,
And smiles away all mortal sorrowing!
Annihilated is all distance then
Between the blackness of the coffin-lid
And Mercy's Throne of shining chrysolite;
While in the hush, at first so terrible,
As if the spirit sang to comfort them
Their own child's blissful voice both parents hear
Among the hallelujahs. Death is not,
And nothing is but everlasting life.
"Beloved of Heaven are all the Innocent!"

Oh! by this creed supported, look ye now
Upon these Orphan Sisters! Mortal change
Their beauty undergoes;—each countenance
Hath lost its light celestial, and is dim
With troubled happiness that looks like grief,
A grief like woe, a woe, alas! like guilt!—
And have the Orphans come at last to know

That misery treads on fall'n innocence,
And that the wages here of sin are death?
Fear not: they both are wretched—nevermore
Shall gladness dance within their eyes—their smiles
Shall never more revive the drooping flowers;
And never more shall any looks of theirs,
When gazing up they thither send their souls,
Lend their own calmness to the calm of heaven!
Fear not: they both are wretched—both are blest—
Nor blameless are they in their wretchedness,
Nor in their bliss—but taint of sin is none
Upon their bosoms, more than on the leaves
Of rose or lily withering when half-blown,
By Nature not permitted to enjoy
The loveliness of its own perfect prime.

This is their Birthday. Seventeen years of peace
Have floated o'er their being—a long time
Felt they, the Orphans, to look back upon,
As their souls, travelling always in the light
Through crowds of happy thoughts and things, retraced
Life in among the fading memories
Of earliest childhood, meeting all at once
The blank of Infancy's evanished dream.
And yet how short a time for all that growth
Of heart, and mind, and soul, and spirit! All
The flowers and fruitage on the wondrous Tree
Of Being from a germ immortal sprung.
Profound the wisdom is of Innocence.
She taught the Orphans all their knowledge, high
As are the stars, yet humble as the flowers;
And bathed it all in Feeling, as the light
Of stars, when at their brightest, radiant,
And soft as is the bloom of flowers, when they
Look fearless back upon their earliest spring.
She taught them Pity and the lore of Grief,
Whose language is the inarticulate breath
Of sacred sighs, and written on the air
In purest tears, mysterious characters
Seen in the sun when Nature's self is blest.
She gave unto the Orphans' quiet eyes
The Sense of Beauty that makes all the earth
Without an effort, and unconsciously,
Fair as the sinless soul that looks on it.
She fill'd their spirits with o'erflowing Love,
Till on the flower the peaceful butterfly
Was thought a holy thing, because its life
Appear'd so happy, and the flower itself
Fairer, for that it seem'd to feel the joy
Asleep upon its balm. With loftier love
She did their hearts inspire, the love of all
Which in itself is loveliest, and they knew
It must be their own filial piety,
When at their mother's side, at morn and eve,
Knelt all their knees together down at once
Before the Throne of God. And Innocence
It was, none other, who the holy light
Of Conscience gently brought upon their eyes,
And shew'd the paths of duty in that light
To be mistaken never, strewn with flowers
That lay as soft as snow beneath their feet.
But ever when into that Oratory

They walk'd, and by their mother's bier knelt down
Beside the Altar, then did Innocence
Surrender up her trust, and from the skies
Into that Sabbath-calm Religion came,
Descending duly as the Orphans hymn'd
Their Miserere; hers the voice that said,
While their lips linger'd on the Crucifix,
" For His sake, Children, are your sins forgiven!"

Such was their life—but now that life is gone.
Upon their very Birthday, Unimore
Has sail'd away to join his Ship that lies
Beyond the farthest of the Hebride Isles,
With promise to his Mother and to them
Ere Winter is heard howling to return,
And leave the glens of Morven ne'er again.
They had not heart together to behold,
Carrying the sunshine with her down the Loch,
The NAIAD, that appeared to dance away
Heedless of all the hills, and rocks, and woods,
As she were longing for some far-off home,—
All at an end their blissful voyagings
In that bright Bark, and never more they felt
To be renew'd in this forsaken life,—
Dancing away, impatient as the Mew
That, wearied of the inland stillness, wheels
Her joyful flight back to her native sea.
Apart the Orphans on the Naiad gazed,
And long kept gazing on the vacant waves
Long after by eclipsing promontory
Had been cut off her white wings from the day;
One sitting on a greensward-brae far up
Among the rocks, One on the Western Tower;
Each knowing in her utter misery
What pangs are rending then her sister's heart;
But both—O rueful selfishness of woe!
Insensible to pity, and absorpt
In suffering kindred, so they feel, to guilt.

At last the rocky solitude has grown
Unto the wretched Creature weeping there
No more supportable; and from the Tower
Blindly comes down her Sister by dark stairs;
Both walking in one woe towards the place
Where first before their eyes stood Unimore,
And seized upon their hearts that ne'er again
Did beat as quietly as they used to beat
When bliss sufficient for the day it was
To see the glad light in each other's eyes,
To blend their voices in the same sad song,
And at some tale of sorrow to enquire,
One of the other, how it chanced that smiles
Were sweetest then when most bedimm'd with tears.
Before the Altar of the Oratory
They meet—and start each other's face to see
So woe-begone—for each is like a ghost,
And both do look as longing for the grave.

They sit down speechless on the Altar steps;
And now revives the sacred sympathy
That used to link their happy souls in one,
As if their fair breasts mutually exchanged

Lives, nor the transfer knew in the divine
Delight of equal and of perfect love.
Around each other's necks they lay their arms,
And for forgiveness sob out syllablings
Of broken supplications and stopt prayers,
Dismal implorings indistinct and dim
Address'd now to each other, now to God;
And as the name sends shivering through their frames,
Mysteriously pervaded from their birth
With all the self-same sensibilities,
One shudder, by the lips of both at once
Convulsively is uttered—" Unimore!"

The bright-hair'd Orphan first hath found her voice
Fit for confession, and her sister folding
More closely to her breast that soul and soul
May touch, again she prays forgiveness,
And wanders through the story of her love,
Her love for him who has forsaken her,
And left her bosom for the stormy seas.
" Oh! Sister! well I knew that for his sake
Not loath wouldst thou be any hour to die;
For in my heart the love that burn'd alway
Sleeping or waking, told me that in thine
The same fire was consuming all thy peace;
And much I wept for thee, when Unimore
Beseech'd me to become his wedded wife;
Yea! happiest of the happy had I been
In these my days of blameless innocence,
Had I upon my death-bed been but told
That Heaven had a long life of love in store
For thee and him, nor would the Funeral
Of such a wretch, alas! as I am now,
Have needed, half-forgotten in your bliss,
To dim the sunshine on your marriage morn.
Oh! sister! pardon while thou pitiest me;
If pardon anywhere below the skies
Can be extended to my cruel sin!
That very day on which I saw thee lie
Down in thy hopeless love for Unimore,
And heard thee muttering in distressful sleep,
Prayers for an early death—that very sun
Beheld me in my sorrow and my shame,
Sailing with him away to Oronsay;
And in the Chapel on that fatal Isle
We stood beside the Altar, and its Priest
Before our Maker and our Saviour made
Our beings one; but sin unhallow'd it,
And fill'd the sacred service full of tears,
Tears of remorse, and tears of penitence;
For greater wickedness on earth than mine
There might not be, who overcome by prayers
From him who had no pity, did consent
To break,—I see it breaking, so is mine,—
My sister's heart, in which there was no guile,
Nothing but love for me and Unimore!"—

She speaks unto the dead—her sister's eyes
Are fix'd and glazed, her face is as the clay
Clammy and cold, and rigid is her frame,
As if laid out for burial in its shroud.
" O Unimore! thou broken hast my heart,

And I have broken hers! soon has our sin
Destroy'd us all. Thy ship will sink at sea,
And thou wilt perish, for in Providence
No trust canst thou have, nor, I fear, belief!
This dreadful sight hath open'd thy wife's eyes,
Thy bride's, thy widow's: but for holy names
Like these, thou carest not in thy cruelty,
Nor wouldst thou shed one tear to see us both
Lying alone here miserably dead!"

Enters the Old Priest, with his locks of snow
And bow'd down figure reverential,
And takes his stand beside the Altar-steps,
With wither'd hands, in attitude of prayer
Clasp'd o'er the Orphans.

"Father! I have kill'd
My Sister! she hath died for Unimore's
And for my sin. Oh! water from the font
With holy sprinklings may restore her life
A little while, and in forgiveness
Our souls depart to judgment!"

"Daughter! thou
Art guiltless, and thy Sister knows no guilt,
Except the stain of fall'n humanity!
But guilt lies heavy on this hoary head;
For I it was who, in my old age, won
From the plain path of duty, did declare
Thy Sister wedded unto Unimore
Before this very Altar, though I knew
He was a man of guilt and many crimes
Uncleansed, uncleanseable; for Penitence
Sails not with him upon the seas, Remorse
Shall never walk among the hideous crew
That on their Pirate-Leader yell for blood.
I loved his noble sire—too well I love
Him in his sin—and have brought misery
On all I most do love and reverence
On earth, his Sainted Mother, and his Wife
Now lying at thy feet. Forgiveness
Is wanted most by the old foolish man
Who thus hath steep'd his hoary locks in shame,
And to the Demon given thy sister's soul.
Oh! little need has now thy innocence
For intercession of the holy Saints.
But I will sprinkle ashes on my head!
Pray for me, daughter—for I need thy prayers!"

Kneels the old Priest upon the Altar-steps,
And bending low, his long locks overflow
The Orphans' heads both lying tranquilly,
Nor any motion have their bosoms now;
Heart-beating there is none—a single sigh
Was all he heard, when sinking gently down,
Beside that other body, she to whom
He had been speaking in her paleness lay
Corpselike to his dim eyes most pitiful:
And is it thus that they do celebrate
Their Birthday—shall it be their day of death!

VISION NINTH.

EXPIATION.

Oh! if our eyes could look into the hearts
Of human dwellings standing quietly
Beneath the sunrise in sweet rural spots,
Far from all stir, and haply green and bright
With fragrant growth of dewy leaves and flowers,
Where bees renew their murmuring morn, and birds
Begin again to trill their orisons,
Nature and Life exchanging their repose
For music and for motion, happier both
And in their happiness more beautiful
Than sleep with all its dreams,—Oh! if our eyes
Could penetrate these consecrated walls
Whose stillness seems to hide an inward bliss
Diviner than the Dawn's, what woful sights
Might they behold! Hands clasp'd in hopeless prayers
By dying beds, or pale cheeks drench'd in tears
Beside cheeks paler far, in death as white
As the shroud-sheets on which the corpses lie;
Or tossings of worse misery far, where Guilt
Implores in vain the peace of Penitence,
Or sinful Passion, struggling with Remorse,
Becomes more sinful, in its mad desire
To reconcile with God's forbidding laws
A life of cherish'd vice, or daringly
Doubts or denies eternal Providence!

Where, then, would be the Beauty—where the Bliss
Of Dawn that comes to purify the earth
And all that breathes upon it, at the hour
Chosen for her own delight by Innocence!
There would they still be, gracious and benign
And undisturbed all by grief or guilt
Powerful to curl the heart's-blood into ice
That blows may break not, but one drop of dew,
Powerless to stir upon the primrose leaf.
The fairest things in nature sympathize
In our imaginations with our life,
Only as long as we are virtuous;
Nor lovely seems the lily nor the rose,
When our white thoughts have all been streak'd by sin,
Or guilt hath bathed them in appalling hues
Of its own crimson, such as Nature sheds
On no sweet flowers of hers, though they are bright
On earth as setting suns are bright in heaven.

Look now on Castle Unimore! The stars
Shine clear above its turrets—and the moon
With her mild smiling gladdens all the heaven;
Serene the blue sky—the white clouds serene,
The mountain-tops are as serene as they;
Serenely to the Loch are flowing on
The rivers, and on its serenity
With folded wings sit all the birds of calm;
While many echoes all confused in one,
A sound mysterious coming from afar,

But deepen Nature's universal hush,
A strange song singing in the solitude!

Peace reigneth here—if there on earth be Peace;
And Peace profound is Nature's holiest Joy.
But doth the Lady of the Castle share
The calm celestial? Doth its blessing sink
Into our Orphans' hearts? Unfold, ye gates!
Ye massy walls, give way, and let the eyes
Of Fear, and Love, and Pity, penetrate
Into the secret hold of Misery!

And is the secret hold of Misery
So still a place as this? without one sigh—
Without one groan—no voice of weeping heard—
At times no loud lament—She bides not here—
Or if she bide, then Misery's self is dead.

Among the moonlight glimmer, lo! the Bier
On which the pious Lady visiteth
The Oratory on the Isle of Rocks,
Within the Glen of Prayer! A little lamp
Is now seen mingling with the light from heaven
Its own wan lustre, and a face appears,
A face and figure of One lying still,
So very still, from forehead unto feet,
That the soul knows at once it is not sleep.
And she is in her shroud—her thin hands yet
Are folded on her breast, as they were wont
To be when living, and the fingers hold
With unrelaxing clasp the Crucifix;
But they are hidden by that awful veil
Whose moulderings many ages will go on
Invisibly, nor thought of in the air
Where mortals breathe in their forgetfulness
Of all that doth belong to buried death.
Sprinklings of flowers there are upon the shroud
Pale as itself, by whose hands sprinkled there
No need to tell; and, lo! upon the rest
On which the head reposes, there is placed,—
The bright-hair'd Orphan drew it in her bliss,
Her dark-hair'd Sister hath bestow'd it well,—
A picture of her son—her Unimore!

Divine had been that mother's close of life
Illumined by the presence of her Son,
Lifting his bright head up above the sea;
And heaven decreed her death should be divine.
She knew not of his sins, for she was blind
To all on earth but that delightful face
Which she had seen in many a hideous grave
Haunting her hourly, night and day, for years;
And deaf to all but that delightful voice
Which from the still dust, or the howling waves,
Had come with all the music loved of yore,
And more than all the music on her soul
Uproused by that maternal ecstasy,
To more than life-prime's passion-power restored.
She loved him more distractedly than e'er
She loved his sire, although all cruel deaths
For him she would have died. A mother's heart
Seems to contain unfathom'd depths of love

Beyond the reach and needing not the aid
Of a son's love to feed it, in itself
For ever fed by Nature's mystic springs,
In their warm gushings inexhaustible,
And freezing only in the frost of death.

Unquestioning Happiness had embraced the Boon.
Her speech had been restored that she might breathe
Prayers audible to her own grateful heart,
That she might blessings pour herself could hear
On that undrown'd and dazzling head of his
That bore upon it the whole light of heaven.
She knew not of his life upon the sea
Save of his shipwrecks—of his life on land
Save of the cells of his captivities.
That he did love the Orphan-sisters well,
And that they well did love her Unimore
She knew, and happy often was to think
That he who was a Brother to them now
Would be a Father when their Mother died.
She saw the Naiad dancing out of day,
And had no fears. " Mid-summer gales," he said,
" Blow softly ever mid the Hebrides,
And the young moon some gentle night will see
My Bark returning gaily up the glen,
All ended then her ocean-voyagings
In the home-haven of Loch-Unimore."
She told her Daughters all that day to leave
Their Mother to herself—and when at eve
They had been carried in a dying state
Into the Castle from the Oratory,
That dismal trial had her soul been spared;
For like a shadow on a sunny place
Had death fall'n on the quiet of her Bier,
And while the Orphans dree'd their agonies
Her heart was hush'd—her spirit was in heaven.

'Tis midnight now—and on to-morrow morn
Which is the Sabbath,—they have chosen well
Her burial-day,—soon after dawn the Bier
Will be borne down into the Glen of Prayer,
And Funeral-service in the Oratory
Read o'er it by the humbled Priest, whose age
By one short week appeareth laden sore
With weight worse than of years, the Body then
Within the Cemetery of the Isle of Rocks
Will be interred, while in the Western Tower
A lonely watch is o'er the Orphans kept
That they may rise not from their restless beds,
And walk in fond delirium to the grave.

Fair Ghosts! who through the Castle glide by nights,
Haunting its long-drawn corridors obscure,
And always visiting this noiseless room
At the same hour, with love that erreth not,
It is so spiritual, and so true to time
The sacred impulses that reign in sleep!
Fair Ghosts of them still living! Not with fear—
Though on their steps mysterious waiteth awe
And wonder—not with fear do we behold
The pale-faced Orphans walking in their dreams!
Unclosed their eyelids, but their eyes as sweet,

Fixed though they be, as when in wakefulness
They used to watch beside their mother's bed!
Deep reconcilement hath now link'd their souls,
Else never had their bodies glided thus
In sleep's celestial union, up and down
The castle-gloom and glimmer sanctified
By saintly shew of such exceeding love!
Who wrought the shrouds in which ye snow-white walk!
Who for the tomb adorn'd you with pale flowers
By pity gather'd in the shady nooks
Of forest-woods where loveliest leaves are dim,
And wither as they smile—as ye do now,
In dying beauty visiting the dead!
Your own hands wrought the shrouds—your own hands dropt
The rathe flowers here and there upon the folds;
As they had done unto the flowery shroud
Of her ye come to kiss now in your sleep.
What reverential kneelings at the bier!
And what love mingled with the reverence!
Divided only by your mother's corse
You kneel, nor yet in that communion know
How near to one another! Unimore
Is now forgotten as he ne'er had been;
His image is permitted not to come
On worship such as this; again your life
In maiden innocence unstain'd flows on
Through the still world of melancholy dreams;
And in delusion breath'd from heaven you weep
For sole sake of your mother, who has died,
You think, without a glimpse of her lost son.
Lo! each alternately a kiss lets fall
On the shut eyes, and cheeks and forehead swath'd,
Nor fears the white lips, nor their touch though cold
Refuses, as they seem to meet with theirs
In unexpired affection! But no word
The one or other speaks—serenely mute;
Then satisfied with filial piety,
The kneelers slowly rise up to their feet,
And of each other's presence unaware,
Though all the while their fix'd eyes fill'd with love
Straight on each other's faces seem to look,
First one and then the other on her breast
Doth fold her hands, and gently bows her head
Towards the Bier; then ghostlike glide away
Both to their chamber in the Western Tower.
And when they lie down in each other's arms,
May all good angels guard the Orphans' couch!

The Moon is in meridian—and in full.
In the whole sky were not a single star
Midnight would yet be bright; but there are stars
In thousands; all the Fix'd Array is there
In ranges loftier in infinitude
And loftier as you gaze; while nearer earth
Burn the large Planets, objects of our love
Because placed in their beauty more within
The reaches of our souls when roaming heaven.
Look! look unto the Castle battlements!
There are the Orphans walking in their sleep.
Dreadless along the precipice they glide
Above the coignes that hide the marten's nest;
But down the depth they gaze not, all their eyes

Are fixed afar upon the starry Loch.
See on the Western Tower is sitting lone
The dark-haired Orphan, and that dark hair hangs,
Escaping from the fillet round its braids,
In sable shadows o'er the snow-white shroud.
"Why didst thou leave the Orphans, Unimore ?
Thou shouldst have staid with us a little while,
And seen the wretches laid into their graves!"
Lying upon the Eastern Battlement,
All heedlessly diffused as if in dreams
Among the sunshine on the greensward brae,
The bright-haired Orphan, with her golden locks
Dim in the piteous moonlight, sings a song
Of human love, as holy as a hymn
Of love divine, and still at every close
Pathetic, breathes the name of Unimore.
At the same time they cease their singing wild,
And passing to and fro along the edge
Of death, unconscious of th' abyss profound,
Still as they meet, but meeting never touch,
They blend their mournful voices into one,
Hymning the same strain to the Throne of Grace,
The same strain they did at the Altar sing,
Kneeling together in the Oratory
The day that witness'd Unimore's Return.

Mute, motionless the gazers all below;
No stir, no whisper; for they dread to wake
The shrouded Sleepers safe now in their sleep,
But were it broken, what a fearful fall
Instant would dash their bodies into death!
There stands apart the melancholy Seer,
And in humiliation there the Priest;
There maidens stand who from the mountains came
To tend the dying Orphans, or to weep
Their unavailing tears; and clansmen there
In moody silence thinking on their Chief,
And wondering in their feälty that one
So bright and brave, and like his blameless sire,
Could so have sinn'd; yet after him their prayers
Are sent to guard his Ship upon the sea.

Lo! gliding o'er the greenward esplanade
In front of the old Castle, side by side,
Yet touching not their figures nor their hands,
Shadowy and strange the shrouded Sisters go,
And carry now their snow-white beauty dim
Away to the dark woods! Then disappear,
Each by a well-known pathway of her own,
Into the Glen of Prayer. All follow them
With reverential footsteps still'd by fear
And by love hasten'd, down the shaggy depth,
At whose base roars a river bridged with trees
Storm-laid across the chasms, by their old roots
Held fast, and on the opposing precipice
Green their top branches, living bridges bright
With mossy verdure, but their shaking stems
Hanging unledged o'er foamy waterfalls.

A perilous place! But oft their sportive feet
Have glided o'er these bridges, as the fawns
Fearless behind their dam, when she instructs

Their steps in danger, ere the hunter's horn
Startle her lonely lair; and they have learnt
To look down o'er the chasms, like youngling birds
All unafraid within their hanging nests
Above the spray of cataracts; their eyes
Familiar with the foam that floats below
As with the clouds that sail along the sky.
And on these bridges oft hath Unimore
Led them along, a Sister on each side,
For so he then would call them—and sometimes
There glided with him only one, alone
With her Destroyer,—then she was his Bride!

The Group is gather'd on the Isle of Rocks;
And lo! across the giant pine-tree flung
From cliff to cliff across a chasm, midway
Between the blue air and the water black,
The Orphans walk, and as they walk they meet,
And meeting they awake. The dismal noise
Below them of the boiling cataract,
The horrid glimmer of the swimming cliffs,
And dim affrightments of the hideous chasm
Enveloping their being all at once
In what now seemeth death, a shrilly shriek
From both their bosoms wrench insanely out,
" O God of mercy—save us, Jesu! save!"
And yet each fearing for the other more
Than for herself, with mutual clasp they clutch
Each other's bodies in a last embrace,
And from the pine-tree swerving, not a hand
Stretch'd from on high to save, into the Pool
Raging below they drop, and whirl'd a while
Like weeds or branches round about on foam,
They disappear, while all the Isle of Rocks
Is one wild outcry vainly piercing heaven!

Despair may seek to lift the coffin-lid
As if it madly dreamt life might be there!
Despair may go into the mouldy vault
And strive to think the echo of its feet
The stirring of the shrouded. But Despair
May shoot not down that chasm its blinded eyes,
And know not that the Orphans are with God.

There is no shrieking now; upon their knees
Around the kneeling Priest drop one and all;
All but the Seer—and he his wither'd hands
Uplifts, and with wild wavings down the Glen
Motions the Clansmen, who arise and go
Where'er he wills; for he obeys his Dreams,
And they believe that in the wilderness
Dreams shadow the whole imagery of Death.
The River, splinter'd on the Isle of Rocks,
Through separate chasms goes boiling, all unseen;
But reappearing as the Isle slopes down
Into a silvan scene, where all is peace,
Gently it flows along the Cemetery
That in the quiet water hangs its tombs.
Thither they go, and on the bank sit down
Like men in idlesse gazing on the foam;
When lo! faint-whitening in a lucid pool

With a strong current, moving slowly on
All eyes at once behold the blended shrouds!
No need to drag them from the water—they
Are on the silver sand. With tenderest hands
They lift the Orphans and their bodies lay,
Weeping, for men are not ashamed to weep
When pity bids them, on a greensward bed
Warm'd by the earliest touches of the dawn,
For all the Stars have faded, and the Moon
Is gone, although they knew it not till now,
And almost perfect day has filled the skies.

All there have often seen the face of death,
And almost always 'tis the face of peace.
But this is not the face of death and peace,
It is the face of an immortal joy.
Fear left it falling o'er the precipice,
And Love bestowed her beauty on the eyes
Though they are shut, and on the lips, though they
Are white almost as forehead or as breast,
And these are like the snow. One Face it seems;
While each is lovely, both the calm of Heaven!

Where art thou, Unimore? Thou art forgiven
By them who died for thee—Oh! may thy sins
Find mercy, though no mercy thou didst shew
Unto these loving Orphan-Innocents!
Perhaps, even now, a dream assails thy Ship
Shewing this sorry sight—this greensward bed—
These bodies—of these bright, these sable locks
Most mournful mixture—this death-fast embrace
Not even to be unlocked within the tomb.
" Judge not, lest thou be judged!" the Scriptures say.
Lodged in that mystery is celestial light;
Let man seek in the Bible and he finds
What Mercy means, and what is Conscience,
And what it is that puts out or that dims
That light which is a law to all the race;
For evil-thoughts and evil-doings, all
That is by God forbidden, bring on death
On those we love, as if we hated them;
Nor halts the sinner upon shore or sea
Till he lets perish his immortal soul!

Down from the Castle comes the Lady's Bier;
And all together shall the Three repose
Within one grave. Sleep-walking is there none,—
Though superstition sees it in the gloom
And tells of unlaid ghosts,—when " dust to dust"
Hath once been said by holy lips, and seal'd
The Tomb's mouth with a melancholy stone
Inscribed, when Love has sacred leisure found
From weeping over it, by moonlight nights,
With Grief and Pity.
The whole Clan is there;
And now the Funeral-rites are all perform'd;
And dying daisies, with their whitening leaves
Ere mid-day to be wither'd, on the turf
Are almost all that tells it was disturbed,
So perfect is the peace that seals the grave
And gives the sleepers to oblivion.

Oblivion! no—the memory of their lives,
So innocent that were and beautiful,
And to the brim filled full of happiness
Till of a sudden mortal misery came
With no forewarning, and dissolved the dream
In cold but welcome death, the memory
Of lives so lovely and exceeding pure,
When all the old heads stooping there have gone
Down to the dust, will in the breasts survive
Of all these mournful maidens and these youths
Mingling their hearts, as they will sometimes do
When meeting on the mountains they deplore
Long afterwards the affliction that befell
In that lone burial-place; they will recite
In Sabbath quietude the Tale of Tears,
Unto their children's children, weeping eyes
For many a generation witnessing
For them who live and die in piety
How still and strong the sanctity of grief!

And thus the Orphans from their graves will breathe
A blessing o'er their own sweet wilderness;
And if their Ghosts before the misty sight
Of pity-wakened Fancy on the moors
In melancholy moonlight seem to glide
And o'er the mountains, when the stars are dim
In dewy mist, and all the tender skies
Benignly smile in sympathy with souls
Blest with a cherish'd sorrow, in such robes
As sainted spirits are believ'd to wear
When singing round the Throne, all spotless white,
The Orphan-sisters o'er the solitude
Will holiness diffuse, love without fear,
Sent down by Mercy silent messengers
To all that suffer but commit no wrong
Of heavenly comfort, and to all that sin
Of pardon, if that they repentant be,
Pardon through Jesus, and Forgiveness wide
As God's etherial House, Infinitude.

No longer linger on the Orphans' Grave,
Ye Virgin mourners! For their Mother weep
No more! Earthborn our thoughts of Space and Time,
Partaking of our prison! But the light
Shot down to us by sun or star is slow
When dreamt of with the spirit's instant gleam
From death to life—its change from earth to heaven.
A moment's Bliss within those shining courts
Is in itself long ages—such their Bliss
For whom you now are blindly shedding tears.
The morning-dews have melted all away,
So let your tears! Oh! what a joyful burst
Of woodland melodies o'erflows the glen!
Rejoicing nature o'er the Cemetery
Pours light and music—why so sad your souls?
The day-spring from on high doth visit them,
A still small voice is whispering—Peace! Peace! Peace!

VISION TENTH.

RETRIBUTION.

ALONG Imagination's air serene
And on her sea serene we fly or float,
Like Birds of Calm that with the moonlight glide
Sometimes upon the wing, sometimes with plumes
Folded amid the murmur of the waves,
Far up among the mountains to the head
Of some great Glen, enamour'd of the green
And flowery solitude of inland peace.
Yet there the Birds of Calm soon find that mists,
And clouds, and storms, and hurricanes belong
Not to the sea alone; as we have found
That, in the quiet Regions of the Soul,
Removed, as we did dream, from sorrow far
And sin, there yet are doleful visitings
Of Sin and Sorrow both. But as the Birds,
Returning to the Ocean, take with them
All the sweet memories only, and forget
The blasts that to their native haunts again
Bore them away reluctant, nor do fear
Another time to let themselves be borne
On the same waftings back to the same place
Where they had wheel'd about so happily,
Or on the greensward walk'd among the lambs;
Even so do we on our return to Life
Tumultuous even far more than is the Sea,
Take with us all the sweetest memories
Of that still place which we had visited
In our calm-loving dreams, forgotten all
Or but remember'd dimly the distress
That even there did come to trouble us;
Nor loath, but earnest, even most passionate
To wing our way back to the solitude
Once more, and there relapse into the bliss
That once so softly breath'd o'er Innocence.

Back through the glimmering regions of the past
Then let us fly again—and on a time
Take up our visionary residence,
Half-way between this glorious summer-day
Lying refulgent on Winander's waves
And isles, and shores, and woods, and groves, and all
Her shadowy mountains well beloved of heaven,
And that sad morn but sweet when we beheld
The Orphan Sisters with their Mother laid
Beyond the reach of sorrow, which had found
Their dwelling out, though it was far remote
And solitary, amid Morven's glens
O'er which the lonely Eagle loved to sail.

Again we sit in the dim world of dreams.
O'er Morven forty years have come and gone
Since, on the morning of that Funeral,
The Isle of Rocks within the Glen of Prayer
Beheld the gathered Clan of Unimore
Upon their knees around the Oratory,
Beseeching heaven to take into its rest
The spirits of the buried. Time and tide

Have washed away, like weeds upon the sands,
Crowds of the olden life's memorials,
And mid the mountains you as well might seek
For the lone site of Fancy's filmy dreams.
Towers have decay'd, and moulder'd from the cliffs,
Or their green age or grey has help'd to build
New dwellings sending up their household smoke
From treeless places once inhabited
But by the secret sylvans. On the moors
The pillar-stone, rear'd to perpetuate
The fame of some great battle, or the power
Of storied necromancer in the wilds,
Among the wide change on the heather-bloom
By power more wondrous wrought than his, its name
Has lost, or fallen itself has disappeared;
No broken fragment suffer'd to impede
The glancing ploughshare. All the ancient woods
Are thinn'd, and let in floods of daylight now,
Then dark and dern as when the Druids lived.
Narrow'd is now the red-deer's forest-reign;
The royal race of eagles is extinct;
But other changes than on moor and cliff
Have tamed the aspect of the wilderness.
The simple system of primeval life,
Simple but stately, hath been broken down;
The Clans are scatter'd, and the Chieftain's power
Is dead, or dying—but a name—though yet
It sometimes stirs the desert. On the winds
The tall plumes wave no more—the tartan green
With fiery streaks among the heather-bells
Now glows unfrequent—and the echoes mourn
The silence of the music that of old
Kept war-thoughts stern amid the calm of peace.
Yet to far battle-plains still Morven sends
Her heroes, and still glittering in the sun,
Or blood-dimm'd, her dread line of bayonets
Marches with loud shouts straight to victory.
A soften'd radiance now floats o'er her glens;
No rare sight now upon her sea-arm lochs
The Sail oft veering up the solitude;
And from afar the noise of life is brought
Within the thunder of her cataracts.
These will flow on for ever; and the crests,
Gold-tipt by rising and by setting suns,
Of her old mountains inaccessible,
Glance down their scorn for ever on the toils
That load with harvests new the humbler hills
Now shorn of all their heather-bloom, and green
Or yellow as the gleam of Lowland fields.
And bold hearts in broad bosoms still are there
Living and dying peacefully; the huts
Abodes are still of high-soul'd poverty;
And underneath their lintels Beauty stoops
Her silken-snooded head, when singing goes
The Maiden to her father at his work
Among the woods, or joins the scanty line
Of barley-reapers on their narrow ridge
In some small field among the pastoral braes.
Still fragments dim of ancient Poetry
In melancholy music down the glens
Go floating; and from shieling roof'd with boughs
And turf-wall'd, high up in some lonely place

Where flocks of sheep are nibbling the sweet grass
Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants
On the cliff-mosses a few goats are seen
Among their kids, you hear sweet melodies
Attuned to some traditionary tale
By young wife sitting all alone, aware
From shadow on the mountain-horologe
Of the glad hour that brings her husband home
Before the gloaming from the far-off moor
Where the black cattle feed—there all alone
She sits and sings, except that on her knees
Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves.

What change hath fall'n on Castle Unimore?
Hath her Last Chieftain been forgotten quite,
His Lady-Mother once to Morven dear,
The Orphans whom her Bard did celebrate
By names he borrowed from the lavish sky
That loved its kindred loveliness to lend
To the fair Spirits of the Wilderness?

Behold the Glen of Prayer, the Isle of Rocks,
The Oratory, and the Place of Tombs!
And a small Congregation gather'd there
As if it were the Sabbath, and the bell
Among the silent mountains had been chiming
The peaceful people to the House of God.
O sacred Pity! or a holier name
Shall we unblamed bestow on Thee who art
No other than Religion, when the soul
Receives thee coming like the dewy dawn
Through dimness waxing bright? Thou dost preserve
The pleasant memories of all mournful things,
Making sweet Grief immortal, when she takes
The placid look and gentle character
Of Sorrow, softening every sight she sees
Through the slight mist of something scarcely tears.
The fate of the Fair Orphans has become
A holy Legend now; for few survive
Who saw them buried, and tradition tells
The outline only of their story, drawn
In colours dim, but still the hues of heaven.
Calm Anniversary of a troubled day!
There sit the people, some upon the tombs,
Upon the turf-heaps some, and the low wall
That winds its ivy round the burial-place
Is covered here and there—a cheerful shew;
As if it were some annual Holiday,
Or Festival devoted unto Mirth
Who only waits the to-fall of the night
To wake the jocund sound of dance and song.
And yet o'er all a shade of melancholy
Seems breathing, more than what may appertain
To these still woods.

Lo! form'd in fair array,
A Band of Maidens in their best attire,—
Such as they wear when walking with a Bride
Back from the Chapel to her Father's house
Which she must now be leaving, or when all
The happy congregation bless the babe
Held gently up to the Baptismal Font,—

One Tomb encircle, by itself aloof
A little way from all the rest, one Tomb
That in the very heart of sunshine sleeps;
And hark! they scatter over it, than flowers
More sweet, the holy harmony of hymns!
There lie the unforgotten Orphans—there
Lieth their Mother's dust. The marble shews
Their sacred names bedimm'd with weather-stains,
But still distinct, for the defacing moss
Is suffer'd not to gather on the lines
Oft look'd on reverentially by eyes
That sometimes let the quiet tear-drops fall
Upon the holy text that strews the grave.

The Hymns are silent on the lips that sang
So dolefully, but Echo in the cliff
Warbles one moment the concluding strain;
And now the birds, that all the while were mute
On hearing of that plaintive melody,
Take up the dirge to tunings of their own
Inspired by Fancy with an alien woe,
For glad are they within their summer-bowers;
Though they too have their sorrows, when their nests
During short absence sometimes disappear
With all the nestlings, and the grove is pierced
With rueful cries of restless agony
Fluttering from tree to tree, and sore amazed
In instinct's passion, at the grievous loss
That leaves the bare bough unendurable;
Till far away the shrieking Parents fly,
And sit down mute upon some desert-stone,
As dimly sad as human wretchedness!

Laden with old age, lo! a white-hair'd Man,
An unknown Stranger coming from afar,
Enters the burial-place, nor from the ground
Uplifteth yet his eyes. But now their lids
Are raised, exposing melancholy orbs
And dim just like the blind's. "Shew me their Tomb!"
He seems to see it; and he lays him down
On the white slab in all his misery,
Moaning their names, and with his wither'd lips
Kissing the letters, but without a tear.
Long has it been since that old Phantom wept.
His brain is dry, and in those shrunken hands
Scarce creeps the livid blood—and now a voice
Hollowly utters, "I am Unimore!"

Clansmen, behold your Chief! What think ye now,
Old men who walk'd with Unimore of old,
Following his high plumes o'er the mountain-cliffs,
What think ye now of Morven's Morning-Star?
These locks of miserable snow did once
Dim the dark purple on the raven's wing;
That crawling form, like to a young oak-tree
When sunshine smites its glory, once did stand
Magnificent; in feeble hollowness
Expires the voice that on the battle-deck
At head of all his Boarders, fear and death
Oft scattered, when, her Bloody Flag hung high,
The Black Sea-Eagle thunder'd o'er the foam,—
Clansmen, behold your Chief!

A few old men,
True to the sacred love that burn'd of yore
And faithful to all ancient memories,
Walk slowly towards him, and kneel down mute
Beside the wearied wanderer who hath found
At last a place of rest. Sighs, sobs, and groans
Go echoing round and round the Isle of Rocks.
" And is it thus our Unimore returns
To his own Morven! better had the sea
Swallow'd his ship, than thus to send our Chief
Back to his home, which must now be the Grave!"

No words the Phantom hears; his soul has gone
A long long journey, back to that bright month
Of wicked love and fatal, when he woo'd
And won the Orphans, miserable brides
Yet sinless, by their nuptials both undone.
Dim are his eyes, but now they penetrate
The marble and the earth beneath, and see
What is no longer there, the very shrouds
Flower-woven, and the lovely faces wan,
Looking as they did look that sunny morn
The sisters perish'd, walking in their sleep.
Swept from his memory many a once-deep trace
By passion and by trouble graven there
As if by eating fire; but all the lines
Of all that love disastrous yet are left,
Of all that guilt inexpiable, of all
That sin that seemeth far beyond the reach
Of Heaven's own mercy. As if yesterday
Had been their day of burial, he beholds
The open grave, and he the thunder hears
With hollow peals within the grave, when falls
The first dread shovelling in of dust to dust,
That to the ears of stricken agony
Doth to its centre shake the solid earth.

The story of their death, like wintry wail
Of winds at midnight round the Pirate's ship,
Had access found unto the solitudes
Of the wide sea. For dire catastrophes
Make themselves known in many wondrous ways,
Sometimes by single syllables, that come
With pauses long, like tollings of a knell;
Sometimes in revelations made in dreams.
If waking ears be deaf, or if the air
Bring not the ghastly tidings, Conscience
Confounds us with the truth in troubled sleep.

" I smote their breasts—I broke their hearts—I dash'd
Their spotless bodies o'er the cataract—
I murder'd them in all their Innocence!—
The sorrow that belongs of right to Sin
I shot into the soul of Piety!
Stealing upon the Orphans at their prayers,
And violating the celestial calm
Which even I, an atheist, felt was breathed
From heaven, and from the power that reigns in heaven!"

No pity needeth Penitence, for soft
And sweet, like distant music, are her dreams;
But all the tears that pity hath, too few

To give unto Remorse, that swalloweth up
Its own, nor in them any blessing knows
Though pour'd in floods, all falling fruitlessly
As tropic torrents on the desert sands.
Many beseechings strive to pacify
The Wretchedness that once was Unimore;
But crazed, they soon perceive, by misery crazed,
Is now the old man's brain. Wild wanderings take
His dim eyes up and down the Isle of Rocks,
And up and down all o'er the Glen of Prayer,
As if pursuing phantoms.

"Look not so!
Oh! hide from me your melancholy eyes,
And all their meek upbraidings! Not from heaven
Should spirits thus come upon a sinner's curse,
To make the misery more than he can bear,
And misery much already hath he borne.
Ye from your Bliss have seen my mortal woe,
Shipwreck'd and sold to slavery, and ye ken
What I do not, how it did come that chains
Were round about my body and my limbs
For many sunless, many moonless years,
In a strange place—it seemed to be a cell,
Sometimes as sultry as the desert, cold
Sometimes as ice; and strangers passing by
Did shuddering say,—'The wretch is still insane!'
Save! save the Orphan-Sisters! See! they stand
Upon the Pine-Tree Bridge. I hear them cry
For succour and for help on Unimore.
And I will save you, for these arms are strong,
And fleet these limbs as Red-Deer's on the hill!"

Lo! lifting up his frame, almost as straight
And tall as when in his majestic prime,
A stately Spectre, shatter'd by the blows
Of Time and Trouble, Misery, and Despair,
And, worst of all sin-smiters, gaunt Remorse,
Totters away among the tombs and out
Of the hush'd Cemetery in among the woods,—
The Chief of Morven, princely Unimore!
A shadow now! a Phantom! Ghost, or Dream!
Lo! on the Pine-Tree Bridge the Spectre stands!
Outstretch'd his arms as in the act to save
The visionary Orphans! Stormy years
Have prey'd upon the stem of that fall'n Pine
Since last it shook beneath his tread—the lightnings
Have smitten it, and o'er that Bridge the roe
Would walk not, instinct-taught that it is frail
And hung on danger. With a splintering crash
It snaps asunder, frush as willow-wand,
And with the Phantoms of the Orphans down
Precipitate with the sheer Cataract
Into the unfathom'd depth sinks Unimore.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN.

(Concluded from the April Number.)

Blessed with a wife whose affection till this hour has been unvarying in every trial, I found myself more fondly attached to life and safety than before. I trembled at every order from the war-office, lest it should doom my regiment to the glories of foreign service; and, in fact, if I were to relate to you the whole pusillanimity of my feelings, you would scarcely believe that I managed so to conceal them as to escape observation and disgrace. This, however, I did. People are luckily very much in the habit of attaching the idea of heroism and courage to a long sword and feathers. There is no surer protection from bullying and insult than a military dress. I therefore hail as a brother coward, anxious to make up in appearance what he wants in reality, any one, who, in the piping times of peace, infests the coffee-room or the theatre in the habiliments of war. His courage decreases in my estimation as his spurs are lengthened;—a braided surtout you may treat as cavalierly as you like—but if in addition to that the poltroon shelters his cowardice beneath a hat with a military cock, a regimental stock, and jingling spurs of inordinate longitude, you may very safely kick him on the slightest provocation without any chance of disagreeable consequences. I speak on this subject from experience. My uniform, I am convinced, stood sponsor on many occasions for my courage, and I remained undiscovered only because I was entirely unsuspected. Even my wife till this hour believes me to be a very lion in the pugnacity of my disposition. She talks of me as a volcano whose proper atmosphere is fire and smoke,—as a sort of dare-devil, to whom life affords no enjoyment equal to the opportunity of throwing it away; and absolutely, at this moment, is pining for the breaking out of a war, that I may be enabled, so she says, to revel in the delights of a campaign,—which, in my apprehension, is only another word for the expression in the litany of "battle, murder, and sudden death,"—to which petition, by the bye, I always (perhaps involuntarily) feel a peculiar glow of sincerity and devotion as I enunciate the response.

But I must get on with my story: My happiness was complete—my father-in-law continued his kindness—and from every member of his family I received tokens of the highest consideration. My rival, however, Fitz D'Angle, did not bear his disappointment with the equanimity which his apparent indifference had led me to expect. Whether he in any way suspected how matters were, I do not know, but he certainly, whenever circumstances brought us together, treated me with a coldness and hauteur which I felt very frequently approached to the limits of insult. I bore his behaviour with my usual calmness; for though I hated him, and was vexed beyond measure by the mode of conduct which he assumed towards me, yet fear predominated, and I cautiously abstained from giving offence, and laboured most assiduously to avoid the necessity of taking it. But in vain. One evening there was a large party at the distinguished old Countess of Fribbleton's. The whole suite of noble apartments was thrown open, and the company consisted of the *élite* of the society of London. I went along with my wife and the Marquis; and as I never had any great predilection for entertainments of that kind, I retired to as quiet a situation as I could find, and looked with considerable interest on the glittering scene. At the period I mention, England was in arms against nearly all the world, and war was of course a very general subject of conversation. Amongst the company were many officers of distinction. In a short time a group of military men had gathered near the place where I sat, and discussed with great earnestness the movements of the contending armies. Upon several occasions my opinion was asked, and listened to, even by the grey-haired veterans of a hundred fights, with deference and respect. But Fitz D'Angle, who was one of the party, bore on his fine aristocratic features a sneer of haughty scorn, which I attempted in vain to avoid noticing. To every thing I said he made some frivolous or disparaging reply, till at last I evidently perceived that several of the auditors seemed surprised at my passive endurance of his impertinence. But the effort to summon courage to take the expected notice of his behaviour was beyond my power; and I still submitted with outward calmness, though internally a victim to the mingled struggles of anger and fear. The Marquis now joined the group, and I was in hopes his presence might act as a restraint on Fitz D'Angle. But that individual perceived he was very safe in the conduct he pursued; and, again, when I was answering a question, which the celebrated Field Marshal Firespit did me the honour to propose to me, he contradicted me in one of my assertions, without any of the circumlocutions with which a gentleman generally softens the expression of a difference in opinion. I stopt short and looked him full in the face, and though at that moment I felt as uncomfortable as I had ever done in my life, not a muscle moved, not a nerve was shaken, and even the bold eye of Fitz D'Angle sank beneath the fixed but inexpressive look. My eye was literally dead,—it had absolutely divested itself of all meaning whatsoever, and in that instance it was a complete index to my mind. I was at that moment as perfectly without an idea of any sort or kind as a statue; I knew not whether, as the vulgar saying has it, I stood on my head or my heels; and the silence produced by my lengthened gaze, added to my embarrassment. At last Fitz D'Angle recovered his self-possession, and said, "Colonel Pumpkin, will you be kind enough, sir, to explain the meaning of the look you have done me the honour to fix on me for the last few minutes?"—"My look, sir?" I said. "Yes, your look; for allow me to tell you, that I permit no such rude and insulting stare to be fixed on me by a prince or peer, and far less by a *parvenu*." Here I saw a slight opening for escape, and replied,—"Mr Fitz D'Angle, I waive on this occasion all discussions with respect to birth,—yours I know is lofty, mine I confess to be comparatively humble—but were our situations in that respect changed, depend on it I should scorn to cast any thing in your teeth ———"—"Except your head!" continued the old Marquis, who evidently enjoyed the scene. Fitz D'Angle lost all patience upon this. "Sir, your infamous conduct in inflicting such an injury on an unprepared man, is only equalled by your cowardly baseness in thus referring to it. I shall expect satisfaction." —"Stay, Mr Fitz D'Angle," I said in a state of the highest alarm, "I shall do all I can to avoid a duel, which I have always dreaded more than almost any thing else; I shall fairly tell you how every thing occurred—I shall confess to you, once for all, that you have on many occasions shewed much more courage than ever I possessed, and that I am anxious to avoid even the remotest chance of depriving your country of such valuable services, as I doubt not you have often rendered her." As I said these words, there was a concealed sort of smile went round the circle, and, darting on me a look of even greater rage than before, Fitz D'Angle turned away, and in a few minutes left the room. My confusion at this incident was unbounded. I felt there was no possibility of drawing back, that fight I must, and death and infamy presented themselves to my imagination in every hideous form.

The Marquis slapt me on the shoulder, "Gave it him well, my boy; cursed severe though on the little silken puppy—Why, man, what services has he rendered? Gad that was the best hit of all. Come, let's have a bottle or two of wine, it will steady your hand in the morning; you shall sleep at my house to-night, and we shall singe Master Fitz's whiskers at peep of day. Come along." And away we went. As unconscious as a child, I followed the old warrior—arrived at his house—was seated at table with half a dozen bottles before us, and had swallowed several bumpers, one after another, as fast as they could be poured out, before I recovered my senses enough to recollect the disagreeable scrape in which I was involved. When the whole scene recurred to my remembrance, I searched through every expression which I had uttered, to discover, if possible, some opportunity to retract or explain. But I could find no means whatsoever. What I had said in the alarm of the moment by way of soothing his irritation, had unfortunately increased it. I therefore endeavoured to make up my mind to undergo the risk of a meeting. I comforted myself with thinking of the multitude of duels which are fought every year without being attended with bloodshed—but then always at the end of a long list of these innocent encounters came the appalling recollection of some horrible meeting where both the principals were killed, and this reduced me to the same state of apprehension as at first. In the midst of these disagreeable reflections, a gentleman was announced as coming from Mr Fitz D'Angle. Mechanically, I took the note which he presented me, read it, and gave it over to the Marquis without saying a word. It was to the following effect:

"Sir,—after the sneer at my want of service, and the implication against my courage in which you thought proper to indulge, by comparing it with the heroism which, I allow, you have on every occasion displayed, you will not be surprised at the course I have taken. My friend, Major Blood, will arrange every thing for as speedy a meeting as possible with any gentleman you may choose to appoint. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY FITZ D'ANGLE."

"Fore George!" said the Marquis, when he had read it, "this is capital,—there is more in the younker than I gave him credit for. Pummy, my boy, leave the room for a few minutes, and Major Blood and I will settle the preliminaries,—you shall soon come back, and we can have a comfortable evening." Marvelling at the strange idea some people entertained of a comfortable evening, I did as I was desired; I heard from the adjoining room the low sound of their conversation, and sometimes I caught the quick short laugh of the Marquis, from which I could perceive he was delighted with the whole adventure. In a short time I heard the Major retire, and I resumed my seat by the side of the Marquis. "All right, my boy," he said when I went in; "Major Blood seems a pleasant gentlemanly man, and agreed to the shortest possible distance the moment I proposed it. Long pistols, six paces, fire at the dropping of the handkerchief, that's the short way of doing business; now fill your glass,—Shall you kill him the first fire?"—"Kill him? Good God! I hope not." "That's a good kind-hearted fellow! No, no, I should not like to see him altogether killed, but you shall have my own hair-triggers, the same that did for my poor friend Danby, in 72—and egad you must wing him; I should recommend the right arm, but of course in that you will please yourself—half past 5, Wimbledon Common—Don't you think every thing most delightfully settled?"—"Oh delightfully!" I said, without exactly understanding what the word meant, and drank off my wine with the coolest air in the world. My conversation you will believe was not very vivacious. Indeed there was no great occasion for me to speak at all; the Marquis was in extravagantly high spirits, and told me several of his feats in the same way in his youth. He never for a moment seemed to doubt that I entered with great enjoyment into all his anecdotes, but, alas! my thoughts ran in a very different channel. I cannot say that the fear of death was the most powerful of my tormentors,—the dread of disgrace was still greater; I felt almost certain that my secret could be kept no longer, that my nerve would at last give way, and I knew that the slightest tremor would betray me at once to so calm and quicksighted a judge as the Marquis. But the evening at last came to an end. The old man shook me very affectionately by the hand, before we separated for the night, and said, "Sleep soundly, my boy, it will do your aim good in the morning—what I like about you is your coolness—no boasting, no passion, all as composed as if you were only going to breakfast—you'll wing him to a certainty; so now good night."

I shall not attempt any description of my thoughts when left to myself. Suffice it, that after a sleepless night I proceeded with the Marquis in his barouche to the place of meeting. In a few minutes after our arrival, the opposite parties came upon the ground. I can scarcely go on with what followed, for at the time I was totally unconscious of every thing that occurred. My knowledge of it is derived from what was told me after it was over. We were placed opposite each other at what I could not help even then considering a most appalling degree of propinquity; I looked as fixedly as I could at my opponent, but a mist of some sort or other was spread before my eyes, and I could see merely the outline of his figure, though he was not farther from me than eighteen feet. The handkerchief dropt, I pulled the trigger, and stood in the exact attitude in which I had been placed by my second. There was a considerable bustle the moment after I had fired, but my faculties were so entranced by my fear and agitation, that I could not discover the cause of the disturbance. At last the Marquis came up to me and whispered something or other, the import of which I did not exactly catch. I expected he would have put another pistol into my hand, but in this I was disappointed. Surprised at the delay, I said to him, "Is it all over?"—"No—I hope it is not over with him yet; but he is desperately wounded; let us return to town, he has a surgeon with him. Egad, it was just in the place I told you; a little below the right shoulder—Did not the trigger go easily?—Allons, allons."

Mr Fitz D'Angle recovered, and my fame was still farther increased. The Marquis was in raptures with my calmness and self-possession, and even Major Blood and my antagonist bore testimony to the undaunted resolution and coolness of my behaviour. The duel made a considerable noise at the time, and various grounds were assigned for it; but all accounts agreed in stating that I was entirely free from blame, as I had avoided taking notice of the intentional disrespect of my opponent as long as I possibly could. It had even reached the ears of the most exalted personage in the realm, as I discovered the next time I presented myself at court. "Bad thing—bad thing, indeed—duel, duel, Colonel Pumpkin;—but couldn't help it—bore it long as you could.—Keep your bullets for the enemy next time, Colonel;—we can't let you risk your life any more.—No duels—no more duels."

The war in which we were engaged assumed at this time a very critical appearance. Our allies had been vanquished in every battle, and considerable apprehensions were entertained of an invasion of our own shores. In order to guard against this, forces were stationed almost all along the coast, and I was appointed to the chief command of a very large district of country, and an amount of force of above seventy thousand men. In this, I of course include the yeomanry and the militias. I was now Major-General before I was eight-and-twenty years of age, a thing which, so far as I am aware, had at that time no parallel in the service. I fixed my headquarters at ——, as being the point in my district most remote from the scene of danger, and kept a considerable force in my own immediate neighbourhood, in order to cover my escape, should the enemy succeed in effecting a landing. Whether it was that I pulled the reins of discipline too tight, or from some other cause, I do not pretend to decide, but in a short time I perceived that with the men under my command I was decidedly unpopular. My personal want of courage made me peculiarly strict in exacting the most rigorous attention to duty; and I have often summoned the poor fellows from their quarters at a moment's notice, in order to see what chance of safety I should have secured to myself in case of an actual surprise. All this, aided, I have no doubt, by other causes, produced the effect which I am now going to relate. In one of the regiments which I had retained near me, there were a great many men, I was sorry to be informed, who applied themselves more to political discussions than is usual in a British soldier. These were in the habit of reading several radical and disaffected publications, which were allowed, by the supineness of the government, to spread abroad their anti-national principles, even in that period of imminent danger to the state. This, in due course of time, had the effect which might have been expected. The officers exerted themselves in vain to bring back their men to cheerfulness and content; and though discipline was still preserved, and the forms of military subordination gone through, it was evident that the whole of that regiment waited only for an opportunity to shew the Jacobin spirit with which they were possessed. To a man of the disposition which I have now confessed myself to be, you will have no difficulty in imagining the alarm which this state of things produced. I feared to send them to a distance, as I concluded my greatest safety rested in their being kept in awe by the vicinity of the other troops, and I was equally disinclined to allow them to remain, as I was afraid their rage, being restrained from an open manifestation, might secretly wreak itself on so unpopular a commander as, under those circumstances, I undoubtedly was. The officers of my staff perceived my uneasiness, though none of them ventured to enquire into the cause. My usual calmness and taciturnity stood me in good stead. I never adverted to the subject of my alarm —I was afraid to let my mind rest upon it, and I felt convinced, if I trusted myself to converse on the affair at all, I should inevitably betray the unsoldierly extent of my trepidation. In this state of affairs time wore on. One day, when I dined with the regiment which caused these apprehensions, my fears were worked up to a pitch which I was almost certain must have betrayed me. After dinner, a note was put into my hand, which I immediately guessed to contain some information connected with the subject of my alarm. I accordingly took an early opportunity of looking into it, and found it to contain the following words:—"If you leave the barracks to-night after half past nine, you are a dead man. This is a friend's warning—neglect it not." I pulled out my watch in a moment—it wanted just ten minutes to ten. I gave myself up for lost. In what way could I invent an excuse for stopping in the barracks all night? How could I order out a guard to see me safe to my headquarters, when, in all probability, it would be composed of the very persons whom I was anxious to escape? I was uncertain what to do. I had thoughts of assuming the appearance of helpless intoxication, and picking up some other individual's hat and cloak by mistake, in hopes of deceiving my enemies by a change of costume; but there were insuperable objections to that mode of proceeding. I sat in a state of complete bewilderment and dismay. I thought it better to make my exit with as little bustle as possible, and I accordingly sent off my aid-de-camps on different messages, and at last, about half past ten, took my leave of the party, and proceeded into the barrack-yard alone. I moved as quietly as I could, keeping carefully under the shadow of the walls, till, when I got very nearly to the gate without interruption, I was startled on hearing a conversation carried on in whispers, a little in advance. The words were, of course, inaudible, though I paused and listened with the utmost anxiety; but as the party were evidently advancing to where I stood, I slipt cautiously into an empty barrack-room on the ground-floor, in hopes of letting them pass without attracting their observation. I placed myself, for the greater security, behind a large screen in a recess of the apartment, on which a number of soldiers' great-coats, and other articles of apparel, were suspended, and waited in the agonies of hope and fear, till I should hear their steps die away in the distance; but, to my horror and amazement, the persons, whoever they were, paused at the very door I had entered, and in a few moments I heard the subdued voices of many men, and was aware that they had come into the very room to which I had fled for safety. I heard a coarse rough voice say, "The tyrant stays late to-night—but it's his last dinner, he had better enjoy it as long as he can."—"Hush, hush," said another—"let us to business. You, Bill Halliday, watch and give us notice of his coming; and don't be so ready with your knife—you had nearly settled Captain Jenkins, the aid-de-camp, in mistake for the General himself; and now, comrades, let us renew our oath of secrecy." He then called over the names of about eight persons, who answered severally as they were called; and the spokesman continued, "You swear to be firm and determined in the great object we have undertaken, to stab our tyrant, the General, through the heart this night; to set fire to the barracks immediately after, and prevent the officers' escape from the mess-room when it is in flames?"—"We swear!"—"And you also swear, whatever enquiries are made, whatever promises are held out, or whatever suspicions are entertained, never to divulge your knowledge of this plot, whichever of us proves lucky enough to free the regiment from such detestable tyrants."—"We swear!" And the villains, by the light of a dark-lantern, subscribed their names to a paper containing these horrible resolutions; and I heard, in my place of concealment, the scraping of the pen which thus doomed me to inevitable death. Need I tell you that every thing I had previously suffered was as nothing, compared to the dreadful situation in which I was then placed! I have often wondered since that insanity was not produced by the intense horror of that appalling moment. The watch they had stationed at the door now came in, and informed them that their victim approached. In a moment they all rushed out of the room, and as it was by this time pitch-dark, I am ashamed to confess that a faint hope sprang up in my bosom that the desperadoes might mistake their object. I intended at one time to rush out with the crowd, in hopes of not being noticed in the hurry, but I had allowed the opportunity to pass. I however possessed myself of the paper they had left upon the table, and also of the lantern; and had scarcely time to resume my place of concealment when they returned into the room, and I gathered from their conversation that a captain's guard was marching up the quadrangle from the gate. I listened with the most painful suspense to the measured tramp of many men; they approached—they arrived opposite the window of the room. I heard the command given to halt; and, as my only chance of safety, I started up, and, pushing over the screen behind which I had sheltered, into the very midst of the conspirators, I rushed to the door, gained the outside, and in an instant informed the captain in command, of my name and rank, and ordered him to guard the door; and, on pain of death, to suffer no one to escape. I now walked deliberately back into the dining-room, where the officers were still assembled, and ordered the Major to go down to No. 4 of the right-hand side of the quadrangle, and to bring the men he found in that room before me, separately, and disarmed. I informed the astonished group of officers that I had for some time suspected the disaffection of the regiment; I produced the paper with the signature of the conspirators attached, and you will readily suppose the horror and surprise of every one who listened to my story. This you have, no doubt, heard related in a very different manner. The newspapers, I remember, were full for several months of my intrepidity; and again, by a most curious concurrence of circumstances, I was declared to be a hero, when the fact was that—— ; but no matter; I have striven not to be a coward, but in vain. Public opinion about this time was strongly expressed on the incapacity of our generals on foreign service, and there was almost an unanimous desire that they should be superseded. I need not inform you of the command to which, contrary to my wishes and expectations, I was soon after this appointed.

I was given to understand, on having my destination pointed out to me, that the loftiest expectations were entertained of my success, and the minister at war paid me the highest compliments, on the courage and ability I had already displayed. The object of all these hopes and compliments—loaded with the good wishes of the whole nation—I declare to you, sir, that even then I found it impossible to summon the smallest resolution; I trembled as much as ever at the remotest appearance of danger; and while the thousands who cheered me enthusiastically as I stept on board a transport on my way to the scene of warfare, believed that my thoughts were proudly fixed on glory and ambition, alas! they were only directed to the appearance of the sea, which was a great deal more rough than suited my inclination. A thousand tales of shipwreck and suffering came vividly into my mind, and at every heave of the vessel I repented more and more intensely that I had not long ago confessed my weakness, and enjoyed safety on dry land, even although it should be accompanied with contempt. But it was my fate, and I submitted. Besides my staff, there went out with me in the transport a large portion of the ——th regiment of foot. For several days our voyage was smooth and easy. Even I had in some degree recovered my usual spirits, and every thing seemed going on as favourably as we could wish. Towards evening, however, of the seventh day from our leaving the shores of England, a strange sail appeared at a considerable distance, and created some degree of alarm even among the hardy sailors. As night was closing in upon us fast, we were in hopes of avoiding her in the darkness; and, till the dawn again appeared, we made all the sail we could. By the first grey twilight of the morning, it was evident our hopes were fallacious. The ship had gained upon us in the night, and was crowding all her canvas to come up with us. A consultation was immediately held, and the master of our vessel candidly told us, that should our pursuer prove to be an enemy, resistance was perfectly fruitless, as it was clear she was a frigate of the very largest class. I sat in silence and consternation; several of my officers advised our defending ourselves to the last—my own desire was to surrender on the first summons, and so save the effusion of blood. The frigate now drew near, and firing a gun across our bows, shewed French colours. We kept all sail up, and made the best of our way. My fear now got the upper hand of my discretion, and I said to the master of the transport, "Trust to me on this occasion; I and the soldiers will go below—it will save many lives; yield as soon as you can; but for any sake let us get quickly under hatches." As I said this I ordered my soldiers down below, and slunk as quickly into the hold as I possibly could, as I felt certain the next gun would be fired upon us in earnest. I lay below in utter darkness for I suppose an hour, my apprehensions increasing with every minute. After so considerable a lapse of time, as I heard no more firing, and had perceived a great bustle upon the deck, I concluded that we were fairly captured, and were pursuing our way to the enemy's coast. The heat where I lay was oppressive; many of my men were huddled together, and there was beginning to be felt a great scarcity of fresh air. The hatches were down, but luckily not fixed. Unable any longer to bear the confinement, I said, "Now, my lads, let us get as quick as we can upon deck; if the enemy makes any shew of violence, we'll assure them we're perfectly prepared to strike." These words, which I uttered in the most hopeless despondency, seemed to inspire my soldiers with the utmost courage. A universal shout was the only answer they vouchsafed, and in a moment the hatches were thrown up; several muskets were discharged—I heard the struggles of men upon the slippery deck, and ere I reached the scene of action eight Frenchmen lay dead, and about twelve others were driven forward into the poop, and were crying for quarter with the most frantic exclamations. When I appeared there was a general hurra; and being half bewildered with the suddenness of the whole transaction, I ordered the firing immediately to cease, and assured the Frenchmen of their safety under my protection. The master, who had been confined in his cabin, now joined the group on deck, and assured me he had acted exactly according to my orders, though he could not have supposed so gallant an achievement would be the result of what he had done. Luckily none of our men were seriously hurt; and I heard an old sergeant, who had been near me in the hold, expatiating very warmly on my transcendent courage, and he concluded his panegyric by a compliment to my wit: "Dammee, says I to myself, says I, when we was all ordered below, what's young Thunderbolt [the soubriquet by which I was known in the ranks] arter now? Well, we lays down in that 'ere hole, and the General he never says nothin' at all, but sits as quiet and cool as if he was over a glass o' gin and water; thinks I to myself, this here will never do by no means whatsomnever; but then, ye see, he says, says he at last, just as if he was goin' into no danger at all, says he, Dammee, says he, we'll shew them there Frenchmen how us Britons can strike; and I think as how we has struck 'em, poor devils, sore enough."

We pursued our way without any farther molestation, and arrived at our destination in time to disembark the same evening. As I was, of course, in the greatest haste to join the main army, I considered myself lucky in procuring a conveyance in the town at which we landed; and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, I set off for the neighbourhood of ———, in which our army was at that time encamped. Night came down upon us almost before we were aware; and just as we entered the range of mountains which skirts the province of ——, we were enveloped in total darkness. My companion, after several apologies for his drowsiness, resigned himself quietly to sleep. I was most anxious to follow his example, but I was aware the country was in a very lawless state, and my apprehensions of the brigands effectually drove off my slumbers. At every lurch in that execrable road, I feared it was some impediment thrown in our way, to enable the robbers to execute their purpose; and besides, my alarm was still more excited, as I knew it was no uncommon thing for the postilions themselves to be in league with the most ferocious of the banditti. Tormented with these thoughts, I had no refreshing sleep, yet the motion of the carriage, and the coolness of the night air, joined to the fatigue of a long voyage, threw me every now and then into a disturbed sort of slumber, from which ever and anon I started up, terrified by the most appalling dreams. At last the worst of my fears seemed to stand a fair chance of being realized. The carriage all at once stood still, though it was now so dark that I could not see the cause of the delay. I heard, however, the tread of a horse, and in a moment after the window was let down, and some hard substance hit me a violent blow on the temple. Without premeditation, in the first natural effort of my fright, I laid firm hold of the assaulting object, and found it to be a pistol of enormous size, pointed directly to my head. With the eagerness of self-preservation, I turned it to a side, and grasped with all the strength I could muster, the arm of the assailant. All this passed in silence. For myself, I was much too agitated to speak, and the person who attacked us maintained an equal reserve. I could at last only summon breath enough to say to the postilion, "Drive on, or you may expect instant death;" and in a moment he put his horses into motion, while I still, rigidly but unconsciously, retained my hold of the arm of our antagonist. A groan, extorted from him by the agony of the first jerk, shewed me that his arm was either very much strained, or perhaps broken, by coming in contact with the window of the carriage,—for I gave all my weight, and all my strength, which was at that time very remarkable, to retain my grasp. In order to ease his wounded limb as much as possible, he made his horse go close to our side; his groans at every tug were very distressing, and I doubt not if I had been my own master at the time, my compassion would have induced me to let him go. But with the instinct of self-protection, I kept him close prisoner in spite of his manifest sufferings. Day broke while we were yet in these relative positions, and my companion was still sound asleep. At length we arrived at a village in the occupation of our troops, and the morning *réveille* was just sounded as we drove up the narrow street. The robber was still by our side, his arm still convulsively clutched by me from within; and as the carriage drew up where a regiment had taken its station for parade, the astonishment of the soldiers was visibly depicted on their countenances at so unusual a sight. My aid-de-camp at this time awakened, and I think his astonishment was one of the most amusing exhibitions I had ever seen. In few words I related how it had occurred, and he immediately jumped out and secured the unfortunate and now completely subdued depredator. When it was ascertained in the ranks who I was, and the story, with many embellishments, found its way among the men, their manifestations of delight could scarcely be controlled. The man was soon recognised to be a brigand of astonishing reputation,—second only in atrocity and fame to the celebrated Polinario. Many parties had been sent after him in pursuit, but he had hitherto eluded their search, or even sometimes ventured on a daring and successful resistance. He was therefore an object of no common curiosity, and the odd manner of his capture added in no small degree to the feeling. His arm, I found, was broken; and the agony of the pain seemed to have entirely mastered his spirit, for he never even attempted to release himself, and seemed only happy if by yielding his arm freely to the motions of the carriage, he could prevent any addition to his pangs. I was sorry that dire necessity exacted his life, but the gibbet was a punishment his cruelty and lawlessness had richly earned,—yet I was not altogether pleased with the noise my share in his capture made, as I was aware, among people of his class, it might incite his associates to revenge his loss upon the individual who caused it. However, it made me only the more strict in maintaining rigid discipline; and in a few months after my arrival I had brought the forces under my command to a state of military organization to which they had not previously been accustomed.

I need not engage your attention with a detail of my proceedings while I was attached to the grand army, and under the control of the supreme head. My fame then only increased as being a sharer of the laurels of the whole army; it was only when placed in an independent command, that fortune wove a chaplet for my own peculiar brows. In the spring of the year 18—, whilst our glorious chief was pursuing his successes in the provinces of —— and ——, I was detached to the neighbourhood of ——, to watch the movements of the Duc de ——. This, you are aware, was one of the most distinguished of the "sons of the empire." He had, it is true, been outmanœuvred on one occasion by his Grace, but you must know, as a military man, that the excellence of his dispositions, and the orderliness of his retreat, amply redeemed what he had lost in professional reputation. Against him I was sent with a large though mixed force; and if even under the protection of the whole British army I felt tormented with almost unceasing terrors, you may guess what my feelings were on being given up to the fury of the Duc de —— by myself. The feelings of Daniel on descending into the lion's den, if he had not been preternaturally endowed, must have borne a great resemblance to mine on undertaking this expedition. However, I submitted with my usual philosophy to what was unavoidable, and set out upon my march with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," though a victim all the time to the most fearful forebodings, and startled at the shadows of coming evil. On arriving in the vicinity of the enemy, I made it my first business to strengthen my own position as much as possible. For this purpose I formed lines, on a smaller scale indeed, but as similar as I could to those of Torres Vedras. Secure in my entrenchments, or, when I did move out, always cautious to leave a certainty of a retreat into them once more, I watched the enemy with more comfort, and a greater feeling of security, than I had experienced for many years. The foe seemed to be as cautious as myself; but my situation was infinitely to be preferred. I was well supplied with every sort of provision, my position was nearly impregnable, and the whole circumjacent country was commanded by the disposition of my troops. From day to day my courage waxed higher and higher, till at last, on seeing the enemy so long quiescent, I made no doubt that pusillanimity was the cause of their repose, and rejoiced, with a joy which I find it impossible to describe, that the Duc de —— was as great a coward as myself. Full of these hopes, I now on several occasions ventured beyond my lines to reconnoitre. But even at those times I did not by any means trust myself with few attendants. I was generally accompanied by a large staff, and had my movements covered by several thousands of the troops. The enemy, on my first presenting myself in this manner, made demonstrations of an active attack, upon which I immediately withdrew to my entrenchments, and was thankful I had for that time effected my escape. But when for several days I had repeated the same operation, they no longer shewed any symptoms of opposition, but allowed me in peace and safety to go along the whole extent of their line, and did not seem to be incommoded by the movements of so considerable a force. When I had gone on in this manner for nearly three weeks, (for I was delighted with the courage I had at last been enabled to assume,) things quite unexpectedly took a very different turn. A regiment of British cavalry, the Irish brigade, and a regiment of Caçadores, were the party appointed to cover my progress. They staid, of course, at a considerable distance from my staff, but somewhat closer to the enemy, in order to intercept any force which might be sent against us. The enemy, I was surprised to see, had changed the disposition of his troops. He had drawn them closer to the hill on which my camp was placed, and formed them into a semicircle round its base. Accordingly, on reaching the end of their line, I found myself alarmingly near to the outposts of their right wing, and hastily turned my horse, in order to retire to my entrenchments. But, skirting the hill at a fearful pace, and making rapidly for the place where I stood, I saw a large body of the enemy's cavalry. In an instant I put spurs to my horse, and flew like the wind. I waved my hat for my escort to come to my assistance, and began utterly to despair, as I saw but small prospect of escape. At last I joined the forces, which were hurrying to my aid, and still in terror and hopelessness urged my horse to the very top of his speed. The cavalry dashed after me with the wildest impetuosity—and ere I could check my horse, he had breasted the hill, and we rushed, like a torrent of sword and plume, into the totally unprepared masses of the enemy's left wing. A prodigious slaughter immediately took place; I shut my eyes to the horrid sights I saw everywhere around me, and as I had no hopes of ever finding my way out of the *mêlée*, unless supported by the whole army, I sent an aid-de-camp to the second in command, and ordered an immediate charge of the whole line. Down the gentle declivity of that hill rushed three-and-twenty thousand men, in double quick time,—I heard a tremendous volley, followed by a still more awful shout, and nature reeled before me. I saw no more, and sank in a delirium of fear and horror, quite insensible, upon the ground. The victory was by far the most complete that had been gained during the whole war—there were 8000 men killed, and 13,000 prisoners, besides an immense quantity of military stores. But the consequences of the battle were still more important. The enemy abandoned the whole province, and the impregnable fortress of —— immediately surrendered. I rejoiced, on recovering my senses, to find I had been wounded. I was shot through the arm, and the horse I rode was killed by a bayonet stab.

The whole glory of the victory was attributed to me. The plan of inducing the enemy to strengthen his right wing, and then leading the attack so instantaneously upon his weakened left, was considered one of the most illustrious incidents in the art of war; and I have blushed over and over again to hear it compared in intricacy of plot, and brilliancy of execution, to the Duke of Marlborough's celebrated passage of the causeway of Arleux, in which he outwitted the great Marshal Villars. The honours that were heaped upon me were quite overpowering. I received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box. The gratitude of the Spanish nation knew no bounds. I was the theme of many of their songs; I was called in some of their ballads only inferior to the Cid; and in honour of me, by a delicate compliment of that highly chivalrous nation, a Pumpkin became a favourite dish at the tables of the highest of their nobility. In the meantime my wound gave me no small inconvenience; some of the minor nerves were lacerated, and afflicted me with intolerable pain. This, joined to the continuance of my fears, (for every new success seemed only to make me more timorous and apprehensive,) preyed seriously upon my health. His Grace wrote me a letter with his own hand, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, and complimenting me on the ability I had displayed. This I perhaps prized more than any of the other honours; but, alas! what right can I advance to all these praises? Many a more courageous man than I am, I was well convinced, had been shot for the basest cowardice,—and yet!—I have really suffered more from the goadings of my conscience, and the reproaches of my own heart at my paltriness in remaining silent under so much unmerited eulogium, than I should have undergone had I boldly stated the truth, and consigned myself to infamy and security at once. Even now, however, it is not too late, and I find my heart relieved of an intolerable burden even by the confession I have now made to you.

But to proceed. The state of my health necessitated my return to England. I gave up my command, I may safely say, with far more pleasure than I had assumed it, and set out with great satisfaction on my homeward way. It was now the beginning of winter. The wind blew most tempestuously when I arrived upon the coast. This circumstance, added to the weakening effects of my wound, reduced me to a lower point of pusillanimity than I ever remember to have reached. In fact, I was totally unmanned, and thought my only plan to avoid observation in going from the little boat on board the transport, was to affect an utter insensibility, from the painfulness of my arm. I lay at the bottom of the boat, totally absorbed in the contemplation of my danger, and, luckily without any very manifest display of my cowardice, I got hoisted up on the deck of the transport; and although even she was tossed with fearful violence, I considered myself to be now in a place of comparative safety. I found myself unable to stand the atmosphere below; so with cloaks and other appliances, I made a sort of couch upon the deck, and lay down upon it, overcome partly by my state of health, and partly by my fears. Opposite to me was laid another sufferer, though I was at first so occupied with my own wants, that I had no great time or inclination to scrutinize his features attentively; but even in the cursory glance I gave him, there was something in his appearance which reminded me of some one I had seen before. But he seemed so wasted by disease, that even if I had been intimately acquainted, I knew I should have found it difficult to recognise him. For the first two days I thought he was quite deserted, but on the morning of the third, a beautiful little boy, about six or seven years of age, came up from below, where he had been detained by sickness, and watched his couch with the most tender affection. The weather had now in some degree moderated, though the swell, to one unaccustomed to the sea, was still very unpleasant. I got up and moved about a little, and entered into conversation with the little boy who had attracted my observation. His father I did not disturb, as he looked so languid I was afraid he might be harassed and incommoded if I addressed him. I sat on the taffril and spoke to the little boy, who with all the wildness and fearlessness of youth, rejoiced in rambling and climbing all over the ship. My rank made no impression on him. He sat upon my knee, and admired my dress with the most confiding innocence; and I was delighted to encourage his familiarity. One morning, as I leant over the side in a violent qualm of sea-sickness, the little boy was amusing himself by climbing up one of the ropes which hung directly above where I stood. I cautioned him two or three times of the danger of his sport, but he still persisted in going, by his hands alone, as high up the rope as he could. I heard a slight scream, and the next moment was overwhelmed with a great weight, and was instantly overbalanced and driven into the sea. I have no recollection of any thing more, except a strange thundering sound in my ears, and the flashing of red lights in my eyes. A boat was instantaneously put down, and I was picked up quite insensible; the boy also, who had caused the catastrophe by losing his hold and falling on my head, was saved from his perilous situation, and we were conveyed on board after our safety had been despaired of. When I came perfectly to myself, I found the invalid had been carried across the ship to the side of my couch, and there he lay with the intent eyes of earnest affection watching for my recovery. His boy was lying sound asleep in his arms. He said, when I opened my eyes—"This is the second time, General, I have been indebted to you more than I shall ever be able to repay—first,—for I see you do not in these wasted features recognise a friend of your youth,—when you saved me in the bathing-ground at ——, when you were a simple ensign, and I, what I am now—a poor lieutenant."

" Jack Wharton!" I said, in astonishment.

" The same—No one has rejoiced more in your rapid and brilliant progress than I have, though my own, I grieve to say, has been very different. But now this second time you have saved my boy, my poor little Frederick, and Jack Wharton can only thank you with his tears."

And poor Wharton wept like a child. I said nothing to all this, for I knew even if I told him the truth, that my precipitation into the water was by no means voluntary, he would not have given credit to the statement; so I was forced passively to submit to the admiration of the whole crew for the heroism of the achievement, when the fact was that the child himself had knocked me over the side, and nearly been the cause of my death. My friend's had been the usual fate of military men—he had stood all the dangers of several campaigns, and had risen no higher than lieutenant; I am happy, however, to say I had it in my power to be of essential service to him afterwards, and to-morrow, I believe, I shall have the honour of introducing you to Colonel Wharton. I may conclude the story of my professional progress by informing you that in a short period after my arrival, I was advanced to the highest step in the army save one, and that my sovereign was graciously pleased to confer on me the honour of a baronetcy, and the knighthood of the Bath, and that Parliament voted me money to purchase an estate, and settled two thousand a-year on my lineal representative for three generations.

This, sir, from the story you have heard, will afford you ground for moralizing. Here am I, a man of no strength of mind, a man of no personal courage, celebrated from one end of the kingdom to the other, for the possession, in a peculiar degree, of both these qualities. I have risen to the summit of a soldier's ambition, and to the eye of philosophy I present as interesting a subject of contemplation as would be the elevation to the seals of a lawyer ignorant beyond measure of the law, or the translation to such a see as Winchester, of a clergyman unendowed with either learning, or piety, or talents. That such an event never occurred in any profession but my own, I would fain hope; but I trust that, while I thus unburden myself of a secret which has preyed on my conscience for many years, you will allow that, poor and contemptible as my conduct has in reality been, I have never added to my baseness by arrogance and pride. You now, I feel convinced, look on me with loathing and abhorrence; but, believe me, that whatever *your* feelings may be, mine are a thousand times more humiliating, a thousand times more bitter!

Here the General paused, and laid his head upon his hand—for my own part I did not know what to do. I did not at first believe a single word of what he said about his want of courage; but as he proceeded in his story, I began to think he could scarcely mean all that long rigmarole for a hoax, and accordingly I felt it impossible to offer him the slightest consolation. Whilst I was hesitating what to say, for the unfortunate General was now sobbing convulsively in the bitterness of his self-upbraiding, we were startled by the most horrific shrieks I ever heard, and above the clamour which immediately arose, we heard the cries of "Fire! fire!" and then the wildest ejaculations of "Help! help! save us! save us!" I darted with the speed of lightning to the door, but the whole passage was filled with smoke; I, however, as the only chance of escape, (after telling the General, who sat still, lost apparently in grief, that no time was to be lost,) sprang down the already blazing staircase, and providentially arrived safe. The heat and agitation, however, had been too much for me, and I sank in a swoon upon the grass the moment I reached the lawn. When I recovered my senses, the fire had made the most alarming progress. It burst in vivid wreaths out of almost all the windows, and the smoke, thickly eddying round the whole building, hid all the portions of it which were not actually in a blaze. The servants, and many country people from the neighbouring village, gazed at the progress of the devouring element in helpless consternation and dismay. Many of them were in tears, and I heard them uttering the most heart-rending lamentations over the inevitable fate of their mistress. She had retired to her couch at an early hour, and the flames now totally enveloped the suite of apartments which she had occupied. I made several attempts to dash through the flames, and save the unfortunate lady—and also had no doubt the General would be overcome by his terrors, and be incapacitated from escape. In the midst of these vain and impotent endeavours, we saw some dark object moving along the corridor. It proceeded quietly and sedately, whatever it was; and the superstitious peasantry began to give all up for lost, when they saw what they considered the demon of fire himself so deliberately taking his path amidst the flames. I, however, caught a single glimpse, which satisfied me it was the General; and I now in truth believed that his fears had turned his brain, and that he threw himself in his delirium upon certain death. We traced him, however, as he passed each window, and at last saw him dive suddenly into the hottest of the fire, and, to our amazement, emerge in the anteroom of her ladyship's bedchamber. We could even, above the roaring of the flames, hear a scream of delight; and in another instant, again we traced the figure pursuing its fiery way with a burden in its arms, and a shout of hope and exultation among the spectators could no longer be restrained. The walls themselves began to crack and totter in many places, and several of the floors had already given way, yet, apparently undismayed, the figure flitted across each successive window of the cor- came down the blazing staircase uninjured. I saw, to my delight and amazement, it was indeed the General, with the still beautiful and fascinating Lady Anabella closely clinging to his neck. I rushed to him in a moment, and offered him my assistance, but he was apparently as calm and collected as he had appeared that very day at the head of his own table. Her ladyship, too, recovered herself very soon, and related her escape, with the fondest acknowledgments of her husband's matchless intrepidity. To all that she said he made no answer whatsoever; he seemed, indeed, scarcely to listen to what she was saying; but after she had been given over to the care of her maids, he took me aside, and told me, that in a state of the greatest agitation he walked along the corridor, in hopes of finding his way down the back stairs which communicated with the garden. He found the door locked, and entered Lady Annabella's room, with the intention of leaping out of her window; but she sprang upon him, and seized him round the neck—and then his apprehension rose to such a pitch that he lost all command of himself, and how he found his way into the open air he was altogether unable to guess. After giving me this account, he slipt quietly away from the bustle, and left me musing on what a confoundedly useful sort of cowardice it was, which enabled the man always to be terrified at the right time; and the sum of my musing was this, that it will be a pretty considerable particular long time before all my courage, and dashing, and intrepidity, will raise me to be a General of Division, with a splendid fortune—a baronetcy—and two thousand a-year settled on my lineal representative for three generations. So much better is it, as Solomon or some other person has said in his proverbs, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth than a wooden ladle.

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LA PETITE MADELAINE.

I WAS surprised the other day by a [illegible] from a strange old lady, brought hither to be introduced to me, at her own request, by some friends of mine with whom she was staying in this neighbourhood. Having been, I was informed, intimately acquainted, in her early years, with a branch of my mother's family, to which she was distantly related, she had conceived a desire to see one of its latest descendants, and I was in consequence honoured with her visit. But if the honour done me was unquestionable, the motive to which I was indebted for it was not to be easily divined; for, truth to speak, little indication of good will towards me, or of kindly feeling, was discernible in the salutation of my visitor, in her stiff and stately curtsy, her cold ceremonious expressions, and in the sharp and severe scrutiny of the keen grey eyes, with which she leisurely took note of me from head to foot.

Mrs Ormond's appearance was that of a person far advanced in years; older than my mother would have been if still living; but her form, of uncommon height, gaunt, bony, and masculine, was firm and erect as in the vigour of life, and in perfect keeping with the hard-featured, deep-lined countenance, surmounted by a coiffure that, perched on the summit of a roll of grizzled hair, strained tight from the high and narrow forehead, was, with the rest of her attire, a fac simile of that of my great-aunt Barbara (peace be to her memory!) as depicted in a certain invaluable portrait of that virtuous gentlewoman, now deposited, for more inviolable security, in the warmest corner of the lumber-room.

Though no believer in the influence of "the evil eye," there was something in the expression of the large, prominent, light grey orbs, so strangely fixed upon me, that had the effect of troubling me so far, as to impose a degree of embarrassment and restraint on my endeavours to play the courteous hostess, and very much to impede all my attempts at conversation.

As the likeliest means of breaking down the barrier of formality, I introduced the subject most calculated, it might be supposed, to awaken feelings of mutual interest. I spoke of my maternal ancestry—of the Norman blood and Norman land from which the race had sprung, and of my inherited love for the birthplace of those nearest and dearest to me in the last departed generation; though the daughter of an English father, his country was my native, as well as my "Fatherland."

Mrs Ormond, though the widow of an English husband, spoke with a foreign accent so familiar to my ear, that, in spite of the sharp thin tones of the voice that uttered them, I could have fancied musical, had there been a gleam of kindness in her steady gaze. But I courted it in vain. The eyes of Freya were never fixed in more stony hardness on a rejected votary, than were those of my stern inspectress, on my almost deprecating face; and her ungracious reserve baffled all my attempts at conversation.

All she allowed to escape her, in reference to the Norman branches of our respective families, was a brief allusion to the intimacy which had subsisted between her mother and my maternal grandmother; and when I endeavoured from that slight clue to lead her farther into the family relations, my harmless pertinacity was rebuked by a shake of the head as portentous as Lord Burleigh's, accompanied by so grim a smile, and a look of such undefinable meaning, as put the finishing stroke to my previous bewilderment, and prevented me from recalling to mind, as I should otherwise have done, certain circumstances associated with a proper name—that of her mother's family, which she spoke with peculiar emphasis—and having done so, and in so doing (as she seemed persuaded) "spoken daggers" to my conscience, she signified by a stately sign to the ladies who had accompanied her, that she was ready to depart, and the carriage being announced, forthwith arose, and honouring me with a farewell curtsy, as formal as that which had marked her introduction, sailed out of the apartment, if not with swan-like grace, with much of that sublimer majesty of motion, with which a heron on a mud-bank stalks deliberately on, with head erect and close depending pinions. And as if subjugated by the strange influence of the sharp grey eyes, bent on me to the last with sinister expression, unconsciously I returned my grim visitor's parting salutation, with so profound a curtsy, that my knees (all unaccustomed to such Richardsonian ceremony) had scarcely recovered from it, when the closing door shut out her stately figure, and it was not till the sound of carriage-wheels certified her final departure, that, recovering my own identity, I started from the statue-like posture in which I had remained standing after that unwonted genuflection, and sank back on the sofa to meditate at leisure on my strange morning adventure.

My ungracious visitor had left me little cause, in truth, for pleasing meditation, so far as her gaunt self was immediately concerned, but a harsh strain, or an ungraceful object, will sometimes (as well as the sweetest and most beautiful) revive a long train of interesting associations, and the plea alleged for her introduction to me, had been of itself sufficient to awaken a chord of memory, whose vibration ceased not at her departure. On the contrary, I fell forthwith into a dreaming mood, that led me back to recollections of old stories, of old times—such as I had loved to listen to in long past days, from those who had since followed in their turn the elders of our race (whose faithful historians they were) to the dark and narrow house appointed for all living.

Who that has ever been addicted to the idle, and I fear me profitless, speculation of waking dreams, but may call to mind how, when the spell was on him, as outward and tangible things (apparently the objects of intent gaze) faded on the eye of sense, the inward vision proportionately cleared and strengthened—and circumstances long unremembered—names long unspoken—histories and descriptions once attended to with deep interest, but long past from recollection, are confined, as it were, from the dark recesses of the mind, at first like wandering atoms confused and undefined, but gradually assuming distinctness and consistency, till the things *that be* are to us the *unreal* world, and we live and move again (all intervening space a blank) among the things that have been?

Far back into that shadowy region did I wander, when left as described by "the grim white woman," to ponder over the few words she had vouchsafed to utter, and my own "thick-coming fancies." The one proper name she had pronounced—that of her mother's family, had struck on my ear like a familiar sound—yet—how could I have heard it? If ever—from one person only—from *my* dear mother's lips—"De St Hilaire!"—again and again I slowly repeated to myself—and then—I scarce know how—the Christian name of Adrienne rose spontaneously to my lips, and no sooner were the two united, than the spell of memory was complete, and fresh on my mind, as if I had heard it but yesterday, returned the whole history of Adrienne de St Hilaire.

Adrienne de St Hilaire and Madelaine du Résnél were far removed cousins; both demoiselles de bonnes familles, residing at contiguous chateaux, near a small hamlet not far from Caen, in Normandy; both well born and well connected, but very unequally endowed with the gifts of fortune. Mademoiselle de St Hilaire was the only child and heiress of wealthy parents, both of whom were still living. Madelaine du Résnél, the youngest of seven, left in tender infancy to the guardianship of a widowed mother, whose scanty dower (the small family estate devolving on her only son) would have been insufficient for the support of herself and her younger children (all daughters), had she not continued mistress of her son's house and establishment during his minority.

"La petite Madelaine" (as, being the latest born, she was long called by her family and friends) opened her eyes upon this mortal scene but a week before her father was carried to his grave, and never was poor babe so coldly welcomed under circumstances that should have made her doubly an object of tenderness.

"Petite malheureuse! je me serois bien passée de toi," was the maternal salutation, when her new-born daughter was first presented to Madame du Résnél—a cold-hearted, strong-minded woman, more absorbed in the change about to be operated in her own situation by her approaching widowhood, than by her impending bereavement of a most excellent and tender husband. But one precious legacy was in reserve for the forlorn infant. She was clasped to the heart of her dying father—his blessing was breathed over her, and his last tears fell on her innocent, unconscious face. "Mon enfant! tu ne connoitra jamais ton père, mais il veillera sur toi," were the tender, emphatic words with which he resigned her to the arms of the old servant, who failed not to repeat them to her little charge when she was old enough to comprehend their affecting purport. And well and holily did la petite Madelaine treasure that saying in her heart of hearts; and early reason had the poor child to fly for comfort to that secret source. Madame du Résnél could not be accused of over-indulgence to any of her children—least of all to the poor little one whom she looked on from the first almost as an intruder; but she felt maternal pride in the resemblance already visible in her elder daughters, to her own fine form and handsome features,—while la petite Madelaine, a small creature from her birth, though delicately and perfectly proportioned—fair and blue-eyed, and meek-looking as innocence itself, but without one feature in her face that could be called handsome, had the additional misfortune, when about five years old, to be marked—though not seamed—by the small-pox, from which cruel disease her life escaped almost miraculously.

"Qu'elle est affreuse!" was the mother's tender exclamation at the first full view of her restored child's disfigured face. Those words, young as she was, went to the poor child's heart, that swelled so to bursting, it might have broken, (who knows?) but for her hoarded comfort: and she sobbed herself to sleep that night, over and over again repeating to herself, "Mon papa veille sur moi."

If there be much truth in that poetical axiom,

> "A favourite has no friend,"

it is at least as frequently evident, that even in domestic circles, the degree of favour shewn by the head of the household to any individual member, too often regulates the general tone of consideration; and that even among the urchins of the family, an instinctive perception is never wanting, of how far, and over whom, they may tyrannize with impunity.

No creature in whose nature was a spark of human feeling, could tyrannize over la petite Madelaine,—she was so gentle, so loving, (when she dared shew her love,) so perfectly tractable and unoffending; but in the Chateau du Résnél, no one could have passed two whole days without perceiving she was no favourite, except with one old servant—the same who had placed her in her dying father's arms, and recorded for her his last precious benediction—and with her little brother, who always vowed to those most in his confidence, and to Madelaine herself, when her tears flowed for some short, sharp sorrow, that when he was a man, "toutes ces demoiselles"—meaning his elder sisters and monitresses—should go and live away where they pleased, and leave him and la petite Madelaine to keep house together.

Except from these two, any one would have observed that there were "shortcomings" towards her; "shortcomings" of tenderness from the superiors of the household—"shortcomings" of observances from the menials; any thing was good enough for Madelaine—any time was time enough for Madelaine. She had to finish wearing out all her sisters' old frocks and wardrobes in general, to eat the crumb of the loaf they had pared the crust from, and to be satisfied with half a portion of soupe au lait, if they had chosen to take double allowance; and, blessedly for la petite Madelaine, it was her nature to be satisfied with every thing not embittered by marked and intentional unkindness. It was her nature to sacrifice itself for others. Might that sacrifice have been repaid by a return of love, her little heart would have overflowed with happiness. As it was, she had not yet learnt to reason upon the want of sympathy; she felt without analyzing. She was not harshly treated,—was seldom found fault with, though far more rarely commended,—was admitted to share in her sisters' sports, with the proviso that she had no choice in them,—old Jeannette and le petit frère Armand loved her dearly; so did Roland, her father's old faithful hound,—and on the whole, la petite Madelaine was a happy little girl.

And happier she was, a thousand times happier, than her cousin Adrienne—than Adrienne de St Hilaire, the spoilt child of fortune and of her doting parents, who lived but in her, and for her, exhausting all the ingenuity of love, and all the resources of wealth, in vain endeavours to perfect the felicity of their beautiful but heartless idol.

The families of St Hilaire and Du Résnél were, as has been mentioned, distantly related, and the ties of kindred were strengthened by similarity of faith, both professing that of the Reformed Church, and living on that account very much within their own circle, though on terms of perfect good-will with the surrounding Catholic neighbourhood. Mlle. de St Hilaire might naturally have been expected to select among the elder of her cousins, her companion and intimate, their ages nearly assimilating with her own; but, too cold-hearted to seek for sympathy, too proud to brook companionship on equal terms, and too selfish and indolent to sacrifice any caprice, or make any exertion for the sake of others, she found it most convenient to patronise la petite Madelaine, whose gentle spirit and sweet temper ensured willing though not servile compliance with even the unreasonable fancies of all who were kind to her, and whose quickness of intellect and excellent capacity more than fitted her for companionship with Adrienne, though the latter was six years her senior. Besides all, there was the pleasure of patronage—not the least influential motive to a proud and mean spirit, or to the heart of a beauty, wellnigh satiated, if that were possible, by the contemplation of her own perfections. When la petite Madelaine was ten years old, and la belle Adrienne sixteen, it therefore happened that the former was much oftener to be found at Chateau St Hilaire, than at le Manoir du Résnél; for whenever the parental efforts of Monsieur and Madame de St Hilaire failed (and they failed too often) to divert the ennui, and satisfy the caprices, of their spoiled darling, the latter was wont to exclaim, in the pettish tone of peevish impatience, "Faites donc vénir la petite Madelaine!" and the innocent charmer was as eagerly sought out and welcomed by the harassed parents as ever David was sought for by the servants of Saul, to lay with the sweet breathings of his harp the evil spirit that possessed their unhappy master. Something similar was the influence of la petite Madelaine's nature over that of her beautiful cousin. No wonder that her presence could scarcely be dispensed with at Chateau St Hilaire. Had her own home been more a home of love, not all the blandishments of the kindest friends, not all the luxuries of a wealthy establishment, would ever have reconciled her to be so much separated from her nearest connexions. But, alas! except when her services were required (and no sparing and light tasks were her assigned ones), she was but too welcome to bestow her companionship on others; and except Roland, and le petit frère, who was there to miss la petite Madelaine? And Roland was mostly her escort to St Hilaire; and on fine evenings, when le petit frère had escaped from his tutor and his sisters, Jeannette was easily persuaded to take him as far as the old mill, half-way between the chateaux, to meet her on her way home. Those were pleasant meetings. Madelaine loved often, in after life, to talk of them with that dear brother, always her faithful friend. So time went on—Time, the traveller whose pace is so variously designated by various humours—is always the restless, the unpausing—till Mademoiselle de St Hilaire had attained the perfection of blooming womanhood—the glowing loveliness of her one-and-twentieth summer—and la petite Madelaine began to think people ought to treat her more like a woman—for was she not fifteen complete? Poor little Madelaine! thou hadst indeed arrived at that most womanly era. But, to look at that small slight form, still childishly attired in frock and sash, of the simplest form and homeliest materials,—at that almost infantine face, that looked *more* youthful, and *almost* beautiful, when it smiled, from the effect of a certain dimple in the left cheek (Adrienne always insisted it was a pock-mark);—to look at that form and face, and the babyish curls of light-brown hair that hung about it quite down the little throat, and lay clustering on the girlish neck—who could ever have thought of paying thee honour due as to the dignity of confirmed womanhood?

So it was Madelaine's fate still to be "La petite Madelaine"—still nobody—that anomalous personage who plays so many parts in society; as often to suit his own convenience as for that of others; and though people are apt to murmur at being forced into the character, many a one lives to assume it willingly—as one slips off a troublesome costume at a masque, to take shelter under a quiet domino. As for la petite Madelaine, who did not care very much about the matter, though it was a *little* mortifying to be patted on the head, and called "bonne petite," instead of "mademoiselle," as was her undoubted right, from strangers at least, it was better to be *somebody* in one, or two hearts (le petit frère et Jeannette), than in the mere *respects* of a hundred indifferent people; and as for la belle cousine, Madelaine, though on excellent terms with her, never dreamed of her having a heart,—one cause, perhaps, of their mutual good understanding; for la petite Madelaine, actuated by instinctive perception, felt that it would be perfectly irrational to expect warmth of affection from one constituted so differently from herself; so she went on, satisfied with the consciousness of giving pleasure, and with such return as was made for it.

But la petite Madelaine was soon to be invested with a most important office; one, however, that was by no means to supersede her character of Nobody, but, enigmatical as it may sound, to double her usefulness in that capacity—while, on private and particular occasions, she was to enact a *somebody* of infinite consequence—that of confidante in a love affair—as la belle cousine was pleased to term her liaison with a very handsome and elegant young officer, who, after some faint opposition on the part of her parents, was duly installed at St Hilaire, as the accepted and acknowledged lover of its beautiful heiress. Walter Barnard (for he was of English birth and parentage) the youngest of three brothers, the elder of whom was a baronet, was most literally a soldier of fortune, his portion, at his father's death, amounting to no more than a pair of colours in a marching regiment—and the splendid income thereunto annexed. But high in health and hope, and "all the world before him where to choose"—of high principles—simple and unvitiated habits—the object of the love of many friends, and the esteem of all his brother officers—the young man was rather disposed to consider his lot in life as peculiarly fortunate, till the pressure of disease fell heavy on him, and he rose from a sick-bed which had held him captive many weeks, the victim of infectious fever, so debilitated in constitution as to be under the necessity of obtaining leave of absence from his regiment, for the purpose (peremptorily insisted on by his physician) of seeking the perfect change of air and scene, which was essential to effect his restoration. He was especially enjoined to try the influence of another climate—that of France was promptly decided on—not only from the proximity of that country (a consideration of no small weight in the young soldier's prudential calculations), but because a brother officer was about to join a part of his family then resident at Caen in Normandy, and the pleasure of travelling with him, settled the point of Walter's destination *so far*—and, as it fell out, even to that *other* station in the route of life, only second in awfulness to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns." His English friends, who had been some years inhabitants of Caen, were acquainted with many French families in that town and its vicinity, and, among others, Walter was introduced by them at the Chateau de St Hilaire, where the Protestant English were always welcomed with marked hospitality. The still languishing health of the young soldier excited peculiar interest; he was invited to make frequent trials of the fine air of the chateau and its noble domain. A very few sufficed to convince him that it was far more salubrious than the confined atmosphere of Caen; and very soon the fortunate invalid was installed in all the rights and privileges of "L'Ami de la Maison."

Circumstances having conducted our *dramatis personæ* to this point, how could it fall out otherwise than that the grateful Walter should fall desperately in love (which, by the by, he did at first sight) with la belle Adrienne, and that she should *determine* to fall *obstinately* in love with him! He, poor fellow! in pure simplicity of heart, really gazed himself into a devoted passion for the youthful beauty, without one interested view towards the charms of the heiress. But, besides thinking him the handsomest man she had ever seen, she was determined in her choice, by knowing it was in direct opposition to the wishes of her parents, who had long selected for her future husband a person so every way unexceptionable, that their fair daughter was very likely to have selected him for herself, had they not committed the fatal error of expressing their wishes with regard to him. There was PERSUASION and DISSUASION—mild opposition and systematic wilfulness—a few tears, got up with considerable effort—vapeurs and migraines in abundance—loss of appetite—hints about broken-hearts—and the hearts of the tender parents could hold out no longer—Walter Barnard was received into the family, as the future husband of its lovely daughter.

All this time, what had become of la petite Madelaine? What does become of little girls just half way through their teens, when associated, under similar circumstances, with young ladies who are women grown? Why, they are to be patient listeners to the lover's perfections when he is out of the way, and more patient companions (because perfectly unnoticed at such times) of the lovers' romantic walks; shivering associates (at discreet distance) of their tender communings on mossy banks, under willows and acacias, by pond-sides and brook-sides—by day-light, and twilight, and moonlight—at all seasons, and in all temperatures—so that by the time the pastoral concludes with matrimony, it may be accounted an especial mercy if the "mutual friend" is not crippled with the rheumatism for life, or brought into the first stage of a galloping consumption. No such fatal results were, however, in reserve for the termination of la petite Madelaine's official duties; and those, while in requisition, were made less irksome to her than they are in general to persons so circumstanced; in part through the happy influence of her own sweet nature, which always apportioned to itself some share of the happiness it witnessed; in part through her long-acquired habits of patience and self-sacrifice; and, in part also, because Walter Barnard was an especial favourite with her—and little wonder that he was so—the gay and happy young man, devoted as he was to Adrienne in all the absorbing interest of a first successful passion, had yet many a kind word and beaming smile to spare for the poor little cousin, who often but for him would have sat quite unnoticed at her tent-stitch, even in the family circle; and when she was the convenient *tiers* in the romantic rambles of himself and his lady-love, thanks to his unfailing good-nature, even then she did *not* feel herself utterly forgotten.

For even in spite of discouraging looks from la belle Adrienne, of which in truth he was not quick to discern the meaning, he would often linger to address a few words to the silent little girl, who had been tutored too well, to speak unspoken to, or even to walk quite within ear-shot of her *soi-disant* companions. And when he had tenderly assisted Adrienne to pass over some stile or brooklet in their way, seldom it happened but that his hand was next at the service of Madelaine; and only those whose spirits have been long subdued by a sense of insignificance, impressed by the slighting regards, or careless notice of cold friends, or condescending patrons, can conceive the enthusiastic gratitude with which those trivial instances of kindness were treasured up in her heart's records. So it was, that la petite Madelaine, far from wearying of Walter's praises, when it pleased Adrienne to descant upon them in his absence, was apt to think her fair cousin did him scant justice, and that if she had been called on for his eulogist, oh! how far more eloquently could she speak! In short, la petite Madelaine, inexperienced, as of course she was, in such matters, saw with the acuteness of feeling, that Walter had obtained an interest only in the vanity and self-love, not in the heart of his fair mistress. "Poor Adrienne! she cannot help it, if she *has no* heart," was Madelaine's sage soliloquy. "Mais quel dommage pour ce bon Walter, qui en a tant!"

"Le bon Walter" might possibly have made the same discovery, had the unrestricted intercourse of the lovers been of long continuance; and he might have also ascertained another point, respecting which certain dubious glimmerings had begun at intervals to intrude themselves on his meditations *couleur de rose*,—was it possible that the moral and intellectual perfections of his idol, *could* be less than in perfect harmony with her outward loveliness? The doubt was sacrilegious, detestable, dismissed with generous indignation, but again, and again, some demon, (or was it is his *good* genius?) recalled a startling frown, an incautious word or tone, a harsh or fretful expression from the eye and voice of his beloved, addressed to *la petite cousine*, or to himself, when in lightness of spirit, and frank-hearted kindness, he had laughed and talked with the latter, or with a young engaging sister. And then, except on one topic, his passion for la belle Adrienne, and her transcendent charms, of which, as yet, he was ever ready to pour out the heart's eloquent nonsense, somehow their conversations always languished. She had no eye for the natural beauties, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer; yawned or looked puzzled, or impatient, when he stopped to gaze upon some glorious sunset, or violet-hued distance, melting into the roseate sky. And though she did not reject his offering of wild roses, or dewy honey-suckles, it was received with a half-contemptuous indifference, that invited no frequent renewal of the simple tribute; and from the date of a certain walk, when the lover's keen glance observed that the bunch of wild flowers, carelessly dropt by Adrienne a few minutes after he had given them to her, were furtively picked up by la petite Madelaine, as she followed in the narrow wood-path, and placed as furtively within the folds of her fichu, if Monsieur Walter, from that time forth, pulled a wild rose from the spray, or a violet from the bank, it was tendered with a smile to one whose *hand* at least was less careless than Adrienne's; and for her heart, that mattered not (farther than in brotherly kindness) to the *reputed* possessor of la belle St Hilaire's. Yet, in long after days, when silver threads began to streak the soft fair hair of Madelaine du Résnél, and the thick black clustering curls of Walter Barnard were more than sprinkled with the same paly hue, he found in turning over the leaves of an old French romance, in which her name was inscribed, the dried, faded, scentless forms of what had been a few sweet wild flowers. On the margin of the page, to which time had glued them, was a date, and a few written words. And the sight of those frail memorials, associated with those age-tinted characters, must have awakened tender and touching recollections in his heart who gazed upon them; for a watery film suffused his eyes as he raised them from the volume, and turned with a half pensive smile to one who sat beside him, quietly busied with her knitting needles, in providing for his winter comfort.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons." Our present business is with the *young* lover and his fair mistress, and the still *younger* Madelaine. Time will overtake them soon enough. We need not anticipate his work. The old inexorable brought to a conclusion Walter's leave of absence, just as certain discoveries to which we have alluded, were beginning to break upon him; just as la belle Adrienne began to weary of playing at *parfait amour*, enacting the adorable to her lover, and the *aimable* to her cousin *in his presence;* just as Monsieur and Madame, her weak but worthy parents, were secretly praying for their future son-in-law's departure, in the forlorn hope (as they had stipulated, that even *les fiançailles* should not take place for a twelvemonth to come) that some unexpected page might yet turn over in the chapter of accidents, whereon might be written the name of Jules Marquis D'Arval, instead of that of the landless, untitled Walter Barnard, for the husband of their beautiful heiress.

Just at this critical juncture arrived the day of separation,—of separation for a year certain! Will it be doubted that with the parting hour, rushed back upon Walter's heart a flood of tenderness, even more impassioned than that with which it had first pledged itself to the beautiful Adrienne? The enthusiasm of his nature, acting as a stimulus to her apathetic temperament, communicated to her farewell so much of the appearance of genuine feeling, that the young soldier returned to his country, and to his military duties, embued with the blissful assurance that, whatever unworthy doubts had been suggested occasionally by fallacious appearances, the heart of his fair betrothed was as faultless as her person, and exclusively devoted to himself. So wholly had the "sweet sorrow" of that farewell absorbed his every faculty, that it was not till he was miles from St Hilaire on his way to the coast, that Walter remembered la petite Madelaine; remembered that he had bid HER no farewell; that she had slipt away to her own home the last evening of his stay at St Hilaire, unobserved by all but an old bonne, who was commissioned to say Mademoiselle Madelaine had a headach, and that she had not reappeared the next morning, the morning of his departure. "Dear little Madelaine! how could I forget her?" was the next thought to that which had recalled her. "But she shall live with us when we are married." So having laid the flattering unction to his conscience, by that satisfactory arrangement for her future comfort, he "whistled her image down the wind" again, and betook himself with redoubled ardour to the contemplation of Adrienne.

And where was la petite Madelaine?—What became of her, and what was she doing that livelong day? Never was she so much wanted at St Hilaire—to console—to support—to occupy the "fair forsaken;" and yet she came not.—"What insensibility!—what ingratitude! at such a time!"—exclaimed the parents of the lovely desolate—so interesting in her becoming character of a lone bird "reft of its mutual heart," so amiable in her attempted exculpation of the neglectful Madelaine! "She does not mean to be unkind—to be cruel—as her conduct *seems*"—*sweetly* interposed the meek apologist.—"But she is thoughtless—insouciante—and you know, chere Maman! I always told you la petite Madelaine has no sensibility—Ah Ciel!"——That mine were less acute!—was, of course, the implied sense of that concluding apostrophe—and every one will feel the eloquence of the appeal, so infinitely more affecting than the full length sentence would have been. If vagueness is one great source of the sublime—it is also a grand secret in the arcana of sensibility.

But we may remember that poor little Madelaine had slipt away to her own home the preceding evening, pleading a headach as the excuse for her evasion. Perhaps the same cause—(was it headach?) holds her still captive in her little chamber, the topmost chamber in the western pepper-box turret, four of which flank the four corners of the old Chateau du Résnél. Certain it is, from that same lofty lodging Madelaine has not stirred the livelong day—scarcely from that same station—

"There at her chamber window high,
The lonely maiden sits—
Its casement fronts the western sky,
And balmy air admits.

"And while her thoughts have wandered far
From all she hears and sees,
She gazes on the evening star,
That twinkles thro' the trees.—

"Is it to watch the setting sun,
She does that seat prefer?
Alas! the maiden thinks of one,
Who *little* thinks of her."—

"Eternal fidelity"—being, of course, the first article agreed and sworn to, in the lovers' parting covenant, "Constant correspondence," as naturally came second in the list; and never was eagerness like Walter's, to pour out the first sorrows of absence, in his first letter to the beloved, or impatience like his, for the appearance of her answer. After some decorous delay———(a *little* maiden coyness was thought decorous in those days)—it arrived, the delightful letter! Delightful it would have been to Walter, in that second effervescence of his first passion, had the penmanship of the fair writer been barely legible, and her epistolary talent not absolutely below the lowest degree of mediocrity. Walter (to say the truth) had felt certain involuntary misgivings on that subject. Himself, not only an ardent admirer of nature, but an unaffected lover of elegant literature, he had been frequently mortified at Adrienne's apparent indifference to the one, and seeming distaste to the other. Of her style of writing he had found no opportunities of judging. Albums were not the fashion in those days—and although, on the few occasions of his absence from St Hilaire, after his engagement with Adrienne (Caen being still his ostensible place of residence), he had not failed to indite to her sundry billets, and even full length letters, dispatched (as on a business of life and death) by bribed and special messengers,—either Mlle de St Hilaire was engaged or abroad when they arrived —or otherwise prevented from replying; and still more frequently the lover trod on the heels of his dispatch. So it chanced that he had not carried away with him one hoarded treasure of the fair one's writing. And as to books—he had never detected the dame de ses pensées in the act of reading any thing more intellectual than the words for a new Vaudeville, or a letter from her Paris milliner. He had more than once proposed to read aloud to her—but either she was seized by a fit of unconquerable yawning before he proceeded far in his attempt—or the migraine, or the vapours, to which distressing ailments she was constitutionally subject—were sure to come on at the unfortunate moment of his proposition—and thus, from a combination of untoward accidents, he was not only left in ignorance of his mistress's higher attainments, but, at certain moments of disappointed feeling, to form conjectures on the subject, compared to which "ignorance was bliss;" and to some lingering doubts of the like nature—as well as to lover-like impatience, might be attributable the nervous trepidation with which he broke the seal of her first letter. That letter! —The first glimpse of its contents was a glimpse of Paradise!—The first hurried reading transported him to the seventh heaven—and the twentieth (of course, dispassionately critical) confirmed him in the fruition of its celestial beatitudes. Seriously speaking, Walter Barnard must have been a fool, as well as an ingrate, if he had not been pleased—enraptured with the sweet, modest, womanly feeling that breathed through every line of that dear letter. It was no long one—no laboured production —(though perfectly correct as to style and grammar); but the artless affection that evinced itself in more than one sentence of those two short pages, would have stampt perfection on the whole, in Walter's estimation, had it not (as was the case) been throughout characterised by a beautiful, yet singular simplicity of expression, which surprised not less than it enchanted him. And then—how he reproached himself for the mixed emotion!—Why should it surprise him that Adrienne wrote thus? His was the inconceivable dulness—the want of discernment—of intuitive penetration into the intellectual depths of a character, veiled from vulgar eyes, by the retiringness of self-depreciating delicacy, but which to him would gradually have revealed itself, if he had applied himself sedulously to unravel the interesting mystery.

Thenceforward, as may well be imagined, the correspondence, so happily commenced, was established on the most satisfactory footing, and nothing could exceed the delightful interest with which Walter studied the beautiful parts of a character, which gradually developed itself as their epistolary intercourse proceeded, now enchanting him by its peculiar naïveté, and innocent sportiveness, now affecting him more profoundly, and not less delightfully, by some tone of deep feeling and serious sweetness, so well in unison with all the better and higher feelings of his own nature, that it was with more than lover-like fervour he thanked Heaven for his prospects of happiness with the dear and amiable being, whose personal loveliness had now really sunk to a secondary rank in his estimation of her charms. A slight shade of the reserve which, in his personal intercourse with Adrienne, had kept him so unaccountably in the dark with respect to her true character, was still perceptible, even in her delightful letters, but only sufficiently to give a more piquant interest to their correspondence. It was evident that she hung back, as it were, to take from his letters the tone of her replies; that on any general subject, it was for him to take the lead, though, having done so, whether in allusion to books, or on any topic connected with taste or sentiment, she was ever modestly ready to take her part in the discussion, with simple good sense and unaffected feeling. It was almost unintentionally that he made a first allusion to some favourite book; and the letter, containing his remark, was dispatched before he recollected that he had once been baffled in an attempt to enjoy it with Adrienne, by the manner (more discouraging than indifference) with which she received his proposition, that they should read it together. He wished he had not touched upon the subject. Adrienne, excellent as was her capacity—spiritual as were her letters, might not love reading. He would, if possible, have recalled his letter. But its happy inadvertence was no longer matter of regret when the reply reached him. *That very book*—his favourite poet—was Adrienne's also! and more than one sweet passage she quoted from it! *His favourite* passages also! Was ever sympathy so miraculous! And that the dear diffident creature should so unaccountably have avoided, when they were together, all subjects that might lead to the discovery!

The literary pretensions of the young soldier were by no means those of profound scholarship, of deep reading, or even of a very regular education; but his tastes were decidedly intellectual, and the charm of his intercourse with Adrienne was in no slight degree enhanced by the discovery, that on all subjects with which they were mutually acquainted, she was fully competent to enter with equal interest.

Absence and lengthened separation are generally allowed to be great tests of love, or, more properly speaking, of its *truth*. In Walter's case, they hardly acted as such, for *distance* had proved to him but a *lunette d'approche*, bringing him acquainted with those rare qualities in his fair mistress which had been imperceptible during their personal intercourse. With what impatience, knowing her as he now did, did he anticipate the hour of their union! But it was with something like a feeling of disappointment that he remarked in her letters a degree of uneasiness on that tender subject, to which (as the period of departure drew nearer to a close) he was fain to allude more frequently and fondly. One other shade of alloy had crossed at intervals his pleasure in their correspondence. Many kind enquiries had he made for la petite Madelaine, and many affectionate messages had he sent her. But they were either wholly unnoticed, or answered in phrase the most formal and laconic—

"Mlle. du Résnél was well—obliged to Monsieur Walter for his polite enquiries.—Desired her compliments."

It was in vain that Walter ventured a half-sportive message in reply to this ceremonious return for his frank and affectionate remembrances—that, in playful mockery, he requested Adrienne to obtain for him "*Mademoiselle du Résnél's* forgiveness for his temerity in still designating her by the familiar title of *La Petite Madelaine*." The reply was, if possible, more brief and chilling—so unlike (he could not but remark) to that he might reasonably have expected from his grateful and warm-hearted little friend, that a strange surmise, or rather a revived suspicion, suggested itself as the *possible* solution of his conjectures. But was it possible,—(Walter's face flushed as he thought of his own *possible* absurdity in so suspecting,)—Was it in the nature of things, that Adrienne, —the peerless—the lovely and beloved—should conceive one jealous thought of the poor little Madelaine? The supposition was almost too ridiculous to be harboured for a moment—and yet *he* remembered certain passages in their personal intercourse, when the strangeness (to use no harsher word) of Adrienne's behaviour to her cousin, had awakened in him an indefinite consciousness that his good-humoured notice of the poor little girl, and the kind word he was ever prompt to speak in her praise when she was absent, were likely to be any thing but advantageous to her in their effect on the feelings of her patroness. One circumstance, in particular, recurred to him,—the recollection of a certain *jour de fête*, when la petite Madelaine (who had been dancing at a village gala, kept annually at the Manoir du Résnél in honour of Madame's name-day) presented herself, late in the evening, at St Hilaire, so blooming from the effects of her recent exhilirating exercise—her meek eyes so bright with the excitement of innocent gaiety, and her small delicate figure and youthful face set off so advantageously by her simple holiday dress, especially by her hat, *à la bergère*, garlanded with wild roses, that even the old people, M. and Mad. de St Hilaire, complimented her on her appearance, and himself (after whispering aside to Adrienne)—"La Petite est jolie a ravir," had sprung forward, and whirled her round the *salon* in a *tour de danse*, the effect of which impromptu was assuredly not to lessen the bloom upon her cheeks, which flushed over neck and brow, as, with the laughing familiarity of a brother, he commended her tasteful dress, and especially the pretty hat, which she must wear, and that only, he assured her, when she wished to be perfectly irresistible. Walter's sportive sally was soon over, and Madelaine's flush of beauty (the magical effect of happiness) was soon faded. Both yielded to the influence of another spell—that wrought by the coldly discouraging looks of Adrienne, and by the asperity of the few sentences, which were all she condescended to utter during the remainder of the evening. When la petite Madelaine reappeared the next morning with her cousin (who, on the plea of a migraine, remained till late in her own apartments), Walter failed not to remark that her eyes were red and heavy, and that her manner was more constrained than usual; neither did it escape his observation when Sunday arrived, that the tasteful little hat had been strangely metamorphosed, and that when he rallied her on her capricious love of changes, which had only spoiled what was before so becoming, she stole a half-fearful glance at Adrienne, while rather confusedly replying that " it was not her *own* doing, but that Ma'amselle Justine, her cousin's femme-de-chambre, had been permitted by the latter to arrange it more fashionably." The subject dropped then, and was never resumed; but Walter *then* made his own comments on it. And now that the peculiar tone of Adrienne's letters in referring to Madelaine, brought former circumstances vividly to mind, it is not surprising that he fell into a fit of musing on the *possibility*, which he yet rebuked himself for suspecting. It must be confessed that his reflections on the subject were of a less displeasing nature than those which had suggested themselves on former occasions, before epistolary correspondence with his fair betrothed had given him that insight into her character and feelings, which, strange to say, he had failed to obtain during their personal communication. Now he felt assured, that if indeed she were susceptible of the weakness he had dared to suspect, it was mingled with no unkindly feelings towards her unoffending cousin, but sprang solely from the peculiar sensitiveness of her nature, and the exclusive delicacy of her affection for himself.

Where ever was the lover—(we say not the husband)—who could dwell but with tenderest indulgence on an infirmity of love so flattering to his own self-love and self-complacency? We suspect that Walter's fervour was any thing but cooled by the fancied discovery; and his doubts on the subject, if he still harboured any, were wholly dispelled by a postscript to Adrienne's next letter, almost amounting, singular as was the construction, to an avowal of her own weakness.

In the three fair pages of close writing of which that letter consisted, was vouchsafed no word of reply to an interrogatory—the last, he secretly resolved, he would ever venture on that subject—whether his "little cousin Madelaine," as he had sometimes sportively called her by anticipation, had quite forgotten her friend Walter. But on one of the outside folds, evidently an afterthought, written hurriedly, and, as it seemed, with a trembling hand, was the following postscript:—

"La Petite Madelaine se souvient toujours du bon Walter—Comment féroit-elle autrement?

"Mais, cependant, qu'il ne soit plus question d'elle dans les lettres de Mons. Walter."

"A most strange fancy! an unaccountable caprice of this dear Adrienne's!'' was Walter's smiling soliloquy. "Some day she shall laugh at it with me—but for the present and for ever, be the dear one's will my law." Thenceforth "il n'étoit plus question de la Petite Madelaine," in Walter's letters, and in those of Adrienne she was never more alluded to.

Mademoiselle de St Hilaire's mind was about this time engrossed by far more important personages than her absent lover, or her youthful friend. The present occupants, herself—(no *new* one truly)—and a certain Marquis D'Arval, who would probably have been her first choice, if he had not been the selected of her parents. Not that she had by any means decided on the rupture of her engagements with Walter, (if indeed such a contingency had ever formed the subject of her private musings); neither, at any rate, would she have dissolved it, till his return should compel her to a decision. For his letters were too agreeable, too spiritual—too full of that sweet incense that never satiated her vanity, to be voluntarily relinquished.

But in the meantime, the correspondence, piquant as it was—a charming *passe-temps!*—could not be expected to engross her wholly. Many vacant hours still hung upon her hands, wonderful to say, in spite of those intellectual and elegant pursuits, the late discovery of which had so enraptured the unsophisticated Walter. Who so proper as the Marquis D'Arval, then on a visit at the Chateau,—her cousin too—besides being the especial favourite of her parents—(dutiful Adrienne!)—to be the confidential friend of la belle *délaissée*? To be in fact the substitute of the absent lover, in all those *petits soins* that so agreeably divert the ennui of a fine lady's life, and for which the most sentimental correspondence can furnish no equivalent? In the article of *petit soins* indeed, (the phrase is perfectly untranslatable,) the merits of D'Arval were decidedly superior to those of his English competitor, whose English feelings and education certainly disqualified him for evincing that peculiar tact and nicety of judgment in all matters relating to female decoration and occupation, so essential in the cavalier servente of a French beauty. Though an excellent French scholar, Walter never could compass the nomenclature of shades and colours, so familiar and expressive to French tongues and tastes. He blundered perpetually between "rose tendre," and "rose foncée;" and was quite at fault if referred to as arbitrator between the respective merits of "Bouc de Paris," or "Crapeau mort d'amour."

Achilles, in his female weeds, was never more awkward at his task than poor Walter, when appointed, by especial favour, to the office of arranging the ribbon collar, or combing the silken mane and ruffled paws of Silvie, Adrienne's little *chien lion.* And though ready enough (as we have seen) to importune his mistress with worthless offerings of paltry wild-flowers, it never entered his simple fancy to present her with small, compact bouquets, sentimentally and scientifically combined, (the pensée never omitted, if in season,) the stems wound together with silk of appropriate hue, or wrapped round with a motto, or well-turned couplet. In these, and all accomplishments of a similar nature, Walter Barnard's genius was immeasurably distanced by that of the Marquis D'Arval.

The latter was also peculiarly interesting in his character of a despairing lover; and his attentions were particularly well-timed, at a season when the absence of the happy lover had made a vacuum in the life (of course not the *heart*) of Adrienne, who on her part was actuated by motives of pure humanity in consoling D'Arval (as far as circumstances permitted) for the success of his rival, by proofs of her warmest friendship, and tenderest commiseration.

Since the Marquis's arrival at St Hilaire, his universal genius had in great measure superseded la petite Madelaine in her office of exorcist to the demon of ennui, her fair cousin's relentless persecutor. She was therefore less frequently, or rather less constantly, at the Chateau—though still summoned to secret conference in Adrienne's boudoir, and often detained there for hours by consultations or occupations of that private and confidential nature, so interesting to the generality of young ladies who have lovers in their hearts or heads, though the details might be insipid to the general reader, if it were even allowable to reveal mysteries little less sacred than the Eleusinian.

It might have been inferred, however, that la petite Madelaine was but an unwilling sharer of those secret conferences; for she often retired from them with looks of more grave, and even careful expression, than were well in character with the youthful countenance, and an air of dejection that ill suited the recent listener to a happy lovetale. And when her services (whatever were their nature) were no longer required, Adrienne evinced no inclination to detain her at St Hilaire.

She was still, however, politely and even kindly welcomed by the owners of the Chateau; but when no longer necessary to the contentment of their idolized daughter, the absence or presence of la petite Madelaine became to them a matter of the utmost indifference, and by degrees she became painfully sensible that there is a wide difference in being accounted *nobody* with respect to our individual consequence, or in relation to our capabilities for contributing, however humbly, to the comfort and happiness of others. To the first species of insignificance Madelaine had been early accustomed, and easily reconciled; but the second pressed heavily on her young heart—and perhaps the more so, at St Hilaire, for the perpetually-recurring thoughts of a time still recent—("the happy time," as that poor girl accounted it in her scant experience of happiness)—when she had a friend there who, however his heart was devoted to her cousin, had never missed an occasion of shewing kindness to herself, and of evincing to her by those attentions, which pass unnoticed when accepted as a due, but are so precious to persons situated as was la petite Madelaine, that to him, at least, her pains and pleasures, her tastes, her feelings, and her welfare, were by no means indifferent or unimportant. The dew of kindness never falls on any soil so grateful as the young heart unaccustomed to its genial influence. After benefits, more weighty and important, fail not in noble natures to inspire commensurate gratitude—but they cannot call forth that burst of enthusiastic feeling, awakened by the first experienced kindness, like the sudden verdure of a dry seed bed called into life and luxuriance by the first warm shower of spring.

La petite Madelaine's natural home was at no time, as has been observed, a very happy one to her. And now that it was more her home than for some years it had been, time had wrought no favourable change in her circumstances there. Time had not infused more tenderness towards her into the maternal feelings of Madame du Résnél—though it had worked its usual effect of increasing the worldliness, and hardening the hardness of her nature. Time had not dulcified the tempers of the three elder Mademoiselles du Résnél, by providing with husbands the two cadettes between them and Madelaine. And time had cruelly curtailed the few home joys of the poor Madelaine, by sending le petit frère to college, and by delivering up to his great receiver, Death—her only other friend—the faithful and affectionate Jeanette. Of the few that had once loved her in her father's house, only the old dog was left to welcome her more permanent abode there; and one would have thought he was sensible of the added responsibilities death and absence had devolved upon him. Forsaking his long-accustomed place on the sunny pavement of the south stone court-yard, he established himself at the door of the salon if she was within it, himself not being privileged to enter there—or with his young mistress in her own little turret chamber, where he had all *entrées*—or even to her favourite arbour in the garden he contrived to creep with her, though his old limbs were too feeble to accompany her beyond that short distance. And when they were alone together, he would look up in her face with such a "human meaning" in his dim eyes, as spoke to Madelaine's heart, as plainly and more affectingly than words could have spoken—"I only am left to love my master's daughter, and who but her cares for old Roland?"

In the meantime, Walter's year of probation was fast drawing to a close; and his return to St Hilaire, and all thereon depending, was looked forward to with very different feelings by himself, (the happy expectant!) by the inhabitants of the Chateau, and by its still occasional inmate, the little Maiden of the Manoir, whose meditations on the subject were not the less frequent and profound, because to her it was obviously one of little personal interest. Monsieur and Madame de St Hilaire had watched with intense anxiety the fancied progress of the Marquis D'Arval in supplanting the absent Walter in the affections of their daughter. But experience had taught them, that the surest means of effecting their wishes, was to refrain from expressing them to the dutiful Adrienne. So they looked on, and kept silence, with hopes that became fainter as the decisive period approached, and they observed that the lovers' correspondence was unslackened, and the Marquis made no interesting communication to them of that success on his part, which he was well aware they would receive as most gratifying intelligence. On the contrary, he found it necessary, about this time, to make a journey to Paris, and to his estates in Languedoc; but as he still seemed devoted to Adrienne—and his devotions were evidently accepted with the sweetest complacency—the bewildered parents still cherished a belief that the young people mutually understood each other—that D'Arval's temporary absence had been concerted between them, from motives of prudence and delicacy with respect to Walter, and that when the latter arrived, their daughter would either require him to release her from her rash engagement, or empower them to acquaint him with her change of sentiments.

Nothing could be farther from truth, however, than this fancied arrangement of the worthy elders. Whatever were D'Arval's ultimate views and hopes, he had contented himself during his visit with playing the favourite lover *pro tempore*. *Perhaps* he was too *honourable* to take further advantage of his rival's absence—perhaps too delicate—too romantic to owe his mistress's hand to any but her cool after decision—unbiassed by his fascinating presence. In short, whatever was the reason, he was *au désespoir!—accablé!—anéanti!*—But he departed, leaving la belle Adrienne very much in doubt whether his departure was desirable or otherwise. It certainly demolished a pretty little airy fabric she had amused herself with constructing at odd idle moments of tender reverie. Such as a meeting of the rivals—jealousy—reproaches—an interesting dilemma—desperation on one side (she had not settled which)—rapture on the other—defiance to mortal combat—bloodshed, *perhaps*. But these feelings drew a veil over the imaginary picture, and passed on to the sweet anticipation of rewarding the survivor. If the marring of so ingenious a fancy sketch were somewhat vexatious, on the other hand, it would be agreeable enough to be quite at liberty (for a time at least), after Walter's return, to resume her former relations with him. And as to the result, whatever was *his* impatience, that might still be delayed, and the Marquis would return. She *was sure of* him, if after all she should decide in his favour; and then, who could tell—the fancy sketch might be completed at last. La petite Madelaine was not of course made the depository of her fair cousin's private cogitations; but she *had her own*, as has been observed, and she saw, and thought, and drew her inferences—devoutly hated Le Marquis D'Arval—could not *love* her cousin—and pitied—Oh! how she pitied le bon Walter!

Le bon Walter, whose term of banishment was now within three weeks of expiration, would have accounted himself the most enviable of mortals, but for his almost ungovernable impatience at the tedious interval which was yet to separate him from his beloved; and for a slight shade of disquietude at certain rumours respecting a certain Marquis D'Arval, which had reached him through the medium of the friend (the chaplain of his regiment), whose visit to his family established at Caen, had been the means of inducing Walter to accompany him thither, little dreaming, while quietly acquiescing in his friend's arrangements, to what conclusions (so momentous for himself) they were unwittingly tending. The brother and sister-in-law of Mr Seldon (the clerical friend alluded to) were still resident at Caen, and acquainted, though not on terms of intimacy, with the families of St Hilaire and Du Résnél. La petite Madelaine was, however, better known to them than any other individual of the two households. They had been at first kindly interested for her, by observing the degree of unmerited slight to which she was subjected in her own family, and the species of half dependence on the capricious kindness of others, to which it had been the means of reducing her. The subdued but not servile spirit with which she submitted to undeserved neglect and innumerable mortifications, interested them still more warmly in her favour; and on the few occasions when they obtained permission for her to visit them at Caen, the innocent playfulness of her sweet and gentle nature shone out so engagingly in the sunshine of encouragement, and her affectionate gratitude evinced itself so artlessly, that they felt they could have loved her tenderly, had she been at liberty to give them as much of her society as she was inclined to do. But heartlessness and jealousy are not incompatible, and Mlle. de St Hilaire was jealous of every thing she condescended to patronise. Besides, la petite Madelaine had been too useful to her in various ways to be dispensed with; and when, latterly, the capricious beauty became indifferent, or rather averse to her continuance at the Chateau beyond the stated period of secret service in the mysterious boudoir, Madelaine was well content to escape to her own unkindly home; and, strange to say, better satisfied with the loneliness of her own little turret chamber, or the dumb companionship of poor Roland, and with the drudgery of household needlework (always her portion at home), than even in the society of her amiable friends at Caen, which she might then have resorted to more unrestrainedly. But though they saw her seldom, the depression of her spirits, and her altered looks, passed not unnoticed by them. And although she uttered no complaint of her cousin, it was evident that at St Hilaire she was no longer treated even with the fitful kindness and scant consideration which was all she had ever experienced. These remarks led naturally, on the part of the Seldons, to close observance of the conduct of Mlle. de St Hilaire with the Marquis D'Arval—a subject to which common report had already drawn their attention, and which, as affecting the welfare of their friend Walter Barnard, could not be indifferent to them. They saw and heard and ascertained enough to convince them that his honest affections and generous confidence were unworthily bestowed, and that a breach of faith the most dishonourable was likely to prove the ultimate reward of his high-raised expectations. So satisfied, they felt it a point of conscience to communicate to him, through the medium of his friend (and in the way and to the extent judged advisable by the latter), such information as might, in some degree, prepare him for the shock they anticipated, or at least stimulate him to sharp investigation. The office devolved upon Mr Seldon was by no means an enviable one; but he was too sincerely Walter's friend to shrink from it, and by cautious degrees he communicated to him that information which had cast the first shade over his love-dream of speedy reunion with the object of his affections.

It was well for the continuance of their friendship, that Mr Seldon, in his communication to Walter, had not only proceeded with infinite caution, but had armed himself with coolness and forbearance in the requisite degree, for the young man's impetuous nature flamed out indignantly at the first insinuation against the truth of his beloved. And when, at last—after angry interruptions, and wrathful sallies innumerable—he had been made acquainted with the circumstances, which, in the opinion of his friends, warranted suspicions so unfavourable to her, he professed utter astonishment, not unmixed with resentment, at their supposing his confidence in Adrienne could be for one moment shaken by appearances or misrepresentations, which had so unworthily imposed on their own judgment and candour.

After the first burst of irritation, however, Walter professed his entire conviction of, and gratitude for the *good intentions* of his friends; but requested of Seldon, that the subject, which he dismissed from his own mind as perfectly unworthy of a second thought, should not be revived in their discussions; and Seldon, conscientiously satisfied with having done as much as discretion warranted in the discharge of his delicate commission, gladly assented to the proposition.

But in such cases, it is easier to disbelieve than to forget; and it is among the countless perversenesses of the human mind, to retain most tenaciously, and recur most pertinaciously to that which the will professes most peremptorily to dismiss. Walter's disbelief was spontaneous and sincere. So was his immediate protest against ever recurring, even in thought, to a subject so contemptible. But, like the little black box that haunted the merchant Abudah, it lodged itself, spite of all opposition, in a corner of his memory, from which not all his efforts could expel it at all times; though the most successful exorcism (the never-failing *pro tempore*) was a reperusal of those precious letters, in every one of which he found evidence of the lovely writer's ingenuousness and truth, worthy to outweigh, in her lover's heart, a world's witness against her. But from the hour of Seldon's communication, Walter's impatience to be at St Hilaire became so ungovernable, that finding his friend (Mr —— was again to be the companion of his journey) not unwilling to accompany him immediately, he obtained the necessary furlough, although it yet wanted nearly three weeks of the prescribed year's expiration; and although he had just dispatched a letter to the lodge of his love, full of anticipation, relating only to that period—he was on his way to the place of embarkation, before that letter had reached French ground, and arrived at Caen (though travelling, to accommodate his friend, by a circuitous route) but a few days after its reception at St Hilaire.

The travellers reached their place of destination so early in the day, that after a friendly greeting with Mr and Mrs Charles Seldon (though not without a degree of embarrassment on either side, from recollection of a certain proscribed topic), Walter excused himself from partaking their late dinner, and with a beating heart (in which, truth to tell, some undefinable fear mingled with delightful expectation) took his impatient way along the well-remembered footpaths, that led through pleasant fields and orchards, by a short cut, to the Chateau de St Hilaire. He stopt for a moment at the old mill, near the entrance-gate of the domain, to exchange a friendly greeting with the miller's wife, who was standing at her door, and dropt him a curtsy of recognition. The mill belonged to the Manoir du Résnél, and its respectable rentiers were, he knew, humble friends of la petite Madelaine; so, in common kindness, he could do no otherwise than linger a moment, to make enquiries for *her* welfare, and that of her fair cousin, and their respective families. It may be supposed that Walter's latent motive for so general, as well as particular an enquiry, was to gain from the reply something like a glance at the Carte du Pais he was about to enter—not without a degree of nervous trepidation, with the causelessness of which he reproached himself in vain, though he had resisted the temptation of putting one question to the Seldons, who might have drawn from it inferences of misgivings on his part, the existence of which he was far from acknowledging even to his own heart.

"Mademoiselle Madelaine was at the Chateau that evening," the dame informed him—"and there was no other company, for M. le Marquis left it for Paris three days ago."

—Walter drew breath more freely at *that* article of intelligence.—"Some people had thought M. le Marquis would carry off Mademoiselle after all"—(Walter bit his lip);—"but now Monsieur was returned, doubtless"—and a look and simper of vast knowingness supplied the conclusion of the sentence. "Au reste—Mademoiselle was well, and as beautiful as ever; but for 'cette chere petite,' [meaning la petite Madelaine],—she was sadly changed of late, though she did not complain of illness—*she never* complained, though every body knew her home was none of the happiest, and (for what cause the good dame knew not) she was not so much as formerly at St Hilaire."

Walter was really concerned at the bonne femme's account of his little friend, but at that moment he could spare but a passing thought to any subject save one; and having gleaned all the intelligence he was likely to obtain respecting it, he cut short the colloquy with a hasty "Bon soir," and bounded on his way with such impetuous speed, that the entrance gate of St Hilaire was still vibrating with the swing with which it had closed behind him, when he was half through the avenue, and just at one of its side openings into a little grove, or labyrinth, in which was a building, called Le Pavillion de Diane. He stopt to gaze for a moment at the gleam of its white walls, discernible through an opening in the thicket, for the sight was associated with many "blissful memories." But the present *was all* to him, and again he was starting onward, when his steps were arrested by sounds that mingled with the cooing of the wood-pigeon among "the umbrageous multitude of leaves."

Other sounds were none at that stillest hour of the still sultry evening; and among the mingled tones, Walter's ear caught some not to be mistaken, for the voice that uttered them was that of Adrienne. Its breathings were, however, in a higher and less mellifluous key than those of the plaintive bird; but a third voice, sweeter than either, uttered a low undertone, and *that* voice was the voice of Madelaine. Quick was the ear of Walter to recognise and distinguish those familiar accents, but its sense of melody yielded *of course* to the fond prejudice, which could not have been expected to find harshness in the tones of his mistress, or allow superior sweetness to those of another voice. Whatever were his secret thoughts on that head, it is not to be supposed that at such a moment he stopped to compare the "wood notes wild," as coolly and critically as if he were weighing the merits of a pair of opera singers. No—after a second of attention—not half a one of doubt—he sprang aside from the road leading to the mansion, and was lightly and swiftly threading the tortuous wood-path, and could now discern, through one of its bowery archways, the sparkling of the little fountain that played before one of the three entrances to the pavilion, and another turn of the silvan puzzle would have brought him to the spot; but in his impatience he lost the well-known clue, and in a moment found himself at the back, instead of the front of the small temple. The corner would have been rounded at three steps—but at that critical moment, a word spoken by the most vehement of the fair colloquists—spoken at the highest key of a voice, whose powers Walter was now for the first time fully aware of—arrested his steps as by art magic. His own name was uttered, associated with words of such strange import, that Walter's astonishment, overpowering his reflective faculties, made him excusable in remaining, as he did, rooted to the spot, a listener to what passed within.

That strange colloquy consisted, on one side, of taunts—and accusations—and menaces. On the other, of a few deprecating words—a sigh or two—and something like a suppressed sob—and lastly, of an assurance, uttered with a trembling voice—that the speaker "never had harboured the slightest thought of betraying the secret she was privy to, or entertained any hope less humble than to be permitted to stay unnoticed and unremembered in her own home"——where she "would be equally uncared for," was probably her heart's muttered conclusion, for the word *home* trembled on her tongue, and she burst into an agony of tears.

Neither the gentle appeal, nor the gush of distressful feeling in which it terminated, seemed to touch the heartless person it was addressed to, for there was no softening in the voice with which, as she quitted the pavilion, she issued her commands, that on her return some half-hour hence, "the letter should be finished, and not more stupidly than usual, or it would be *à refaire*." And so departed the imperious task-mistress, and as her steps died away, and the angry rustling of her robes, the tinkling of the little fountain was again heard chiming with the stock doves' murmurs, and within the temple all was profoundly still, except at intervals, a smothered sob, and then a deep and heart-relieving sigh, the last audible token of subsiding passion. And Walter was still rooted, spell-bound—immovable in the same spot. Lost in a confusion of thoughts, that left him scarcely conscious of his own identity, of the reality of the scene around him, or of the strange circumstances in which he found himself so suddenly involved—more than a few moments it required to restore to him the power of clear perception and comprehension, but not one, when that was regained, to decide on the course he should pursue.

Quickly and lightly he stept round the angle of the building to the side entrance (like the two others, an open archway), through which his eye glanced over the whole interior, till it rested on the one living object of interest. At some little distance, with her back towards him, sat la petite Madelaine, one elbow resting on the table before her, her head disconsolately bowed on the supporting hand, which half concealed her face; the other, with a pen held nervelessly by the small fingers, lay idle beside the half-finished letter outspread before her. Once she languidly raised her head, and looked upon it, with a seeming effort dipped her pen in the ink, and held it a moment suspended over the line to be filled up. But the task seemed too painful to her, and with a heavy sigh she suffered her head to drop aside into its former position, and her hand, still loosely holding the inactive pen, to fall listlessly upon the paper. During this short pantomime, Walter had stolen noiselessly across the matted floor, to the back of Madelaine's chair, and knowing *all he now knew*, felt no conscientious scruple about the propriety of reading over her shoulder the contents of the unfinished letter. They were but what he was prepared to see, and yet his trance of amazement was for a moment renewed by ocular demonstration to the truth of what had been hitherto revealed to one of his senses only. The letter was to himself—the reply to his last, addressed to Mlle. de St Hilaire—the continuation of that delightful series he had for the last twelvemonth nearly been in the blissful habit of receiving from his adored Adrienne. Here was the same autograph—the same tournure de phrase—the same tone of thought and feeling (though less lively and unembarrassed than in her earlier letters)—and yet the hand that traced—the mind that guided—and the heart that dictated—were the hand and mind and heart of Madelaine du Résnél!

"Madelaine! dear Madelaine!" were the first whispered words, by which Walter ventured to make his presence known to her. But low as was the whisper—gentle as were the accents—a thunder-clap could not have produced an effect more electric. Starting from her seat with a half shriek, she would have fallen to the ground from excess of agitation and surprise, but for Walter's supporting arm, and it required a world of soothing and affectionate gentleness to restore her to any degree of self-possession. Her first impulse on regaining it, was the honourable one, of endeavouring to remove from Walter's observation the letter that had been designed for his perusal under circumstances so different; but quietly laying his hand upon the outspread paper, as she turned to snatch it from the table, with the other arm he gently drew her from it to himself, and with a smile in which there was more of tender than bitter feeling, said—"It is too late, Madelaine—I know all—who could have thought you such a little impostor!" Poor little Madelaine! never was mortal maiden so utterly confounded—so bewildered as she, by the detection, and by her own hurried and almost unintelligible attempts to deprecate what, in the simplicity of her heart, she fancied must be the high indignation of Walter at *her* share of the imposition so long practised on him.

Whether it was, that in the course of her agitated pleading, she spied relenting in the eyes to which hers were raised so imploringly, or a *something* even more encouraging in their expression, or in the pressure of the hands which clasped hers, upraised in the vehemence of supplication, certain it is, that she stopt short in the middle of a sentence—with a tear in her eye and a blush on her cheek, and something like a dawning smile on the lip that still quivered with emotion, and that "Le bon Walter" magnanimously illustrated by his conduct the hackneyed maxim, that

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,"—

and that plenary absolution, and perfect reconciliation, *were* granted and effected, may be fairly inferred from the testimony of the miller's wife, who, still lingering at the threshold when the grey twilight was brightening into cloudless moonlight, spied Walter and Madelaine advancing slowly down the dark chestnut avenue, so intent in earnest conversation (doubtless on grave and weighty matters), that they passed through the gate, and by the door where she stood, without once looking to the right or left, or, in consequence, observing their old friend as she stept forward to exchange the evening salutation. The same deponent, moreover, testified, that (from no motive of curiosity, but motherly concern for the safety of Madelaine, should Walter, striking off into the road to Caen, leave her at that late hour to pursue her solitary way through the Manoir) she took heed to their further progress, and ascertained, to her entire satisfaction, that so far from unknightly desertion of his fair charge, Walter (seemingly inclined to protract his guardianship to the last possible moment) accompanied her through her home domain till quite within sight of the Chateau, and even there lingered so long in his farewell, that it might have tired out the patience of the miller's wife, if the supper bell had not sounded from the mansion, and broken short as kind a leave-taking as ever preceded the separation of dearest friends.

It must be quite needless to say, that Walter Barnard appeared not that night at the Chateau de St Hilaire, where his return to Normandy was, of course, equally unknown with his late visit to the pavilion. Great was the wrath of the lovely Adrienne, when, on her return thither, soon after the expiration of the time she had allotted for the performance of Madelaine's task, she found *la place vuide*—that the daring impertinent had not only taken the liberty of departing undismissed (doubtless in resentment of fancied wrongs), but had taken with her the letter that was to have been finished in readiness for the postman's call that evening on his way to Caen. The contretemps was absolutely too much for the sensitive nerves of la belle Adrienne, agitated as they had been during the day, by a communication made to her parents, and through them "to his adorable cousin," by the Marquis D'Arval, that his contract of marriage with a rich and beautiful heiress of his own province, was on the point of signature.

"Le perfide!" was the smothered ejaculation of his fair friend on receiving this gratifying intelligence from her dejected parents, thus compelled to relinquish their last feeble hope of seeing their darling united to the husband of their choice. To the darling herself the new return of Walter became suddenly an object of tender interest. Nothing could be so natural as her immediate anxiety to express this impatience in a reply to his last letter, and nothing could be more natural than that she should fall into a paroxysm of *nervous irritation* at the frustration of this amiable design, by the daring desertion of her chargée d'affaires. But she was too proud to send for her, or to her. It would look like acknowledgment of error. She would "die first," and "the little impertinent would return of her own accord, humble enough, no doubt, and she *should* be humbled." But for the next two days nothing was heard or seen of "the little impertinent" at the Chateau de St Hilaire. On the third, still no sign of her repentance, by reappearance, word, or token. On the fourth, Adrienne's resolution could hold out against her necessities no longer, and she was on the point of going herself in quest of the guilty Madelaine, when she learnt the astounding tidings that Walter had been five days returned to Caen, and on that very morning when the news first reached her,——

But Walter's proceedings must be briefly related more veraciously than by the blundering tongue of common rumour, which reported them to Adrienne. He had returned to Caen, and to the hospitable home of his English friends, to whose ear, of course, he confided his tale of disappointed hopes. But, as it should seem by the mirthful bearing of the small party assembled that night round the supper-table after his affecting disclosure, not only had it failed in exciting sympathy for the abused lover, but he himself, by some unaccountable caprice, was, to all appearance, the happiest of the social group.

Grave matters, as well as trivial, were, however, debated that night round the supper table of the English party; and of the four assembled, as neither had attained the coolness and experience of twenty-six complete summers, and two of the four (the married pair) had forfeited all pretensions to worldly wisdom, by a romantic love match, it is not much to be wondered at, that Prudence was scarcely admitted to a share in the consultation, and that she was unanimously outvoted in conclusion.

The cabinet council sat till past midnight, yet Walter Barnard was awake next morning, and "stirring with the lark," and brushing the dewdrops from the wildbrier sprays, as he bounded by them through the fields, on his way to——*not* St Hilaire.

Again in the gloaming he was espied by the miller's wife, threading the same path to the same trysting-place—for that it *was* a trysting-place she had ocular demonstration—and again the next day matins and vespers were as duly said by the same parties in the same oratory, and Dame Simonne was privy to the same, and yet she had not whispered her knowledge even to the reeds. How much longer the unnatural retension might have continued, would have been a curious metaphysical question, had not circumstances, interfering with the ends of science, hurried on an "unforeseen conclusion."

On the third morning the usual tryst was kept at the accustomed place, at an earlier hour than on the preceding days; but shorter parley sufficed on this occasion, for the two who met there with no cold greeting, turned together into the pleasant path, so lately traced on his way from the town with beating heart, by one who retraced his footsteps even more eagerly, with the timid companion, who went consentingly, but not self-excused.

Sharp and anxious was the watch kept by the miller's wife for the return of the pair, whose absence for the next two hours she was at no loss to account for; but they tarried beyond that period, and Dame Simonne was growing fidgety at their non-appearance, when she caught sight of their advancing figures, at the same moment that the gate of the Manoir swung open, and forth issued the stately forms of Madame and Mesdemoiselles Du Résnél!

Dame Simonne's senses were well-nigh confounded at the sight, and well they might, for well she knew what one so unusual portended—and there was no time—not a moment—not a possibility to warn the early pedestrians who were approaching, so securely unconscious of the impending crisis. They were to have parted as before at the Manoir gate—to have parted for many months of separation—one to return to England, the other to her nearer home, till such time as—— But the whole prudential project was in a moment overset. The last winding of the path was turned, and the advancing parties stood confronted! For a moment, mute, motionless as statues—a smile of malicious triumph on the countenances of Mesdemoiselles du Résnél—on that of their dignified mother, a stern expression of concentrated wrath, inexorable, implacable. But her speech was even more calm and deliberate than usual, as she requested to know what business of importance had led the young lady so far from her home at that early hour, and to what fortunate chance she was indebted for the escort of Monsieur Barnard? The *grand secret* might still have been kept. Walter was about to speak—he scarce knew what—perhaps to divulge *in part*—for to tell all prematurely was ruin to them both. But before he could articulate a word Madame du Résnél repeated her interrogatory in a tone of more peremptory sternness, and la petite Madelaine, trembling at this sound, quailing under the cold and searching gaze that accompanied it, and all unused to the arts of deception and prevarication, sank on her knees where she had stopt at some distance from her incensed parent, and faltered out with uplifted hands,—"Mais—mais, maman! je viens de me marier!"

The truth was told—the full, the simple truth—and no sooner told than Walter's better nature rejoiced at the disclosure, rejoiced at its release from the debasing shackles imposed by worldly considerations, and grateful to the young ingenuous creature whose impulsive honesty had saved them both from perseverance in the dangerous paths of deception, even at the cost of those important advantages which might have resulted from a temporary concealment of their union. Tenderly raising and supporting her he was now free to call his own in the sight of men and angels, he drew her gently towards the incensed parent, the expected storm of whose just wrath he prepared himself to meet respectfully, and to deprecate with all due humility. But the preparation proved perfectly unnecessary. Madame du Résnél, whose rigidity of feature had relaxed into no change of line or muscle indicative of surprise or emotion at her daughter's abrupt confession, now listened with equally imperturbable composure to Walter's rather hurried and confused attempts at excusing what was, in the strict sense, inexcusable; and to his frank and manly professions of attachment to her daughter, and of his desire, if he might be received as a son by that daughter's mother, to prove, by every act of his future life, his sense of such generous forgiveness. Having heard him to the end, with the most exemplary patience and faultless good breeding, Madame du Résnél begged to assure Monsieur Barnard, that, "so far from assuming to herself any right of censure over him or his actions, past, present, or to come, she begged leave to assure him she was incapable of such impertinent interference; and that, with regard to the lady who had ceased to be her daughter on becoming the wife of Monsieur Barnard, she resigned from that moment all claims on the duty she had violated, and all control over her future actions. Les effets appartenant à Mademoiselle Madelaine du Résnél—[poor little Madelaine, few and little worth were thy worldly goods!]—should be ready for delivery to any authorized claimant."—"Au reste"—Madame du Resnél had the honour to felicitate Monsieur and Madame Barnard on their auspicious union, and to wish them a very good morning—an adieu, sans aû revoir—with which tender conclusion, she dropped a profound and dignified curtsy, and with her attendant daughters (who dutifully followed the maternal example) passed through the gate of the Manoir, and closed it after her, with no violence, but a deliberate firmness, that spoke to those without more convincingly than words could have expressed it—"Henceforward, and for ever, this barrier is closed against you."

That moment was one of bitterness to the new-made wife—to the discarded daughter; and, for a time, all the feelings that had led to her violation of filial duty—all the excuses she had framed to herself for breaking its sacred obligations—all the "shortcomings" of love she had been subjected to in her own home—and all—aye, even all the love, passing speech, which had bound up her life with Walter Barnard's—all was forgotten—merged in one absorbing agony of distress, at the sudden and violent wrench-asunder of Nature's first and holiest ties. She clung to the side-post of the old gate that opened to her paternal domain—to the house of her fathers. She kissed the bars that excluded her for ever. Was it for ever? A gleam of hope brightened in her streaming eyes—"Her dear Armand! Le petit frère, would return to the Manoir, and *he* would never shut its gates against poor Madelaine."

Her husband availed himself of the auspicious moment; he encouraged her hopes, and she listened with the eager simplicity of a child; he spoke words of comfort, and she was comforted; of love, and she forgot her fault and her remorse—her home—her friends—the world—and every thing in it but himself.

Three days from that ever-memorable morning, la petite Madelaine stood with her husband upon English ground, but for him, a stranger in a strange land—the portionless bride of a poor subaltern. For though she had brought with her all the "effets" which, through Madame's special indulgence, she had been permitted to remove from her own little turret chamber, they helped but poorly towards the future ménage, consisting only of her scanty wardrobe, a few books (her most precious property), a little embroidered purse, containing a louis-d'or, sundry old silver coins, and pièces de dix sous, a bonbonnière full of dragèes, a birthday present from le petit frère, a gold etui, the gift of her grandmother, and a pair of silver sugar-tongs, the bequest of old Jeannette. To this splendid inventory she was, however, graciously allowed to annex the transfer of honest Roland, her father's ancient servitor, who, as if endowed with rational comprehension, made shift to leap into the cart which conveyed to Caen the poor possessions of his master's daughter, and came crouching to her feet, with looks and actions needing no interpretation to speak intelligibly—" Mistress! lead on, and I will follow thee."

The married pair were indeed embarked together on a rough sea, with little provision for the voyage, to which they had been in a manner prematurely driven; but, by the blessing of Providence, they weathered out its storms, now sheltering for a season in some calm and friendly haven, and anon compelled (but with recruited courage) to renew their conflict with the winds and waves. But throughout their hearts were strong, for they were faithfully united; and that devoted affection for her husband, which had saved the heart of Madelaine from breaking in its first and sharpest agony (the sharpest, because mingled with remorse), was the continued support and sweetener of her after life, through a lot of infinite vicissitude.

If haply I have evinced some partiality to poor little Madelaine, even in the detail of her unsanctioned nuptials, accuse me not, reader, of making light of the sin of filial disobedience. I have told you that *she judged herself;*—let you and I do likewise, and abstain from passing sentence on others. But if your Christian charity, righteous reader! is so rigidly exacting, as to require punishment as well as penitence, be comforted even on that score, and lay the assurance to your feeling heart, that la petite Madelaine *had* her full share of worldly troubles; the last and crowning one of all, that she was doomed to be, by some years, the survivor of the husband of her youth—the friend and companion of her life—the prop and staff of her declining days.

But she was not long an outcast from her own people and her early home. "Le petit frère" found means, soon after the attainment of his majority, and the full rights and titles it conferred on him, as lord of himself and the Manoir du Résnél, to prevail on his lady mother (who still remained mistress of the establishment) to receive, on the footing of occasional guests, her long-banished child, with her English husband. From that time, Monsieur du Résnél proved himself, on all occasions, the affectionate brother, and unfailing friend of Walter and Madelaine; and the good understanding then established between themselves and Madame du Résnél was never interrupted, though jealousies among the elder sisters were always at work to undermine it, by innumerable petty artifices. Madame was not their dupe, however. Nature had formed her with a cold heart, but a strong understanding. She felt and knew that the respect and attention invariably shewn towards her by Madelaine and her husband, were the fruits of right principle and kindly disposition, unswayed by any interested consideration, and that her other daughters were actuated by the sordid view of appropriating to themselves exclusively, at her decease, the small hoard she might have accumulated in the long course of her rigid and undeviating economy. As the burden of years pressed more heavily upon her, she became more and more sensible of the worth and tenderness of her once slighted Madelaine; and when circumstances made it expedient that she should remove from her son's roof, she took up her last lodging among the living under that of the dutiful child, whose widowed sorrows were soothed by her tender performance of the sacred duty which had thus unexpectedly devolved upon her.

When the mother and daughter were reunited under circumstances so affecting, the latter had almost numbered the threescore years, so near the age of man; and the former, with all her mental faculties in their full vigour, and retaining her bodily strength and all her senses to an extraordinary degree, was on the verge of fourscore years and five. But the tender and unremitting cares of her filial guardian were blessed for three years longer in their pious aim,—

> " T' explore the wish—explain the asking eye,
> And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

Then the full of days was summoned to depart, and *I*—yes—*I* remember well the last scene of her long pilgrimage, though a little child when present at it, and carried in my nurse's arms to the chamber of death. *My* mother was there also, for she was the grand-daughter of that aged dying woman—the daughter of Walter Barnard and Madelaine du Résnél. And so it came to pass, that la petite Madelaine was my own dear grandmother, and that the fact was (I suppose) written on my forehead, for the future investigation of that " grim white woman," the daughter of Adrienne de St Hilaire, who, impelled by curiosity, and armed with hereditary hate, dismayed me by that mysterious visit, which, opening up the forgotten sources of old traditional memories, gave rise to my after daydream and to this long story. C.

HOMER'S HYMNS.

No. II.

THE BALLAD OF BACCHUS.

Of the son of the glorious Semele
 Is a wondrous tale to tell,
How he lay on the shore of the boundless sea,
 On a rock by the billow's swell;
In the very spring-tide of youth was he
 When beauty doth most excel.

Round his ample breast was a purple vest,
 And his locks of the raven shade
Floated behind to the gentle wind,
 And over his shoulders play'd;
And there came in view a roving crew,
 That follow'd the pirate's trade.

And they were Tuscan mariners,
 Bold pirates every one,
And ill-betoken'd their evil stars,
 When their cruizing was begun ;
Though the bark was tight, and bounded light
 To the coast as they did run.

And they spied the youth, as they plough'd the brine,
  Drew near and plann'd surprise;
And with nod and wink, and speechless sign,
  His comrade did each advise;
And blessing the ship for a gainful trip,
  Leap'd over and seized the prize.

They deem'd him a youth of noble race,
  And thought to bind him fast;
And they took him on board in little space,
  And cords about him cast—
But away flew the bands from his feet and hands,
  Like chaff before the blast.

Now the son of the glorious Semele
  All unconcern'd he sat,
And his dark eye shone most laughingly,
  But the Pilot was struck thereat,—
And cried to his crew that around him drew,
  " My comrades, mark you that!

" Hold, hold ye, for this no mortal is,
  As you may plainly know,
For a god is he, and strong, I wis,
  To work or weal or woe—
Perchance 'tis Jove from his throne above,
  Or the god of the silver bow.

" Or Neptune, maybe, stern god of sea—
  So celestial to behold:
The planks of the ship from their ribs would slip,
  Ere imprison immortal mould;
For Olympian gods are fearful odds,
  That mortals should strive to hold.

" Turn ye the oar to the dark-edged shore,
  And the youth in safety land,
And speed ye, before ye hear the roar
  Of a storm ye may not withstand—
For beshrew me if his wrath he pour,
  'Twill be with a mighty hand."

But the Captain stood in another mood,
  And spake as he would command:
" Up to the gale with yard and sail,
  And talk not to me of land—
Leave the youth to me, and away to sea,
  He shall visit a distant strand;

" Cyprus or Egypt, or farther away,
  To the Hyperborean coast,
And mayhap by the way he'll find tongue to say
  What parentage he may boast,
Their state and thrift, his fortune's gift,
  And of that we make the most!"

Thus the captain spake, the mast was placed,
  Up went the yard and sail,
And not a rope but was tightly braced,
  As it fill'd before the gale.
But how shall I tell what next befell,
  And with wonders fill my tale!

Odours were first of the luscious vine,
Fresher than honied banks,
And a stream divine of ambrosial wine
Trickled about the planks—
But the mariner's cheer was check'd by fear,
That they could not give it thanks.

Then a vine-tree rose and tendrils flung
The sail and sailyard round,
And wherever they clung rich clusters hung,
And the mast dark ivy bound,
That twined about, and the berries stood out,
For much they did abound.

The rests wherein their oars they plied,
Each one a garland bore,
Then the staring mariners stoutly cried
To the Pilot to steer to shore.
Then a lion across the deck did stride
And horribly loud did roar.

In midships he rose a rampant bear,
And his shaggy hide he shook,
Then a lion he from the prow did glare,
And so deadly was his look,
That the frighten'd crew to the stern they flew
And each his place forsook,

And round the Pilot in fear did cling,
For he was the best of the crew;
Then the Lion-God glared, and with one spring
The caitiff Captain slew;
From the side of the ship, with plunge and slip,
Into the sea they flew.

As the mariners plunged into the sea,
They were all of them Dolphins made;
But the son of the glorious Semele
Alone the Pilot staid,
The man bless'd he from his terror free,
And pleasantly to him said—

" Courage, my friend, stand firm above,
A worthy part was thine;
The offspring of Jove and Semele's love
Am I, and the God of Wine;
Shouting and song to me belong,
And the gift of the generous vine."

" Hail, son of the beauteous Semele!
I know thee well, thou art
Giver of Mirth and Revelry,
To me sweet joys impart;
For the song of Bard, thou dost regard,
Comes warmest from the heart."

MODERN FRENCH HISTORIANS.

No. I.—SALVANDY.

THE recent events in Poland have awakened the old and but half-extinguished interest of the British people in the fate of that unhappy country. The French may regard the Polish legions as the vanguard only of revolutionary movement: the radicals may hail their struggle as the first fruits of political regeneration: the great majority of observers think of them only as a gallant people, bravely combating for their independence, and forget the shades of political difference in the great cause of national freedom.

The sympathy with the Poles, accordingly, is universal. It is as strong with the Tories as the Whigs, with the supporters of antiquated abuse as the aspirants after modern improvement. Political considerations combine with generous feeling in this general interest. And numbers who regard with aversion any approach towards revolutionary warfare, yet view it with complacency when it seems destined to interpose Sarmatian valour between European independence and Muscovite ambition.

The history of Poland, however, contains more subjects of interest than this. It is fraught with political instruction, as well as romantic adventure, and exhibits on a great scale the consequences of that democratic equality which, with uninformed politicians, is so much the object of eulogium. The French revolutionists, who sympathize so vehemently with the Poles in their contest with Russian despotism, little imagine that the misfortunes of that country are the result of that very equality which they have made such sacrifices to attain; and that in the weakness of Poland may be discerned the consequences of the political system which they consider as the perfection of society.

Poland in ancient possessed very much the extent and dominion of Russia in Europe in modern times. It stretched from the Baltic to the Euxine; from Smolensko to Bohemia; and embraced within its bosom the whole Scythia of antiquity—the storehouse of nations, from whence the hordes issued who so long pressed upon and at last overthrew the Roman empire. Its inhabitants have in every age been celebrated for their heroic valour: they twice captured the ancient capital of Russia, and the conflagration of Moscow, and retreat of Napoleon, were but the repetition of what had resulted five centuries before from the appearance of the Polish eagles on the banks of the Moskwa. Placed on the frontiers of European civilisation, they long formed its barrier against barbarian invasion: and the most desperate wars they ever maintained were those which they had to carry on with their own subjects, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, whose roving habits and predatory life disdained the restraints of regular government. When we read the accounts of the terrible struggles they maintained with the great insurrection of these formidable hordes under Bogdan, in the 17th century, we are transported to the days of Scythian warfare, and recognise the features of that dreadful invasion of the Sarmatian tribes, which the genius of Marius averted from the Roman republic.

Nor has the military spirit of the people declined in modern times. The victories of Sobieski, the deliverance of Vienna, seem rather the fiction of romance than the records of real achievement. No victory so glorious as that of Kotzim had been gained by Christendom over the Saracens since the triumphs of Richard on the field of Ascalon: And the tide of Mahommedan conquest would have rolled resistlessly over the plains of Germany, even in the reign of Louis XIV., if it had not been arrested by the Polish hero under the walls of Vienna. Napoleon said it was the peculiar quality of the Polanders to form soldiers more rapidly than any other people. And their exploits in the Italian and Spanish campaigns justified the high eulogium and avowed partiality of that great commander. No swords cut deeper than theirs in the Russian ranks during the campaign of 1812, and alone, amidst universal defection, they maintained their faith inviolate in the rout at Leipsic. But for the hesitation of the French emperor in restoring their independence, the whole strength of the kingdom would have been roused on the invasion of Russia; and had this been done, had the Polish monarchy formed the support of French ambition, the history of the world might have been changed;

> "From Fate's dark book one leaf been torn,
> And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

How, then, has it happened that a country of such immense extent, inhabited by so martial a people, whose strength on great occasions was equal to such achievements, should in every age have been so unfortunate, that their victories should have led to no result, and their valour so often proved inadequate to save their country from dismemberment? The plaintive motto, *Quomodo Lapsus; Quid feci*, may with still more justice be applied to the fortunes of Poland than the fall of the Courtenays. "Always combating," says Salvandy, "frequently victorious, they never gained an accession of territory, and were generally glad to terminate a glorious contest by a cession of the ancient provinces of the republic."

Superficial observers will answer, that it was the elective form of government; their unfortunate situation in the midst of military powers, and the absence of any chain of mountains to form the refuge of unfortunate patriotism. But a closer examination will demonstrate that these causes were not sufficient to explain the phenomenon; and that the series of disasters which have so long overwhelmed the monarchy, have arisen from a more permanent and lasting cause than either their physical situation or elective government.

The Polish crown has not always been elective. For two hundred and twenty years they were governed by the race of the Jagellons with as much regularity as the Plantagenets of England; and yet, during that dynasty, the losses of the republic were fully as great as in the subsequent periods. Prussia is as flat, and incomparably more sterile than Poland, and, with not a third of the territory, it is equally exposed to the ambition of its neighbours: Yet Prussia, so far from being the subject of partition, has steadily increased in territory and population. The fields of Poland, as rich and fertile as those of Flanders, seem the prey of every invader, while the patriotism of the Flemings has studded their plains with defensive fortresses which have secured their independence, notwithstanding the vicinity of the most ambitious and powerful monarchy in Europe.

The real cause of the never-ending disasters of Poland, is to be found in the *democratic equality*, which, from the remotest ages, has prevailed in the country. The elective form of government was the consequence of this principle in their constitution, which has descended to them from Scythian freedom, and has entailed upon the state disasters worse than the whirlwind of Scythian invasion.

"It is a mistake," says Salvandy, "to suppose that the representative form of government was found in the woods of Germany. What was found in the woods was *Polish equality*, which has descended unimpaired in all the parts of that vast monarchy to the present times.* It was not to our Scythian ancestors, but the early councils of the Christian church, that we are indebted for the first example of representative assemblies." In these words of great and philosophic importance is to be found the real origin of the disasters of Poland.

The principle of government, from the earliest times in Poland, was, that every free man had an equal right to the administration of public affairs, and that he was entitled to exercise this right, not by representation, but in person. The result of this was, that the whole freemen of the country constituted the real government; and the diets were attended by 100,000 horsemen; the great majority of whom were, of course, ignorant, and in necessitous circumstances, while all were penetrated with an equal sense of their importance as members of the Polish state. The convocation of these tumultuous assemblies was almost invariably the signal for murder and disorder. Thirty or forty thousand lackeys, in the service of the nobles, but still possessing the rights of freemen, followed their masters to the place of meeting, and were ever ready to support their ambition by military violence, while the unfortunate natives, eat up by such an enormous assemblage of armed men, regarded the meeting of the citizens in the same light as the inhabitants of the Grecian city did the invasion of Xerxes, when they returned thanks to the gods that he had not dined in their neighbourhood, or every living creature would have perished.

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* Salvandy, vol. i. Tableau Historique.

So far did the Poles carry this equality among all the free citizens, that by an original and fundamental law, called the *Liberum Veto, any one* member of the diet, by simply interposing his negative, could stop the election of the sovereign, or any other measure the most essential to the public welfare. Of course, in so immense a multitude, some are always to be found fractious or venal enough to exercise this dangerous power, either from individual perversity, the influence of external corruption, or internal ambition; and hence the numerous occasions on which diets, assembled for the most important purposes, were broken up without having come to any determination, and the Republic left a prey to anarchy, at the time when it stood most in need of the unanimous support of its members. It is a striking proof how easily men are deluded by this phantom of general equality, when it is recollected that

this ruinous privilege has, not only
ness every age, been clung to as the
conseq *a Charta* of Poland, but that
which th e historians, recounting dis-
tion of socie speak of any infringe-
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Russia in Europe it.
It stretched from the tions, however,
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mia; and embraced within

which renders it practicable to get through business on urgent occasions, in spite of individual opposition. The Poles held it utterly at variance with every principle of freedom to bind any free man by a law to which he had not consented. The principle, that the majority could bind the minority, seemed to them inconsistent with the most elementary ideas of liberty. To get quit of the difficulty, they commonly massacred the recusant; and this appeared, in their eyes, a much less serious violation of freedom than out-voting him; because, said they, instances of violence are few, and do not go beyond the individual sufferers; but when once the rulers establish that the majority can compel the minority to yield, no man has any security against the violation of his freedom.

Extremes meet. It is curious to observe how exactly the violation of freedom by popular folly coincides in its effect with its extinction by despotic power. The bow-string in the Seraglio, and assassination at St Petersburg, are the limitations on arbitrary power in these despotic states. Popular murders were the means of restraining the exorbitant liberty of the Poles within the limits necessary for the maintenance of the forms even of regular government. Strange, as Salvandy has well observed, that the nation the most jealous of its liberty, should, at the same time, adhere to a custom of all others the most destructive to [illegible]dom; and that, to avoid the government of one, they should submit to the despotism of all!

It was this original and fatal passion for *equality*, which has in every age proved fatal to Polish independence—which has paralyzed all the valour of her people, and all the enthusiasm of her character—and rendered the most warlike nation in Europe the most unfortunate. The measures of its government partook of the unstable and vacillating character of all popular assemblages. Bursts of patriotism were succeeded by periods of dejection; and the endless changes in the objects of popular inclination, rendered it impracticable to pursue any steady object, or adhere, through all the varieties of fortune, to one uniform system for the good of the state. Their wars exactly resembled the contests in La Vendee, where, a week after the most glorious successes, the victorious army was dissolved, and the leaders wandering with a few followers in the woods. At the battle of Kotzim, Sobieski commanded 40,000 men, the most regular army which for centuries Poland had sent into the field; at their head, he stormed the Turkish entrenchments, though defended by 80,000 veterans, and 300 pieces of cannon; he routed that mighty host, slew 50,000 men, and carried the Polish ensigns in triumph to the banks of the Danube. But while Europe resounded with his praises, and expected the deliverance of the Greek empire from his exertions, his army dissolved—the troops returned to their homes—and the invincible conqueror was barely able, with a few thousand men, to keep the field.

Placed on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, the Polish character and history have partaken largely of the effects of the institutions of both these quarters of the globe. Their passion for equality, their spirit of freedom, their national assemblages, unite them to European independence; their unstable fortune, perpetual vacillation, and chequered annals, partake of the character of Asiatic adventure. While the states by whom they are surrounded, have shared in the steady progress of European civilisation, the Polish monarchy has been distinguished by the extraordinary vicissitudes of Eastern story. Elevated to the clouds during periods of heroic adventure, it has sunk to nothing upon the death of a single chief; the republic which had recently carried its arms in triumph to the neighbouring capitals, was soon struggling for its existence with a contemptible enemy; and the bulwark of Christendom in one age, was in the next razed from the book of nations.

Would we discover the cause of this vacillation, of which the deplorable consequences are now so strongly exemplified, we shall find it in the passion for equality which appears in every stage of their history, and of which M. Salvandy, a liberal historian, has given a powerful picture:—

"The proscription of their greatest princes," says he, "and, after their death, the calumnies of posterity, faithfully echoing the follies of contemporaries, have destroyed all those who in different ages have endeavoured, in Poland, to create a solid or protecting power. Nothing is more extraordinary than to hear the modern annalists of that unfortunate people, whatever their country or doctrine may be, mechanically repeat all the national outcry against what they call their despotic tyrants. Facts speak in vain against such prejudices. In the eyes of the Poles, nothing was worthy of preservation in their country but *liberty and equality*;—a high-sounding expression, which the French Revolution had not the glory of inventing, nor its authors the wisdom to apply more judiciously.

"Contrary to what has occurred everywhere else in the world, the Poles have never been at rest but under the rule of feeble monarchs. Great and vigorous kings were uniformly the first to perish; they have always sunk under vain attempts to accustom an independent nobility to the restraints of authority, or soften to their slaves the yoke of bondage. Thus the royal authority, which elsewhere expanded on the ruins of the feudal system, has in Poland only become weaker with the progress of time. All the efforts of its monarchs to enlarge their prerogative have been shattered against a compact, independent, courageous body of freemen, who, in resisting such attempts, have never either been weakened by division nor intimidated by menace. In their passion for equality, in their jealous independence, they were unwilling even to admit any distinction between each other; they long and haughtily rejected the titles of honour of foreign states, and even till the last age, refused to recognise those hereditary distinctions and oppressive privileges, which are now so fast disappearing from the face of society. They even went so far as to insist that one, in matters of deliberation, should be equal to all. The crown was thus constantly at war with a democracy of nobles. The dynasty of the Piasts strove with much ability to create in the midst of that democracy, a few leading families; by the side of those nobles, a body of burghers. These things, difficult in all states, were there impossible. An hereditary dynasty, always stormy and often interrupted, was unfit for the persevering efforts requisite for such a revolution. In other states the monarchs pursued an uniform policy, and their subjects were vacillating; there, the people were steady, and the crown changeable."—I. 71.

"In other states, time had everywhere established the hereditary descent of honours and power. Hereditary succession was established from the throne to the smallest fief, from the reciprocal necessity of subduing the vanquished people, and securing to each his share in the conquests. In Poland, on the other hand, the waywoods, or warlike chieftains, the magistrates and civil authorities, the governors of castles and provinces, so far from founding an aristocracy by establishing the descent of their honours or offices in their families, were seldom even nominated by the king. Their authority, especially that of the Palatins, excited equal umbrage in the sovereign who should have ruled, as the nobles who should have obeyed them. There was thus authority and order nowhere in the state.

"It is not surprising that such men should unite to the pride which could bear nothing above, the tyranny which could spare nothing below them. In the dread of being compelled to share their power with their inferiors elevated by riches or intelligence, they affixed a stigma on every useful profession as a mark of servitude. Their maxim was, that nobility of blood was not lost by indigence or domestic service, but totally extinguished by commerce or industry. This policy perpetually withheld from the great body of serfs the use of arms, both because they had learned to fear, but still continued to despise them. In fine, jealous of every species of superiority as a personal outrage, of every authority as an usurpation, of every labour as a degradation, this society was at variance with every principle of human prosperity.

"Weakened in this manner in their external contests, by their equality not less than their tyranny, inferior to their neighbours in number and discipline, the Poles were the only warlike people in the world to whom victory never gave either peace or conquest. Incessant contests with the Germans, the Hungarians, the pirates of the north, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, the Osmanlis, occupy their whole annals; but never did the Polish eagles advance the frontiers of the republic. Poland saw Moravia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, escape from its government, as Bohemia and Mecklenburg had formerly done, without ever being awakened to the necessity of establishing a central government sufficiently strong to coerce and protect so many discordant materials. She was destined to drink to the last dregs the bitter consequences of a pitiless aristocracy and a senseless equality.

"Vainly did Time, whose ceaseless course, by breaking through that fierce and oppressive equality, had succeeded where its monarchs had failed, strive to introduce a better order of things. Poland was destined, in all the ages of its history, to differ from all the other European states. With the progress of wealth, a race of burghers at length sprung up—an aristocracy of wealth and possessions arose; but both, contrary to the genius of the people, perished before they arrived at maturity. The first was speedily overthrown; in the convulsion, consequent upon the establishment of the last, the national independence was destroyed."—I. 74.

Of the practical consequences of this fatal passion for equality in the legislature and the form of government, our author gives the following curious account:—

"The extreme difficulty of providing food for their *comitia* of 100,000 citizens on horseback, obliged the members of the Diet to terminate their deliberations in a few days, or rather to separate, after having devoured all the food in the country. commenced a civil war, and determined nothing. The constant recurrence of such disasters, at length led to an attempt to introduce territorial deputies, invested with full power to carry on the ordinary and routine business of the state. But so adverse was any delegation of authority to the original nature of Polish independence, that this beneficial institution never was established in Poland but in the most incomplete manner. Its introduction corrected none of the ancient abuses. The King was still the president of tumultuous assemblies; surrounded by obstacles on every side; controlled by generals and ministers not of his own selection; obliged to defend the acts of a cabinet which he could not control, against the cries of a furious diet. And these diets, which united, sabre in hand, under the eye of the sovereign, and still treated of all the important affairs of the state—of war and peace, the election of a sovereign, the formation of laws—which gave audience to ambassadors, and administered justice in important cases—were still the Champs de Mars of the northern tribes, and partook to the very last of all the vices of the savage character. There was the same confusion of powers, the same elements of disorder, the same license to themselves, the same tyranny over others.

"This attempt at a representative government was destructive to the last shadow of the royal authority; the meetings of the deputies became fixed and frequent; the power of the sovereign was lost without any permanent body arising to receive it in his room. The system of deputations made slow progress; and in several provinces was never admitted. General diets, where the whole nation assembled, became more rare, and therefore more perilous; and as they were convoked only on great occasions, and to discuss weighty interests, the fervour of passion was superadded to the inexperience of business.

"Speedily the representative assemblies became the object of jealousy on the part of this democratic race; and the citizens of the republic sought only to limit the powers which they had conferred on their representatives. Often the jealous multitude, terrified at the powers with which they had invested the deputies, were seized with a sudden panic, and hastened together from all quarters with their arms in their hands to watch over their proceedings. Such assemblies were styled 'Diets under the Buckler.' But generally they restricted and qualified their powers at the moment of election. The electors confined their parliaments to a circle of limited questions: *gave them obligatory directions; and held, after every session, what they called post-comitial diets; the object of which was to exact from every deputy a rigid account of the execution of his mandate. Thus every question of importance was, in effect, decided in the provinces before it was debated in the national assembly.* And, as unanimity was still considered essential to a decision, the passing of any legislative act became impossible when there was any variance between the instructions to the deputies. Thus the majority were compelled to disregard the protestations of the minority; and, to guard against that tyranny, the only remedy seemed to establish, in favour of the outvoted minority, the right of civil war. Confederations were established; armed leagues, formed of discontented nobles, who elected a marshal or president, and opposed decrees to decrees, force to force, diet to diet, tribune to tribune; and had alternately the King for its leader and its captive. What deplorable institutions, which opened to all the discontented a legal channel for spreading anarchy through their country! The only astonishing thing is, that the valour of the Polish nobility so long succeeded in concealing these mortal defects in their institutions. One would have imagined that a nation, under such customs, could not exist a year; and yet it seemed never weary either of victories or folly."—I. 116.

No apology is necessary for the length of these quotations; for they are not only illustrative of the causes of the uniform disasters of Poland, but eminently instructive as to the tendency of democratic institutions all over the world.

There is no danger that the inhabitants of England or France will flock in person to the opening of Parliament, and establish diets of two or three hundred thousand freemen, with sabres by their sides; but there is a very great danger, that they will adopt the democratic jealousy of their representatives, and fix them down by fixed instructions to a course of conduct which will both render nugatory all the advantages of a deliberative assembly, and sow the seeds of dissension, jealousy, and civil war between the different members of the state. This is the more to be apprehended, because this evil was felt in the strongest manner in France during the progress of the Revolution, and has appeared in America most remarkably even during the brief period of its political existence.

The Legislators of America are not in any sense *statesmen;* they are merely *delegates*, bound to obey the directions of their constituents, and sent there to forward the individual interest of the province, district, or borough which they represent. Their debates are languid and uninteresting; conducted with no idea whatever of convincing, but merely of shewing the constituents of each member what he had done for his daily hire of seven dollars. The Constituents Assembly met, with *cahiers* or instructions to the deputies from all the electors; and so much did this jealousy of the legislature increase with the progress of the *movements* in France, that the surest road to popularity with the electors was soon found to be, the most abject professions of submission to their will. Every one knows how long and vehemently annual parliaments have been demanded by the English radicals, in order to give them an opportunity of constantly exercising this surveillance over their representatives; and how many members of the present House of Commons are under a positive pledge to their constituents on more than one momentous question. It is interesting to observe how much mankind, under all varieties of climate, situation, and circumstances, are governed by the same principles; and to trace the working of the same causes in Polish anarchy, French revolutions, American selfishness, and British democracy.

Whoever considers the matter dispassionately, and attends to the lessons of history, must arrive at the conclusion, that this democratic spirit cannot coexist with regular government or national independence in ancient states; and that Polish anarchy is the necessary prelude in all such communities to Moscovite oppression. The reason is eternal, and being founded in the nature of things, must be the same in all ages. When the true democratic spirit is once generally diffused, men invariably acquire such an inordinate jealousy of their superiors, that they thwart all measures, even of the most obvious and undeniable utility; and by a perpetual change of governors, gratify their own equalising spirit, at the expense of the best interests of the state. This disposition appears at present in France, and England, in the rapid changes of administration which have taken place within the last few years, to the total destruction of any uniformity of government, or the prosecution of any systematic plan for the public good: it appears in America in the execrable system of rotation of office, in other words, of the expulsion of every man from official situations, the moment he becomes qualified to hold them, which a recent able observer has so well exposed;* it appeared in Poland in the uniform weakness of the executive, and periodical returns of anarchy, which rendered them, in despite of their native valour, unfortunate in every contest, and at last, led to the partition of the republic.

Never was there a truer observation, than that wherever the tendency of prevailing institutions is hurtful, there is an under current perpetually flowing, destined to correct them. As this equalising and democratic spirit is utterly destructive to the best interests of society, and the happiness of the very people who indulge in it, so by the wisdom of nature, it leads rapidly and certainly to its own destruction. The moment that it became paramount in the Roman Republic, it led to the civil convulsions which brought on the despotism of the Cæsars; its career was rapidly cut short in France by the sword of Napoleon; it exterminated Poland from the book of nations; it threatens to close the long line of British greatness; it will convulse or subjugate America, the moment that growing republic is brought in contact with warlike neighbours, or finds the safety-valve of the back settlements closed against the escape of turbulent multitudes.

The father of John Sobieski, whose estates lay in the Ukraine, has left a curious account of the manners and habits of the Cossacks in his time, which was about 200 years ago. "The great majority," said he, "of these wandering tribes, think of nothing but the affairs of their little families, and encamp, as it were, in the midst of the towns which belong to the crown or the noblesse. They interrupt the ennui of repose by frequent assemblies, and their *comitia* are generally civil wars, often attended by profuse bloodshed. It is there that they choose their hetman, or chief, by acclamation, followed by throwing their bearskin caps in the air. Such is the inconstancy in the multitude, that they frequently destroy their own work; but as long as the hetman remains in power, he has the right of life and death. The town Tretchmiron, in Kiovia, is the arsenal of their warlike implements and their treasure. There is deposited the booty taken by their pirates in Romelia and Asia Minor; and there are also preserved with religious care, the immunities granted to their nation by the republic. There are displayed the standards which the king sends them, whenever they take up arms for the service of the republic. It is round this royal standard that the nation assemble in their *comitia*. The hetman there does not presume to address the multitude but with his head uncovered, with a respectful air, ready to exculpate himself from all the charges brought against him, and to solicit humbly his share of the spoils taken from the enemies. These fierce peasants are passionately fond of war; few are acquainted with the use of the musket; the pistol and sabre are their ordinary weapons. Thanks to their light and courageous squadrons, Poland can face the infantry of the most powerful nations on earth. They are as serviceable in retreat as in success; when discomfited, they form, with their chariots ranged in several lines in a circular form, an entrenched camp, to which no other fortifications can be compared. Behind that tabor, they defy the attacks of the most formidable enemy."

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* Captain Hall.

Of the species of troops who composed the Polish army, our author gives the following curious account, —a striking proof of the national weakness which follows the fatal passion for equality, which formed their grand national characteristic:

> "Five different kinds of soldiers composed the Polish army. There was, in the first place, the mercenaries, composed of Hungarians, Wallachians, Cossacks, Tartars, and Germans, who would have formed the strength and nucleus of the army, had it not been that on the least delay in their payments, they invariably turned their arms against the government: the national troops, to whose maintenance a fourth of the national revenue was devoted: the volunteers, under which name were included the levies of the great nobles, and the ordinary guards which they maintained in time of peace: the *Pospolite*, that is, the array of the whole free citizens, who, after three summonses from the king, were obliged to come forth under the banners of their respective palatines, but only to remain a few months in the field, and could not be ordered beyond the frontiers. This last unwieldy body, however brave, was totally deficient in discipline, and in general served only to manifest the weakness of the republic. It was seldom called forth but in civil wars. The legions of valets, grooms, and drivers, who encumbered the other force, may be termed a fifth branch of the military force of Poland; but these fierce retainers, naturally warlike and irascible, injured the army more by their pillage and dissensions, than they assisted it by their numbers.
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> "All these different troops were deficient in equipment; obliged to provide themselves with every thing, and to collect their subsistence by their own authority, they were encumbered with an incredible quantity of baggage-waggons, destined, for the most part, less to convey provisions than carry off plunder. They had no corps of engineers; the artillery, composed of a few pieces of small calibre, had no other officers than a few French adventurers, upon whose adherence to the republic implicit reliance could not be placed. The infantry were few in number, composed entirely of the mercenary and royal troops; but this arm was regarded with contempt by the haughty nobility. The foot soldiers were employed in digging ditches, throwing bridges, and cutting down forests, rather than actual warfare. Sobieski was exceedingly desirous of having in his camp a considerable force of infantry; but two invincible obstacles prevented it,—the prejudices of the country, and the penury of the royal treasury.
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> "The whole body of the Pospolite, the volunteers, the *valets d'armée*, and a large part of the mercenaries and national troops, served on horseback. The heavy cavalry, in particular, constituted the strength of the armies; there were to be found united, riches, splendour, and number. They were divided into cuirassiers and hussars; the former clothed in steel, man and horse bearing casque and cuirass, lance and sabre, bows and carabines; the latter defended only by a twisted hauberk, which descended from the head, over the shoulders and breast, and armed with a sabre and pistol. Both were distinguished by the splendour of their dress and equipage, and the number and costly array of their mounted servants, accoutred in the most bizarre manner, with huge black plumes, and skins of bears and other wild beasts. It was the boast of this body, that they were composed of men, all measured, as they expressed it, by the same standard; that is, equal in nobility, equally enjoying the rights to obey only their God and their swords, and equally destined, perhaps, to step one day into the throne of the Piasts and the Jagellons. The hussars and cuirassiers were called *Towarzirz*, that is, companions; they called each other by that name, and they were designated in the same way by the sovereign, whose chief boast would be *Primus inter pares*, the first among equals."—I. 129.

With so motley and discordant a force, it is not surprising that Poland was unable to make head against the steady ambition and regular forces of the military monarchies with which it was surrounded. Its history accordingly exhibits the usual feature of all democratic societies—occasional bursts of patriotism, and splendid efforts followed by dejection, anarchy, and misrule. It is a stormy night illuminated by occasional flashes of lightning, never by the steady radiance of the morning sun.

One of the most glorious of these flashes is the victory of Kotzim, the first great achievement of John Sobieski.

" Kotzim is a strong castle, situated four leagues from Kamaniek, on a rocky projection which runs into the Dneiper, impregnable from the river, and surrounded on the other side by deep and rocky ravines. A bridge thrown over one of them, united it to the entrenched camp, where Hussein Pacha had posted his army. That camp, defended by ancient fieldworks, extended along the banks of the Dneiper, and was guarded on the side of Moldavia, the sole accessible quarter, by precipices cut in the solid rock, and impassable morasses. The art of the Ottomans had added to the natural strength of the position; the plain over which, after the example of the Romans, that military colony was intended to rule, was intersected to a great distance by canals and ditches, whose banks were strengthened by palisades. A powerful artillery defended all the avenues to the camp, and there reposed, under magnificent tents, the Turkish generalissimo and eighty thousand veterans, when they were suddenly startled by the sight of the Polish banners, which moved in splendid array round their entrenchments, and took up a position almost under the fire of their artillery.

" The spot was animating to the recollections of the Christian host. Fifty years before, James Sobieski had conquered a glorious peace under the walls of that very castle: and against its ramparts, after the disaster of the Kobilta, the power of the young Sultan Osman had dashed itself in vain. Now the sides were changed; the Turks held the entrenched camp, and the army of the son of James Sobieski filled the plain.

" The smaller force had now to make the assault; the larger army was entrenched behind ramparts better fortified, better armed with cannon, than those which Sultan Osman and his 300,000 Mussulmen sought in vain to wrest from the feeble army of Wladislaus. The Turks were now grown grey in victories, and the assailants were young troops, for the most part ill-armed, assembled in haste, destitute of resources, magazines, or provisions—worn out with the fatigues and the privations of a winter campaign. Deep ditches, the rocky bed of torrents, precipitous walls of rock, composed the field of battle on which they were called on to combat an enemy reposing tranquilly under the laurels of victory, beneath sumptuous tents, and behind ramparts defended by an array of 300 pieces of cannon. The night passed on the Polish side in mortal disquietude; the mind of the general, equally with the soldiers, was overwhelmed with anxiety. The enterprise which he had undertaken seemed above human strength; the army had no chance of safety but in victory, and there was too much reason to fear that treachery, or division in his own troops, would snatch it from his grasp, and deliver down his name with disgrace to posterity.

" Sobieski alone was inaccessible to fear. When the troops were drawn forth on the following morning, the Grand Hetman of Lithuania declared the attack desperate, and his resolution to retreat. ' Retreat,' cried the Polish hero, ' is impossible. We should only find a disgraceful death in the morasses with which we are surrounded, a few leagues from hence; better far to brave it at the foot of the enemy's entrenchments. But what ground is there for apprehension? Nothing disquiets me but what I hear from you. Your menaces are our only danger. I am confident you will not execute them. If Poland is to be effaced from the book of nations, you will not allow our children to exclaim, that if a Paz had not fled, they would not have wanted a country.' Vanquished by the magnanimity of Sobieski, and the cries of Sapieha and Radziwik, the Lithuanian chief promised not to desert his countrymen.

" Sobieski then ranged his faltering battalions in order of battle, and the Turks made preparations to receive behind their entrenchments the seemingly hopeless attack of the Christians. Their forces were ranged in a semicircle, and their forty field-pieces advanced in front, battered in breach the palisades which were placed across the approaches to the Turkish palisades. Kouski, the commander of the artillery, performed under the superior fire of the enemy, prodigies of valour. The breaches were declared practicable in the evening; and when night came, the Christian forces of the two principalities of Walachia and Moldavia deserted the camp of the Infidels, to range themselves under the standard of the cross; a cheering omen, for troops never desert but to the side which they imagine will prove successful.

"The weather was dreadful; the snow fell in great quantities; the ranks were obstructed by its drifts. In the midst of that severe tempest, Sobieski kept his troops under arms the whole night. In the morning they were buried in the snow, exhausted by cold and suffering. Then he gave the signal of attack. 'Companions,' said he, in passing through the lines, his clothes, his hair, his mustaches covered with icicles, 'I deliver to you an enemy already half vanquished. You have suffered, the Turks are exhausted. The troops of Asia can never endure the hardships of the last twenty-four hours. The cold has conquered them to our hand. Whole troops of them are already sinking under their sufferings, while we, inured to the climate, are only animated by it to fresh exertions. It is for us to save the republic from shame and slavery. Soldiers of Poland, recollect that you fight for your country, and that Jesus Christ combats for you.'

"Sobieski had thrice heard mass since the rising of the sun. The day was the *fête* of St Martin of Tours. The chiefs founded great hopes on his intercession: the priests, who had followed their masters to the field of battle, traversed the ranks, recounting the actions of that great apostle of the French, and all that they might expect from his known zeal for the faith. He was a Slavonian by birth. Could there be any doubt, then, that the Christians would triumph when his glory was on that day in so peculiar a manner interested in performing miracles in their favour?

"An accidental circumstance gave the highest appearance of truth to these ideas. The Grand Marshal, who had just completed his last reconnoissance of the enemy's lines, returned with his countenance illuminated by the presage of victory—'My companions,' he exclaimed, 'in half an hour we shall be lodged under these gilded tents.' In fact, he had discovered that the point against which he intended to direct his principal attack was not defended but by a few troops benumbed by the cold. He immediately made several feigned assaults to distract the attention of the enemy, and directed against the palisades, by which he intended to enter, the fire of a battery already erected. The soldiers immediately recollected that the preceding evening they had made the utmost efforts to draw the cannon beyond that point, but that a power apparently more than human had chained them to the spot, from whence now they easily beat down the obstacles to the army's advance, and cleared the road to victory. Who was so blind as not to see in that circumstance the miraculous intervention of Gregory of Tours!

"At that moment the army knelt down to receive the benediction of Father Przeborowski, confessor of the Grand Hetman; and his prayer being concluded, Sobieski, dismounting from his horse, ordered his infantry to move forward to the assault of the newly opened breach in the palisades, he himself, sword in hand, directing the way. The armed valets followed rapidly in their footsteps. That courageous band were never afraid to tread the path of danger in the hopes of plunder. In a moment the ditches were filled up and passed; with one bound the troops arrived at the foot of the rocks. The Grand Hetman, after that first success, had hardly time to remount on horseback, when, on the heights of the entrenched camp, were seen the standard of the cross and the eagle of Poland. Petrikowski and Denhoff, of the royal race of the Piasts, had first mounted the ramparts, and raised their ensigns. At this joyful sight, a hurra of triumph rose from the Polish ranks, and rent the heavens; the Turks were seized with consternation; they had been confounded at that sudden attack, made at a time when they imagined the severity of the weather had made the Christians renounce their perilous enterprise. Such was the confusion, that but for the extraordinary strength of the position, they could not have stood a moment. At this critical juncture, Hussein, deceived by a false attack of Czarnecki, hastened with his cavalry to the other side of the camp, and the spahis, conceiving that he was flying, speedily took to flight.

"But the Janizzaries were not yet vanquished. Inured to arms, they rapidly formed their ranks, and falling upon the valets, who had dispersed in search of plunder, easily put them to the sword. Fortunately, Sobieski had had time to employ his foot soldiers in levelling the ground, and rendering accessible the approaches to the summits of the hills. The Polish cavalry came rushing in with a noise like thunder. The hussars, the cuirassiers, with burning torches affixed to their lances, scaled precipices which seemed hardly accessible to foot soldiers. Inactive till that moment, Paz now roused his strength. Ever the rival of Sobieski, he rushed forward with his Lithuanian nobles in the midst of every danger, to endeavour to arrive first in the Ottoman camp. It was too late;—already the flaming lances of the Grand Hetman gleamed on the summits of the entrenchments, and ever attentive to the duties of a commander, Sobieski was employed in re-forming the ranks of the assailants, disordered by the assault and their success, and preparing for a new battle in the midst of that city of tents, which, though surprised, seemed not subdued.

"But the astonishment and confusion of the besieged, the cries of the women, shut up in the Harams, the thundering charges of the heavy squadrons clothed in steel invulnerable, and composed of impetuous young men, gave the Turks no time to recover from their consternation. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. Demetrius and the Lithuanian met at the same time in the invaded camp. A cry of horror now rose from the Turkish ranks, and they rushed in crowds to the bridge of boats which crossed the Dniester, and formed the sole communication between Kotzim, and the fortified city of Kamaniek. In the struggle to reach this sole outlet from destruction, multitudes killed each other. But Sobieski's foresight had deprived the vanquished even of this last resource. His brother-in-law, Radzewil, had during the tumult glided unperceived through the bottom of the ravines, and at the critical moment made himself master of the bridge, and the heights which commanded it. The only resource of the fugitives was now to throw themselves into the waves. 20,000 men perished at that fatal point, either on the shores or in the half-congealed stream. Insatiable in carnage, the hussars led by Maziniki pursued them on horseback into the bed of the Dneiper, and sabred thousands when struggling in the stream. 40,000 dead bodies were found in the precincts of the camp. The water of the river for several leagues ran red with blood, and corpses were thrown up with every wave on its deserted shores.

"At the news of this extraordinary triumph, the Captain Pacha, who was advancing with a fresh army to invade Poland, set fire to his camp, and hastened across the Danube. The Moldavians and Walachians made their submission to the conqueror, and the Turks, recently so arrogant, began to tremble for their capital. Europe, electrified with these successes, returned thanks for the greatest victory gained for three centuries over the infidels. Christendom quivered with joy, as if it had just escaped from ignominy and bondage."—II. 130—153.

"But while Europe was awaiting the intelligence of the completion of the overthrow of the Osmanlis, desertion and flight had ruined the Polish army. Whole Palatinates had abandoned their colours. They were desirous to carry off in safety the spoils of the East, and to prepare for that new field of battle which the election of the King of Poland, who died at this juncture, presented. Sobieski remained almost alone on the banks of the Dniester. At the moment when Walachia and Moldavia were throwing themselves under the protection of the Polish crown, when the Capitan Pacha was flying to the foot of Balkan, and Sobieski was dreaming of changing the face of the world, his army dissolved. The Turks, at this unexpected piece of fortune, recovered from their terror; and the rule of the Mussulmen was perpetuated for two centuries in Europe."—II. 165.

This victory and the subsequent dissolution of the army, so characteristic both of the glories and the inconstancy of Poland, great as it was, was eclipsed by the splendours of the deliverance of Vienna. The account of the previous election of this great man to the throne of Poland is singularly characteristic of Polish manners.

"The plain of Vola to the west of Warsaw had been the theatre, from the earliest times, of the popular elections. Already the impatient Pospolite covered that vast extent with its waves, like an army prepared to commence an assault on a fortified town. The innumerable piles of arms; the immense tables round which faction united their supporters; a thousand jousts with the javelin or the lance; a thousand squadrons engaged in mimic war; a thousand parties of palatines, governors of castles, and other dignified authorities who traversed the ranks distributing exhortations, party songs, and largesses; a thousand cavalcades of gentlemen, who rode, according to custom, with their battle-axes by their sides, and discussed at the gallop the dearest interests of the republic; innumerable quarrels, originating in drunkenness, and terminating in blood: Such were the scenes of tumult, amusement, and war,—a faithful mirror of Poland,—which, as far as the eye could reach, filled the plain.

"The arena was closed in by a vast circle of tents, which embraced, as in an immense girdle, the plain of Vola, the shores of the Vistula, and the spires of Warsaw. The horizon seemed bounded by a range of snowy mountains, of which the summits were portrayed in the hazy distance by their dazzling whiteness.—

Their camp formed another city, with its markets, its gardens, its hotels, and its monuments. There the great displayed their Oriental magnificence; the nobles, the palatines, vied with each other in the splendour of their horses and equipage; and the stranger who beheld for the first time that luxury, worthy of the last and greatest of the Nomade people, was never weary of admiring the immense hotels, the porticoes, the colonnades, the galleries of painted or gilded stuffs, the castles of cotton and silk, with their drawbridges, towers, and ditches. Thanks to the recent victory, a great part of these riches had been taken from the Turks. Judging from the multitude of stalls, kitchens, baths, audience chambers, the elegance of the Oriental architecture, the taste of the designs, the profusion of gilded crosses, domes, and pagodas, you would imagine that the seraglio of some Eastern sultan had been transported by enchantment to the banks of the Vistula. Victory had accomplished this prodigy; these were the tents of Mahomet IV., taken at the battle of Kotzim, and though Sobieski was absent, his triumphant arms surmounted the crescent of Mahomet.

" The Lithuanians were encamped on the opposite shores of the Vistula; and their Grand Hetman, Michel Paz, had brought up his whole force to dictate laws, as it were, to the Polish crown. Sobieski had previously occupied the bridge over the river by a regiment of hussars, upon which the Lithuanians seized every house in the city which wealth could command. These hostile dispositions were too significant of frightful disorders. War soon ensued in the midst of the rejoicings between Lithuania and Poland. Every time the opposite factions met, their strife terminated in bloodshed. The hostilities extended even to the bloody game of the Klopiches, which was played by a confederation of the boys in the city, or of pages and valets, who amused themselves by forming troops, electing a marshal, choosing a field of battle, and fighting there to the last extremity. On this occasion they were divided into corps of Lithuanians and Poles, who hoisted the colours of their respective states, got fire-arms to imitate more completely the habits of the equestrian order, and disturbed the plain everywhere by their marches, or terrified it by their assaults. Their shock desolated the plain; the villages were in flames; the savage huts of which the suburbs of Warsaw were then composed, were incessantly invaded and sacked in that terrible sport, invented apparently to inure the youth to civil war, and extend even to the slaves the enjoyments of anarchy.

" On the day of the elections the three orders mounted on horseback. The princes, the palatines, the bishops, the prelates, proceeded towards the plain of Vola, surrounded by 80,000 mounted citizens, any one of whom might, at the expiry of a few hours, find himself King of Poland. They all bore in their countenances, even under the livery or banners of a master, the pride arising from that ruinous privilege. The European dress nowhere appeared on that solemn occasion. The children of the desert strove to hide the furs and skins in which they were clothed under chains of gold and the glitter of jewels. Their bonnets were composed of panther-skin, plumes of eagles or herons surmounted them: on their front were the most splendid precious stones. Their robes of sable or ermine were bound with velvet or silver: their girdle studded with jewels; over all their furs were suspended chains of diamonds. One hand of each nobleman was without a glove; on it was the splendid ring on which the arms of his family were engraved; the mark, as in ancient Rome, of the equestrian order. A new proof of this intimate connexion between the race, the customs, and the traditions of the northern tribes, and the founders of the Eternal City.

" But nothing in this rivalry of magnificence could equal the splendour of their arms. Double poniards, double scymitars, set with brilliants; bucklérs of costly workmanship, battle-axes enriched in silver, and glittering with emeralds and sapphires; bows and arrows richly gilt, which were borne at festivals, in remembrance of the ancient customs of the country, were to be seen on every side. The horses shared in this melange of barbarism and refinement; sometimes cased in iron, at others decorated with the richest colours, they bent under the weight of the sabres, the lances, and javelins by which the senatorial order marked their rank. The bishops were distinguished by their grey or green hats, and yellow or red pantaloons, magnificently embroidered with divers colours. Often they laid aside their pastoral habits, and signalized their address as young cavaliers, by the beauty of their arms, and the management of their horses. In that crowd of the equestrian order, there was no gentleman so humble as not to try to rival this magnificence. Many carried, in furs and arms, their whole fortunes on their backs. Numbers had sold their votes to some of the candidates, for the vanity of appearing with some additional ornament before their fellow-citizens. And the people, whose dazzled eyes beheld all this magnificence, were almost without clothing; their long beards, naked legs, and filth, indicated, even more strongly than their pale visages and dejected air, all the miseries of servitude."—II. 190-197.

The achievement which has immortalized the name of John Sobieski is the deliverance of Vienna in 1683—of this glorious achievement M. Salvandy gives the following interesting account:—

" After a siege of eight months, and open trenches for sixty days, Vienna was reduced to the last extremity. Famine, disease, and the sword, had cut off two-thirds of its garrison; and the inhabitants, depressed by incessant toil for the last six months, and sickened by long deferred hope, were given up to despair. Many breaches were made in the walls; the massy bastions were crumbling in ruins, and entrenchments thrown up in haste in the streets, formed the last resource of the German capital. Stahremborg, the governor, had announced the necessity of surrendering if not relieved in three days; and every night signals of distress from the summits of the steeples, announced the extremities to which they were reduced.

" One evening, the sentinel who was on the watch at the top of the steeple of St Stephen's, perceived a blazing flame on the summits of the Calemberg; soon after an army was seen preparing to descend the ridge. Every telescope was now turned in that direction, and from the brilliancy of their lances, and the splendour of their banners, it was easy to see that it was the Hussars of Poland, so redoubtable to the Osmanlis, who were approaching. The Turks were immediately to be seen dividing their vast host into divisions, one destined to oppose this new enemy, and one to continue the assaults on the besieged. At the sight of the terrible conflict which was approaching, the women and children flocked to the churches, while Stahremborg led forth all that remained of the men to the breaches.

" The Duke of Lorraine set forth with a few horsemen to join the King of Poland, and learn the art of war, as he expressed it, under so great a master. The two illustrious commanders soon concerted a plan of operations, and Sobieski encamped on the Danube, with all his forces, united to the troops of the empire. It was with tears of joy, that the sovereigns, generals, and the soldiers of the Imperialists received the illustrious chief whom heaven had sent to their relief. Before his arrival discord reigned in their camp, but all now yielded obedience to the Polish hero.

" The Duke of Lorraine had previously constructed at Tuln, six leagues below Vienna, a triple bridge, which Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, allowed to be formed without opposition. The German Electors nevertheless hesitated to cross the river; the severity of the weather, long rains, and roads now almost impassable, augmented their alarms. But the King of Poland was a stranger alike to hesitation as fear; the state of Vienna would admit of no delay. The last dispatch of Stahremborg was simply in these words: 'There is no time to lose.'—'There is no reverse to fear,' exclaimed Sobieski; 'the general who at the head of 300,000 men could allow that bridge to be constructed in his teeth, cannot fail to be defeated.'

" On the following day the liberators of Christendom passed in review before their allies. The Poles marched first; the spectators were astonished at the magnificence of their arms, the splendour of the dresses, and the beauty of the horses. The infantry was less brilliant; one regiment in particular, by its battered appearance, hurt the pride of the monarch—'Look well at those brave men,' said he to the Imperialists; 'it is an invincible battalion, who have sworn never to renew their clothing, till they are arrayed in the spoils of the Turks.' These words were repeated to the regiments; if they did not, says the annalist, clothe them, they encircled every man with a cuirass.

" The Christian army, when all assembled, amounted to 70,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were infantry. Of these the Poles were 18,000.—The principal disquietude of the king was on account of the absence of the Cossacks, whom Mynzwicki had promised to bring up to his assistance.—He well knew what admirable scouts they formed: the Tartars had always found in them their most formidable enemies. Long experience in the Turkish wars had rendered them exceedingly skilful in this species of warfare: no other force was equal to them in seizing prisoners and gaining intelligence. They were promised ten crowns for every man they brought in after this manner: they led their captives to the tent of their king, where they got their promised reward, and went away saying, 'John, I have touched my money, God will repay you.'—Bereaved of these faithful assistants, the king was compelled to expose his hussars in exploring the dangerous defiles in which the army was about to engage. The Imperialists, who could not comprehend his attachment to that undisciplined militia, were astonished to hear him incessantly exclaiming, ' Oh ! Mynzwicki, Oh! Mynzwicki.' "

A rocky chain, full of narrow and precipitous ravines, of woods and rocks, called the Calemberg in modern times, the Mons Ætius of the Romans, separated the two armies: the cause of Christendom from that of Mahomet. It was necessary to scale that formidable barrier; for the mountains advanced with a rocky front into the middle of the Danube. Fortunately, the negligence of the Turks had omitted to fortify these posts, where a few battalions might have arrested the Polish army.

" Nothing could equal the confidence of the Turks but the disquietude of the Imperialists. Such was the terror impressed by the vast host of the Mussulmen, that at the first cry of Allah! whole battalions took to flight. Many thousand peasants were incessantly engaged in levelling the roads over the mountains, or cutting through the forest. The foot soldiers dragged the artillery with their arms, and were compelled to abandon the heavier pieces. Chiefs and soldiers carried each his own provisions: the leaves of the oak formed the sole subsistence of the horses. Some scouts reached the summit of the ridge long before the remainder of the army, and from thence beheld the countless myriads of the Turkish tents extending to the walls of Vienna. Terrified at the sight, they returned in dismay, and a contagious panic began to spread through the army. The king had need, to reassure his troops, of all the security of his countenance, the gaiety of his discourse, and the remembrance of the multitudes of the infidels whom he had dispersed in his life. The Janizzaries of his guard, who surrounded him on the march, were so many living monuments of his victories, and every one was astonished that he ventured to attack the Mussulmen with such an escort. He offered to send them to the rear, or even to give them a safe conduct to the Turkish camp, but they all answered with tears in their eyes, that they would live and die with him. His heroism subjugated alike Infidels and Christians, chiefs and soldiers.

" At length, on Saturday, September 11th, the army encamped, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the sterile and inhospitable summit of the Calemberg, and occupied the convent of Camaldoli and the old castle of Leopoldsburg. Far beneath extended the vast and uneven plain of Austria: its smoking capital, the gilded tents, and countless host of the besiegers; while at the foot of the ridge, where the mountain sunk into the plain, the forests and ravines were occupied by the advanced guards, prepared to dispute the passage of the army."

There it was that they lighted the fires which spread joy and hope through every heart at Vienna.

" Trusting in their vast multitudes, the Turks pressed the assault of Vienna on the one side, while on the other they faced the liberating army. The Turkish vizier counted in his ranks four Christian princes and as many Tartar chiefs. All the nobles of Germany and Poland were on the other side: Sobieski was at once the Agamemnon and Achilles of that splendid host.

" The young Eugene of Savoy made his first essay in arms, by bringing to Sobieski the intelligence that the engagement was commenced between the advanced guards at the foot of the ridge. The Christians immediately descended the mountains in five columns like torrents, but marching in the finest order: the leading divisions halted at every hundred paces to give time to those behind, who were retarded by the difficulties of the descent, to join them. A rude parapet, hastily erected by the Turks to bar the five débouchés of the roads into the plain, was forced after a short combat. At every ravine, the Christians experienced fresh obstacles to surmount: the spahis dismounted to contest the rocky ascents, and speedily regaining their horses when they were forced, fell back in haste to the next positions which were to be defended. But the Mussulmen, deficient in infantry, could not withstand the steady advance and solid masses of the Germans, and the Christians everywhere gained ground. Animated by the continued advance of their deliverers, the garrison of Vienna performed miracles on the breach; and Kara Mustapha, who long hesitated which battle he should join, resolved to meet the avenging squadrons of the Polish king.

" By two o'clock the ravines were cleared, and the allies drawn up in the plain. Sobieski ordered the Duke of Lorraine to halt, to give time for the Poles, who had been retarded by a circuitous march, to join the army. At eleven they appeared, and took their post on the right. The Imperial eagles saluted the squadrons of gilded cuirasses with cries of 'Long live King John Sobieski!' and the cry, repeated along the Christian line, startled the Mussulman force.

"Sobieski charged in the centre, and directed his attack against the scarlet tent of the sultan, surrounded by his faithful squadrons—distinguished by his splendid plume, his bow, and quiver of gold, which hung on his shoulder—most of all by the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited. He advanced, exclaiming, 'Non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria!' The Tartars and the spahis fled when they heard the name of the Polish hero repeated from one end to the other of the Ottoman lines. 'By Allah,' exclaimed Sultan Gieray, 'the king is with them!' At this moment the moon was eclipsed, and the Mahometans beheld with dread the crescent waning in the heavens.

"At the same time, the hussars of Prince Alexander, who formed the leading column, broke into a charge amidst the national cry, 'God defend Poland!' The remaining squadrons, led by all that was noblest and bravest in the country, resplendent in arms, buoyant in courage, followed at the gallop. They cleared without drawing bridle, a ravine, at which infantry might have paused, and charged furiously up the opposite bank. With such vehemence did they enter the enemy's ranks, that they fairly cut the army in two,—justifying thus the celebrated saying of that haughty nobility to one of their kings, that with their aid no reverse was irreparable; and that if the heaven itself were to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances.

"The shock was so violent that almost all the lances were splintered. The Pachas of Aleppo and of Silistria were slain on the spot; four other pachas fell under the sabres of Jablonowski. At the same time Charles of Lorraine had routed the force of the principalities, and threatened the Ottoman camp. Kara Mustapha fell at once from the heights of confidence to the depths of despair. 'Can you not aid me?' said he to the Kara of the Crimea. 'I know the King of Poland,' said he, 'and I tell you, that with such an enemy we have no chance of safety but in flight.' Mustapha in vain strove to rally his troops; all, seized with a sudden panic, fled, not daring to lift their eyes to heaven. The cause of Europe, of Christianity, of civilisation, had prevailed. The wave of the Mussulman power had retired, and retired never to return.

"At six in the evening, Sobieski entered the Turkish camp. He arrived first at the quarters of the vizier. At the entrance of that vast enclosure a slave met him, and presented him with the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. He took the bridle, and ordered one of his followers to set out in haste for the Queen of Poland, and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished; then planted his standard in the midst of that armed caravansera of all the nations of the East, and ordered Charles of Lorraine to drive the besiegers from the trenches before Vienna. It was already done; the Janizzaries had left their posts on the approach of night, and, after sixty days of open trenches, the imperial city was delivered.

"On the following morning the magnitude of the victory appeared. One hundred and twenty thousand tents were still standing, notwithstanding the attempts at their destruction by the Turks; the innumerable multitude of the Orientals had disappeared; but their spoils, their horses, their camels, their splendour, loaded the ground. The king at ten approached Vienna. He passed through the breach, whereby but for him on that day the Turks would have found an entrance. At his approach the streets were cleared of their ruins; and the people, issuing from their cellars and their tottering houses, gazed with enthusiasm on their deliverer. They followed him to the church of the Augustins, where, as the clergy had not arrived, the king himself chanted *Te Deum*. This service was soon after performed with still greater solemnity in the cathedral of St Stephen; the king joined with his face to the ground. It was there that the priest used the inspired words—'There was a man sent from heaven, and his name was John.'"—III. 50. 101.

During this memorable campaign, Sobieski, who through life was a tender and affectionate husband, wrote daily to his wife. At the age of fifty-four he had lost nothing of the tenderness and enthusiasm of his earlier years. In one of them he says, "I read all your letters, my dear and incomparable Maria, thrice over; once when I receive them, once when I retire to my tent and am alone with my love, once when I sit down to answer them. I beseech you, my beloved, do not rise so early; no health can stand such exertions; if you do, you will destroy my health, and what is worse, injure your own, which is my sole consolation in this world." When offered the throne of Poland, it was at first proposed that he should divorce his wife, and marry the widow of the late king, to reconcile the contending faction. "I am not yet a king," said he, "and have contracted no obligations towards the nation: Let them resume their gift; I disdain the throne if it is to be purchased at such a price."

It is superfluous, after these quotations, to say any thing of the merits of M. Salvandy's work. It unites, in a rare degree, the qualities of philosophical thought with brilliant and vivid description; and is one of the numerous instances of the vast superiority of the Modern French Historians to most of those of whom Great Britain, in the present age, can boast. If any thing could reconcile us to the march of revolution, it is the vast developement of talent which has taken place in France since her political convulsions commenced, and the new field which their genius has opened up in historical disquisitions. On comparing the historians of the two countries since the restoration, it seems as if they were teeming with the luxuriance of a virgin soil; while we are sinking under the sterility of exhausted cultivation. Steadily resisting, as we trust we shall ever do, the fatal march of French innovation, we shall yet never be found wanting in yielding due praise to the splendour of French talent; and in the turn which political speculation has recently taken among the most elevated minds in their active metropolis, we are not without hopes that the first rays of the dawn are to be discerned, which is destined to compensate to mankind for the darkness and blood of the revolution.

THE EGLANTINE.

BY DELTA.

The sun was setting in the summer west
With golden glory, 'mid pavilions vast
Of purple and gold; scarcely a zephyr breathed;
The woods in their umbrageous beauty slept;
The river with a soft sound murmured on;
Sweetly the wild birds sang; and far away
The azure-shouldered mountains, softly lined,
Seemed like the boundaries of Paradise.

From early morn the day had o'er me passed
In occupied perplexity, the cares
Which seem inseparate from the lot of one
Who breathes in bustling scenes—the crowded walks
Of man encountering man in daily life,
Where interest jars with interest, and each
Has ends to serve with all. But now the eve
Brought on its dewy pinions peace; the stir
Died on my ear; its memory from my mind
(Longing for quiet and tranquillity)
Departed half; and, in the golden glow
Of the descending sun, my spirit drank
Oblivion to the discords and the cares,
That, while they fall on, petrify the heart.

It is a melancholy thing, ('twas thus
The tenor of my meditations ran,)
That such a separation should exist
Between our present and our bye-past thoughts,
That scarcely seem the extremities of life
Parts of the self-same being,

Time and Fate
Year after year such alteration find
Or make, that, when we measure infancy
With boyhood—boyhood with maturer youth—
And with each other manhood's ripened years,—
Our own selves with our own selves—there is seen
Less difference 'tween the acorn and the oak,
Than that which was, with that which is: but yet,
So melt insensibly day into day,
Month into month, the summer's mellowing heat
To yellow autumn—a vicissitude
Unjarring, though continuous, that we seem
To know not of Life's onward voyage, until
Earth's headlands are lost sight of in the deaths
Of those we prized—rocks interrupt our paths—
Or shipwreck threatens in fate's lowering storm.

Thus pondering as I paced, my wanderings led
To a lone river bank of yellow sand,—
The loved haunt of the ouzel, whose blithe wing
Wanton'd from stone to stone,—and, on a mound
Of verdurous turf with wild-flowers diamonded,
(Harebell and lychnis, thyme and camomile,)
Sprang in the majesty of natural pride
An Eglantine—the red rose of the wood—
Its cany boughs with threatening prickles arm'd,
Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves.

The wild-rose has a nameless spell for me;
And never on the road-side do mine eyes
Behold it, but at once my thoughts revert
To schoolboy days: why so, I scarcely know—
Except that once, while wandering with my mates,
One gorgeous afternoon, when holiday
To Nature lent new charms—a thunder-storm
O'ertook us, cloud on cloud—a mass of black,
Dashing at once the blue sky from our view,
And spreading o'er the dim and dreary hills
A lurid mantle.
To a leafy screen
We fled, of elms; and from the rushing rain
And hail found shelter, though at every flash
Of the red lightning, brightly heralding
The thunder-peal, within each bosom died
The young heart, and the day of doom seemed come.

At length the rent battalia cleared away,
The tempest-cloven clouds; and sudden fell
A streak of joyful sunshine: On a bush
Of wild-rose fell its beauty:—All was dark
Around it still, and dismal; but the beam
(Like Hope sent down to re-illume Despair)
Burned on the bush, displaying every leaf,
And bud, and blossom, with such perfect light
And exquisite splendour, that since then my heart
Hath deem'd it Nature's favourite, and mine eyes
Fall on it never, but that thought recurs,
And memories of the bye-past, sad and sweet.

AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.*

WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.†

SECOND SURVEY.

Among the many million moods of our own mind, that come and go like rainbows, uniting heaven and earth by lovely lines of living lustre—alas! too evanescent—one has frequently visited us with soft and sweet solicitation to indite in a few wee bit bookies, in themselves a Library of Useful and Entertaining, or, in other words, Instructive and Interesting Knowledge—The Lives of the Naturalists.

Compare naturalists with any other sect, religious or irreligious, such as poets, philosophers, physicians, divines, admirals, generals, or worthies in general, civil or military, lay or clerical, and you will acknowledge that they are, peculiarly, a peculiar people, zealous in good works. Poets are perhaps not always very unamiable; but they are most of them oddities, and are too often unintelligible both in theory and practice. The acquired habit of employing a language such as no plain prose person in his seven senses might, could, would, or should employ, were you to bribe him with a stamp-mastership, seems to have a strong, but, under the circumstances, neither a strange nor singular influence on the original constitution of their whole character. Let us not mince the matter—but say at once that many of them are inspired idiots, while too many drop the adjective, and are simply (it is all one in the Greek, ἰδιωτης) private gentlemen. Philosophers, again, are sad simpletons—especially such as have been afflicted with the metaphysics. It is their affair to study the human mind, as it exhibits itself to what is called the mental eye, which mental eye turns inwards, we are told, and narrowly inspects all the premises. The palace of the soul is unquestionably a building of much magnitude and magnificence; but the Cretan Labyrinth was a joke to it in inextricable intricacy; and though, when looking at it from without, and at some distance, you suppose it illuminated, like a large cottonmill in honour of the Glorious Unit, yet on entering it, either by vestibule or postern-gate, you find yourself in the predicament of the Jewish lawgiver on the going out of his candle—all the interior is dark as Erebus. The mental eye, turn inwards as it may, sees not a single particle or article of any sort whatsoever, any more than in an unborn, or rather unconceived magazine, or other miscellaneous work. There is an unaccountable noise, very like the sea; and the poor philosopher is afraid to set one foot before the other, lest he should walk over the edge of an abyss like that which, among the Peaks of Derbyshire, bears the name of an individual at once illustrious and obscure, but who, on the present occasion—for there are persons and places which we never mention 'fore ears polite—must, like most of our other contributors, remain anonymous. Nevertheless, though the truth should not always be spoken in plain and plump expression, it should always be written, figuratively or in apothegm; and therefore we say—Sages are Sumphs. Of physicians, thank heaven, we know nothing and none—except our family physician, who, we devoutly trust and pray, will long keep out of the Family Library, which treats but of the defunct. Their lives are all led in one long line of prescriptions; and though Cholera Morbus and other diseases are, on Burke's principles—pain, danger, fear, and terror—exceedingly sublime, yet we take leave to think a cholic more so than a dose of glaubers, and the patient on a bed, from which he has kicked sheets, blankets, and coverlet, and is writhing away like a wounded worm or a scotched serpent, out of all sight more impressive than the doctor, with his Fee-fa-fum, sitting with all due composure on a quiet chair, where "he expects the issue with repose." Of divines, thank heaven, we know even less, if that indeed be possible, than of physicians. A few of the old English ones, such as Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow, were "the wale o' auld men;" and we shall ever venerate the memory of Dr Macknight. But of the Lives of British Divines—and there are none else—the less that is written the better—they are almost all so wearisomely worthy—so fatiguingly free from those faults without which a man may be respectable, but can never hope to win our admiration. Therefore "dinna wauken sleepin' dougs," but let the clergy sleep and snore, and sermonize on in that peaceful privacy so engaging in the Christian life, whether it be a life enlightened by Episcopalianism, redolent of Presbytery, or embued with dissent without dissention, a nonconformity conformable with all the laws of good citizenship, morality, and religion. With all admirals we have cultivated friendship since first we launched, on the *mare parvum* of a puddle pretending to be a pond, a boat of bark, with paper sails, drawing the eighth of an inch of water, tonnage one hundred wafers, and celebrated in the naval annals of Mearns, under the name of The Butterfly, for freight and passage apply to the King of the Fairies, in the holms of Humby, close by the Brigg of Yearn. Since that service, we have occasionally circumnavigated the globe, till, in fact, we began to get sick of doubling Cape Horn. The last great action, in which we more than assisted, was the attack on Algiers. We stood by the side of the gallant Mylne, in the form of a volunteer, and are ready to say that considerable execution was done on our quarter-deck, by the splinters of our crutch. We attribute our deaf[illegible]ss to the noise we made in the [illegible]ld on that day, but we cannot lament the loss of a single sense—a sufficient number remain unimpaired—incurred in liberation of the Christian captives. Campbell's Lives of the Admirals is one of our vademecums, and so is the Naval Chronicle, which, from the necessary number of volumes, became, however, rather a heavy work. James's Naval History—we love to carry our head high even in sleep—we use as a pile of pillows on Clerk of Eldin's book about Breaking the Line (an old achievement), which has long been our bolster; and had we not got through so much of our longevity, we should cheerfully accept Mr Murray's very handsome, indeed generous offer, of five thousand guineas, for a more Philosophical and Poetical and Political History of the Flag that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." But we reluctantly leave the glory of that great work to Basil Hall, than whom the British navy contains not a man better skilled in the science, not even excepting Maryatt, both of pen and cutlass. He is a true son of a seagun. Generals, again, are our particular friends, "and that is sure a reason fair" not to write their biographies. Impartiality could not be reasonably expected from a person not only on the crutch, but the staff. To that excellent periodical, then, the United Service Journal, we leave our "great commanders" alike of the battalion, light-bobs, and grenadiers—not forgetting the rifle-brigade, the bravest of the brave, and with all kind regards to Captain Kincaid, whose Memoirs of the Green-Glancers would inspire with valour a constitutional coward, had he even been suckled by a White Doe. Peace to the manes, and fame to the name, of Sir Sidney Beckwith! A man, as Napier says, who was equal to any emergency, and more than once in Spain retrieved a disastrous day. As for Napier himself, his "Spanish Campaigns" are immortal. His famous passage about "the astonishing infantry," the fifteen hundred unwounded survivors of the six thousand British heroes, crowning the hill with fire, and dying it in blood, at Albuera, will be quoted as long as we are a military people, and that we trust will be till we fade away within the Millennium, (yet we devoutly hope afar off,) as the most spirit-stirring specimen, in any tongue, of the Moral and Physical Sublime. The sooner, too, that J. G. P. R. James, (why not the whole alphabet at once?) the author of the History of Chivalry, and of those admirable romances, Richelieu, Darnley, De L'Orme, and Philip Augustus, lets us hear his trumpet the better—sounding its points of war—a reveille to the "Commanders" now sleeping in the dust—all their brows, before imagination's eyes, crowned and shadowed with unwithering laurels. Of Worthies in general, civil and military, we have neither space nor time, business nor leisure, now to say one half of what they deserve—so we hand them over—and from him they will receive the best treatment—to Patrick Tytler, Esq., the ingenious, learned, and eloquent historian of Scotland, a country which contains, we verily believe, more Worthies than all the rest of the world.

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* Edinburgh: Adam Black; R. Havell, junior, engraver, 77, Oxford Street, and Longman and Co., London; George Smith, Liverpool; F. Fowler, Manchester; Thomas Robinson, Leeds; E. Charnley, Newcastle; Pool and Booth, Chester; Beilby, Knott, and Beilby, Birmingham.

† Constable's Miscellany.

The gentle reader must be pleased to observe, that having announced our intention to shew that Naturalists are the only people who deserve having their lives taken, we have been betrayed by the benignity of our nature into an animated panegyric on all other mortal men. This is so like Us. We assume the appearance of the satirical—and instantly relapse into the reality of the eulogistic. We exchange an attitude which threatens war and annihilation, for a posture pregnant with praise and perpetual life; just as if Jem Warde or Simon Byrne, while extending his maulies in a flourish apparently prelusive of a knock-down, were suddenly to pat you on the cheek as gently as if he were making love to a modest Hibernian maiden in a booth at Donnybrook Fair. Yet, to balance this caprice on the other side, the observant reader cannot well have failed to remark, during his fifteen years' assiduous study of the Star of the North, that sometimes while, according to all reasonable expectation, founded on all reasonable grounds, we seem about to pat, as if with a velvet cat's-paw, the cheek of our dear, we smite him on the *os frontis* as with an iron gauntlet. Like a bull in a china-shop, or even on a heather mountain, there is no dependence to be placed on our temper. We have always a sharp—but sometimes a sullen eye in our head—and we are aware of our infirmity—a hereditary predisposition—with difficulty to be distinguished from instinct—for instinct, too, is mutable and precarious—to tossing. Belling the Cat is easier than belling the Bull—which is beyond the power even of a Douglas—and he who should try it, would be as infatuated a quack as the Great Glasgow Gander. Once on a time an awkward squad of Whigs, consisting of some scampish scores, under the excitement of a paltry Peter the Hermit, attempted a crusade against Mount Taurus, it being their intention to saw off the points of his horns, affix a board to his forehead, and perhaps to perpetrate even greater enormities—more disloyal *lese majestie* against the Sovereign Lord of Herds, majestically but peacefully lowing in the verdant pastures. One growl—an earth-shaking lion's was comparative silence—produced unmentionable effects on the ragged and rascal Rashness that took to flight in a shower of vermin'd tatters. Ever since, the sun has lingered in the same sign—or alternated with one other—leading his shining life equally divided between Taurus, Christopher North, and Virgo, which is but the classical and celestial name of—Maga—name figurative too—for is it not recorded in the Book of the Chaldees, by the pen of the Inspired Shepherd—"That her number is as the number of a virgin when the days of her virginity have expired?"

Having thus arrived by short and easy stages to the end—we beg your pardon—to the beginning of our day's journey, let us introduce you to a brace of Naturalists, whom we are confident you will take to at once most kindly, and thank us for giving you the opportunity of cultivating their friendship—Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon.—Ah! gentlemen, so you are already acquainted? Well—away with us to the woods!

Wilson was a weaver—a Paisley weaver—an useful occupation, and a pleasant place, for which we entertain great regard. He was likewise a pedlar—and the hero of many an Excursion. But the plains and braes of Renfrewshire were not to him prolific—and in prime of life, after many difficulties and disappointments, he purchased with his "sair-won penny-fee" a passage to America. We say after many difficulties and disappointments, some of which he owed to his own imprudence, for it was not till the ruling passion of his genius found food ever fresh and fair in Ornithology, that his moral and intellectual character settled down into firm formation. In a Journal which he kept of an excursion made in 1789 along the east coast of Scotland with his miscellaneous pack on his shoulders,

> "A vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load,"

and a prospectus of a volume of poems in his pocket, we find these sentences. "I have this day, I believe, measured the height of an hundred stairs, and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations; and what have I gained by it?—only two shillings of worldly pelf! but an invaluable treasure of observation. In this elegant dome, wrapt up in glittering silks, and stretched on the downy sofa, recline the fair daughters of wealth and indolence—the ample mirror, flowery floor, and magnificent couch, their surrounding attendants; while, suspended in his wiry habitation above, the shrill-piped canary warbles to enchanting echoes. Within the confines of that sickly hovel, hung round with squadrons of his brother artists, the pale-faced weaver plies the resounding lay, or launches the melancholy murmuring shuttle. Lifting this simple latch, and stooping for entrance to the miserable hut, there sits poverty and ever-moaning disease, clothed in dunghill rags, and ever shivering over the fireless chimney. Ascending this stair, the voice of joy bursts on my ear,—the bridegroom and bride, surrounded by their jocund companions, circle the sparkling glass and humorous joke, or join in the raptures of the noisy dance—the squeaking fiddle breaking through the general uproar in sudden intervals, while the sounding floor groans beneath its unruly load. Leaving these happy mortals, and ushering into this silent mansion, a more solemn—a striking object presents itself to my view. The windows, the furniture, and every thing that could lend one cheerful thought, are hung in solemn white; and there, stretched pale and lifeless, lies the awful corpse; while a few weeping friends sit, black and solitary, near the breathless clay. In this other place, the fearless sons of Bacchus extend their brazen throats, in shouts like bursting thunder, to the praise of their gorgeous chief. Opening this door, the lonely matron explores, for consolation, her Bible: and, in this house, the wife brawls, the children shriek, and the poor husband bids me depart, lest his termagant's fury should vent itself on me. In short, such an inconceivable variety daily occurs to my observation in real life, that would, were they moralized upon, convey more maxims of wisdom, and give a juster knowledge of mankind, than whole volumes of Lives and Adventures, that perhaps never had a being, except in the prolific brains of their fantastic authors."

The writer of an excellent memoir of Wilson in Constable's Miscellany (Mr Hetherington, author of a poetical volume of much merit—Dramatic Scenes—characteristic of Scottish pastoral life and manners) justly observes, "that this, it must be acknowledged, is a somewhat prolix and overstrained summing up of his observations: but it proves Wilson to have been, at the early age of twenty-three, a man of great penetration, and strong native sense; and shews that his mental culture had been much greater than might have been expected from his limited opportunities." At a subsequent period, he retraced his steps, taking with him copies of his poems to distribute among subscribers, and endeavour to promote a more extensive circulation. Of this excursion also he has given an account in his journal, from which it appears that his success was far from encouraging. Among amusing incidents, sketches of character, occasional sound and intelligent remarks upon the manners and prospects of the common classes of society into which he found his way, there are not a few severe expressions indicative of deep disappointment, and some that merely bespeak the keener pangs of wounded pride founded on conscious merit. "You," says he, on one occasion, "whose souls are susceptible of the finest feelings, who are elevated to rapture with the least dawnings of hope, and sunk into despondency with the slightest thwartings of your expectations—think what I felt!" Wilson himself attributed his ill fortune, in his attempts to gain the humble patronage of the poor for his poetical pursuits, to his occupation. "A *packman* is a character which none esteems, and almost every one despises. The idea that people of all ranks entertain of them is, that they are mean-spirited loquacious liars, cunning and illiterate, watching every opportunity, and using every mean art within their power to cheat." This is a sad account of the estimation in which a trade was then held in Scotland, which the greatest of our living poets has attributed to the chief character in a poem comprehensive of philosophical discussions on all the highest interests of humanity. But both Wilson and Wordsworth are in the right; both saw and have spoken truth. Most small packmen must be, in some measure, what Wilson says they were generally esteemed to be —peddling pilferers, and insignificant swindlers. Poverty sent them swarming over bank and brae, and the "sma' kintra touns"—and for a plack people will forget principle who have—as we say in Scotland—missed the world. Wilson knew that to a man like himself there was degradation in such a calling—and he latterly vented his contemptuous sense of it, exaggerating the baseness of the name and nature of *packman*. But suppose such a man as Wilson to have been one of but a few packmen travelling regularly for years over the same country, each with his own district or domain—and there can be no doubt that he would have been an object both of interest and of respect—his opportunities of seeing the very best and the very happiest of humble life —in itself very various—would have been very great; and with his original genius, he would have become, like Wordsworth's Pedlar, a good Moral Philosopher.

Without, therefore, denying the truth of his picture of packmanship, we may believe the truth of a picture entirely the reverse, from the hand and heart of a still wiser man—though his wisdom has been gathered from less immediate contact with the coarse garments and clay-floors of the labouring poor. Thus speaks Wordsworth—"At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the Aristocracy of Nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose-testimony, how far a character, employed for purposes of imagination, [he alludes to the Pedlar in his noble poem the Excursion,] is founded upon general fact. I therefore subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait." Wordsworth quotes a passage from Heron's Tour in Scotland—in which there are these impressive sentences.

"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years, since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life, and acquire the fortune, of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."

It is pleasant to hear Wordsworth speak of his own "personal knowledge" of packmen or pedlars. We cannot say of him in the words of Burns, "the fient a pride nae pride had he;" for pride and power are brothers on earth, whatever they may prove to be in heaven. But his prime pride is in his poetry; and he had not now been "sole king of rocky Cumberland," had he not studied the characters of his subjects—in "huts where poor men lie"—had he not "stooped his anointed head" beneath the doors of such huts, as willingly as he ever raised it aloft, with all its glorious laurels, in the palaces of nobles and princes. Burns has said, too,

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsell he loved to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,"
&c.

and such have been Wordsworth's wanderings among all the solitary beauties and sublimities of nature. Yet the inspiration he "derived even from the light of setting suns," was not so sacred as that which often kindled within his spirit all the divinity of Christian man, when conversing charitably with his brother-man, a wayfarer on the dusty high-road, or among the green lanes and alleys of merry England. Thence came the Creation—both bright and solemn—of the Sage, humble but high, of the finest of Philosophical Poems—with soul "capacious and serene," the Sage at whom—oh! ninny of ninnies, we have been assured that you have sneered, to the capricious beck of Mr Jeffrey, himself a man, in his wiser moods, to honour most, as Wordsworth always does, "the Aristocracy of Nature," which you, presumptuous simpleton, must needs despise; and would—if you knew how to set about it—perhaps eke—Reform! Now we shall shut and seal your mouth in perpetual dumbness, with a magical spell.

"In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from Hall to Hall,
Baronial Court or Royal; cheer'd with gifts
Munificent, and love, and Ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed Knight,
Now resting with a Pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an Abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next
Humbly, in a religious Hospital;
Or with some merry Outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a Hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the Robber spared;
He walk'd—protected from the sword of war
By virtue of that sacred Instrument
His Harp, suspended at the Traveller's side;
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,
Opening from Land to Land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honour'd Race
Drew happier, loftier, more empassion'd thoughts
From his long journeyings and eventful life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer ground
Of these our unimaginative days;
Both while he trode the earth in humblest guise,
Accoutred with his burden and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

"What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite School
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
Look'd on this Guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
Our journey—beneath favourable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light

Unfailing : not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,
Which Nature's various objects might inspire ;
And in the silence of his face I read
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,
In his capacious mind—he loved them all :
Their rights acknowledging, he felt for all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing Herd
To happy contemplation sooth'd his walk ;
How the poor Brute's condition, forced to run
Its course of suffering in the public road,
Sad contrast ! all too often smote his heart
With unavailing pity. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.
—Greetings and smiles we met with all day long
From faces that he knew ; we took our seats
By many a cottage hearth, where he received
The welcome of an Inmate come from far.
—Nor was he loath to enter ragged huts,
Huts where his charity was blest ; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced friend.
And, sometimes, where the Poor Man held dispute
With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience, through inaptness to perceive
General distress in his particular lot ;
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
Struggling against it, with a soul perplex'd,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men ;
To Him appeal was made as to a judge ;
Who, with an understanding heart, allay'd
The perturbation ; listen'd to the plea ;
Resolved the dubious point ; and sentence gave
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With soften'd spirit—even when it condemn'd."

Who, on perusing that passage, and meditating thereon, but will exclaim with us, in the words of the same bard—applying to himself the fulfilled prophecy—but trusting that the event in the last line will be far away,—

" Blessings be with them and eternal
praise !
The Poets who on earth have made us
heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays—
O might my name be number'd among
theirs !
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

This is an episode.

Wilson, on the breaking out of the flames of the French Revolution, like many other ardent spirits, thought they were fires kindled by a light from heaven. He associated himself with the Friends of the People—most of whom soon proved themselves to be the Enemies of the Human Race. His biographer in Constable's Miscellany—unlike one or two others elsewhere—saw Wilson's conduct, in all things connected with " this passage in his life," in its true light. That gentleman does not calumniate the respectable townsmen of the misguided Poet—and a Poet he was—for bringing him to legal punishment for an unprincipled act, (an attempt to extort money for the suppression of satire, or rather gross and false abuse of private character,) which he committed, at a time when his moral sense—in after time firm, clear, and pure—was weakened, disturbed, and darkened by dangerous dreams and delusions, which his own reason soon afterwards dispelled. "His conduct had given umbrage to those in power, and he was marked as a dangerous character. In this condition, foiled in his efforts to acquire a poet's name; depressed by poverty; hated by those who had smarted beneath his lash; and suspected on account of his politics; it is not to be wondered at, that Wilson listened willingly to the flattering accounts regarding America, and speedily resolved to seek that abode of Utopian excellence." His determination was high-hearted and heroic, for the means were so which enabled him to carry it into execution. "When he finally determined on emigration, he was not possessed of funds sufficient to pay his passage. In order to surmount that obstacle, he adopted a plan of extreme diligence at his loom, and rigid personal economy; by which means he amassed the necessary sum. After living for a period of four months, at the rate of *one shilling* per week, he paid farewell visits to several of his most intimate friends, retraced some of his old favourite haunts, and bidding adieu to his native land, set out on foot for Port-Patrick,"—thence sailed to Belfast, and then embarked on board an American ship bound to Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, where he arrived on the 14th of July, 1794, "with no specific object, without a single letter of introduction, and with only a few shillings in his pocket." He had then just completed his twenty-eighth year.

For eight years, Wilson struggled on—now a copperplate-printer—now a weaver—now a pedlar—now a land-measurer—now a schoolmaster—and now of a composite occupation and nondescript. But he was never idle in mind nor body—always held fast his integrity; and having some reason to think angrily—though we doubt not, lovingly—of Scotland—he persisted resolutely, if not in thinking, in speaking and writing highly of American life and character—also of "every kind of peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes, not enclosed by high walls, nor guarded by traps and mastiffs." He adds, "When I see them sit down to a table, loaded with roasted and boiled, fruits of different kinds, and plenty of good cider, and this only the common fare of the common people, I think of my poor countrymen, and cannot help feeling sorrowful at the contrast." These and other lamentations of his over the wretchedness of "cauld kail in Aberdeen and custocks in Strathbogie," have too much in them of bile and spleen; nor does it appear that, with all his extraordinary talents, at the end of eight years, he was better off—or so well—in the New World as he would probably have been, with equally proper and prudent conduct, in the old. Philadelphia was not a kinder mother to him than Paisley had been—and in the land of liberty it appears that he had led the life of a slave. Man does not live by bread alone—and certainly not by peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes—with plenty of good cider. There were enjoyments partaken of by the poor all over Scotland, during those eight years, which few or none knew better how to appreciate than this highly-gifted man, utterly unknown to the people of America; nor, in the nature of things, could they have had existence. But Wilson, in spite of his vainly-cherished dissatisfaction with the state of things in his native country, loved it tenderly, and tenderly did he love the friends there whom he never expected again to see; for his heart, though it was not addicted to outward overflowings, was full of the holiest feelings and affections, and it was *deep*. Its depth sometimes seems sullen—but the time was near when it was to be revisited with sunshine, and to murmur music. In a letter to his father from Milestown, Philadelphia, August, 1798, he shews every disposition that best becomes a man. "I should be very happy, dear parents, to hear from you, and how my brother and sisters are. I hope David will be a good lad, and take his father's advice in every difficulty. If he does, I can tell him he will never repent it; if he does not, he may regret it bitterly with tears. This is the advice of a brother, with whom he has not yet had time to be much acquainted, but who loves him sincerely. I should wish, also, that he would endeavour to improve himself in some useful parts of learning, to read books of information and taste, without which a man, in any country, is but a clodpole; but, beyond every thing else, let him cherish the deepest gratitude to God, and affectionate respect for his parents. I have thought it my duty, David, to recommend these amiable virtues to you, because I am your brother, and very probably I may never see you. In the experience I have had among mankind, I can assure you that such conduct will secure you many friends, and support you under your misfortunes; for, if you live, you must meet with them—they are the lot of life."

During his residence at Milestown, it appears that he performed a journey on foot, in twenty-eight days, of nearly eight hundred miles, into the state of New York, for the purpose of visiting and assisting a family of relatives from Scotland.

In the year 1802, he became a teacher in a seminary in the township of Kingsep, near Gray's Ferry, on the river Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia. Here he became acquainted with that excellent man and naturalist, William Bartram, and with Lawson the engraver, from whom he took lessons in drawing, and who afterwards greatly improved his delineations of his darling birds. Here, too, he became acquainted with the books on Natural History of Edwards and Catesby; nor do we believe that up to that time had he any knowledge of ornithological science. His poems, written before he left Scotland, do not, as far as we remember, discover any unusually strong symptoms of a passion for plumage; and probably he knew no more about the "Birds of Scotland," than what he had gathered from involuntary notices in his delight, when taking his evening walks on the Braes of Balwhidder, or among the woods of Crookstone, or when trudging with his pack among solitary places, where the linnet sang from the broom or brier thickets. It is true that he took a fowling-piece with him to America, and his very first act, as Mr Hetherington says, on his arrival there, was shooting a red-headed woodpecker, on his way from Newcastle to Philadelphia. During an excursion, too, in the autumn of 1795, as a pedlar, through a considerable part of the state of New Jersey, he kept a journal, in which there are notices of the principal natural productions, and sketches of the indigenous quadrupeds and birds. His passion for ornithology, soon as fairly awakened, rose up like a slumbering fire blown on by a strong wind; and in 1802, when cheered and encouraged by Bartram, Lawson, and others, he began no doubt to indulge in daydreams, which were soon nobly realized. At this period he appeared subject to deep despondency and depression; for his mind was constantly working and brooding over dim and indefinite plans and systems for the future. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and he was wrestling with doubt, fear, and hope, and a strange host of phantoms, indicating to him the paths of his destined vocation.

Writing to a friend in Paisley, in June 1803, he says, "Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated of any one's in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, and *I am now about to make a collection of all our finest birds.*" And in a letter to Bartram, written about this time, he says finely, "I sometimes smile to think, that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c. &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart shewed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

In 1804, accompanied by two friends, Wilson set out on a pedestrian journey to the Falls of Niagara; and having dropped them, (not the Falls,) after an absence of fifty-nine days, he returned home, having with gun and baggage traversed nearly 1300 miles —to use his own words —" through trackless snows, and uninhabited forests—over stupendous mountains, and down dangerous rivers—passing over as great a variety of men and modes of living, as the same extent of country can exhibit in any part of North America. Though in this tour I have had every disadvantage of deep roads and rough weather—hurried marches and many other inconveniences to encounter,—yet so far am I from being satisfied with what I have seen, or discouraged by the fatigues which every traveller must submit to, that I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects, entirely new and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and where, perhaps, my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. For all the hazards and privations incident to such an undertaking, I feel confident in my own spirit and resolution. With no family to enchain my affections; no ties but those of friendship; with the most ardent love to my adopted country; with a constitution which hardens amidst fatigues; and with a disposition sociable and open, which can find itself at home by an Indian fire in the depth of the woods, as well as in the best apartment of the civilized; for these, and some other reasons that invite me away, I am determined to become a traveller. But I am miserably deficient in many acquirements absolutely necessary for such a character. Botany, mineralogy, and drawing, I most ardently wish to be instructed in. Can I yet make any progress in botany, sufficient to enable me to be useful? and what would be the most proper way to proceed? I have many leisure moments that should be devoted to this pursuit, provided I could have hopes of succeeding. Your opinion on this subject will confer an additional obligation on your affectionate friend."

In the spring of 1805, he had made many drawings of the birds to be found in Pennsylvania, and endeavoured to acquire the art of etching under the instructions of Mr Lawson, but with no very distinguished success. He had planned his great work, " American Ornithology;" and was anxious that Mr Lawson should engage in it as a joint concern; but on his declining to do so, Wilson declared with solemn emphasis, his unalterable resolution to proceed alone in the undertaking, if it should cost him his life. " I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." He now became Editor of an edition of Rees's New Cyclopædia, published by Mr Bradford, bookseller in Philadelphia, and relinquished the life of a schoolmaster, He proceeded with vast energy in his great work—his fame had already waxed great—and now Wilson must have enjoyed happiness. In 1807, he made a pedestrian excursion through part of Pennsylvania, collecting new specimens, and procuring additional information. And in September 1808, the first volume of the American Ornithology made its appearance.

"When," quoth his American biographer, "the superb volume was presented to the public, their delight was equalled only by their astonishment, that America, as yet in its infancy, should produce an original work in science, which could vie in its essentials with the proudest productions of a similar nature of the European world." All that is very fine. But it appears that to a letter written by Wilson in 1806, about his proposed work, and other schemes, to Jefferson, the President, no answer was returned; and in giving existence to this great work, Wilson says, "I have expended all I have been saving since my arrival in America. Whether I shall be able to realize a fortune by this publication, or receive first costs, or suffer the sacrifice of my little all, is doubtful." He speaks with pride, in a letter to his father, "of the favourable reception he met with among many of the first characters in the United States;" but we cannot see on what ground his American biographer chuckles over the notion that his country, "yet in its infancy," produced a work which struck the Transatlantic public and republic with equal delight and astonishment. Wilson, a Scotch weaver and packman, produced the said work—America produced but the birds—and for having done so we give her all due credit. But we must not forget that Paisley, not Philadelphia, produced Wilson.

The first volume of the Ornithology having been produced by hook and crook, we leave you to judge whether by Wilson or by America, pray did the New World with a maternal eye regard her offspring? Did she exult to behold the bantling, suckle it at her own breast, or hire a wet nurse as bounteous as Cybele? We are sorry to say that she did all she could in an honest underhand way to commit infanticide. She adopted starvation, cold, and neglect, as the means of murder—but the vigorous offspring of the heart and brain of a Paisley weaver outlived the withering treatment—and as it is only in infancy that such creatures ever die—it is now immortal. In September 1808, Wilson journeyed eastward—and during winter he visited the southern states, exhibiting his book, and trying to procure subscribers. He was almost everywhere discountenanced, or sneered at, or frowned upon; but not

> "Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
> Nor froze the genial current of his soul."

The man who had lived so long in his native town *on a shilling* a-week, that he might raise the means of emigrating to America when without any specific purpose at all, was not likely to faint or fail now that he knew he was on the path of glory. "Whatever be the result of these matters," said he, "I shall not sit down with folded hands, whilst any thing can be done to carry my point, since God helps them who help themselves." He more than suspected that he "had been mistaken in publishing a book too good for the country." But though we cannot but smile at the silly boast of Wilson's American biographer, we have no wish to blame America for her behaviour to her adopted citizen. It deserves neither praise nor blame. It was natural, and perhaps inevitable behaviour, in such a personage as she who still rejoices in the strong name—United States. She had something else to do—we need not be more explicit—than to delight in Ornithology. It must have appeared to her very absurd, all this bustle about birds.

"I am fixing correspondents," saith Wilson, "in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and outposts; so that scarcely a wren or tit shall be able to pass along from York to Canada but I shall get intelligence of it." The man must have seemed crazy; and then, *dollars were dollars.* Literary patronage depends entirely on the state of the currency. But let it depend on what it may, Europe is as bad as America, and worse, in her neglect of genius—and no country in Europe so bad as England. She has given stones to a greater number of men who asked for bread, than any other corn-growing country extant—and yet, with Bloomfield's death at her door but yesterday, she blusters about Scotland's usage of Burns, who has been dead half a century. That poor Scotland should starve her poets to death, is more her misfortune than her sin. For of a country "where half-starv'd spiders feed on half-starv'd flies," where nothing edible in the shape of animal food is to be found, but sheep's-heads singed in smithies, who but a big blustering Englishman, with his paunch with fat capon lined, and bacon, and all manner of grease, would abuse the Noblemen and Gentlemen for having allowed the Devil to run away with an Exciseman? It would be easy to burst out in indignant declamation against the ignorance and insensibility of Brother Jonathan. But we eschew such satire, when we think how "he laid his axe thick trees upon"—how he built up cities—and how in good time he constructed ships—and such ships! Lord bless ye! did you ever see them sail? Why, "her tackling rich and her apparel high,"—a fifteen-hundred tonner works as easy on the swell of the Atlantic, as the Victory or Endeavour on the smooth of Windermere! No straining—no creaking—no lumbering—no lurching; merely murmuring in her majesty, light and bright she goes, as if she were indeed a Creature of the Element. At such a sight, the idea of a dock-yard never enters your mind—if you have a soul for the sea. You look aloft, and you cannot help blessing "the bit of striped bunting"—and the fair—thank Heaven now—the friendly stars. True, that the Shannon smashed the Chesapeak in eleven minutes—boarded and took her in about the time we take to eat an egg; and immortal fame be to Broke, nor forgotten ever the gallant, but on that day luckless, Lawrence! But more formidable Frigates—"if they will allow us to call them so"—never fought or flew—than American single-deckers of the line. What else are they? At long bowls they know right well how to play—and at close quarters 'tis dangerous to bring an action against them for assault and battery. The truth is, they fought as well as we did—to fight better, we defy the whole race of men or devils. Therefore their Frigates took ours—and they always will take ours—as long as the present constitution of the British navy endures, and of the present earth, air, fire, and water. When a British Forty-four takes an American Seventy-four—and that was somewhere about the proportion of the force in all cases where we were captured—we shall be on the look-out for some great change in the nature of things in general, and prepare for emigration to a land from whose bourne no traveller returns, except Hamlet's Father, and a few other thin Ghosts.

Having thus vindicated the New World to her heart's satisfaction, we may observe, that Wilson, walking with his book under his arm, was justly one of the proudest of men. In New York, the Professors of Columbia College "expressed much esteem for his performance." What could they do more? At Hartford, the publisher of a newspaper "expressed the highest admiration of it"—was not that nuts? Wilson crack'd them, and eat the kernels; but says, with a sly simplicity, "this is a species of currency that will neither purchase plates nor pay the printer; but, nevertheless, it is gratifying to the vanity of an author, when nothing better can be got." Having gone as far east as Portland, in Maine, where he had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States, and received much information from them with regard to the birds that frequent those northern regions, he directed from Portland his way across the country, "among dreary, savage glens, and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half-burnt trunks, and the everlasting rocks and stones, this country 'grinned horribly'"—till 150 miles brought him to Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on the Vermont line, where "he paid his addresses to the Fathers of Literature, and met with a kind and obliging reception. Dr Wheeloch, the President, made him eat at his table; and the Professors vied with each other to oblige him"—as all Professors ought to do towards all good men and ornithologists. In Annapolis he *passed* his Book through both houses of the legislature; where, quoth he, "the wise men of Maryland stared and gaped, from bench to bench; but never having heard of such a thing as 120 dollars for a Book; *the ayes for subscribing were none; and so it was unanimously determined in the negative.*"

That was shocking; nor can we read it without a cold shudder—without our flesh crawling and creeping over our bones like a congregation of spiders—we who live in a glorious country with a reforming King, in which ten of our most distinguished literary men, somewhat superannuated or so in their learning or genius—wearied and worn out some of them with drudgery that at last becomes dreary and dismal—all virtuous and honourable, elderly or old poor men—were, t'other day, deprived of their paltry pittances of L.100 a-year, while feasts were in the act of being gobbled up in Guildhalls, or gluttony knows where, by persons whose motto is retrenchment, at an expense, and to the tune, of thousands upon thousands. We like to call things by their right names—and this was in cold blood robbery and murder.

Through North Carolina Wilson pursued cheerily his unaccompanied way, and found multitudes of Birds that never winter in Pennsylvania. He speaks with a stern and sullen delight—as well he might—of its immense solitary pine savannahs—through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators—dark, sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges without railings, and so crazed and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving to both when they get fairly over, without going through; enormous cypress swamps, which, to a stranger, have a striking, desolate, and ruinous appearance. He desires the friend to whom he is writing to picture to himself a forest of prodigious trees, rising thick as they can grow from a vast, flat, and impenetrable morass, covered for ten feet from the ground with reeds. The leafless limbs of the cypresses are covered with an extraordinary kind of moss from two to ten feet long, in such quantities, that fifty men might conceal themselves in one tree. Nothing, he says, struck him with such surprise, as the prospect of several thousand acres of such timber, loaded, as it were, with many million tons of tow waving in the wind. Through solitary pine savannahs and cypress swamps, the enthusiastic Ornithologist thus journeyed on, sometimes thirty miles without seeing a hut or a human being; but on one occasion he found himself all at once in not only civilized, but elegant society. "The company consisted of 237 carrion crows (vultur atratus), five or six dogs, and myself, though I only kept order, and left the eating part entirely to others. I sat so near the dead horse, that my feet touched his; and yet, at one time, I counted 39 vultures on and within him, so that hardly an inch of his flesh could be seen for them."

In January, 1810, was published his second volume, and Wilson immediately set out for Pittsburg, on his route to New Orleans. From Pittsburg he descended the Ohio by himself in a skiff—his stock of provisions consisting of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial—his gun, trunk, and greatcoat, occupied one end of the boat—he had a small tin to bale her, and to take his beverage from the stream. "I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that everywhere enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but *these*, to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red bird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery, as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich, forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eighty feet high; and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December, 1808. then. I now stripped with alacrity to [illegible] away with [illegible] my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars.

"I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night, I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburg, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn stalks, or something worse; so, preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this brush heap, I got up long before day, and, being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hollowing, that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail, and snow—for it froze severely almost every night—I persevered, from the 24th of February to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, at the rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles. My hands suffered the most; and it will be some weeks yet before they recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions in every direction from the river." This is but a short specimen of this journal. Read the whole, if you would know Wilson.

Pass we on to the year 1812. He was, in it, elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and in 1813 he had completed the literary materials of the eighth volume of his work. "He now enjoyed," Mr Hetherington says well, "the satisfaction of knowing that his labours had not been vain, and that the value of his work was generally appreciated; for although emanating from a republican country, there was at this period not a crowned head in Europe who had not become a subscriber to the American Ornithology." But the end of his career was at hand. His constitution had been shook and undermined by much bodily fatigue and many mental anxieties. His genius had "o'er-informed its tenement of clay." The dysentery—which had attacked him on his skiff-voyage down the Ohio, and which he had then vanquished by a wild-strawberry diet, at the advice of a wild Indian physician—returned to the charge—and under the assault, Alexander Wilson, the Paisley Poet, and American Ornithologist—having "given the world assurance of a man"—laid down his head and died—on the 23d of August, 1813, in the 48th year of his age.

Such is a slight sketch indeed of the life of this extraordinary and highly-gifted man—Wilson, *the* American Ornithologist, as he is, and will continue to be called, *par eminence.*

"To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures

was the inspiring feeling with which, on all his journeys, he lay down every night in the wilderness. For "fields and pastures"—though they too abound in the New World—substitute swamps and forests. He was a man of genius—and Nature and Scotland had given him an undaunted heart. The Birdery of North America, it may be said, belonged to him who first in their native haunts devoted his prime of life to the study of all their kinds, and who died for Ornithology's sake. Precursor in those woods among the Winged People he had none; none that deserve to have their names written on the same page with his; but he has a successor—as the world, old and new, must be made to know by means of Maga the Mercurial—and that successor, who is he but Audubon?

It is only from the lips of envy or jealousy, or some other green and yellow wretch, that comparisons are odious—from the lips of rose-cheeked and bright-eyed admiration—and such is the countenance of Maga—they are odoriferous as violets. But our mode of making comparisons is as simple as it is philosophical—"Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon!" We call on them—and they appear and answer to their names—yea, the one has done so from the dust—the other emerges bright from the living umbrage. But we are not in the least afraid of ghosts—and Wilson is a gracious spirit. He and Audubon stand side by side—they grasp each other's hand—and during that cordial greeting all eyes may see that they are of the same stature—the crowns of their heads touch—to a hair-breadth—the mark six feet—the perfection of altitude—on the standard. They are brothers—and their names will go down together—for "they have writ their annals right"—with pen and pencil—nor will their superiors be found anywhere—their equals few—in all the highest haunts of Ornithological science. Wilson had the happy fortune to be, with his happy genius—First in Hand. But Audubon has all the natural endowments and acquired accomplishments that could alone enable a man to play the same noble game with the same success—who came—Second; and the two together have skirred the whole continent. The odds are great against the birth of a—Third.

Audubon and Wilson met; but their parting seems mysterious; and some one or other of those strange and inexplicable chances or accidents, which in this world sometimes make much evil, seems to have stept in between the course of their subsequent lives, (Wilson died three years after this meeting,) and prevented those sympathies, which otherwise must have been kindled, from linking them in the pursuits to which they were with soul and body devoted with equal enthusiasm. Perhaps it was as well or better that it should have been so; for men of great original genius in the same walk, were they to meet often personally on the same path, might *clash.* We say the same walk; for on that walk—it being the whole American continent—there are many million paths; and Wilson and Audubon were led by nature along them, far apart, each following his own impulses, indulging his own dreams, and creating his own pictures.

It was at Louisville, in Kentucky, where the great ornithologists met, in March, 1810—Wilson then in the blaze of his European as well as American reputation—Audubon utterly unknown. To Louisville he had removed on his marriage, and much of his time there was employed in his ever favourite pursuit. He drew and noted the habits of every thing he procured; and even at an age when Wilson had never had a pencil in his hand but to jot down his placks, Audubon, instructed by the tuition of David, was already a skilful draughtsman. Louisville is a place of much beauty—being situated on the banks of *La Belle Riviere,* just at the commencement of the famed rapids, commonly called the Falls of the Ohio. The prospect of the town, Audubon tells us, is such, that it would please even the eyes of a Swiss. It extends along the river for seven or eight miles, and is bounded on the opposite side by a fine range of low mountains, known by the name of the Silver Hills.

In our last Number we made our readers acquainted with such circumstances in the early life and pursuits of Audubon, as he has been pleased to tell us in his most amusing and interesting volume, the first of four which he intends shall contain not only the history of all the Birds whose histories are best worth the telling, but many of his own adventures. "There are persons," he says, "whose desire of obtaining celebrity induces them to suppress the knowledge of the assistance which they have received in the composition of their works. In many cases, in fact, the real author of the drawings or the descriptions in books on Natural History is not so much as mentioned, while the pretended author assumes to himself all the merit which the world is willing to allow him. This sort of candour I could never endure. On the contrary, I feel pleasure in here acknowledging the assistance which I have received from a friend, Mr William Magillivray, who being possessed of a liberal education, and a strong taste for the study of the natural sciences, has aided me, not in drawing the figures of my illustrations, nor in writing the book in your hand, although fully competent for both tasks, but in completing the descriptive details, and smoothing down the asperities of my Ornithological Biographies."

To render more pleasant the task —as our friend is pleased to call it— of following him through the mazes of descriptive ornithology, he endeavours—and most successfully—to relieve our tedium by occasional descriptions of the scenery and manners of the land which has furnished the objects that engage our attention. The natural features of that land are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and we cannot find a better subject with which to begin " than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean."

Wilson went down the Ohio from Pittsburg to the Falls, alone in a skiff. But Audubon, though as fond of a solitary life as any man that ever bawled before he got out of the wood, had early discovered that it was by no means good for a man to be alone *always;* and had therefore provided himself with a wife.

> " When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattrass, and our friends furnished us with ready prepared viands. We had two stout Negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.
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> " It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.
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> " The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the ' Indian Summer.' The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.
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> " Now and then, a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.
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> " Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These lit-

tle islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

"As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilisation. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

"Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

"The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

"Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the State of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of 'murder;' and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered, that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

"When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilisation into its darkest recesses;—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

"Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts, from those delightful writers, of the progress of civilisation in our western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boons, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal."

There are about a dozen passages in the volume of the same kind—all excellent—and some sublime. The following is so.

"The Hurricane.

"Various portions of our country have at different periods suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the etherial element even now bringing with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

"I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly ar-

ed at the verge of the valley, when I

ht fit to stop near a brook, and dis-

o quench the thirst which had

me.

ning on my knees, with my

ch the water, when, from

earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise; then went the upper part of the massy trunks; and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments, I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

"Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country, after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth."

During all Wilson's journeying amongst the woods, he does not tell us of any danger of life or limb encountered—except on one occasion—and even then it was but a dream. Neither does Audubon—except on one occasion—which, however, seems to have been closer on a catastrophe. We shall quote both descriptions—and first Wilson's.

"Between this and Red River, the country had a bare and desolate appearance. Caves continued to be numerous; and report made some of them places of concealment for the dead bodies of certain strangers who had disappeared there. One of these lies near the banks of the Red River, and belongs to a person of the name of ——, a man of notoriously bad character, and strongly suspected, even by his neighbours, of having committed a foul murder of this kind, which was related to me, with all its minutiæ of horrors. As this man's house stands by the roadside, I was induced, by motives of curiosity, to stop and take a peep of him. On my arrival, I found two persons in conversation under the piazza, one of whom informed me that he was the landlord. He was a dark mulatto, rather above the common size, inclining to corpulency, with legs small in proportion to his size, and walked lame. His countenance bespoke a soul capable of deeds of darkness. I had not been three minutes in company, when he invited the other man—who I understood was a traveller—and myself, to walk back and see his cave, to which I immediately consented. The entrance is in the perpendicular front of a rock, behind the house; has a door, with lock and key to it, and was crowded with pots of milk, placed near the running stream. The roof and sides, of solid rock, were wet and dropping with water. Desiring —— to walk before with the lights, I followed, with my hand on my pistol, reconnoitering on every side, and listening to his description of its length and extent. After examining this horrible vault for forty or fifty yards, he declined going any farther, complaining of a rheumatism; and I now first perceived that the other person had staid behind, and that we two were alone together. Confident in my means of self-defence, whatever mischief the devil might suggest to him, I fixed my eyes steadily on him, and observed to him, that he could not be ignorant of the reports circulated about the country relative to this cave. 'I suppose,' said I, 'you know what I mean?'—'Yes, I understand you,' returned he, without appearing the least embarrassed,—'that I killed somebody, and threw them into this cave. I can tell you the whole beginning of that damned lie,' said he; and, without moving from the spot, he detailed to me a long story, which would fill half my letter, to little purpose, and which, with other particulars, I shall reserve for your amusement when we meet. I asked him why he did not get the cave examined by three or four reputable neighbours, whose report might rescue his character from the suspicion of having committed so horrid a crime? He acknowledged it would be well enough to do so, but did not seem to think it worth the trouble; and we returned as we advanced, —— walking before with the lights. Whether this man be guilty or not of the transaction laid to his charge, I know not, but his manners and aspect are such as by no means to allay suspicion."

AUDUBON.—"THE PRAIRIE.

"On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

"My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshaded the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken:—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three racoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighbourhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

"Feeling hungry, I enquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never until that moment had my senses been wakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eye alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

"The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you ——, and then for the watch.'

"I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot:—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

"They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

"During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans

"Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where, fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort, is to be met with? So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country."

Audubon gives us the following amusing account of the gentlemen mentioned in the above extract—the Regulators. Here it is.

"THE REGULATORS.

"The population of many parts of America is derived from the refuse of every other country. I hope I shall elsewhere prove to you, kind reader, that even in this we have reason to feel a certain degree of pride, as we often see our worst denizens becoming gradually freed from error, and at length changing to useful and respectable citizens. The most depraved of these emigrants are forced to retreat farther and farther from the society of the virtuous, the restraints imposed by which they find incompatible with their habits, and gratification of their unbridled passions. On the extreme verge of civilisation, however, their evil propensities find more free scope, and the dread of punishment for their deeds, or the infliction of that punishment, are the only means that prove effectual in reforming them.

"In those remote parts, no sooner is it discovered that an individual has conducted himself in a notoriously vicious manner, or has committed some outrage upon society, than a conclave of the honest citizens takes place, for the purpose of investigating the case, with a rigour without which no good result could be expected. These honest citizens, selected from among the most respectable persons in the district, and vested with powers suited to the necessity of preserving order on the frontiers, are named *Regulators*. The accused person is arrested, his conduct laid open, and if he is found guilty of a first crime, he is warned to leave the country, and go farther from society, within an appointed time. Should the individual prove so callous as to disregard the sentence, and remain in the same neighbourhood, to commit new crimes, then woe be to him; for the Regulators, after proving him guilty a second time, pass and execute a sentence, which, if not enough to make him perish under the infliction, is at least for ever impressed upon his memory. The punishment inflicted is generally a severe castigation, and the destruction by fire of his cabin. Sometimes. in cases of reiterated theft or murder, death is considered necessary; and, in some instances, delinquents of the worst species have been shot, after which their heads have been stuck on poles, to deter others from following their example. I shall give you an account of one of these desperadoes, as I received it from a person who had been instrumental in bringing him to punishment.

"The name of MASON is still familiar to many of the navigators of the Lower Ohio and Mississippi. By dint of industry in bad deeds he became a notorious horse-stealer, formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern parts of Virginia (a State greatly celebrated for its fine breed of horses) to New Orleans, and had a settlement on Wolf Island, not far from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which he issued to stop the flat-boats, and rifle them of such provisions and other articles as he and his party needed. His depredations became the talk of the whole Western Country; and to pass Wolf Island was not less to be dreaded than to anchor under the walls of Algiers. The horses, the negroes, and the cargoes, his gang carried off and sold. At last, a body of Regulators undertook, at great peril, and for the sake of the country, to bring the villain to punishment.

"Mason was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts were successively found out and searched, but the numerous spies in his employ enabled him to escape in time. One day, however, as he was riding a beautiful horse in the woods, he was met by one of the Regulators, who immediately recognised him, but passed him as if an utter stranger. Mason, not dreaming of danger, pursued his way leisurely, as if he had met no one. But he was dogged by the Regulator, and in such a manner as proved fatal to him. At dusk, Mason having reached the lowest part of a ravine, no doubt well known to him, hoppled (tied together the fore-legs of) his stolen horse, to enable it to feed during the night without chance of straying far, and concealed himself in a hollow log to spend the night. The plan was good, but proved his ruin.

"The Regulator, who knew every hill and hollow of the woods, marked the place and the log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and as he remarked that Mason was most efficiently armed, he galloped off to the nearest house, where he knew he should find assistance. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded to the spot. Mason, on being attacked, defended himself with desperate valour; and as it proved impossible to secure him alive, he was brought to the ground with a rifle ball. His head was cut off, and stuck on the end of a broken branch of a tree, by the nearest road to the place where the affray happened. The gang soon dispersed, in consequence of the loss of their leader; and this infliction of merited punishment proved beneficial in deterring others from following a similar predatory life.

"The punishment by castigation is performed in the following manner. The individual convicted of an offence is led to some remote part of the woods, under the escort of sometimes forty or fifty Regulators. When arrived at the chosen spot, the criminal is made fast to a tree, and a few of the Regulators remain with him, whilst the rest scour the forest, to assure themselves that no strangers are within reach; after which they form an extensive ring, arranging themselves on their horses, well armed with rifles and pistols, at equal distances, and in each other's sight. At a given signal that 'all's ready,' those about the culprit, having provided themselves with young twigs of hickory, administer the number of lashes prescribed by the sentence, untie the sufferer, and order him to leave the country immediately.

"One of these castigations which took place more within my immediate knowledge, was performed on a fellow who was neither a thief nor a murderer, but who had misbehaved otherwise sufficiently to bring himself under the sentence, with mitigation. He was taken to a place where nettles were known to grow in great luxuriance, completely stripped, and so lashed with them, that although not materially hurt, he took it as a hint not to be neglected, left the country, and was never again heard of by any of the party concerned.

"Probably at the moment when I am copying these notes respecting the early laws of our frontier people, few or no Regulating Parties exist, the terrible examples that were made having impressed upon the new settlers a salutary dread, which restrains them from the commission of flagrant crimes."

The Loves of the Birds are as good a subject for poetry as the Loves of the Poets themselves, or even of the Angels, nay of the Triangles. No other naturalist has spoken so well about them as Audubon. Many a happy honey-moon he celebrates. The wild American Turkey makes love, if possible, more absurdly than the tame Glasgow Gander. Early in spring, the sexes separate, which is a signal for courtship. When a female utters a call-note, all the gobblers within hearing return the sound, in peals of grotesque thunder. They then rush to the spot whence the call-note seemed to proceed, and whether the lady be in sight or not, they spread out and erect their tail, draw the head back on the shoulders, depress the wings with a quivering motion, and strut pompously about, emitting every now and then at the same time a succession of puffs from the lungs, and stopping now and then to look and listen. But whether they spy the female or not, they continue to puff and strut about, moving with as much celerity as their ideas of ceremony seem to admit. Some scores behaving after this fashion must present an imposing aspect both in front and rear; and there is often a succession of bloody combats. Audubon says he has often been much diverted while watching the males in fierce conflict, by seeing them move alternately backwards and forwards, as either had obtained a better hold, their wings drooping and their tails partly raised, and their heads covered with blood. If, as they thus struggle and gasp for breath, one of them should lose his hold, his chance is over; for the other, still holding fast, hits him violently with his spurs and wings, and in a few minutes brings him to the ground. The moment he is dead, the conqueror treads him under foot, but what is strange, not with hatred, but with all the motions which he employs in caressing the female. Towards very young ladies—pouts—the old gobbler alters his mode of procedure. He struts less pompously and more energetically, moves with rapidity, sometimes rises from the ground, taking a short flight round the hen, as is the manner of some pigeons,—the red-breasted thrush and many other birds—and on alighting, runs with all his might, at the same time rubbing his tail and wings along the ground, for the space of perhaps ten yards. He then draws near the timorous female—allays her fears by purring—and wins her assent. As soon as the lady begins to lay, she hides herself from her lord, who would break her eggs if he could find them; and soon after, he becomes a sloven, sneaking about without a gobble in him, craven and crest-fallen, emaciated and *ticky*—from which wretched condition he in due time is restored by the judicious use of gentle purgatives, with which he provides himself in a particular species of grass growing in the neighbourhood. So much for the intrigues of the turkeys. Turn to the loves of the chaste connubial Carolina Turtle dove. Their marriage-bliss affords a subject for one of Audubon's most exquisite paintings. But he describes it in words.

"I have tried, kind reader, to give you a faithful representation of two as gentle pairs of turtles as ever cooed their loves in the green woods. I have placed them on a branch of Stuartia, which you see ornamented with a profusion of white blossoms, emblematic of purity and chastity.

"Look at the female, as she assiduously sits on her eggs, embosomed among the thick foliage, receiving food from the bill of her mate, and listening with delight to his assurances of devoted affection. Nothing is wanting to render the moment as happy as could be desired by any couple on a similar occasion.

"On the branch above, a love scene is just commencing. The female, still coy and undetermined, seems doubtful of the truth of her lover, and, virgin-like, resolves to put his sincerity to the test, by delaying the gratification of his wishes. She has reached the extremity of the branch, her wings and tail are already opening, and she will fly off to some more sequestered spot, where, if her lover should follow her with the same assiduous devotion, they will doubtless become as blessed as the pair beneath them.

"The dove announces the approach of spring. Nay, she does more:—she forces us to forget the chilling blasts of winter, by the soft and melancholy sound of her cooing. Her heart is already so warmed and so swelled by the ardour of her passion, that it feels as ready to expand as the buds on the trees are, under the genial influence of returning heat.

"The flight of this bird is extremely rapid, and of long duration. Whenever it starts from a tree or the ground, on being unexpectedly approached, its wings produce a whistling noise, heard at a considerable distance. On such occasions, it frequently makes several curious windings through the air, as if to prove its capability of efficient flight. It seldom rises far above the trees, and as seldom passes through dense woods or forests, but prefers following their margins, or flying about the fences and fields. Yet, during spring, and particularly whilst the female is sitting on her eggs, the male rises as if about to ascend to a great height in the air, flapping his wings, but all of a sudden comes downwards again, describing a large circle, and sailing smoothly with wings and tail expanded, until in this manner he alights on the tree where his mate is, or on one very near it. These manœuvres are frequently repeated during the days of incubation, and occasionally when the male bird is courting the female. No sooner do they alight than they jerk out their tail in a very graceful manner, and balance their neck and head."

The loves of the Turkey and Turtle are not more different than are those of the Great-horned Owl and the Humming-bird. The curious evolutions of the male Owl in the air, or his motions when he has alighted near his beloved, Audubon confesses his inability to describe. The bowings and the snappings of his bill are extremely ludicrous; and no sooner is the female assured that the attentions paid her by her lover are the result of a sincere affection, than she joins in the motions of her future mate. At this juncture both may be said to be *dancing-mad;* little dreaming, saith our "American Woodsman," like most owls on such occasions, of the possibility of their being one day *horn-mad.* But look on that picture and on this. They are Humming-birds.

"I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

"Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain."

Birds are as jealous in love as men—all but the Golden-Winged Woodpecker. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these bright beaux and belles, who, for many reasons, are darlings of Audubon. "It is generally agreeable," says he, "to be in the company of individuals who are naturally animated and pleasant. For this reason, nothing can be more gratifying than the society of woodpeckers in the forests. No sooner has spring called them to the pleasant duty of making love, as it is called, than their voice, which, by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high, decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note at this period is merriment itself, as it intimates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and, to prove the force and truth of their love, bow their heads, spread their tail, and move sidewise, backwards and forwards, performing such antics, as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is closely followed by one, two, or even half-a-dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonies are gone through. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these beaux, until a marked preference is shewn to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of another female. In this manner all the Golden-winged Woodpeckers are soon happily mated. Each pair immediately proceed to excavate the trunk of a tree, and finish a hole in it sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed, the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends through the air. While he rests, he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued, is at once assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertions of each, the hole is dug and finished. They caress each other on the branches—climb about and around the tree with apparent delight—rattle with their bill against the tops of the dead branches—chase all their cousins the Red-heads—defy the Purple Grakles to enter their nest—feed plentifully on ants, beetles, and larvæ, cackling at intervals—and ere two weeks have elapsed, the female lays either four or six eggs, the whiteness and transparency of which are doubtless the delight of her heart. If to raise a numerous progeny may contribute to happiness, these Woodpeckers are in this respect happy enough, for they have two broods each season; and as this might induce you to imagine Woodpeckers extremely abundant in America, I may at once tell you that they are so."

But perhaps the most beautiful passage in the volume is Audubon's description of the matrimonial delights of the Mocking Bird. "It is where the Great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden Orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where Bignonias of stirious kinds interlace their climb-doubtems around the White-flowered and, virg. and mounting still higher, sincerity toummit of the lofty trees gratification ompanied with innume-reached the extr here and there fes-her wings and tail iage of the magni-ing, and she will fly og to the vernal sequestered spot, where the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the Earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the Mocking Bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

"But where is that favoured land?—It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

"No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

"For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The Orange, the Fig, the Pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. The female has laid an egg, and the male redoubles his caresses. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

"When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of Mocking Birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigour, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do."

There is every excuse for people in general falling into all manner of misconceptions regarding the character of birds. Indeed, it may be asked by the judicious hooker, why should they be more rational on that subject than any other? But independently of that query, birds often appear to such persons, judging from, of, and by themselves, to be in mind and manners the reverse of their real character. They judge the inner bird by outward circumstances inaccurately observed. There is the owl. How little do the people of England know of him—even of him the barn-door and domestic owl—yea, even at this day—we had almost said the Poets? Shakspeare, of course, and his freres, knew him to be a merry fellow—quite a madcap—and so do now all the Lakers. But Cowper had his doubts about it; and Gray, as every schoolboy knows, speaks of him like an old wife, or rather like an uninspired idiot. The force of folly can go no farther, than to imagine an owl complaining to the moon of being disturbed by people walking in a country church-yard. And among all our present bardlings, the owl is supposed to be constantly on the eve of suicide. If it were really so, he ought in a Christian country to be pitied, not pelted, as he is sure to be, when accidentally seen in sunlight—for melancholy is a misfortune, especially when hereditary and constitutional, as it is popularly believed to be in the Black-billed Bubo, and certainly was in Dr Johnson. In young masters and misses, we can pardon any childishness; but we cannot pardon the antipathy to the owl entertained by the manly minds of grown-up English clod-hoppers, ploughmen, and threshers. They keep terriers to kill rats and mice in barns, and they shoot the owls, any one of whom we would cheerfully back against the famous Billy. "The very commonest observation teaches us," says the author of the "Gardens of the Menagerie," "that they are in reality the best and most efficient protectors of our corn-fields and granaries from the devastating pillage of the swarms of mice and other small *rodents*." Nay, by their constant destruction of these petty but dangerous enemies, the owls, he says, "earn an unquestionable title to be regarded as among the *most active of the friends of man;* a title which only one or two among them occasionally forfeit by their aggressions on the defenceless poultry." Roger or Dolly behold him in the act of murdering a duckling, and, like other light-headed, giddy, unthinking creatures, they forget all the service he has done the farm, the parish, and the state; he is shot *in flagranti delicto*, and nailed, wide-extended in cruel spread-eagle, on the barn-door. Others again call them dull and shortsighted—nay, go the length of asserting that they are stupid—as stupid as an owl. Why, our excellent fellow, when you have the tithe of the talent of the common owl, and know half as well how to use it, you may borrow the medal. The ancients saw the owl in a true light—as they did almost every thing else—and knew the Bird of Wisdom. Audubon delights in owls, and carried one—the Mottled, or Little Screech Owl—in his coat pocket, alternately travelling by land and water, from Philadelphia to New York—and he unluckily lost it at sea, in the course of his last (his second) voyage to England. On alighting, our friend immediately bends his body, turns his head to look behind him, performs a curious nod, shakes and plumes himself, and then resumes his flight in search of prey. He now and then, while on wing, produces a *clicking* sound with his mandibles, to manifest his courage, as Audubon thinks, and "let the hearer know that he is not to be meddled with." His notes are uttered in a tremulous, doleful manner, and somewhat resemble the chattering of the teeth of a person under the influence of extreme cold, although much louder. On the roofs of houses the little fellow will utter his ditty for hours, as if he were in a state of great suffering, whereas he is the happiest of Yankees, the song of all birds being an indication of content and happiness. The Barred Owl, again, is one of Audubon's most esteemed friends. "How often, when snugly tented under the boughs of my temporary encampment, and preparing to roast a venison steak, or the body of a squirrel, on a wooden spit, have I been saluted with the exulting bursts of this nightly disturber of the peace, that, but for him, would have prevailed around me, as well as in my lonely retreat! How often have I seen this nocturnal marauder alight within a few yards of me, exposing his whole body to the glare of my fire, and eye me in such a curious manner, that, had it been reasonable to do so, I would gladly have invited him to walk in and join me in my repast, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of forming a better acquaintance with him! The liveliness of his motions, joined to their oddness, have often made me think that his society would be at least as agreeable as that of many of the buffoons we meet with in this world. But as such opportunities of forming acquaintance have not existed, be content, kind reader, with the important information which I can give you of the habits of this Sancho Panza of the woods." The discordant screams of this owl—its *whah! whah! whah!* may be compared, he says, "to the affected bursts of laughter which you may have heard from some of the fashionable members of our species,"—such, for example, as "Joanna's laugh"—the laugh of the "fair Joanna," celebrated by Wordsworth. That young lady laughed so far beyond the whah! whah! whah! of the Barred Owl, that the peal awakened all the echoes of the three northern counties. Had the ghost of the Lord Chesterfield been in the north, what would he have said? Nay, what else could any Christian have supposed, but that an ourang-outang had escaped from Pidcock or Wombwell, and gone mad among the mountains—or that Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd, or Pan himself, had given the Glaramara-shaking guffaw? The woods of Louisiana swarm with these owls. Should the weather be lowering, and indicative of the approach of rain, their cries are so multiplied during the day, and towards evening, and they respond to each other in tones so strange, that one might imagine some extraordinary *fête* about to take place among them. On approaching one of them, its gesticulations, position, and appearance, are funny enough. It lowers its head, throws forward the lateral feathers thereof, which has thus the appearance of being surrounded by a broad ruff, looks towards you as if half-blind, and moves its head to and fro in so extraordinary a manner, as almost to induce you to fancy that part dislocated from the body. It follows all your motions with its eyes; and should it suspect any treacherous intentions, flies off to a short distance, alighting with its back to the person, and immediately turning about with a single jump, to recommence its scrutiny. If you shoot at and miss it, then, and not till then, for it cares not about your hallooing, it removes to a considerable distance, after which its *whah!—whah!—whah!* is uttered with considerable pomposity. He flies in silent, simple, and sublime style. Often has Audubon "discovered one passing over him, and only a few yards distant, by first seeing its shadow on the ground, during clear moonlight nights, when not the faintest rustling of their wings could be heard." He once saw one, annoyed by crows, soar up into the air, describing small circles, eagle-fashion, till it disappeared in the zenith. You often see Barred Owls by day—but their imperfect power of sight then, like that of their other brethren, leads them into scrapes. Audubon once saw one alight on the back of a cow, which it left so suddenly on Brucky walking on, as to convince him that it had mistaken the animal for something lifeless. At other times, he has observed that the approach of the grey squirrel intimidated them, though the owl destroys great numbers of them during the twilight. For this reason, in one of his drawings, which we remember puzzled us, he has represented the Barred Owl gazing in amazement, as on something miraculous, on one of these squirrels, placed only a few inches from him;—had it been twilight, he had swallowed him like winking. What would Dr Shaw have said on seeing such a picture?

But of all the owls that we do see, the *facile princeps* is the Great Horned Owl. He is the owl of owls. Were you to see him flying, you would either forget or remember the Eagle. He sails high aloft, and in large circles, rising and falling, by means of the slightest inclination, almost imperceptible, of tail or wings. Swift as light he glides, and as silent, over the earth, dropping on his prey as suddenly as if himself were shot dead on the spot. At other times he alights in a moment on a stump, and shaking and arranging his feathers, "utters a shriek so horrid, that the woods echo to the dismal sound. Now it seems as if you heard the barking of a cur-dog; again, the notes are so rough and mingled together, that they might be mistaken for the last gurglings of a murdered person, striving in vain to call for assistance; at another time, when not more than fifty yards distant, it utters its more usual *hoo! hoo! hoo!* in so peculiar an under tone, that a person unacquainted with the notes of this species, might easily conceive them to be produced by an owl more than a mile distant." He is a more wonderful ventriloquist than even Mons. Alexander. During the utterance of all these cries, it moves its body, and more particularly its head, in various ways, putting them into positions, all of which appear to please it much, however grotesque they may seem to the eye of man. In the interval following each cry, it snaps its bill, as if by way of amusement; or, like the wild-boar sharpening the edges of its tusks, it perhaps expects that the action will whet its mandibles; and in that expectation, probably, is not disappointed. It lives upon wild turkeys, pheasants, poultry, ducks, squirrels, hares, and oppossums, and on dead fish flung up on the shores. In an article on our friend Selby's splendid book, some years ago, we are inclined to believe we wrote something or other not much amiss about owls. But let Christopher North hide his dumb and diminished head, and let the world hear Audubon:—

> "It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the waters moves silently along, reflecting from its smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, and when all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the great horned owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our

forests, may be seen sailing silently and yet rapidly on, intent on the destruction of the objects destined to form his food. The lone steersman of the descending boat observes the nocturnal hunter, gliding on extended pinions across the river, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a moving shadow, now distinctly seen, and again mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity. The bark has now floated to some distance, and is opposite the newly cleared patch of ground, the result of a squatter's first attempt at cultivation, in a place lately shaded by the trees of the forest. The moon shines brightly on his hut, his slight fence, the newly planted orchard, and a tree, which, spared by the axe, serves as a roosting-place for the scanty stock of poultry which the new comer has procured from some liberal neighbour. Amongst them rests a turkey-hen, covering her offspring with extended wings. The great owl, with eyes keen as those of any falcon, is now seen hovering above the place. He has already espied the quarry, and is sailing in wide circles meditating his plan of attack. The turkey-hen, which at another time might be sound asleep, is now, however, so intent on the care of her young brood, that she rises on her legs and purs so loudly, as she opens her wings and spreads her tail, that she rouses her neighbours, the hens, together with their protector. The cacklings which they at first emit soon become a general clamour. The squatter hears the uproar, and is on his feet in an instant, rifle in hand; the priming examined, he gently pushes open his half closed door, and peeps out cautiously, to ascertain the cause by which his repose has been disturbed. He observes the murderous owl just alighting on the dead branch of a tall tree, when, raising his never-failing rifle, he takes aim, touches the trigger, and the next instant sees the foe falling dead to the ground. The bird is unworthy of his farther attention, and is left a prey to some prowling oppossum or other carnivorous quadruped. Again, all around is tranquillity. In this manner falls many a great horned owl on our frontiers, where the species abounds."

The transition from owl to eagle is easy and natural—and therefore one more quotation from Audubon—"alike, but oh! how different." The bald-headed eagle!

"The figure of this noble bird is well known throughout the civilized world, emblazoned as it is on our national standard, which waves in the breeze of every clime, bearing to distant lands the remembrance of a great people living in a state of peaceful freedom. May that peaceful freedom last for ever!

"The great strength, daring, and cool courage of the white-headed eagle, joined to his unequalled power of flight; render him highly conspicuous among his brethren. To these qualities did he add a generous disposition towards others, he might be looked up to as a model of nobility. The ferocious, overbearing, and tyrannical temper which is ever and anon displaying itself in his actions, is, nevertheless, best adapted to his state, and was wisely given him by the Creator to enable him to perform the office assigned to him.

"To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment, he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the teal, the wigeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not: they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream,—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight: her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

"Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

"It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore."

From these pictures of birds of prey, how pleasant to turn—had we room—to others equally admirable of birds of peace, his woodpeckers, thrushes, and orioles! But we shall find room in many other Numbers to bring forward into light some of his loveliest portraits. All the great ornithologists, indeed, Levaillant, Bewick, Vigors, Richardson, Swainson, et ceteri, must come under inspection and review, each having a field-day to his own corps.

Let us conclude with a few words more about Wilson and Audubon. For they are the Two Great American Woodsmen.

We have seen, that till he was between thirty and forty years of age, Wilson had not only never studied ornithology as a science, but that he had paid no greater attention to the habits of birds than almost any other poetical observer of nature. All at once he plunged both into theory and practice—and soon became, in the highest and most extensive sense of the term, an ornithologist. Audubon, again, was a bird-fancier before he was even a boy—when a mere child—an infant. The feeling and the knowledge, too, of those earliest days, however vague, dim, and imperfect, must have had influence on all his subsequent studies, when pursued with all the enthusiasm and devotion of manhood. He had been familiar with a thousand delightful things, for many and many a year before he ever once dreamt of deriving from them any advantage but pure delight. Fame or fortune was not in his visions; "he loved what he looked on," and was happy in the woods. Wilson, almost as soon as he gave way to his passion for this "living knowledge," conceived the grand plan of an American Ornithology—and he began to carry it into effect at a time when it may be said, without detracting from his transcendent merit, nay, it cannot be said without shewing that merit in more striking colours, that he was deficient in some acquirements essential to its successful completion. The truth is, that Wilson never was a first-rate—nay, he never was even a second—never a third-rate draughtsman. How could he be? The fingers of a man's hand, at forty, are strong and sinewy—and his were so; but not then can they acquire the fine ductility demanded by a fine process, entirely new to the operator. His perception of the beauty of birds was as intense as any man's could be; and he knew well their lives and characters. But to draw them, in all their attitudes and postures, "when motion or rest in a place is signified," in a man at his time of life, and with his previous pursuits, would have implied the possession of a power little short of miraculous. He never attempted to do so, nor, we dare say, did he ever believe it possible; for we are apt to bound our imaginations in such matters by our own powers; and Wilson had a high opinion of himself—without which, indeed, he had never achieved immortality. It is astonishing how well he did draw, under such disadvantages; and Lawson, the engraver, who had the specimens before him, it is well known, greatly improved upon the spirited but somewhat rude sketches from which he had to work. The work is a splendid one; but compare the birds there, bright and beautiful as they are, and wonderfully true, too, to nature, with the birds of Audubon, and you feel at one glance the immeasurable and mysterious difference between the living and the dead.

Audubon's birds fly before you—or you are tempted to steal upon them unawares in their repose, and catch them on the bough they beautify. As one of his falcons goes by, you hear the *sugh* of his wings, and his shrilly cry. There is one picture, particularly, of a pair of hawks dining on teals, on which we defy you to look without seeing the large fiery-eyed heads of the hook-beaks moving as they tear the bloody and fleshy feathers, meat and drink in one, the gore-gouts of carnal plumage dropping from, or sticking in the murderous sharpness of their wide-gaping jaws of destruction; if, indeed, you can keep your eyes off their yellow iron legs, stamping and clutching in maddened strides and outstretchings, in the drunken delirium of their famine that quaffs and gobbles up the savage zest of its grati-
fied passion. " The Bill—the whole
al. Bill—and nothing but the Bill"—
ner ven with " all the Talents"—is a
frontie. r, frigid, foolish concern; but the
The trak—the whole Beak—and no-
easy and nut the Beak"—to which add
more quota Talons"—shews Audubon
" alike, but oh 1 a Radical Reformer as
bald-headed eagle rst out upon us from
" The figure of this lderness, steeped in
known throughout the miliar with secret
emblazoned as it is on our not thank us for
t with suspi-
cious and alarming mastery doth he paint all Birds of Prey.

If we are grossly mistaken, and blinded by national prejudice and pride, we trust to the often-experienced kindness of our English critics to correct our ignorant error; but we confess, that we cannot help expressing our belief, that in no country in the whole world do the lower orders exhibit such enlightenment as in Scotland. In England, a superior country to ours in many things, do you often meet with weavers, packmen, and so forth, who write prose and verse better than yourself, who have been educated at Rugby and Oxford? No—seldom—or never. Now, in Scotland, we never took a week's walk without " foregathering" with several such worthies. Don't suppose we are speaking of Burns's, and Hoggs, and Cunninghames—we might travel far and wide before we met them or their " likes"—and you have your men of genius to shew too, whose heads from humble shades " star-bright appeared." We beg leave to direct your attention to the people in general—at large—in town or country—the labouring poor. Did you ever know one among them at all to be compared with Alexander Wilson, as he shewed himself even before his emigration to America? We doubt it. Now, we have known hundreds—hundreds who never were worth twenty pounds over their debts in their lives, who were clothed in coarse raiment, and fared wretchedly every day, who could and did write as well, either in prose or verse, as either you or we could do for our souls. This may not be saying very much after all—but still their attainments must have been respectable—beyond and above what you, at least, could have expected from persons in their station.

Wilson, though he spoke and wrote so excellently, was not looked on at all in the light of a prodigy—nor, though he had a good opinion of himself, did he use to stand still and admire his shadow in the sun—saying, " that is the shadow of a phenomenon." Why? Because he walked to and fro among men, who, though certainly his inferiors, were not so entirely so as to feel it very sensibly; in short, he everywhere found his admitted equals. This Paisley Packman then carried to America a mind not only strong by nature, but well cultivated by education. His feelings, and his imagination, and his intellect, were all enlightened; and he was, absolutely, a man of literature. He added greatly to his knowledge by serious study in America; but his soul was strung to the same high tone that it sounded there in his beautiful descriptions of the woods of the New World and their winged inhabitants, during his toilsome trudgings about with his pack, among the scenery of his native Renfrewshire. He wrote *always* well; as well at first as at last; more practice merely gave him more facility; and the many new objects submitted to his senses inspired his fancy, and awoke all the poetry of his nature. Had he been from boyhood a draughtsman, we should not have had from his genius such written pictures. But the pen was an instrument he knew the use of early; the pencil he took up after he had become a powerful writer; and as for the engraver's tools—over them he had never acquired mastery—how should he?

With Audubon, as we have hinted, it was the reverse. The son of a gentleman, he enjoyed some advantages which Wilson did not; but Wilson, being a Scotchman, enjoyed others which, as we have hinted, fell not to the lot of Audubon. The American was not bred up among a book-loving people, (very different from the reading public,) and he was a naturalist of the woods before he was a philosopher of the study. So far from being illiterate, he has read all that is worth reading, in his own science, and much beside; but we do not believe that, till within these few years, he had any practice in composition. With his magical pencil, what use had he for the pen? Yet Genius, if from circumstances behind hand in any common accomplishment, soon supplies it—soon makes up its lee-way—or rather, it has only to try to do what it had never done before, and it succeeds in it to admiration. Audubon, who had written but little even in his native tongue—French—under a powerful motive, took to writing English; and he was not long of learning to write it well, not only with fluency, but eloquence, as the fine extracts we have quoted shew in unfading colours.

Here then lies, we shall not say the superiority of Audubon over Wilson; but here lies his strength which constitutes and preserves his equality with that great Ornithologist. Wilson, on the whole, is the better writer of the two—indeed he is the best painter in words of birds that the world has yet seen, or may ever see—when or where the world ever saw or may see, we know not—a painter of birds in water colours or in oils superior, or equal to Audubon. And as Wilson likewise paints with his pencil birds most beautifully, and far indeed above the common run, so doth Audubon with his pen; and farther, as Wilson's exquisite feeling of the beauty of birds enabled him to paint them with the pencil in a style far beyond what he could ever have reached without it, on account of his deficiencies as a late-taught draughtsman to the last imperfectly skilled in the art; so hath Audubon's equally exquisite sense of their beauty enabled him to paint them with his pen in a style far beyond what he could ever have done without it, on account of his want of practice in writing, an art which—except in his love-letters to the excellent lady who, for twenty happy years and upwards, has been his wife, and which neither we nor the world have any thing to do with,—he had not much cultivated in the woods. Finally, each in his own peculiar walk is unexcelled—we think unequalled; while both are good—nay, we might safely say, comparing them with other Ornithologists, both are great—in all the other endowments and accomplishments we look for in Ornithologists of the first order.

We have been anxious, at the risk of some prolixity, to direct the attention of the public to this matter; for Audubon has embarked his very mortal being in the magnificent work, entitled, the "Birds of America." It is now going on—by subscription—and its success will enable him to devote his whole life—without mental anxiety—to the prosecution of science. An edition of Wilson is, we understand, about to be published in London, with coloured plates, by a most respectable bookseller. We wish it all good—and it will deserve all good—for we have said not a word in disparagement of Wilson's Drawings, which are admirable. But seeing is believing; and therefore we hope, that all who take such an interest in Ornithology, as induces them to subscribe to or encourage such works, will go and judge for themselves of the genius of Audubon. His original drawings are all to be seen at Mr Havell's, No. 77, Oxford Street. Mr Havell, a brother, we believe, of the celebrated landscape-painter, is an engraver of great merit—and his skill has found noble employment in perpetuating the creations—for they are all full of imagination—of the "American Woodsman." We have heard some of our best engravers speak in the highest terms of the execution of the plates that have appeared, since the work came into the hands of Mr Havell. Audubon at first employed Mr Lizars of Edinburgh; but that admirable artist himself recommended his friend to get the work executed in London, that it might have the advantage of his own personal superintendence during the first years of its progress. It is now beyond all risk of failure—but all lovers of genius must earnestly wish that its success may be triumphant, and repay its author with comfort and competence, for all the difficulties and dangers which he has encountered and overcome during a life devoted to one soul-engrossing pursuit.

Audubon, ere this paper meets the eye of the public, will be in Paris, which he visits before making a voyage and a journey to the Pacific. May propitious winds fill the sails of his ship—and pleasant breezes play round the canvass walls of his tent! For some time past he has been engaged in making oil-pictures from his sketches and water-colour drawings—every bird as large as life—from the Eagle of Washington to the Humming-bird. A young artist of great talent, well-known in Edinburgh, Kidd, will be occupied during Audubon's absence on such pictures; and in a very few years, it is expected that there will be completed by Audubon, Kidd, and others—Four Hundred Subjects! Audubon purposes opening, on his return, an Ornithological Gallery, of which may the proceeds prove a moderate fortune!

Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIV. AUGUST, 1831. Vol. XXX.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIV. AUGUST, 1831. VOL. XXX.

PART II.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. VIII.

Every person who has reflected on the past history of the world, must have felt that there are certain periods, when all the ordinary principles which regulate human affairs seem to fail: when new and unheard of passions agitate mankind, and society, instead of flowing on with the steady current of ordinary prosperity, seems to glide with the swift smoothness of the torrent ere it is precipitated over the cataract. At such periods, all the former motives of conduct lose their influence; the prejudices, the associations of antiquity are forgotten; the oldest affections give way to new-born enthusiasm: national character itself is subverted; states grey in years are agitated by the caprice of childhood, or the passions of youth,—and whole generations rush upon destruction, in defiance alike of the lessons of experience, and the dictates of wisdom.

Such a period was that commencing with Gracchus in the Roman Republic, and terminating with Cæsar. Democratic ambition then shook the state; the steady and prosperous rule of the senate was overthrown; jealousy of the nobility blinded the plebeians to all the glories of their guidance; popular vigour, admirable as a spring, tore the machine of society to pieces, when deprived of its regulating weight; the conquests of the armies were arrested; the horrors of civil dissension succeeded the triumphs of the legions; and Rome itself, weary of bloodshed, and decimated by proscriptions, sought, under the despotism of the empire, that security which could no longer be found amidst the storms of the republic. Not the arms of the barbarians, not the limits of the world, stopt the majestic career of Roman victories; but the jealousy of the nobility, and the passions of the people. It was this which terminated the steady and uniform rule of the senate, which brought popular ambition at once in contact with military power, and rendered even the name of liberty odious, from the remembrance of the suffering with which it had been attended. When Providence deemed it time to arrest the course of Roman conquest, and preserve alive in Scythian wilds the destined seed of European freedom, it required no avenging angel to perform the task: Human violence was equal to its performance; it unchained the passions in the Forum, and the uplifted arm of conquest was stayed.

Another period, equally memorable both in the violence of its passions and the magnitude of its effects, is that of the Crusades. All the strongest and most deeply-rooted feelings of humanity were set at nought during those memorable conflicts. The affections of youth, the interests of manhood, the habits of age, were alike subverted; the ambition of centuries was forgotten; the feuds of generations were healed; the lion lay down with the kid, and the serpent with the dove; estates held since the subversion of the empire were alienated; the habits of family, the attachment to home, the ties of parents, the endearments of children, were obliterated; and millions, blessed with all the enjoyments of life, voluntarily laid them aside to seek an entrance to paradise through the breach of Jerusalem. Successive generations perished in the struggle; the bones of Europe whitened the fields of Asia; and, after a century's exhaustion, and the completion of the purposes intended by providence, mankind began to recover from their frenzy, and the ordinary motives of human conduct resumed their sway.

At a still later time, the commencement of the French Revolution was distinguished by an equally unaccountable mental hallucination, from the throne to the cottage. For many years preceding that memorable event, the whole established ideas of every class of society had been subverted. Fashion, whose frivolities follow the temper of the times, had long indicated the change; the light baubles which glittered on the surface of the stream were perpetually changing. Anglomania ruled the cabinet; English fashions were universal among the people. Disdaining all the ancient usages of their country, the French set themselves seriously to copy English folly in manner, and German discipline in the army; and while the nobility ruined their fortunes in feeble imitation of English racing, the affections of the soldiery were lost by the severities of Prussian punishments. Presently sterner feelings arose;—the passion for change, always more or less allied to revolution, was transferred from trifles to realities—from changes in customs or amusements, to subversion of institutions, and overthrow of thrones. By a delusion which, but for recent experience, would have been deemed inconceivable, not only the people, but the nobility, were foremost in the innovating passion. The government, with the universal applause of the country, aided the Americans to throw off the rule of England, without the remotest suspicion that the example of resistance might be contagious; and the young nobility made the theatre of Versailles resound with applause, when on the stage were uttered praises of republican equality, or execrations on the rule of kings, without conceiving it possible that their privileges could be endangered by such sentiments. The few sagacious men who foresaw the consequences of these extraordinary changes met with universal derision. The States-General were assembled amidst the unanimous transports of the nation; the age of gold was universally expected from the regeneration of mankind; and all were astonished when in its stead the rule of iron commenced.

But of all the delusions which have convulsed mankind, that which has now seized the British nation is the most extraordinary, and promises, in its future consequences, to be the most important.

The future historian, when he relates that a total alteration of the British Constitution was carried by a majority of 136 in the House of Commons, will ask what were the experienced grievances, the acknowledged faults, the irremediable defects, which called for so prodigious a change, and justified the repeal of institutions which had withstood the shock of a thousand years?

He will be answered, that this constitution was admitted, even by its adversaries, to be the most perfect form of government which had ever appeared upon earth: that it was not the work of theorists, or framed by those who could not foresee the changes of society, but had been moulded by the hand of Time, according to the successive wants of forgotten generations; that under its provisions the interests of all classes were adequately attended to, and a due provision made for the extension of freedom, with the growing intelligence of the people; that the spring of democratic ambition was restrained by the weight of antiquated possession, and the rigour of aristocratic rule, tempered by the influence of popular representation; that it combined the stability of aristocratic, with the occasional vigour of democratic, societies; that the liberties of the people had been gradually extended with the change of Time, and were never so considerable as at the moment of its abrupt dissolution.

He will ask, what were the national disasters which had produced this dissatisfaction at institutions in their internal effect so admirable; what had been the defects which had soured the temper of the people; what the lost provinces which had hurt their patriotic pride; what the national humiliation which had made them avenge upon their own government the disgrace of foreign adventure?

He will be answered, that this irrevocable act was committed at the moment of the highest prosperity of Great Britain; at the conclusion of its greatest war, and in the very zenith of its power and glory; that the generation who destroyed the institutions under which their fathers had prospered, was that which had shared in the glories of Trafalgar and Waterloo; that the British navy was then omnipotent on the ocean, and its standard victorious in every part of the globe; that an hundred millions of men obeyed its laws, and it outnumbered the Czar of Russia, as much in the number of its subjects, as it exceeded the Roman Empire in the extent of its dominions; that the sun never set on its domains, for before his declining rays had ceased to illuminate the towers of Quebec, his rising beams glittered on the domes of Calcutta.

He will enquire what were the domestic grievances which had rendered men insensible to this weight of national glory; what the practical evils which defeated the purposes of the social union, and rendered an overthrow of ancient institutions desirable at any hazard?

He will be answered, the last days of the British Constitution were the most beneficial in the Legislature, and the most prosperous in the country; that fifteen years of peace had healed the wounds of war, and augmented, to an unprecedented degree, the riches of the country; that its citizens numbered all the Sovereigns of Europe among their debtors, and enterprise over all the world was sustained by its capital; that while all the other Sovereigns of Europe had augmented their revenues since the peace of Paris, the British Government had taken twenty millions from the burden of its subjects; that its manufacturers clothed the world with their fabrics, and its commerce whitened the ocean with their sails; that the exports of the country had never been so great, and its revenue never so flourishing; that under all the difficulties arising from a contest of unexampled magnitude, a sensible reduction had been made, since the peace, in the amount of the public debt; that its agriculture, keeping pace with the wants of a rapidly-increasing population, had more than doubled its produce in half a century; that its poor were prosperous, even in spite of the influx of innumerable settlers, springing from the barbarism of the Sister Island; and that the paupers of England, maintained by a law of Christian charity, were in better condition than the peasantry of most of other countries.

He will ask, what was the previous character of the people who, in such circumstances, and at such a time, hazarded all the blessings of their situation in quest of chimerical improvements; what extraordinary vacillation, or love of change, made them incur so desperate a hazard; and what example of beneficial change had occurred in their previous history to justify so gratuitous and uncalled for an alteration?

He will be answered, that the people who, with their eyes open, and when fully warned of the consequences, took this extraordinary step, was the nation in the world who had been most distinguished by their hereditary attachment to old institutions; who had founded their policy for eight hundred years, upon the massive "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*;" who had handed down the constitution, inviolate from the Saxon Heptarchy; preserved it alik er
amidst Plantagenet violence, Tu to
severity, and Stuart despotism; be-
it during the madness of civil which
sion in the Wars of the R uccessful.
the fury of religious anim ing strength
days of the Covenant; e side, is con-
alive the sacred fire rwhelming mass
the extremities of D the other—when

insolence of Norman conquest, and the usurpation of republican frenzy; who had tempered the triumph of Revolution by the steadfast adherence to ancient custom, and, while they expelled a dynasty from the throne, maintained inviolate the structure of the government.

He will ask, what were the fortunate and bewitching examples of innovation, which had made the English people forget all these advantages, and abandon all these principles; which induced them to surrender their high place as the leaders of civilisation, to follow in the wake of foreign revolution; and converted the pride of British freedom into the slavish imitation of French democracy?

He will be answered, that these fundamental changes in the constitution, took place at the very time that revolution had exhibited its most terrific features, and the perils of innovation had been most convincingly demonstrated; during the lifetime of many who had seen the church, the nobility, and the throne of France perish in the whirlwind excited by their precipitate reforms; among the sons of the generation who had witnessed the prostration of thirty millions of men under the guillotine of the Convention—who had beheld that great country incessantly agitated since the commencement of her revolution, torn by years of anarchy, trembling under the reign of blood, and crushed under the car of Napoleon—who had mourned the failure of every endeavour to frame theoretical constitutions in so many other states—seen Spain, Portugal, Piedmont, Naples, and South America, convulsed by the vain attempt to establish free governments, and relapsing into closer bondage from the defeat of their efforts. He will be answered, that the British revolution took place at the moment when France was suffering under the destruction of her recently esta[illegible]lished institutions—when the anar[illegible]y of Belgium was withering the [illegible]perity of her beautiful provinces [illegible] the British manufacturers thri[illegible] the ruin of their democratic [illegible]; that it was this very ex[illegible] overthrew the venera[illegible] English constitution, [illegible]glish people relinquished their ancient post in the van of civilisation, and followed in the rear of France, because they saw that, after forty years' experience, the people of that country were inadequate to the formation of a stable government.

He will ask, whether this perilous change was adopted in consequence of an *universal* delusion having seized the people; whether, as in France, the rage for innovation had destroyed the strongest intellects; whether the nobility fled on the appearance of danger, or a slavish press precluded the possibility of truth being made public?

He will be answered, that such was *not* the character of England; that Talent put forth its energies in the cause of freedom, and Property remained tranquil in the midst of alarm, and Honour was to be found at the post of danger; that, at the prospect of peril to the constitution, all the best feelings of our nature were revived in a large and gifted body; that genius, long a stranger to the conservative party, instantly joined their ranks, and united with learning in resistance to revolution; that names destined for immortality threw their shield over the state, and philosophy vindicated its noble destiny, and history illuminated present danger; that a House of Commons was dissolved because it refused to sacrifice the constitution, and passion appealed to in default of reason; that the question was discussed for half a year, and all the consequences of the innovation fully explained; that the generosity of youth joined the perilous side, and the flower of England, at both universities, gave to patriotism what they had refused to power; that the talent arrayed in defence of the constitution overshadowed its adversaries, and numbered among its ranks the hero who had conquered Napoleon by his arms, and the genius which had captivated the world by its fancy.

When all these things are considered, and the result is proved to have been, that the awful changes were adopted by an immense majority both in the Commons and the nation, it will afford matter for the most profound meditation, and probably open up new views as to the destiny of Europe and the government of the world.

The moralist who attends to the influence of excessive prosperity upon the individual character; who has observed how it corrupts a once noble nature, generates guilty passions, and induces deserved misfortune, will perhaps be inclined to consider this very prosperity as the cause of the disasters which followed. He will observe, that long continued success renders nations, as well as individuals, blind to the causes from which it has flowed; that the advantages of present situation are forgotten in the blessings by which it has been attended, and the miseries of change unknown to those who have never experienced them. As the individual, ruined by excess of enjoyment, is allowed to taste the bitterness of adversity, and learn, in the wretchedness of want, the magnitude of the blessings which he has thrown away; so nations, corrupted by a long tide of prosperity, are allowed to plunge into centuries of suffering, and regain, amidst the hardships of a distracted, that wisdom which they had lost under the blessings of a beneficent government.

The religious observer, who is impressed with the reality of the moral government of the world; who recollects how this island has been preserved, like the ark of old, amidst the floods of revolution—what an extraordinary combination of circumstances was required for its deliverance, and how little would have buried it for ever in the waves; who remembers the fate of the apostate Julian, and compares it with the recent catastrophe of Napoleon; who has seen all these blessings forgotten—all the principles which led to them abandoned—all gratitude for them extinguished; who has witnessed the spread of revolutionary ambition among so many millions of our people, and sighed over the march of infidel fanaticism; who reflects on the corruption of the higher, and the profligacy of the lower orders; who has seen British enthusiasm applaud the convulsion which tore down the cross from every steeple in Paris, and effaced the image of our Saviour from all its churches; who beholds all that is sacred or venerable in our institutions assailed by an infuriated multitude, and the bulk of the nation calmly awaiting the work of destruction; who recollects that we have conquered in the sign of the cross, and perceives how any allusion to religion is now received in the Legislature—will probably conclude that Heaven has withdrawn its protection from those who were unworthy of it, and that, in return for such signal ingratitude, and marked dereliction of duty, we are delivered over to the fury of our own passions.

The historian, who has reflected on the rise, progress, and decay of nations—who has observed how invariably a limit is put to the extension of empires, when the destined purposes of their existence have been fulfilled—who recollects, that it is the progressive which is the comfortable, and the stationary which is the melancholy, condition of mankind—who surveys the magnitude of our empire, embracing every quarter of the globe, and the density of our population, unable to find a vent even in those immense possessions—who looks back on the long line of British greatness, and considers what our people have done for the advancement of knowledge, the extension of civilisation, and the increase of happiness, will perhaps arrive at the melancholy conclusion, that that line of splendour is about to terminate, that the sun which has for so many ages illuminated the world is sinking in the west, and that a long night of suffering must precede the aurora of another hemisphere.

It is the strength of the arguments which have been so often adduced, and are so utterly disregarded by the majority of the people, which confirms us in these melancholy presages. If the matter were at all doubtful—if, as on the Catholic question, important arguments could be urged on both sides, and facts in history appealed to in confirmation of either view, there could be no reason to despair of the commonwealth, because the opposite side to that which we had espoused proved successful. But when the overwhelming strength of the arguments on one side, is contrasted with the overwhelming mass of proselytes on the other—when recent equally with ancient experience warn us of our fate—when the slightest acquaintance with history, as well as the smallest observation of the present times, lead to the same conclusion—when thought, and talent, and information, have been so strenuously exerted in the cause of order, and yet all is unavailing, the conclusion is unavoidable, that we have arrived at one of those eras in human affairs, when an universal passion seizes mankind, and, for purposes at the time inscrutable to human wisdom, reason generally gives way to frenzy.

Without going beyond the limits of this Miscellany, or the able articles in the Quarterly Review, we venture to assert, that considerations will be found against Reform, utterly decisive in the eyes of reason, and which it will be a never-failing source of astonishment with posterity, did not, at the time, command universal assent. We are perfectly certain that all dispassionate enquirers who are familiar with history, (for the opinion of none else is worth attending to,) will, after a few years are over, coincide in this conclusion. These considerations have produced their full effect on the thinking few. But who is to influence the unthinking many? In vain would every man in England, capable of judging on such a question, coincide in opposing Reform, if the headstrong multitude in whom political power is vested, have been stimulated to insist for its acquisition.

The three circumstances which render the present Reform utterly fatal to every interest of society, and totally inconsistent with the durability of the empire, are its being based on an uniform system of representation, the overwhelming preponderance which it gives to members over property, and the total absence of any means of representation to our colonial possessions—all these points have been repeatedly illustrated. But as long as there is custo[illegible]re is hope, and while there is sion of the [illegible] by any means, of averting thrones. [illegible]phe, nothing shall be left for recent [illegible] parts which can pre- been deemed [illegible] ove[illegible]resentation, beau- the people, but in Eng[illegible] fatal rock on most in the inno[illegible]glish [illegible]onstitutions have hitherto split; and, to the end of time, must render them unfit for the government of mankind. The French established one uniform system of representation in 1790, by which every man worth three days' labour had a vote. It was speedily merged in the reign of terror. Taught by this dear-bought experiment, they established, on the fall of Robespierre, a representative * system founded on a much higher qualification, and guarded by the protection of a double set of electors. It was terminated in five years by the sword of Napoleon. The constitution of Louis XVIII. conferred the right of voting upon all persons paying 300 francs a-year of direct taxes; and the public discontents under it went on accumulating, till, to resist immediate destruction, Charles X. was driven to the hazardous expedient of abolishing the right of representation in one half of the electors—an act of violence which immediately led to his overthrow. All the other nations who have attempted the formation of constitutions, have done the same, and all these constitutions are already extinct.

Such similarity of effects cannot be ascribed to chance. It springs necessarily from the fatal principle of *uniformity in representation*, because that uniformity necessarily excludes a great proportion of the nation from the legislature. The electors, composed, or what is the same thing, for the most part composed of a certain class in society, cannot sympathize with other bodies; they are careless as to their complaints, indifferent to their welfare, swayed probably by an adverse interest; and the inevitable consequence is, that the ejected classes become discontented, and public dissatisfaction goes on accumulating, till it terminates in a convulsion.

Nothing but the great inequality in the representation, has so long preserved the British constitution from this catastrophe. It is of no importance in whom the right of voting is vested; if it is placed in any one class exclusively, the constitution must be of an ephemeral duration. Had it been exclusively vested in the peers, or the greater landholders, the increasing discontents, and expanding ambition of the middling orders, must long ago have overturned the government. Had it been vested in the forty-shilling freeholders, their indifference to the wants of the manufacturing and commercial classes would have led to a similar result. Had it been confined to the nomination boroughs, British freedom would have been crushed in the grasp of the aristocracy; had it been everywhere extended to the potwallopers, it would have been torn in pieces by the madness of the democracy. It is the combination of all these powers in the formation of the representation, which has so long preserved entire the fabric of the constitution, because it has given to each interest a direct and immediate access to the legislature, without being indebted for it to the tolerance or indulgence of the other classes. The nobility place their younger sons in the House by means of the nomination boroughs, and rest in peace, satisfied that they will be at their posts to defend the interests of the higher classes of society. The merchants sway the votes of the smaller boroughs in which they possess an ascendency, and find their way into Parliament through the influence of commercial wealth. Colonial opulence purchases its share of the nomination boroughs; and, entering at the gate of corruption, defends the interests of millions of our distant subjects. The agricultural class return the county members, and the radicals, triumphant in the great towns, are satisfied with their victory, and return an adequate share of the whole representation. Nothing but this unequal, heterogeneous, and varied representation, could so long have held together the varied and conflicting interests of the British empire.

No human wisdom could have framed such a system. Its utility could not have been anticipated, *a priori*. Its irregularity would have displeased a theoretical statesman. It is just for this reason that it has been so durable, because it was not formed on abstract principle, but on practical experience; because each class which required a share in the representation, has, in the lapse of time, discovered an inlet which conferred it; and the fabric, moulded into the requisite form by the wants of successive generations, has afforded shelter and accommodation to its numerous and varied inmates.

It is evident, however, that, under such a system, one class might become preponderating; the aristocracy might have usurped the share of the people, or the people might have overthrown the necessary authority of the aristocracy. It is the complaint of the reformers that this last has been the case; that a majority of the House is returned by the nominees of individuals whose interest is adverse to that of the rest of the empire. Let us consider whether this is the case.

The proof of the aristocracy being too powerful in the legislature, is of course to be found in the measures it adopts, and the tendency of the elections which create it. If the House of Commons has of late years been inclined to abridge the liberty of the subject, increase the privileges of the aristocracy, crush the freedom of the press, then it is manifest that the aristocratic class has become too powerful in the legislature. If the result of elections has been to increase this tendency; if with every successive Parliament a fresh addition is made to the already overwhelming influence of the great families; then it is plain, that the system of representation does not afford an adequate check against the danger, and that a change in the mode of election, in other words, a Parliamentary Reform, is necessary,

But if the reverse of all this has been the case; if the influence of of the aristocracy has been sensibly and evidently declining: if the measures of Parliament are daily becoming more favourable to public freedom, and the remnants of ancient severity are fast wearing out of our statute-book, then it is evident that no change in the composition of the House of Commons is requisite. If each successive election adds to the strength of the popular party in the legislature—if multitudes of boroughs are throwing off the yoke of authority and returning democratic candidates, instead of those who heretofore commanded their suffrages; then it is plain that the system of representation stands in need of no amendment, at least on the popular side; and that under the subsisting inlets to democratic ambition, a sufficient number of members in that interest find an entrance.

That the last of these alternatives is the fact, is matter of proverbial notoriety. The reformers were themselves the first to proclaim it, when they announced, with such satisfaction, the unprecedented number of boroughs which were thrown open, in other words, gained over to the democratic influence, at the election which preceded the fall of the Wellington administration. The last election has demonstrated its truth beyond the possibility of dispute; because the democratic influence has become so overwhelming, that the conservative party has been reduced at one blow, from 300 to 230 members, and a majority of 136 have voted the adoption of a new and highly democratic constitution.

After this result *without reform*, what becomes of the argument, that a change in the representation has become necessary to enable the people to keep their ground against the increasing preponderance of the aristocracy? It is apparent that the argument is at an end; that the danger is now to be apprehended from the *other* quarter; that the risk now is, that the constitution is to be torn in pieces by the democracy; and that the wisdom of real statesmen should be incessantly directed to protecting the bulwarks which face the people. And yet this is the argument and this the time which is chosen for their demolition!

Were the standard of qualification for the new electors altogether unexceptionable, still it would be a sufficient and fatal objection to its adoption, that it is based on an uniform system, and vests political power exclusively in one class of society. If the right of election were confined to the owners of houses of L.50 or L.100 a-year, this objection would be equally strong: the immense body of the other classes would be totally unrepresented, and of course discontented. Mr Hunt has already pointed this out: he says he has heard on the one side of the House, eloquent speeches in favour of the L.10 voters, and on the other, in support of the boroughmongers; but nothing in favour of the working classes, in other words, of twenty millions of the people. The effect is already becoming apparent; political power is to be vested exclusively in the class of small shopkeepers, and owners of lodging-houses; the immense interests now represented by the anti-reformers, and the vast multitudes now represented by the potwallopers, are alike threatened with disfranchisement. And yet with a system so clearly leading to such results, we are seriously told that the question will be for ever "settled," and all farther contention for political power, extinguished by the total exclusion of members on the one hand, and property on the other, from any share in the representation!

Foreigners frequently have said that the great difference between their free constitutions and that of England is, that "minorities with them are not represented, and that the grievances and complaints of the bulk of the nation never are heard in the legislature." The observation is perfectly well-founded, and places in a striking point of view, the practical effect of that uniformity in representation, so specious in theory, and so ruinous in practice. The French constitutional monarchy fell a victim to its adoption: the national discontent, long deprived of a free vent in the legislature, at length brought about the Revolution. And yet with this result before our eyes, it is this ruinous system which we are about to copy, and the ancient safety-valves of the constitution to close for ever!

But there is too much reason to fear, that the effects now contemplated will not follow the Reform Bill; that in spite of all the efforts of the aristocratic party of the Whigs, numbers will become triumphant over property, and the ancient institutions of the country swept away in the flood of democracy.

We have already stated, on the authority of Sir James Mackintosh, in a former number of this series,* that the value of a forty shilling freehold, when that standard was established in the time of Henry VI., was, taking the value of money, and the mode of living, jointly into account, about L.70 a-year of our present money. If, therefore, we were to revert to the original class of voters, it should be confined to the owners of *property* of the value of L.70 a-year. Whereas by the new bill, it is to be extended to the L.10 *tenants* in every borough in the kingdom.

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* Parliamentary Reform, No. 7.

The members returned by boroughs are to be somewhat *above* 300 in the reformed Parliament; those returned by counties about 150. In other words, *two-thirds* of the House of Commons is to be returned by L.10 tenants.

We stated in a former Number,* that this class would prove incomparably more numerous than government, proceeding on the returns of the tax-office, was aware of; and that in Scotland, instead of their amounting to 35,000 as held forth, they would be found to exceed 100,000.

A very slight degree of enquiry has now demonstrated the correctness of our statements. Lord John Russell, in bringing the bill into the new Parliament, has stated that the tax-office returns had proved perfectly fallacious on this head, and that in six boroughs into which enquiry had been made, the number of L.10 houses had been found to be from *three to fifteen* times as great as the tax-office had indicated.

There is in the outset a very great danger in the sudden extension of political power to so prodigious a class as this numerous body of householders in the boroughs of the empire. The constitution hitherto, with the exception of the potwalloping boroughs, which were comparatively few in number, has made the freehold qualification depend upon the possession of property—of property to the amount of L.70 a-year in the time of Henry VI., which has gradually declined with the change in the value of money to its present inconsiderable amount. It is the continual declining of this standard from the change in the value of money, which has made the democracy gradually become so powerful in Parliament, by bringing up constantly enlarged numbers, and diminished property to the poll. This change was not perceived during the war, because the interest of the people was forcibly turned from the whirl of events in another direction; but it has become more and more conspicuous at every election since the peace, and is now so important an element in the constitution, as to form a complete and sufficient counterpoise to the power of the aristocracy.

But the sudden extension of the rights of voting to L.10 householders all over the empire, is so prodigious a change, that its effects are incalculable. For the first time since the foundation of the monarchy, it places political power in the hands of numbers, and severs it from property. There are to be 156,000 voters for the sixteen members returned for London and the contiguous suburbs: of these at least 100,000 *will be men of no property.* What security is there for property, institutions, public policy, or private rights, under such a system? The other great towns will be swayed by multitudes in the same manner. Manchester and Birmingham will each of them have 10,000 votes. Edinburgh and Glasgow at least as many. It is easy to anticipate what species of members they will return; we have only to look at the members returned for Southwark and Westminster, Middlesex and Liverpool.

It is quite evident that the county members returned by the forty shilling freeholders, have of late years been constantly becoming more and more inclined to the popular side. This is the constant boast of the reformers. Two-thirds of them voted for the expulsion of the Duke of Wellington's administration—a still greater number for the Reform Bill in the late Parliament—and nearly all of them have now been returned in the democratic interest. This demonstrates the practical working of the forty shilling freeholders, in the time of peace, even among the rural tenantry, and the freeholders of small towns, the very class over whom it is generally supposed the influence of property is most predominant.

How, then, is it possible to expect that the L.10 *tenants* are to be influenced? If all the weight of property, exerted to the utmost, is thrown overboard by the holders of freehold property, how is it to influence the tenantry, who have none? If, when the aristocracy strained every nerve, and expended their wealth with prodigal liberality, they were so generally defeated, even among the holders of property, what hope is there that it can retain any ascendency over those who have none? It is quite evident from recent, equally with former experience, that they will be lost in the flood of democracy, and that, like the nobles and clergy in the French constituent asssembly, their cries will be drowned in the shouts of victorious multitudes.

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* Parliamentary Reform. No. 6.

We know that the supporters of the Reform Bill among the higher ranks of the Whigs, make no secret of their belief that it will prove "highly aristocratic." We have heard of more than one cabinet minister, loud in public in support of popular principles, who, in the guarded circle of the exclusives, declares his belief that it will essentially strengthen the hands of the landed interest. Lord Grey has openly declared in the House of Peers, that it was constructed on conservative principles; and it is impossible to conceive that men of their station in society, and stake in the country, should have intentionally proceeded on any other principle. But on what grounds is their belief rested? Is it on the signal success with which, in all the open places, they have overthrown the conservative party, by raising the cry of Reform? Who is so blind as not to see that a still more democratic faction will in like manner supplant them; and that, in the same way, as they have defeated their adversaries by promising to the electors the spoils of Tory influence, the Radicals will destroy them by offer-[illegible] them the division of Whig ascen-[illegible] prize which future demagogu[illegible] will be able to offer to this immens[illegible] d needy body of constituents, will be far more substantial, and infinitely more generally alluring, than that which has proved sufficient in the Lower House to demolish the long-established influence of the Tory aristocracy. They will represent to them, in language intelligible to every capacity, "The Whigs promised you a reform in the representation; but their high-sounding declamations have come to nothing: they have filled your mouths with an empty spoon: the Parliament is reformed, but bread is as dear, tithes as burdensome, taxes as grinding, work as scarce as before. Fools! to suppose they could stop the current of improvement: that, after having gained the victory, you would pause, and decline to take its fruits. We offer you a substantial Reform—repeal of the Corn Laws—abolition of tithes—reduction of taxes:—If you will support the reform candidate you will never, after this year, pay tithes to the parson; you will get bread at threepence a quartern loaf; you will have no assessed taxes to pay;—tea will be at two and sixpence the pound—beer will be half its present price—spirits will be sixpence a bottle." With such boons presented to their imaginations, and such a prospect of liberation from universally felt burdens, can we, after the experience of the last election, doubt the speedy triumph of the radical faction?

If the recent contests have done nothing else, they have at least conferred one benefit upon future ages, by throwing a great and unexpected light upon the march of Revolution, and the principles which govern mankind in periods of political convulsion. The most important truth which they have elucidated, is that which we formerly stated,* viz., that in periods of agitation the lower class of electors invariably coincide with the *innovating party*, and instead of resisting the admission of additional numbers into their ranks, strenuously support it. On what other principle can we explain the remarkable fact, that the English county freeholders have so generally supported a Bill which goes ultimately to abridge their number, and augment to a fearful extent the multitude of the borough electors? that the freeholders of England have, by an immense majority, returned a Parliament, destined to disfranchise 168 seats, and introduce 600,000 new electors into the Constitution?

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* Parliamentary Reform, No. 4.

The same result took place in all periods of more than usual excitement, during the French Revolution. The clergy, albeit placed in the van of battle, and the first to be struck down by the reformers, yet, by a great majority, supported the *Tiers Etat* in their early struggles in the constituent assembly; and it was the junction of 127 of their members to the reforming party which first gave them a decided majority over the other bodies. The same took place at all the successive appeals to the people; the members returned were more and more democratical at every election, until at length the passions they excited became so ungovernable, that nothing but the despotism of Robespierre could reconstruct the disjointed materials of society. With unavailing regret, and with bitter execrations at their own folly, did the French clergy, when deprived of all their property by that faction whom they had so strenuously supported, look back to their conduct in joining them; but their cries were drowned in the applause of new and still more insane electors, and their enthusiasm drowned at last in their own blood.

The reason, though not obvious at first sight, is quite conclusive, and being founded in human nature, must be the same in all ages. The lower class of electors sympathize with the feelings and wishes of their own class in society, as much as the higher order do with theirs. When popular enthusiasm has been from any cause excited, the electors, incapable for the most part of thought, but perfectly susceptible of passion, are carried away by the current. They belong to the mob and are swayed by its cheers.

If their interest is consulted, the result is the same. They find that by adhering to the conservative party, they get nothing but a continuation of all the burdens and difficulties which have been felt as so grievous, and the abolition of which is demanded with such vehement cries by their compatriots. By increasing the power of the democracy, therefore, they are promised an immediate and tangible advantage, in the repeal of Taxes, and all oppresive burdens;—by supporting the aristocracy, they can expect nothing but a continuance of the state of society, which already exists, and with which they are probably sufficiently dissatisfied.

When the elective franchise is vested in a higher class of more intelligence, and whose interests are bound up with the preservation of the existing order of things, the reverse is the case; because they sympathize with the higher orders, have something to lose by innovation, and are aware of the horrors of revolution. This was demonstrated in the most signal manner in the recent elections in Scotland. A great majority of the county members was there returned against Reform; the voters there being all the larger landed proprietors, and their connexions or dependants, to whom they have alienated the freehold qualification. The contrast which this affords to what occurred in England is most remarkable, and highly instructive as to the opposite principles which govern the different classes of mankind in such periods of political agitation.

Now the Reform Bill, by vesting a preponderating influence in the ten pound householders, has thrown the government of the country precisely into the hands of those whom theory and experience combine in convincing us will be most inclined, on the recurrence of a similar convulsion, to range themselves with the levelling party. Having, for the most part, little or no property, they will feel that they have nothing to lose by disturbance; while, by joining the movement party, they may hope to obtain at length the fruit of their political labours. Their cordial co-operation in introducing the five pound householders, or the universal suffrage men, may hereafter be relied on, with as much certainty, and on the same principle on which they have so strenuously supported the extension of the suffrage at the recent election.

The universal opposition which sprung up on the part of the Radicals, in every part of the country, to the proposed alteration of Ministers on the clause regarding the payment of rents, is a signal proof of the class of men into whose hands the destinies of the country are to be delivered. The *Times* declared it would disfranchise nine-tenths of the proposed electors of London. Everywhere the democratic party took fire at the intelligence of the proposal. The Birmingham Political Union Club instantly remonstrated with the Prime Minister on the subject; and Government, however strong against the conservative party in front, having no defence against the Radicals in their rear, were immediately compelled to abandon it. The reason why it was so universally unpopular is, that the holders of ten pound houses are generally so totally destitute of credit, that their landlords have no security for their rent unless it is collected weekly, monthly, or quarterly; and, therefore, any enactment which should exclude all paying their rents more frequently than once in six months from the elective franchise, would exclude the great bulk of the new class of voters altogether. That government were perfectly right in their attempt to exclude this indigent and needy class from political influence, is perfectly clear; and their restoration to a place which will enable them to command the legislature, is infinitely to be deplored. But what shall we say of a new constitution, which *intrusts the government of the country* to hands whom its advocates are the first to declare *no landlord would trust for an arrear of six months' rent?*

That it was the extreme indigence of the majority of the ten pound tenants, and not any general custom as to the term for paying rents, which rendered this clause so obnoxious to the Radical party, is obvious, from the consideration, that, had it been otherwise, it would have been perfectly easy to have adapted the term of paying rents to the law regarding the elective franchise. No landlord of *solvent* tenants, who could be safely trusted for an arrear of six months' rent, would ever hesitate to make his rent payable at these terms, and thereby render them qualified to vote. The proposed clause, therefore, would have been perfectly innocuous as to all solvent or respectable tenants, even of ten pound houses; and, of course, much more so for all above that class. The reforming newspapers are not solicitous to preserve the votes of the opulent tenants in the Regent's Park and at the west end of the town. Mr Hume was perfectly right when he recently declared, that no Radicals worth speaking of live to the west of Temple Bar. The extreme anxiety of the reformers, therefore, to get quit of the proposed clause, arose from its obvious tendency to disfranchise that numerous and needy class, who could not be trusted with an arrear of ten pounds rent for six months—that is, who were not, in their landlord's estimation, worth *five pounds* in the world. The *Times* says, the clause would have disfranchised nine-tenths of the London voters; nine-tenths, therefore, of these voters *cannot be trusted for five pounds!* And yet this is the system which is gravely brought forward as a measure "highly aristocratic," and which will for ever found representation on the secure basis of property.

The latest debates in the House of Commons, which are continued on the side of Opposition with a degree of vigour and ability above all praise, have brought to light a most decisive fact as to these ten pound voters. Mr Croker, to whose talents and industry the cause of order owes so much, has drawn the attention of Parliament to the important fact, that, while the Reform Bill is going through the House, another bill, introduced under the sanction of Ministers by the member for Shrewsbury, has liberated tenants of houses rented at L.12 a-year, and any lower sum, from the payment of poor's rates, upon the ground of their being *unable, from their indigence, to pay them.* That is, the holder of a house rented at *twelve* pounds a-year is *too poor* to be able to contribute to the relief of the poor; but the holder of one rented at *ten* pounds is *not too poor* to be intrusted with the appointment of legislators, or the exaction of pledges from the delegates to future Parliaments. If the Reformers would declare honestly, "Our object is to give pauperism an ascendency over property," we would at once see their consistency; but to allege that they are fixing the representation on the basis of property, and at the same time extend the franchise to the overwhelming multitudes, whom their own measures declare to be *all but insolvent*, is as palpable an absurdity as ever was imposed upon mankind.

The secret and undivulged hopes of the aristocratic reformers are founded on the ascendency they hope to acquire over the *small towns*, especially those not connected with manufactures; and for this reason it is that Lord Milton has proposed to double the number of members to be returned by the small boroughs! a measure which it is hoped will give an addition of fifty votes to the conservative side. We earnestly hope, for the sake of the country, that, if the bill is destined to pass, it will be with this counterpoise to the democratic faction; though, from the obvious weakness of Government on the side of the Radical party, we are much afraid, that, if the newspapers open their fire, it will be immediately abandoned, and some unlucky "mistake" alleged to account for its appearance in the Bill.

But to what does the Bill amount, if this the real view of the Conservative Whigs is well-founded? To this, and this only: That a new set of close boroughs will gradually rise up on the ruins of the old ones; and that, after having violently dispossessed the electors of 168 seats, they will quietly rear up 168 others to supply their place. If the plan does not amount to this, it amounts to nothing. For, if the great proprietors round these little boroughs do not gain a dominion over them, and range them under their respective banners, it is impossible to see what protection they will afford against the future march of revolution. But if this is to be the result, on what principle of justice or expedience are the present boroughs to be disfranchised? Is it just to punish one set of boroughs for having fallen under the dominion of the neighbouring magnate, if the real object of the Bill is to rear up another set, equally subservient, and at least as numerous? Is it expedient to make such anxious provision for the gradual formation of a new phalanx of close boroughs, if the argument be well founded that the present ones are a blot, which must, at all hazards, *per fas aut nefas*, be expunged from the constitution?

But in truth we fear that the hopes of the aristocratic Reformers on this subject are completely fallacious, and that the Radicals who have so strenuously supported the Bill, are much better aware of its real democratic tendency. This opinion is founded on the following circumstances:

The great and universal support which the radicals, in every part of the country, have given to the Bill, is the best evidence of what its working in the small boroughs will be. Whatever may be said of the framers of the Bill, nobody will accuse the Ultra-Reformers of being ignorant of what will augment their power; and if the clause regarding the small boroughs had been adverse to their interest, there can be no doubt that it would have been as universally opposed, as that regarding the quarterly rents. The fact of its not being so, is, in our apprehension, decisive evidence, that from the lowness of the qualification, and the indigent state of the majority of the ten pound voters, they may safely be relied on in any future crisis, as likely to join the revolutionary party.

The great number of small boroughs of this description varying from 4000 to 15,000 inhabitants, who have recently thrown off their allegiance to the neighbouring aristocrats, and joined the democratic party, affords decisive evidence, that some great and general cause is in operation, which all the former relations of life and channels of influence are unable to counteract. That the fact is so, is the constant boast of the democratic party; and of its reality the two last elections afford decisive evidence. But if this be the evident tendency of human affairs; if aristocratic influence is rapidly on the wane, even in boroughs which have been close for centuries; on what rational grounds are the hopes of the aristocrats founded, that they will be able quietly to usurp a dominion over the new boroughs which the bill is to create? It is quite evident that they are deceiving themselves as to the tendency of the tide on which they are now borne forward, and that the moment they attempt to coerce or direct it, their influence will be shattered as rapidly and as fatally as that of Neckar and the French liberal nobility who placed themselves at the head of their revolution.

The two great powers operating on human affairs, which are producing this progressive increase of democratical influence, are the extension of manufactures, and the influence of the daily press.

Manufactures, in every age and quarter of the globe, have been the prolific source of democratic feeling. We need not appeal to history for a confirmation of this eternal truth;—its exemplification is too manifest in the present times, to admit of a moment's doubt. Now, of the whole population of Great Britain, *two-thirds* are, according to the census of 1821, employed in trade and manufactures; and, by the recent enumeration, the proportion will probably be still greater. It is this fatal, and now irretrievable direction of our industry, which renders the Reform Bill so eminently hazardous. The great bulk of these manufacturers reside in the small towns; the members they return will be the faithful mirror of their democratic opinions. Their number is daily increasing;—every successive year brings one of the rural boroughs within the vortex of manufacturing wealth, and the con- finitely of manufacturing democracy tagion [illegible] Look at Preston, Stockport, Salford, Bolton, Halifax, Macclesfield, in England; or Kilmarnock, Airdrie, Montrose, or Paisley, in Scotland, and an idea may be formed of the democratic tendency of small manufacturing towns. The neighbouring proprietors have no sort of influence over such places, for this obvious reason, that the subsistence of the great bulk of their inhabitants in no degree depends on their custom, but on the employment of the master manufacturers, with whom the landed interest have no connexion. It is a chimerical hope which the aristocratic reformers entertain, that they will be able to maintain any sort of ascendency over such boroughs. As well might they expect to sway the vast population of the Tower Hamlets, or Manchester.

The next great power which is continually at work in England to augment the influence of the democratic party among the small boroughs, is the influence of the daily press.

That the press is democratic is obvious from the fact, that with the exception of three journals, the whole London daily papers are on the reforming side. The proportion in the provincial press is nearly as great; and but for the support of the old families in the country, the whole county papers would be of the same character. This is not a mere casual circumstance; it has been gradually and steadily increasing for the last fifteen years, and we are only now beginning to experience its terrible effects. The full operation of this democratic system of journals, may be seen in America, where it has long been notorious, that no virtue or talent in the States is so powerful but what the daily journals can at any time drive it into exile; and the evils of the liberty of the press have been found to be such, that Jefferson has declared, in his correspondence, that they have exceeded any thing known from its suppression.

Surprise is often expressed by inconsiderate observers at this tendency; but the reason is apparent, and being founded in the nature of things, must, in the present state of society, remain permanent. It arises from the extension of the power of [illegible] reading to the lower orders, and their elevation to political activity by means of a rapid and extensive system of internal communication. The lower classes in towns, and, above all, in manufacturing towns, are constantly inclined to be democratical, because the love of power is inherent in the human heart; they are insatiable for abuse of their superiors, because it consoles them for the inequality, and what they naturally consider the injustice of fortune; they are incapable of forming a rational opinion on public affairs, because their necessary labour precludes them from acquiring the requisite information; and while nature has been prodigal to all of passion, she has been sparing to most of reason.

These dispositions being eternal and immutable, must be calculated upon as fixed principles in human affairs. Nature has given to all the passion for power; she has given to few the means of using it: She has given to all the power of reading, to few the power of thinking; to all leisure for the daily press, to few the means of reading works of superior utility. The introduction of the immense multitudes, who can read, and not think—who can relish abuse of their superiors, and not trace its consequences—who can assail others, but not act themselves—into political influence and activity, is the real cause of the democratic character of the daily press. Editors of newspapers find by experience that they lose their circulation, if they cease to "march with the revolution." The great majority of readers being now of the lower orders, the great majority of papers is what is adapted to their taste, suited to their capacity, and agreeable to their wishes.

It is evident that this tendency is on the increase; and it is the combined operation of the Reform Bill with the vast increase of our manufactures, and the increasing democracy of the Journals, which renders the future prospects of the country so melancholy. Education well intended, but it will probably be found unhappily directed, has long been furnishing the lower orders with the means of inhaling the poison. Policy, systematically pursued for centuries, has increased to an unnatural extent, the proportion of our manufacturers. Internal communication immensely improved, has brought all the provinces close to the metropolis, and communicated to Cornwall and Caithness the passions of London. It is in this inflammable and perilous state of society that the Reform Bill comes in, and pours into these rash and inexperienced hands the fatal gift of despotic power! Had imagination figured a course of events calculated to tear society in pieces, it could not have combined elements better calculated to accomplish the work.

Nothing can be more evident than that the course of knowledge cannot be arrested; prosecutions are no answer to arguments; chains will not now fetter the human soul. The march of democracy cannot be prevented; the wrath of Heaven must take its course, and wisdom must be gained in the school of adversity—Our people must learn from their own suffering, since they will not learn it from that of others, that the gift of unbounded political power is fatal to those who receive it; that despotism may flow from the workshop of the artisan, as well as the palace of the sovereign, and that those who, yielding to the wiles of the Tempter, will eat of the forbidden fruit, must be driven from the joys of Paradise, to wander in the suffering of a sinful world.

One only ray of hope breaks in amidst the melancholy anticipations which arise to our country, and the civilized world, from the dreadful sea of democracy, in which, to all appearance, we are about to be overwhelmed.

Genius, long a stranger to the side of Order, will resume its place by her side; she will give to a suffering, what she refused to a ruling cause. The indignation of Virtue, the satire of Talent, will be reserved for the panders to popular gratification;—Not the tyranny of Emperors, or the adulation of Courtiers, but the sycophancy of journals, the baseness of the press, the tyranny of the mob, will employ the pencil of the Tacitus who portrays the decline of the British empire. While the crowd of vulgar writers, servilely fawning on the ruling power, are following in the career of Revolution, the master spirits who are destined to reform and bless mankind, will boldly espouse the opposite side, and, taught by present suffering and degradation, produce the works destined to instruct and direct a future age. It is this reaction of Genius against Violence, which steadies the march of human events, and renders the miseries of one age the source of prosperity and elevation to that which succeeds it; and whatever may be our fears as to the temporary ascendency of violence or anarchy from the measure which we deplore, we have none as to the final tendency of such changes to mankind; we can discern the rainbow of Peace, though not ourselves destined to reach the ark of Salvation; and look forward with confidence to the elevation and improvement of the species, from amidst the storm which is to subvert the British empire.

A CONVERSATION ON THE REFORM BILL.

THE late Elections, and the East Wind, and the Cholera Morbus, and the Reform Bill, are the topics which at present engross every man's attention; but, with sane thinkers of every denomination, the clouds which darken the political horizon seem to be regarded with more apprehension than plague or pestilence; I suppose, upon the approved principle, that it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man.

"What will become of us?" said one, who, up to the present period, belonged to the party miscalled Liberal, but who now began distinctly to perceive the folly of the measures which they have pursued. "Is this crude and profligate scheme to pass into a law, or may we still rely upon the '*vis medicatrix*' of the Constitution?"—"God only knows," said his friend; "if the visitation with which we are threatened be proportioned to our deserts, it cannot be a light finite. We have been long spared. The [illegible] one. [illegible] calamities of other nations seem to have been lost upon us; and it may, perhaps, be the gracious intention of Providence, that what we have failed to learn from example, we should be taught by experience."—"And yet," added Mr Brownlow, the name of the first speaker, "I cannot think the Duke was right in his vehement denial of the necessity of all reform. Surely the state of the representation is such as to admit of *some* improvement."—His friend replied, "The Duke, it is probable, meant no more than that the present House of Commons is better fitted for the judicious discharge of its legislative functions, than any that may be assembled after what is called the Reform, shall have taken place. In this he was undoubtedly right. He may, however, have expressed himself unguardedly."—"That," said Brownlow, "is what I lament and complain of. He has made the question of Reform turn upon the perfection, or the imperfection, of the present system. If the friends of the proposed measure can shew that the present system is defective, they seem to think that they have done all that is necessary to recommend their abominable scheme. This is unfortunate. The public have not been fairly told first to 'look on this pi ture, then on that,' but have bee called upon to decide upon the absolute excellence of the one, from blemishes and imperfections which may be discovered in the other."

"The Duke," said Mr Courtney, the elder speaker, "is certainly chargeable with some such indiscretion as you have described. It is, however, but right to observe, that the advantage which the reformers have had on the present occasion, is not much greater than that which theory must always possess over practice. Of the present system it may be truly said, that we lose sight of what may have been the theory, in considering the practice. Of the proposed measure it may also be affirmed, that its supporters lose sight of what must be the practice, in interpreting the theory. No political system ever yet worked precisely as its originators intended. Who could have acquiesced in an arbitrary command to send representatives for the purpose of assenting to predetermined taxation, the germ of constitutional liberty? As little can the reformers see, in their favourite measure, which proposes so considerably to increase the power of the Commons, the germ of a despotism which must crush their freedom."—"Unquestionably," said Brownlow, "theorists *do* possess a great advantage in argument over practical philosophers, and one that is frequently fatal to the best interests of mankind. Where other men must walk, they can fly. But is it not extraordinary, that in the present case, where so many weighty interests are involved, men can be persuaded to risk so much positive good for merely speculative advantages?"

"It would be extraordinary," rejoined Mr Courtney, "if, in any age or country, we discovered men clear-sighted respecting their own true interests. Unfortunately, they are not so: Every great movement, either for the better or the worse, which history has chronicled, has been more or less accomplished by some popular delusion. Even lengthened prosperity becomes distasteful to a nation, from its very continuance, as the Israelites tired of the manna which was sent from heaven. In proportion as they are free from real ills, they suffer their minds to be engaged in the contemplation of imaginary, and thus become the easy dupes of artful or deluded incendiaries. My decided opinion is, that the world has never yet witnessed a form of government which secures so much freedom and happiness as that under which we at present live, and which is, I fear, about to undergo a fatal alteration." — "But, my dear friend;" said Brownlow, "greatly as I respect your judgment, I must say, that there were some things in our present system which might have been altered for the better; and if the late government had only been a little complying in a few particulars, all might yet be well. Surely the great manufacturing towns ought to be represented; and why defend such absurd anomalies as Gatton and Old Sarum?" Brownlow was perhaps stimulated to this sally by the appearance of one who resolutely defended the whole of the Ministerial measure, and upon whose support he calculated, in the argument which it was his object to provoke.

"I have been saying," said he, "Bird, to our friend Courtney, that if the late ministry had been wise enough to concede a few things, such as representatives to Birmingham and Manchester, and the disfranchisement of some of the very rotten boroughs, the people would have been abundantly satisfied, and the present extraordinary bill would never have been heard of."—"It may be so," said Bird; "the tub might for a season amuse the whale, but in that case we should not have the complete and glorious measure that is at present about to pass into a law. I thank the Duke heartily for what he has done. *He* is, in truth, the reformer. The people have often suffered from the ignorance or the imbecility of ministers. 'Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.' It is right that for once their folly or their wickedness should be advantageous to their country."

"But are you sure," said Courtney, mildly, "that the intended Reform will be productive of advantage?" —"I am, sir," he replied, "as I can be of any thing not demonstratively certain."—"And upon what rests your assurance?" the other asked; "is it deducible from theory, or founded upon experience?"

Bird seemed puzzled. He did not choose to reply. For advantages so confidently predicted upon mere theory, and for the blessings of that "untried form" of political being upon which we are about to enter, he could not as yet pretend experience. His answer was therefore vague.—"Surely no one at the present day can defend the rotten boroughs. Is it right that places without inhabitants should have representatives? Can mockery of the people be carried farther than that? Is it right that large and populous places should be without representatives? That manufacturers should be congregated in such numbers, and capital accumulated in such masses, as to be capable of supplying the wants of the civilized world, and yet be without an organ by whom their interests may be defended in Parliament? It requires no great extent of political philosophy to pronounce all that wrong; and any system which remedies so monstrous an abuse, must, so far at least, be a good one."

"I do not know," said Courtney, with great calmness, "how far a small extent of political philosophy may justify a great deal of political rashness. But I have often conversed with reformers upon the subject of rotten boroughs, and never yet have heard them assailed by any thing more formidable than 'the sound and fury' of very vehement declamation."—"What, sir," said Bird, "is it not right that the people should be represented?"—"It is, sir," he was answered, "*when it is necessary*, but not otherwise. The country has a right to the services of the people in that, and any other way which its interests may require. If these interests require universal suffrage, universal suffrage would be right. If they require a restricted suffrage, that would be the more advisable. But what I mean to express is this, that the right, whatever it is, should be determined by the expediency; and this, again, must be determined by the fitness of our mode of electing legislators for preserving and perpetuating the essentials of the constitution."

"And what can be more essential to the constitution than that the people should be represented?" said Bird.—"This," said Mr Courtney—"that they may be represented in such a manner as will best conduce to the end for which representation was intended. Pray, Mr Bird, do you consider that the elective franchise was conferred upon the people for their own individual benefit, or for the good of the nation at large?"—"For the good of the nation at large, surely," said Bird.—"Then, if by limiting it, that good may be more certainly attained than by leaving it unrestricted, what would you conclude?"

Bird. That it should be limited. Therefore it is that I am against universal suffrage.

Courtney. And would, I presume, be against any species of suffrage that might be shewn to be detrimental to the public good?

Bird. Undoubtedly. I am not one of those who regard the elective franchise as a privilege by which I am dignified, and which I enjoy for my own personal benefit. I look upon it as imposing a public duty, which I am called upon to discharge for the benefit of my country.

Court. Your view, in that particular, coincides precisely with mine. I will take for granted, that you consider that form of government under which we live a mixed one, containing a due admixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy.——

Bird. Just so.

Court. Now, is it not essential to our happy constitution, that the elements which compose it should *all* be preserved, and that no one principle should be suffered to predominate to the destruction of another?

Bird. Undoubtedly. And it was because James the Second sought to encroach upon the rights of the people that he was compelled to abdicate.

Court. But what will you say if the people should encroach upon the privileges of the nobility, and the rights of the crown? Are you prepared, in that case, to deal with even-handed justice?

Bird. I hope I should be, if such a case arose. But the Reform Bill does not contemplate any such usurpation. It merely seeks to reclaim for the people what was always their own. Neither the crown nor the aristocracy should complain of not being permitted to nominate representatives of the people.

Court. No, if such nomination tended to give any undue predominance to these two estates of the realm. But if it was only a kind of make-weight, by which they were enabled to retain their necessary influence, the withdrawal, or even the restriction of such a privilege, may totally disturb the balance of the Constitution. Now that is, I confess, what I fear must be the necessary result of the Reform Bill, if it should pass into a law. I contend not for the privileges of the aristocracy merely as an aristocracy, nor of the crown merely as the crown, but for the rights and dignity of both, as part and parcel of the government under which we live. And if I rise in their defence upon the present occasion, it is from no other motive than that which would impel me to give them my most strenuous opposition if I could consider them as the invaders of public liberty.

Bird. To me the nomination of members, to serve in the House of Commons, by the nobility or the crown, appears a monstrous anomaly.

Court. What do you mean by an anomaly?

Bird. That which is contrary to rule.

Court. The rule you suppose to be, that none but commoners should interfere in elections?

Bird. Undoubtedly.

Court. But has that been the usage?

Bird. No; and it is of that I complain.

Court. Here, then, you have a rule contradicted by what you acknowledge to be usage; for you are far too well informed not to know, and too candid not to acknowledge, that either the crown or the aristocracy, and frequently both, have exercised an influence over the returns that have been made to the Commons House of Parliament. Indeed, you are well aware that that influence *never was less* than it is at present. May I not, therefore, as confidently plead *prescription* for such a practice, as you object to it, because it is *contrary to rule?* If you can point out no period of our history in which it did not exist, although you may rail at it as contrary to law, and stigmatize it as anomalous, I am at least equally justified in defending it, as agreeable to the spirit of the Constitution. Give me leave to ask you, Mr Bird, is the royal prerogative now what it was formerly?

Bird. No. It is considerably abridged.

Court. Is the power of the nobles what it was formerly?

Bird. No. Their power, as *nobles*, is certainly considerably contracted. They formerly exercised something little short of sovereignty within their respective domains.

Court. Then if the crown is not to become a cipher, and the nobles so many counters in the state; if they are, in a word, to continue *substantive estates of the realm*, what they have lost in one way, they must, to a certain extent, gain in another. For the curtailment of prerogative, to the degree in which it has been curtailed, and for the abrogation of privileges, to the degree in which they have been abrogated, there must be *some* compensation. Those who are desirous of changing the whole form of our government, may very consistently desire that the power of the Commons should go on increasing, and that of the other branches of the legislature go on diminishing, until pure republicanism is superinduced upon the platform of our constitutional monarchy. But those who are undesirous of such a change, cannot contemplate what is about to be done without fearful apprehensions.

Bird. I confess I cannot entertain any fearful apprehensions, because a few noblemen will no longer be permitted to return members to Parliament.

Court. And yet you have seen cause to be very angry, because such a privilege has been allowed them. Surely, my dear sir, if its abrogation be unimportant, its continuance cannot have been dangerous. But the question is not, whether a few noblemen are or are not to have the privilege of sending members to Parliament, but whether the House of Lords is to retain or to lose its relative importance, as compared with the House of Commons—whether one estate is or is not to obtain an undue preponderance over the other two estates of the realm, and thus overthrow the balance of the Constitution? I cannot but think that you view this important question too much as an advocate, and too little as a statesman.

Bird. What do you mean?

Court. This—that you argued as if you were retained by the people for the purpose of making out a case for them, as against the nobility and the crown, and not like one who contemplated the point at issue in all its bearings, and felt a desire that a decision, which is to affect the whole form of our government, should be formed with a due regard to *all* the elements of which it is composed. You forget that the Constitution is monarchical, in contending for the pure democracy of the House of Commons. Give me leave to ask you which of the three estates do you consider at present the most influential?

Bird. Assuredly the Commons. It is more powerful than the other two together.

Court. I think it is. If the House of Commons resolutely ~~determine~~ to carry any measure, they must, in the long run, be successful against any opposition which they could encounter from the Lords and the Crown. This being so, does that estate require *more* power which is already *so* powerful? Do the other estates possess any *exorbitant* power, when united they are, confessedly, *unequal* to a contest with the popular branch of the Constitution? Depend upon it, it is because the Commons have already acquired *so much*, that they require *more*. It is because the crown and the nobility have *lost* so much, and are, in consequence, so defenceless, that their privileges are to be still farther invaded. I confess I should rather see the office perish, after all that gave it importance and dignity was taken away, than continue to exist in a state of pitiable imbecility, which can only excite the sorrow of its friends, and the derision of its enemies.

Bird. But are the people to be mocked by unreal representatives?

Court. Is the country to be mocked by an unreal constitution? It has been well said, in one of the late discussions, that if the present Bill should pass, our Constitution will no longer be described as composed of King, Lords, and Commons, but of Commons, Lords, and King. That which has always been first will be last, and the last first. The *popular will* will encroach upon the functions of the *national judgment;* and upon the most important questions that concern the honour or the interests of the country, neither the wisdom of the hereditary counsellors of the state, nor the firmness of the sovereign, can long prevail against the "sic volo, sic jubeo," of a radical Parliament.

Bird. I cannot but think that you are croaking. I remember predictions of the very same kind, when the Test and Corporation Act was repealed, and, still more recently, at the passing of the Catholic Bill. You surely cannot forget them?

Court. No: nor should you fail to perceive that they are all in progress towards fulfilment. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Act facilitated the passing of the Catholic Bill, as that now facilitates the proposed Reform in Parliament. Had the Duke wisely made a stand upon the first question, and taken the proper means of enlightening the public mind, he would not live to witness the overthrow of the Constitution. But he thrust emancipation down the throats of the people of England, and they will now, in their turn, thrust Reform down his throat.

Brownlow (*who here interposed*). Well, I must say that the mischief, if any, which has arisen from passing the Catholic Bill, has been produced chiefly by its opponents. Had they not been driven into opposition to the Duke by a resentment that prevailed against their better judgment, he could not have been compelled to resign, and the present disastrous measure would never have been contemplated.

Court. But the Duke should have calculated upon that resentment. I do not justify it; on the contrary, I deplore it; but, I say, it was inevitable. No Parliamentary leader can safely disregard the honest prejudices of his adherents. The Duke deliberately sacrificed the Tory party to the carrying of the Catholic Bill. Would that he could, even now, see his error! But I much fear that the same obstinacy which made him persist in it at first, will prevent his acknowledgment of it, even when the consequences are so obviously deplorable.

Brown. I am glad, however, to perceive that the Tory party, or what is left of it, are acting together with spirit and unanimity. They have at length been brought to a sense of their common interest, and no longer choose to resemble the man who, to destroy the rats, burnt his stack of corn.

Court. I will not be a prophet of evil, and therefore shall only express my fervent wishes that the mischief which they have done may not be irremediable. It can only be counteracted by a cautious and temperate co-operation, in opposition to the present ministers, very different indeed from the indiscretion and mispolicy which provoked that quarrel amongst themselves that threatens to be so fatal to the country.

Bird. A quarrel which I cannot lament, as it has led to results most desirable. I cannot, for the life of me, see how the rotten boroughs are essential to the constitution.

Court. Do you consider the House of Lords essential to the constitution?

Bird. Why yes;—But not a House of Lords possessing so extensive an influence in the House of Commons.

Court. And yet you have admitted what amounts to an acknowledgment, that without *some such influence* it could not maintain its position as a substantive estate of the realm; for it does not possess one particle of influence beyond what is strictly *defensive.* The times have gone by when the influence, either of the Lords or of the Crown, could endanger public liberty. The reaction is now the other way. And yet you are for fortifying and reinforcing a Democracy, which has already become paramount, against privileges which have long been innocuous, and are now contemptible. Depend upon it, sir, the more intelligent of those who advocate the present measure, do so, not in the vain expectation of improving the present form of government, but with the certainty of establishing pure republicanism upon the ruins of our hallowed constitution.

Bird. Such are not my views. I

look upon the extinction of the rotten boroughs as a real and solid improvement. The time was when these boroughs were not rotten—when they returned "*bona fide*" representatives of the people. Where can be the harm that such should be the case again?

Court. The time *never* was when the *nobility, as a body,* possessed less influence than they do at present. The harm of abridging that influence, which is at present scarcely sufficient for the maintenance of their rights and dignities, I have already declared. Supposing them without any such influence, which is the state of things you contemplate, and supposing that, in such a case, they had the temerity to differ from the House of Commons, what would be the consequence?

Bird. That they should yield. That must be the case in the event of any collision *even at present.*

Court. So that it is, at all events, quite clear, that, whatever the Lords may suffer from the usurpation of the Commons, the Commons can suffer nothing from the usurpation of the Lords. That is, in the nature of things, an evil not to be apprehended; and yet it is the apprehension of it which could alone justify the Reform Bill.

Bird. The spirit of the age will justify the Reform Bill. Men are not now to be hard-worked or trammelled as they were formerly.

Court. And yet it is quite possible that ignorance and prejudice may be found to be as vexatious taskmasters as ever were superstition and tyranny. The mob have never been merciful or enlightened rulers. And our present Reformers are for resolving every thing into the volition of the mob. They have evoked a demon whom they cannot command;—and the time may not be far distant when they shall deplore, with unavailing regret, that they were ever impelled, by the spirit of faction, or the lust of power, to bring a withering curse upon themselves and their country.

Bird. But would you admit of no change in the present system? Is it, in your opinion, so absolutely perfect as not to be susceptible of improvement?

Court. Your last question answers itself. Nothing human can be perfect. To your first question I reply, that I would admit of *no* change that was merely speculative, and that I would admit of *any* change that might be approved by reason, and justified by experience.

Brown. I am desirous of hearing you explain yourself more fully upon that point. In the first place, what do you mean by merely speculative changes?

Court. Changes which have for their object a greater degree of merely theoretical perfection, and which are not required by any pressing necessity in the actual state of affairs. For instance, my friend Bird complains that Gatton and Old Sarum send representatives to Parliament. He would have them forthwith disfranchised. I ask what evil have they done—and I am not satisfied that such a sentence should be carried into effect against them, until I am clearly convinced that the privilege which they have so long exercised is injurious to the country. Whenever it can be proved that is the case, I surrender them to the tender mercies of the Reformers.

Brown. I think, Bird, that is a fair proposal. Are you ready to close with it?

Bird. Nay, nay. If you defend Gatton and Old Sarum, I have no more to say. After that you would defend any thing.

Court. It is not necessary to defend them until they are assailed by some specific allegation. I can only say, that if any such allegation is to be made, I am ready to listen to it; and if proved, to act upon it. What more would you have? The only difference between us upon this point is, that you would first condemn, and then enquire. I would first enquire, and then, if necessary, condemn. I hope I should not acquit against proof, but I would not condemn without proof, or punish without conviction. I ask you, therefore, again, can you trace any specific evil under which the country labours to the representatives of Gatton and Old Sarum?

Bird. I cannot.

Court. Have you any reason to believe that they have not generally discharged their duty in Parliament as honestly and as ably as any other members?

Bird. I have not.

Court. Then why disfranchise them?

Bird. Because I would not have the mere nominees of an aristocrat usurp the places of representatives of the people.

Court. In other words, because you wish to *curtail* the influence of the House of Lords, and *augment* the influence of the House of Commons. Now, I ask you, upon the whole is that necessary?

Bird. For that view of the subject, I must acknowledge that the House of Commons is at present in no great danger from the House of Lords. It can, at least, maintain its own. But Gatton and Old Sarum are notoriously bought and sold. Surely you will not defend that?

Court. If that be notorious, it can be proved; and if it be proved, you have your remedy. But I much doubt that it is as you say. However, I leave that consideration as I found it. Are you willing to make their disfranchisement depend upon the notoriety of their corruption?

Bird. Why, no. A thing may be tolerably certain without being susceptible of such proof as would justify a conviction in a court of justice. And the representatives of the people ought to be like Cæsar's wife, not only free from corruption, but from the very suspicion of corruption. Now, it is certainly known that, with respect to these boroughs, *that* is not the case. They are a great offence to the people.

Court. When do you call a member of Parliament corrupt?

Bird. When he is influenced by a personal consideration to vote against what he knows to be the interest of his country.

Court. No matter what that personal consideration is?

Bird. No matter what that consideration is.

Court. Whether the emoluments of office or mob popularity—popular applause or public plunder?

Bird. Assuredly.

Court. Then I am bold to affirm that few of our flaming patriots can escape the charge of political corruption;—for few of them, indeed I know not any, who are not as basely solicitous for the favour of the mob, as any of their opponents can be for the favour of the Minister; so that you see it does not follow that by throwing open the rotten boroughs, you can do away with all corruption.

Bird. Why, there is this difference, the people generally choose those who agree with them in all cardinal points: so that there is no force put upon their inclinations. They are, to all intents and purposes, free agents.

Court. And may not the same be said of the nominees of the borough proprietors? Surely no patron will choose a representative who does not agree with him in all principal points; so that there is no force put upon his inclinations. If the truth were known, I believe it would be found, that the instances of departure from principle, for the purpose of securing mob popularity, are much more numerous than those which take place from any other cause. "We are called *Independents*," said a poor dissenting minister once to me, "but we are the most *dependent* creatures in the whole world."

Brown. Undoubtedly, Bird, that is true. Neither [illegible] Hunt nor O'Connell, nor Hobhouse, nor Hume, dare disobey the behests of their constituents;—and they can no more be called independent, than the man who *chooses* to remain in prison can be called free.

Bird. But it is one thing to be under the influence of the people, who always, at least, intend to judge aright; another to be under the influence of a boroughmonger, who seldom looks beyond his own personal interest.

Court. Good intentions do not confer the ability of judging wisely respecting important questions of state policy; and the decisions of a tumultuous assembly are never maturely digested. They are much more frequently the ebullitions of passion than the deductions of reason. Besides, no individual composing one of a tumultuous assembly feels accountable for the instructions which are given to the representatives, and, therefore, they are never given with that anxious foresight and circumspection which belong to more responsible advisers. They are, in fact, in general, characterised by haste, indiscretion, ignorance, prejudice, and precipitancy.

Of the borough proprietors, it must be admitted, that they have a stake in the country; and they will be amongst the first to feel the consequences of any serious errors which are committed by our rulers. Their interests are identified with the security of established order. Granting, therefore, that their *intentions* are to serve themselves, these can only be carried into effect by consulting the wellbeing of the country. At least they must be very shortsighted not to see that their own interests are insecure, in whatever degree the honour, the dignity, and the stability of the government are endangered.

Brown. And, in point of fact, the steadiness and consistency which have characterised our government, could only have been produced by the manner in which the legislative body have been brought under the influence of a responsible executive, by means of the close boroughs. It was thus only that the credit of the country could be maintained, its colonial possessions secured, and its good faith preserved inviolate. A government depending upon mob popularity, may be said to be living from hand to mouth. The most they can do is to make provision for the day passing over them.

Court. In truth, sir, the change which we are about to undergo, will be felt by the statesman to be like passing from a trade-wind into the region of storms. There are few of our reformers who possess the power of saying to the troubled elements which they have excited, "Peace, be still."

Brown. I believe there are still fewer who possess the inclination.

Court. But let me not be understood as saying, that demagogues are without their use. They excite the public spirit; they keep alive a constitutional jealousy of oppression. When *thus* occupied, they are in their proper place, and not when they are at the head of the national councils. They resemble salt, which, though not fit to be used for food by itself, is the means of preserving food much longer than it could be kept without it. In fact, one of my objections to this Bill is, that it will take the demagogues out of that position, where they may be innocently, if not advantageously employed, and put them into one where they must be mischievous. This is a great evil. We stand, at present, upon the verge of the precipice, and the blind are about to lead the blind.

Brown. If they were only blind, the evil would not be so great; conscious blindness begets a sense of helplessness. The misfortune at present is, that our political buzzards fancy they can see better than other people. By and bye they will find their mistake.

Court. Not, I fear, until it may be too late for the country to retrace its steps. A little folly may do more harm than much wisdom can repair. It is easy to pull down: That only requires physical strength. It is difficult to build up: That requires much physical strength and moral wisdom.

Brown. The late Opposition will make but a bad Ministry, and the late Ministry but a bad Opposition.

Court. I am not so sure of the latter proposition. It is true that the present Opposition cannot brandish the tomahawk or the scalping knife with either the recklessness or the skill of their late opponents; but they have been, at length, thoroughly excited and united, by the dangers with which they are threatened; and will, it is to be hoped, oppose themselves to the tide of innovation, as one man. All is lost if they now should cherish any petty jealousies or resentments.

Brown. But there is no hope of stopping the Bill in the Commons?

Court. No. And I am, therefore, of opinion, that the conservative party should not even attempt to qualify it. They should suffer it to pass in its naked deformity, and to go to the dernier resort with all its imperfections on its head.

Brown. Aye:—the longer and the more conspicuously the cloven foot is exposed, the better. There are many who may yet be brought to see the difference between what is divine and what is diabolical. The tempter has succeeded with the Commons, by saying, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" To the Lords he uses a different language, and threatens, if they are not obedient to his bidding, "to take from them even that which they have."

Court. In the Lords must be fought the great battle of the constitution;—a battle which will determine the fate of England for at least a century to come. The Barons at Runnymede did not act a more important part than that which must be acted by the Peers spiritual and temporal of the present Parliament. It is fearful to contemplate the possible result.

Bird. It is indeed, if the Lords should be insane enough to reject a measure upon which the people may now be said to have decided. They may, perhaps, delay, they cannot stop it; and, in the end, it will be worse for themselves.

Court. Is this the language of a man who contends that the popular branch of the constitution requires additional power?

Bird. I hope they will always have power enough to assert their rights.

Court. I only hope that they may have a sufficient sense of right to confine themselves within the bounds of their legitimate authority. If the Lords threatened *them* for not passing a Bill which originated in the Upper House, what a cry would be raised of unconstitutional interference? How would the country resound with denunciations against the invaders of liberty? But when *they* are threatened for not passing a Bill which has originated in the Lower House, and which meditates an almost total extinction of their authority, against such overweening arrogance, such contumelious injustice, no voice is raised, and they are thought the most unreasonable men alive because they do not submit, without a struggle, to what amounts to political annihilation. One is reminded of the story which Johnson tells of the man who was skinning the eels, and who damned them "*for not lying still!*"

Brown. Unquestionably, it is a great aggravation of all this, that it is done upon the supposition, that the Lords are too powerful for the Commons!

Court. Yes. Upon a supposition falsified by the spirit of the whole proceeding! The Lords are told they have *too great* an influence in the Commons, in the very breath which tells them, that it is only by a *tame acquiescence* in the decision of the Commons, that they have any chance of preserving their independence! They are bullied as being too weak, while they are calumniated as being too powerful! There is something ludicrous in the present position of affairs, which would provoke merriment, if the consequences were not so fatal. What it will end in, God only knows.

Bird. It will end in the defeat of an odious oligarchy.

Court. What you call an oligarchy is identified with a race of glory and prosperity, which, either for splendour or continuance, is unexampled in the history of the world. No nation has ever yet enjoyed so much liberty, and been free at the same time from foreign and domestic evils. If the government may be judged of by its results, if the tree may be known by its fruits, where will you find fairer fruits of trade and commerce, of virtue and happiness, of science and civilisation, than in the hitherto happy England?

Bird. What do you call the national debt?

Court. The cheap purchase with our money of a national security, which other nations were unable to purchase with their blood. You know well that there never was a war more universally popular than that in which it was contracted. It was literally forced upon a minister, who had all but predetermined to remain at peace, and whose earliest and most cherished anticipations of fame, were founded upon the hope of being able to place the finances of the country upon a solid basis, during a season of tranquillity and retrenchment. But he was forced to give way to the universal feeling, that neither our honour nor our interest could permit us to endure the aggression of Jacobin France any longer. When he was once fairly engaged in the contest, he carried it on with a noble ardour. And let it not be forgotten, that the war may be said to have, in a great measure, created its own resources. Our prosperity, during every year of its continuance, more than kept pace with its expenses. The manufacturing interest was prodigiously benefited by it; and more waste lands were reclaimed in Ireland, by reason of the demand for corn to which it gave rise, than had been brought into cultivation for the preceding century. When, therefore, the national debt is mentioned, it is enough to say, that it was incurred in the prosecution of a just and necessary war; and that resources were developed during the progress of it, which rendered it, even in a pecuniary point of view, rather a gain than a loss to the country. If the influence which the minister possessed in the House of Commons was required for carrying it on, that, in itself, is sufficient to prove that such influence is sometimes necessary.

Brown. When I hear the national debt referred to as one of the evils arising out of the borough system, I am tempted to think that, in case the proposed reform should take place, the national creditor will not be very safe. Indeed, he is already denounced by those who are either indiscreet or honest enough to confess the lengths to which they are ready to go, when once the mob have become our masters.

Court. Yes. This great measure will, in that particular, operate the very reverse of a statute of bankruptcy, and make debtors arbitrators of the fair demands of their creditors. The question will no longer be how much they honestly owe, but how much they are willing to pay. The difference between "*meum* and *tuum*," will soon be lost sight of, and Cobbett will have an opportunity of rejoicing at the all but universal reception of what has long been with him a favourite principle, that the payment of our debts ought to be regulated by our convenience. But the Church will probably be the first to suffer. By attacking the Funds, our reformers would only be gratifying their cupidity:—by attacking the Church, they would at the same time gratify their cupidity and their resentment.

Brown. And when these two great interests are thus destroyed, what becomes of the security of private property?

Bird. I think, gentlemen, you are reckoning without your host. If we may judge from the state of the funds, the stock-holders do not conceive themselves in very great danger.

Court. Neither did they when the South Sea bubble was afloat! All I shall say is, that my fears are not dissipated by their credulity. The phenomenon to which you allude, is, however, remarkable. You take it as demonstrating the force of truth; I look upon it as exemplifying the prevalence of delusion.

Bird. But can it be seriously supposed, that the noblemen and gentlemen who have espoused the cause of reform, would do so if they considered apprehensions like yours well founded? Surely, if the constitution is, as you suppose, to be subverted by the present measure, Lord Grey, and his colleagues and supporters, could not sanction it. You will allow, at least, that they have a stake in the country, which they ought not to place upon the hazard of such a die.

Court. Do you think Lord Grey and his colleagues could have remained in office if they had not brought forward the present measure?

Bird. Candidly, I do not think they could. Some such measure was absolutely necessary to rally round them the support of the country. The people would not be satisfied with any thing short of a substantial measure of reform.

Court. Then that is quite sufficient to prove that they are not men who, in this instance at least, sacrifice power for the sake of principle;—and however we may respect their arguments, we are not called upon to shew any great deference to their authority. You say they have adopted the only means by which they could secure the support of the people. I say they have adopted the only means by which the

"Ambubiārum collegia, pharmacopolæ,"

the ruffianism of England, of every grade and order, could be conciliated, and brought to bear, in its concentrated energy, against the party to whom they have always been opposed. We are not, therefore, to consider their acts as evidence only of their unbiassed and deliberate judgment. We know not how far the desire of power, of which they had begun to taste the sweets, and the indisposition to surrender that power into the hands of hated enemies, may have blinded them to a perception of impending dangers. But the fullest description of such dangers might be altogether insufficient to extort from them a renunciation of their official emoluments and considerations. They seem to have played their political part with the recklessness and desperation of gamesters, who are, generally speaking, as well convinced of the ruinous nature of the propensity which they indulge, as any moralist by whom their conduct is criticised; the only difference is, that they are more under the influence of a passion which stifles conscience, and tyrannizes over reason.

Brown. Besides, if men of high rank and consideration were never drawn into revolutionary projects, revolutions never could occur. Before, therefore, the reformers persuade us that a revolution is not at present likely to occur, because the patrons of the present Bill are men of station and property, they should attempt to prove to us that no revolution has occurred in the history of the world. The truth is, that many wise men desire *some* reform; many weak men desire a very considerable reform; and the Ministers have, by the present measures, contrived to unite these with the still more numerous party of wicked men who will be satisfied with no reform, but that which must, eventually, subvert the constitution.

Court. I confess, I am more disposed to impute the errors into which men fall upon that subject, to ignorance, than to wickedness. Wickedness implies more capacity than I think they possess. It is not so much that they desire to destroy, as that they do not understand the constitution. Socrates used to say of the Athenian government, that he never pitied them for the turbulence which they experienced, as they never took any sufficient pains to instruct the people.

Brown. At least, that cannot be said of our government;—as more public money has already been spent in the cause of education, than would purchase the fee-simple of all Greece!

Court. Alas! But to how little purpose! all that has as yet been done has only served to superadd to ignorance, conceit and presumption!

Bird. Nay, nay, Mr Courtney, I think you are now downright illiberal. I did not believe that there was any one who denied the great progress which the minds of the people have made in our day in almost every species of knowledge. Surely you must allow, that the amount of education is much more considerable than it was a century ago?

Court. There is more information, there may be more knowledge, but there is certainly less wisdom—that is, the wisdom of the present day bears *a smaller proportion* to the existing stock of information and knowledge, than it did at almost any former period.

Brown. I should be glad to hear you explain yourself on that subject more at large.

Court. It lies in a nutshell. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Our people know just enough to excite their vanity, without knowing sufficient to enlighten their judgments. They have lost the modesty of ignorance, and have acquired nothing better in its stead. It was far safer that they should feel a sense of helplessness, which made them depend upon others, than be, as they are, puffed up by a groundless confidence in themselves. And what is the consequence? The present state of things. The cobblers and tailors of our day have learned to sneer at the wisdom of our ancestors.

Brown. But, surely, every thing must have a beginning. The rude mass must first be taught to read. We are not to expect that they shall pass, all at once, from the rudiments of learning to sound knowledge. That would be as vain as to expect that there should be a coincidence between the periods of seed-time and harvest. Let us "cast our bread upon the waters," by giving all the encouragement in our power to elementary education, and we may be sure that we "shall find it after many days."

Court. There never was a period when elementary instruction of every kind was more within the reach of all classes of the people; at least of all those classes who are capable of receiving any instruction at all. That is, certainly, not the want under which the people labour. They may be doomed "to perish for lack of knowledge," but not for lack of elementary instruction. I should as soon think of constructing a tank in a country irrigated by natural streams, as of endowing institutions for the purpose of *giving* the people what they have such ample opportunities of *procuring* for themselves. No. My complaint against our course of proceeding in these matters is this. In the *first* stages of their progress, we encumber the people with assistance which they do not want. In the *after stages*, we leave them without that assistance when it is absolutely necessary. They require no great encouragement to be induced to learn to read; but, in the precise scope and tendency of their studies, they do stand in need of counsel and direction. We are ready enough to furnish all that can stimulate, we are slow to afford that which would steady them. And, as we have sown, so we must reap. We have "sown the wind," and, I fear, we are destined to "reap the whirlwind!"

Brown. But no system of instruction which could be devised would make the people all philosophers. I think we do all that we can do. We facilitate the acquisition of those acquirements which are indispensable to the attainment of knowledge. The use they make of them must depend upon themselves.

Court. In what consists the necessity of facilitating what is at present so very obvious and so very easy? We are industriously occupied in removing the mole-hills which lie in the way of the acquisition, while we do not even so much as attempt to remove the mountains which so greatly obstruct the proper use of knowledge. We do the thing we should not do, and we leave undone the thing, and the only thing, to which we should have applied ourselves with any extraordinary solicitude. If we were half as anxious about learning made useful, as we profess to be about learning made easy, all might be well.

Brown. Pray, what is your notion of the precise mode in which government should proceed upon that important subject?

Court. I do not think it wise in government to interfere much *in the details* of national education. These may be left, and should be left to the people themselves. They cannot, however, be too careful in training the race of men *by whom the people are to be educated.* For these they should have model schools. The course of instruction should be such as to disabuse them of many of the popular errors and prejudices which too frequently belong to that class of persons, and which they are so mischievously efficacious in disseminating amongst the people. Every encouragement should be given to them to carry this education *beyond those limits* within which it is at least as liable to be perverted to evil, as to be employed for good purposes; and thus to establish them upon the "*terra firma*" of sound principle. The misfortune is, that *up to that point* to which the acquisition of knowledge is agreeable, *it may be mischievous;* and some way must be made upon that part of the road, which is both steep and rough, before it can become decidedly useful. It should, therefore, be the object of every wise government to encourage, in that class of humble aspirants after literary distinctions, (to whose lot it will fall, whether well or ill educated, to form the opinions of the little circles of which they are the centres,) such a degree of knowledge as may prove an antiseptic to the dangerous opinions, both moral and political, which are, at present, so prevalent, and which cannot spread much farther, or continue much longer, without subverting the foundations of social order.

Brown. The idea is a good one; I wonder it has not been adopted.

Court. Nothing is more certain than that all minds above the common order are naturally insubordinate;—and it is not until they are instructed and disciplined by much thought and some experience, that they learn to value and respect those artificial distinctions which are necessary for the wellbeing of civil society. Now, those who feel within them claims to personal consideration, are much more disposed to desire the acknowledgment of them, than to follow up that course of study, by the prosecution of which they must be disabused of their vain ideas of self-importance. The former course is easy, agreeable, and, as it would appear, personally advantageous;—the latter, irksome, arduous, and ill requited. Hundreds may be taught *to read*, of whom few can be trained *to think;*—and the million will always derive their opinions from the master minds that have attained an ascendency over them. Is it not, therefore, most important, that the judgments of those who must thus, in the nature of things, influence the national sentiment, should be properly qualified for that species of intellectual sovereignty, which they are called to exercise over their fellow men? When we look for the causes of the great unsettlement of the foundation of government, which, more than any other symptom, is characteristic of the present times, we are told "*the schoolmaster is abroad.*" And it must be acknowledged, that the answer completely solves the problem. Men who possess most degree of strength of mind, and decision of character, which enable them, if I may so speak, to *fugle* for the society in which they live, are without the knowledge or the desire which would either prompt or enable them to impart to it sound views or wholesome counsel. The blind thus lead the blind;—and the consequences are, that deplorable state of things which might have been foreseen, and which a different system would, I believe, have prevented.

Brown. I am unwilling to appear a caviller. But surely you do not trace the evils by which we are at present beset, to the attempts which have been made to open the minds of the people?

Court. Observe, I do not object to any system of national education which would really have the effect of enlightening and improving the public mind. On the contrary, I propose such a system; and object to the present only because its tendency but thwarts the intentions of those by whom it has been promoted. The people have been excited by it to intellectual activity, and left without safe instructors. The old bottles have been filled with new wine. If the choice, therefore, lay between the present system, and no system at all, I confess I should incline rather to leave the people as they were, than incur the risk or be responsible for the mischief of over-excitement and misdirection. For, in that case, the choice would not be between ignorance and knowledge, between darkness and light, between total blindness and the perfect use of the eyes; but, to continue the last metaphor, between blindness and that state of bewildering vision which might arise from having the eye imperfectly couched for a cataract. There could be no comparison between the sense of helplessness which attended the former state, and in which the mind might readily learn to acquiesce, and that restlessness and impatience which must be engendered by the manner in which light had been let in upon the organ which was so unfitted to receive it—by which the individual was at the same time rendered unable to direct himself, and unwilling to be directed by others. We are not, however, reduced to that alternative. The question is not whether knowledge, and the means of acquiring knowledge, should be imparted or withheld; but only how it may be most efficiently communicated. My plan is simple. I would no more interfere with the ordinary routine of education, than I would interfere with the ordinary diet of the people. I would, however, establish seminaries for the improvement of those who are to be the instructors of youth, and take care to give them such advantages as must ensure them a preference as teachers. The people have, generally speaking, sagacity enough to discover the difference between well-qualified and ill-qualified schoolmasters; and if we furnish them with the former, we may be tolerably sure of not casting our pearls before swine.

Brown. You are certainly right in your last observation. I have never known an instance where a good and an indifferent schoolmaster were equally accessible, and where the former was not preferred; provided there was no meddling or interfering with the people, to procure him a preference. In that case, indeed, the tide may set in against him.

Court. And of such meddling and interference there has been vastly too much. Wherever it takes place, the people always begin to suspect some sinister object. It is far better to leave them to themselves. I have known some excellent schoolmasters who were hunted out of their respective communities by the injudicious patronage of those who meant them well. Too many are disposed at the present day to thrust education down the throats of the people whether they will or no. They thus only excite a repugnance to it, which would not otherwise exist, and produce a reaction which more than defeats their object.

Bird. Most of what you have latterly said, has my most hearty concurrence. I could mention many instances in proof of the assertion, that the people, when not interfered with, in general prefer the best schoolmaster, even though he should be a person of a different religious persuasion from themselves. I have known many Roman Catholic priests educated by Protestant clergymen; but, I am firmly persuaded, if any attempt had been made to induce their parents to send them to what would be called heretical schools, they would as soon have consented to send them to the devil.

Brown. Yes. In the one case bigotry is suffered to slumber, and good sense to operate. In the other case, the reverse of this takes place. Our proselyting people too often mistake officiousness for activity, and indiscretion for zeal.

Court. Indeed, if those who have exhibited such a laudable desire for the spread of education, were aware of the great importance of not forcing it upon the people, and of suffering the appetite for it to be excited, before the intellectual banquet by which it is to be gratified is exposed to their view, they would proceed in a different manner for the accomplishment of their interesting object. At present, nothing can exceed their earnestness with the people to send their children to their schools. If the thing were properly managed, the parents should make interest to have their children admitted to them. They should be made to feel the advantages of education; and if that were done, it would be as little necessary to solicit them to permit their children to be educated, as to permit them to be fed. As the thing stands at present, it wears a suspicious appearance, and the schools are considered little better than so many traps for converts. But you, Mr Bird, cannot, or, at least, ought not to be very angry with a system that may be said to have contributed its full proportion towards giving you your majority upon the Reform Bill.

Bird. How is that?

Court. To what do you attribute the success of your favourite measure?

Bird. To its popularity—other circumstances, also, favouring—it having suited the views of Ministers to recommend it: nor should I omit to mention how much we are indebted to our patriot King.

Court. Just so. Its popularity is the "sine qua non" of its success. If the measure were not popular, the views of Ministers would not be answered by bringing it forward; and, undoubtedly, it would not have been suggested by the Sovereign. Now, what is the secret of its popularity? The presumptuous self-confidence that has been generated by what is miscalled national education—that degree of education which enables a rustic and a mechanical population to familiarize themselves with the sedition and the blasphemies of Cobbett and Tom Paine. This it is that has been the medium of that delusion that is at present so extensively prevalent. It is easy to excite a prejudice against our venerable institutions. Their defects are obvious: any charlatan may declaim upon them with a certainty of reaping a harvest of applause. Not so the uses to which they are subservient;—these are not very readily made intelligible to vulgar and half-instructed minds. Therefore it is that those, who would build up or preserve, contend with such fearful disadvantages against those who would pull down or destroy. And therefore it is that the people have returned a majority of political mountebanks to Parliament.

Brown. It must be allowed that the people are leavened with a strong prejudice against aristocracy.

Court. I do not say that it is not an honest prejudice, but I am sure it is not on that account the less an unfortunate one, or likely to be unattended by most deplorable results. The people will themselves find out their error when it is impossible to retrace their steps.

Bird. Well, gentlemen, you may talk as you please; but I cannot consent to think the people either purblind or ignorant, because they think that such places as Birmingham and Manchester should be represented in Parliament.

Court. Let us understand each other upon that part of the subject. If you can prove that the interests of these important towns require representation, I am content that they should have them; and still more so, if it should appear that they are necessary for the wellbeing of the country at large. But if you require them, without any reference either to local or to general interests, I must demur. You must pardon me if I cannot, in such case, see the reasonableness of imposing upon either Birmingham or Manchester the onus of sending representatives to Parliament.

Bird. The onus! But it is a glorious privilege! You say that a reason is necessary to justify the conferring of such a privilege; I say that a reason is necessary to justify the withholding of it.

Court. That it is a privilege, in a certain sense, I will not deny;—just as a man of honour will feel it a privilege to have any opportunity afforded him of serving his country. You do not mean that it is a privilege which men may employ for their own personal advantage?

Bird. Undoubtedly not.

Court. Then the privilege of serving our country in the senate, only differs from that of serving our country in the field, by being a privilege of a different kind. And yet, if Birmingham and Manchester were exempted from a general ballot, when the militia were called out, they would scarcely consider it a very great grievance. Why, then, do the populace of these manufacturing towns (for I deny that the feeling extends beyond the populace) grumble so loudly that they are not called upon to exercise the elective franchise? If they can shew any such necessity for it, as I have before intimated, I am willing that they should be gratified. But if they cannot, I do not see any *public* object which could be gained by conferring it; and even if I did not see (which I do see) grounds to suspect that it might, in such case, be abused, I could not consent to waste the time and disturb the peaceful avocations of the inhabitants, without a prospect of some adequate advantage.

Bird. Oh! the agitation of a contested election serves to keep the spirit of the country alive. It is upon that that we must depend for the preservation of the constitution.

Court. Granted. But is that spirit at present likely to die? Does the constitution stand in need of any increase of those agitating influences, which, no doubt, in their degree, are necessary to preserve it? Agitation is not a good " per se." It is only, at best, a kind of necessary evil. Our object should be, not to have as much of it as we can, but as little as we may. Agitation is but a means of manifesting democratic energy. And unless we are of opinion that the democratic branch of the constitution requires additional strength, any increase of agitation may be safely dispensed with. Thunder and lightning are useful, inasmuch as they serve to purify the atmosphere; but it is not, surely, desirable that they should prevail longer than may be necessary for that purpose. Remember, however, that I am not for exempting Birmingham and Manchester from the tax of sending members to Parliament, if it can be shewn that the interests of the country require it. All I say is, that such a case has not yet been made out. The difference between you and me, upon that part of the subject, amounts to no more than this;—you would have these populous places represented, whether there be a necessity for it or no; I would wait for the proof of the necessity.

Bird. I think it must be self-evident that the interests of these large manufacturing towns require the protection and the patronage of representatives.

Court. That is certainly not self-evident. I believe, on the contrary, it has never happened that they have been at a loss for an organ by which their wants and their wishes might be made known to Parliament. I believe, moreover, that if they get representatives, their interests are much more likely to be neglected than they are at present. It is only a few years since one of these large towns petitioned against being represented; so convinced were the sober-minded and intelligent individuals who then had some influence over the people, that the boon of sending members to Parliament would but poorly compensate for the faction, the turmoil, and the expense of a contested election. It also perhaps occurred to them, that the individuals likely to be chosen by the populace, would not be those to whom their interests might be most safely intrusted.

Brown. Well, I cannot but think with Bird, that Birmingham and Manchester ought to be represented—not, I confess, because their interests require it, for I believe them to be taken very good care of; nor yet from any conviction that the people of those towns will exhibit very great wisdom in their choice of members, but simply, because they desire it; and to that extent, I think, they might be safely gratified. Indeed, had something of that kind been done early, the present calamitous measure might have been averted.

Court. I cannot but differ from you most decidedly. The present awful position of affairs has arisen much more from the manner in which the people have been gratified by untimely concessions, than from the manner in which their inclinations have been resisted. Had every thing been done long ago which those who are called moderate reformers, required, it would only have approached us nearer to the brink of the precipice, and cleared the way for the sweeping measure which is now about to obliterate the landmarks of the constitution. No. If there be one duty more incumbent than another upon Parliament, in watching over the public weal, it is to distinguish between the sense and the nonsense of the people. For that purpose they are called together, and when they suffer a popular delusion to prevail against their better judgment, they must be considered worse than useless. They cannot, in truth, protect the interests, without frequently arraying themselves against the prejudices of the people. Their functions are deliberative. They are bound to receive the petitions, to listen to the wishes, but to exercise a calm and unbiassed judgment upon the demands of their constituents. Indeed, any other conduct would be as treacherous to their constituents as it would be unworthy of themselves. "Interdum vulgus rectum videt," and in those cases it is pleasant to agree with them. But it frequently happens that measures which are popular are not wise; and it would be a most deplorable state of things if the folly of the multitude were, in such cases, to control the judgment of Parliament.

Brown. And yet, the great argument for the present measure is, that the people will have it.

Court. Yes, its Parliamentary advocates, by their harangues in the House, and upon the hustings, first stimulate the people to clamour for it, and they then make that clamour a reason why it should be conceded. The people are deceived into the belief that, in the first place, the measure about to pass will only restore things to their original state; in the next place, that the influence of the people has declined, while that of the aristocracy has been increasing; in the third place, that what are called rotten boroughs are dangerous to the liberties of the people; in the fourth place, that government possesses more influence than is necessary to carry on the affairs of the nation; in the fifth place, that the public mind, as distinct from the popular will, will be more truly represented by a larger extension of the elective franchise; and when upon every one of these points they are defeated, and it is shewn that they have deceived the people by false representations, they make the very clamour, which has been the consequence of those ten thousand times refuted falsehoods, an all-prevailing argument for passing a measure, which, even upon their own shewing, can only be justified by the presumption of their truth! Let them take but half the pains to undeceive the people that they have taken to deceive them, and I will answer for it, that the clamour will rapidly subside. But let them not, at all events, insult us by the mockery of saying, that the clamour of the multitude should induce the legislature to pass this Bill, while in the same breath, they are compelled to admit, that that clamour is groundless.

Bird. If we can carry the measure, we are quite willing to leave you in possession of the argument.

Court. I believe you;—for an over solicitude about the argument would not greatly help you to carry the measure. Your friends have gone to work in a more effectual manner. We may apply to them what Goldsmith said of Johnson; when their pistol missed fire, they knocked us down with the but-end of it. But I am not sure that you will have it quite your own way after all. The people are rapidly awakening from their delusion. They are every day more and more undeceived. They begin to see, with tolerable clearness, the motives which have led his Majesty's Ministers to introduce the present Bill. The worth, the learning, and the property of the country, have already declared against it. The three Universities have given a noble proof of wisdom and independence, in resisting the whole influence of government, and returning anti-revolutionary members. If all this should be in vain, we must only lament it, and submit. There is, however, something within me which forbids despondency, and which encourages the hope that that Providence which has hitherto so signally defended us, will still be our shield against impending dangers. Let but the Lords do their duty, and all will yet be well. I cannot, I will not despair of the fortunes of my country.

Brown. I should like to know from you whether you think it likely that we shall outlive the present crisis.

Court. Whether the storm that impends will blow over, or be, indeed, as terrible as our fears may lead us to apprehend, is more than I can venture to pronounce at present. Appearances are much against us; and yet matters have not proceeded so far in the wrong direction as to be utterly irretrievable. If the Lords be firm, the constitution will be safe. The good sense of the country is every day becoming more and more awakened to the true character of the present measure; and if the Peers be true to themselves, they will not be left long without a considerable accession of popular support in resisting its further progress. Indeed, it has sometimes struck me, that Providence has permitted the present crisis for the purpose of exhibiting, in a manner neither to be mistaken nor forgotten, the baseness and wickedness of one party, and the weakness and folly of the other. Without having been thus wrought, as it were, "*in discrimena rerum*," who could believe that, for the desire of office, the Whigs were ready to tear the Constitution limb from limb, and cast it into Medea's cauldron;—or that such awful calamities as those which impend should follow from the division amongst the Tories! The Tories have joined with their inveterate enemies for the purpose of aggrandizing the Whigs! The Whigs have joined with *their* inveterate enemies for the purpose of destroying the Tories! Now, if the present crisis shall have caused the Conservative party to see their error, they may yet dissipate, by their union, the dangers which have been caused by their divisions. They now see what they have to expect from the professions of moderate reformers, when such men as Lord Palmerston and Charles Grant are found ready and willing, upon an emergency, to lead off the first set in the gallopade of revolution. Indeed, if they are not convinced, from what has occurred, that the enemies of our venerable institutions can only be counteracted by the concentrated energies of all the friends of social order, they would not be convinced even though one rose from the dead. If this effect were to be produced by the present disastrous position of affairs, it would more than repay us for all our apprehensions. Then, indeed, there would be point in Sir Francis Burdett's quotation from Shakspeare,

> "Out of that nettle danger we pluck the
> flower safety,"

but a point that bore against himself. And all this is possible. Nothing has as yet occurred which renders "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," even improbable. When I think of England; when I look back upon her history; when I call to mind her ancient renown and her accumulated glories; when I consider the purity of her religion; the excellence of her laws; the extent and variety of her Colonial possessions; the vastness of her Eastern empire, I cannot bring myself to believe that all, *all* are to be sacrificed to that ominous conjunction of folly and wickedness that is at present lord of the ascendant:—— and yet, when I look for the power by which it is to be defeated, where is it to be found? Where is the lofty eloquence, the sound and rooted principle, the unbending integrity, which distinguished the Conservative party in this country at the time of the French Revolution? At that time there was a sufficiency of constitutional feeling amongst the Whigs, to make them disregard their prejudices, and in the day of peril, join with the Tories. There now appears to be such a lack of wisdom, or such a want of integrity amongst many of the Tories, as to cause them in the day of still greater peril, to consort with the enemies of social order! The master mind is wanting. In politics no less than in religion, the sheep will scatter if they have no shepherd. "A stranger's voice they will not hear, for they know not the voice of a stranger." This it is that, when the other pleasing view presents itself, dispirits and casts me down. Where is the seer-like sagacity of Burke; the trumpet-toned eloquence of Pitt, and his keen and tempered honour? Alas! Echo answers, "*Where?*" But I do not despair. The hour of deepest darkness is that which precedes the dawn. It is our parts to use every means in our power for the discomfit of one of the most atrocious feats of political legerdemain that ever yet was practised upon the honest credulity of a people. Let us do every thing we can to stand between them and the certain ruin upon which they seem intent to rush. Black as are the clouds that lour upon us, let us abate no jot of hope or of heart in the present contest. And when we thus shew ourselves men, and are resolved to do our best, it may be that that Gracious Being, whom we have so grievously offended by our backsliding and our transgressions, will be satisfied with something less than the sacrifice of the constitution.

ON THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND ITS PROXIMATE CONSEQUENCES.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Fuit Ilium! You know my thoughts by this motto. We are lost. The game is up. Ruin is not approaching; but, as respects its causes—causes by this time past recall, inexorable, immitigable—is already accomplished for you and me, and for all who stand in our situation. What is that? The situation of men not young, burdened in comparison of those who *are* so with the *impedimenta* of regular armies, contrasted with houseless freebooters—under complex obligations moral or civil, and above all, fatally dependent, to the extent of our whole fortunes and pecuniary interests, upon a government, which for a momentary self-interest has suddenly entered upon a career of desperate infatuation, with no power to retread its steps. A demon has been evoked, which no art of theirs can exorcize—the demon of robbery and confiscation, at the bidding of a mob. How I shall be affected by this, you know. All that I possess—all that I ever shall possess, is in the English funds, from which it never can be liberated without the consent of trustees; for that consent there will then first arise what will seem to them adequate grounds, when the last moment will have expired for acting upon it; that is, when the first movements of a reformed Parliament shall have sounded an alarm to all funded property; such an alarm as will in one day produce a national panic—a rush—a *sauve qui peut* struggle to effect sales upon the worst terms—a consequent inability to effect them upon any—an absolute necessity to await, like prisoners bound and chained, the final award of a senate, whom each successive election will render more ferocious, more servile to the populace, and by fifty motives more eager for public spoliation—as a measure which on the one hand will be harmless to all *who are in the secret beforehand*, and on the other hand will be the best-advertisement to republican constituents of thorough-going republican principles.

Mark what I say: the very earliest note of alarm will be already too late for any measure of precaution. The peculiar character of the peril which threatens you and me lies in this—that the first cloud, which *will be admitted as such*, the faintest stain upon that horizon which you now think so clear, will announce that the evil is irreversible and irreparable. For what is it that will be allowed by the sceptical, such as yourself, for a solid ground of alarm—except some serious entertainment by Parliament of a proposal for extinguishing more or less of the national debt? Nothing short of *that* will be received as any evidence of an overt, practical, state conspiracy against the public faith. Well, one night suffices for this. One vote will unveil the tendency of opinion in that quarter which will then be more than ever all-powerful. The succeeding morning will disperse the fatal vote through the post-horns of all Europe: and should the execution even sleep for a few months, from that hour never again will it be possible that confidence should revive, or suspicion slumber, with regard to that immense property which draws its very existence from the intentions of the legislature. Wounds in so sensitive an organ as that of public credit are never healed. Merely to take time for reflection is to wither it root and branch. The woman, who deliberates on a proposal of dishonour, is already dishonoured. And a Parliament which allows of so much as a debate upon a proposition for breaking faith with public creditors, has already broken faith in the highest degree: for by that one act the value of the property at stake (a property so subtle, and for its very substance so tremulously dependent upon shadows—upon public opinion, or unfathered rumours, and sympathizing with the most capricious trepidations of political hope or fear!) is unavoidably attainted. In the very best result, under the most favourable circumstances, it would be practically sequestrated for a long period; and no sales would be effected, except as we sometimes see almost desperate debts in private life bought up by speculators for trifling considerations. But the ultimate issue must be absolute ruin (and I repeat that this ruin will not come gradually or *can* come otherwise than *per saltum*) to all who stand in your situation or mine.

Those, it seems, are virtually the same; our interests are the same; and of necessity we are threatened by equal dangers. Yet in estimating these dangers, we differ as far as it is possible to do. How is that? We estimate them upon a different scale. You hold that to be imaginary, which to my judgement appears not so much probable as inevitable. In any case our difference is unfortunate: I, for my comfort, should adopt your views; or you, for your welfare, mine. Strange enough it might seem that we *can* differ: for property and extensive self-interest proverbially make men sensitive to alarm, and sharpen their instincts of long-sighted apprehension. It should appear, therefore, that either I must be under some unusual delusion of the kind to which hypochondriacs are liable,—or you must differ from men in general by a feature which almost belongs to human nature. Meantime you allow me for a better politician than yourself. And that goes far to explain the difference between us. Suffer me to say that I am a *much* better politician, better by as many degrees of difference as can be supposed between a very observing, reflecting, comparing politician, and one who, with all those faculties in a higher degree, has never applied them to politics in any shape whatever; in a word, between a good politician (*sit verbo venia!*) and none at all; in a word, between the best and the worst. No blame to you—that in a class of speculations, foreign to your habits of study and your original disposition, you retain the natural blindness of simplicity. No reproach to you—that you cannot perceive dangers which the good are indisposed to believe possible, and which, even with every allowance for the evil which actual experience prepares us to expect, would really *not* have been possible except under very unusual concurrences of advantage for the incendiaries of our days.

Let me then, professing to be a good interpreter of political signs and aspects, speaking to you as a bad one, but otherwise as agreeing with you in situation and capital interests, lay before you the grounds upon which I believe those interests to be something more than threatened. For you, however, that word *threatened* may still, I would hope, express the whole extent of the evil. You perhaps have it in your power to *act* upon the sense of danger which I may succeed in impressing. For myself, I repeat, *that* is impossible. I am a ruined man beyond retrieve. The sands which I see before me, stretching across the very path of my course as clearly as any one object whatsoever, on which sands I am doomed to see my children stranded, —I shall then only succeed in making evident to others who have a concurrent authority with my own, when that Parliamentary blow shall have been struck, which, though first and merely prefatory in the whole series of coming attacks, will, for its effect on public credit, be absolutely final and conclusive. This above all others is one of the cases in which Madame du Deffand's bon mot takes place, that *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute:* for I presume that no man would imagine a difference for this case between a regular act of Parliament in all its full-blown solemnities, and a simple resolution —leave to bring in a bill—or any other expression of the Parliamentary disposition once sanctioned by a vote of the House. The predominant intention in those who have the power—*that* is the one thing needful to be known: that must of necessity ascertain the value of a property which has none at all but what it derives from general confidence in the will and the power of the government to recognise its existence, ratify its real amount, and provide for its *bona fide* discharge. Waiting then, as I am doomed to wait, for the first open avowal of a reformed Parliament, that the national creditor is to be sacrificed to the nation,—one class of proprietors plundered in order to create a bonus for the rest, —waiting thus far, I shall necessarily have waited too long: evasion will then be too late: and hence I affirm that *my* ruin is signed and sealed. Yours, I trust, lies more within your own power.

With this view of my own inevitable fate, with this absolute certainty that my children will be turned adrift, and for myself, at a time of life when energy languishes, and repose becomes indispensable, that I shall be summoned to some hateful toil, in order to face the necessities of mere animal existence,—you will suppose that I am not likely to approach my theme with much good temper. In some sense you are right: It is true that I am consumed with a burning—a just—I will presume to say, a righteous indignation at the atrocious scenes now passing in this country. True it is that I sicken with disgust at seeing those things sanctioned [sanctioned? nay moved and precipitated] by the very rulers of the land which but a few years since were agitated as the mere reveries of sedition, by a few branded and stigmatized incendiaries. True it is that I shudder at seeing ministers, senates, and the nobles of the land co-operating with drunken zealots to bring about changes—for less than the least of which but a dozen of years ago, men, women, and children, having the excuse of utter ignorance, were hunted by cavalry, cut down or trampled under their horses' hoofs by yeomanry, thrown by crowds into dungeons, and afterwards pursued to ruin and beggary, —exiled, or even decimated by the executioner. True, also, that I loathe the very sound of my mother-tongue, when I can hear English senators having the utter baseness to pretend the sanction for their present designs of William Pitt, whose very dust would be agitated — whose bones would tremble—in his grave, could he be made sensible, with a human sympathy, of what is now going on in that England which he once protected from a pollution less formidable, and a less desolating revolution. All this, and much more than this, is true. It is true also that this body of indignation is barbed and pointed by the deep contempt which attaches to the particular motive for the existing schemes on [illegible] sure
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and personal we may be [illegible] ves which
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tinguishing or characteristic in the motives of this present ministry, except indeed for the degree: because many men, who will yield to a selfish motive, will not therefore suffer it to carry them the whole length of revolution. But, allowing for this intensity of degree, as respected the mere quality of their motives, perhaps they would have pretty much resembled other hungry partisans, famished by an absolute exclusion from office through a long quarter of a century, were it not for the purely casual, and merely *occasional* origin even of this vulgar impulse. Here, then, is something distinguishing. Not that they were thinking of Reform, still less seriously meditating any thing so exquisitely revolting to their aristocratic tastes; no! but merely because a conspicuous minister, in his plain and downright spirit, possibly also, by way of tempting and provoking his own expulsion from office and its hateful toils, had suddenly chosen to say, *Reform there shall be none!*—simply upon that hint; and because the consequent clamour created an opening to popularity, for any body upon earth who would start the counter-clamour, and say, *Reform is wanted, and Reform there shall be!* upon no more self-originated basis than this—upon no principle or pretence less casual—less sudden—less tumultuary—less extemporaneous—did the Grey ministry ascend the posts which perhaps the Duke of Wellington eagerly vacated. Bad enough it would have been, that the Greys are shaking the very foundations of our civil institutions, and removing all the ancient props and buttresses, in order to profit by a momentary burst of popularity, in ministering to a taste which they abominate—in all conscience this is selfish enough, and abjectly personal enough, to support a reasonable weight of disgust. But even this, being no more (except as in degree it may happen to be more) than what other parties have done before, is not a ground for so serious disgust as it is to witness a drama ivic ferment and convulsion, itself, and apart from its es, is already little tion, by its violence order, solemnly through, upon

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the invitation or challenge of a chance expression from the Duke of Wellington! Waiving, for one moment, the question of value; supposing it possible that the meditated reforms may be really such,—assuming that they are salutary or even indispensable to the state—still it is granted to me, that, for mere magnitude, they are the most important ever operated, except by fire and sword, and by the blind force of circumstances, or by the violent reaction of sudden emancipation from long oppression and misrule. Except the first French Revolution, nowhere do we read of one so extensive in the spirit of its changes, as this which is now agitated. Yet it is undeniable, and the gravity of regular history must descend to record, that, for its origin, it is built on a mere reverberation of one petulant word, dropped in a moment of irritation by the Duke of Wellington. One sally of intemperance less upon his part, and the coming "Reforms" would never have been heard of. Worthy foundation for the wildest and most sweeping Revolution that this country has ever experienced!

Anger, therefore, and contempt are unavoidable; for these you must allow. But you need apprehend no violence—no intemperance. Where there is hope, there will be internal conflict: and all conflict implies violence. But for me, and all who, like me, are forcibly tied to the fates of an infatuated government, hope is too utterly extinct—the ruin too absolute—to leave that ground of irritation behind. With the bitterness of despair I possess its calmness. Hatred, it is impossible in the nature of things, but I must occasionally feel towards those who are uprooting the whole structure of my civil and domestic happiness; but this shall betray me into no indecency of language. Nay, I will confess to you, that the prospect of a revenge as deep and deadly as my own ruin, gives me no comfort. Inevitably, and even perhaps sooner than the crash which will descend upon myself and mine, I shall see the authors, the rich and titled champions of this revolution, prostrate and grovelling in the same dust to which they have humbled those of my standing. Their gay titles and decorations of honour—their privileges and precedency—their parks, manors, and palaces, will be swept away in that same tremendous deluge which they have let loose upon my unpretending fortunes. Fierce Septembrizers will stable in the ancient halls of Woburn; and the hoof of modern Sansculotterie, heavier by far than that of ancient Vandalism, will trample on the bowers of Chatsworth. *That*, to some people, would be a sort of indemnity. *Socios habuisse doloris*, has been often held a consolation, even where the *socii* happened to be fellow victims of a common calamity to which neither had been contributors; but Christian charity might pardon a little exultation over such partners in affliction as were its sole originators. And certainly even I, perhaps, shall give way to a single laugh, when the old dotard, who has broke up the dikes, and brought in the sea upon us all, is seen magnificently wielding a bulrush as it advances, and in the mid raving of the "trampling waves," is heard feebly and stridulously proclaiming, "Take notice! I will defend my order! With this invincible bulrush I will defend my order!" That will be droll even in such a tragedy. Certainly it will. But the passion of laughter at such a season will be fugitive, or will but exalt the sorrow of the time. And a good man, even though he were amongst the victims of that dotard's folly, will be tempted to say, "Old greybeard! think not of thy order, which has now passed into the kingdom of forgotten dreams! Tekel, Upharsin! be thankful if a bed is left, and a corner where silence and quiet may yet be found for a penitent retrospect of the few and evil days through which, in a fatal hour for England, supreme power was granted to hands and heads like thine!" No, we shall be avenged! Memorably we shall be avenged! But that prospect has no consolations for me. And if I exult not in anticipating this perfect vengeance, you may be sure that I will give way to no weak or passionate violence in commenting on the crime, or exploring its proximate effects. To that task I now briefly address myself.

In the year 1815, when the troubled drama of the French Revolution was wound up by the solemn and unparalleled catastrophe of Waterloo, I believe that most of us looked back upon the awful twenty-five years which had brought us to that great Sabbath of repose for afflicted Europe, as a period that had not been, nor could, by possibility, be rivalled in the splendour and marvellous character of its events. In the spirit of that poet, who then addressed his sublime adjuration to the planet—

> "Rest, rest, perturbed earth!" &c.

most of us were disposed to fear, even whilst offering thanksgivings that once again the fields of Europe were to be cleansed from blood and carnage, a period, by comparison, of wearisome monotony. Viewed from a station so closely contiguous to the fearful scenes we had lived through since infancy, we could not but anticipate, that the ensuing years of peaceful restoration would wear an insipid character of feebleness and languor. Yet, in rebuke of all our sagacity, we have travelled on from woe to woe, from one mystery of change to another; and in reality the colour of the times, and the aspect of the political heavens, since Waterloo, has been even more portentous than before. Sometimes it has impressed me with a sense of shadowyness and unreality in all that I have witnessed, when I recollect how utterly the whole equipage of royal phantoms that rose from the earth at the bidding of Napoleon Bonaparte—how absolutely these have perished! Things that but yesterday were as substantial as ourselves, and familiar as household words, now, like some pageantry in the clouds, are all "dislimned" (to use the Shakspearian word), repose in the same blank forgetfulness with the Ptolemies and Pharaohs of Egypt, and have left us no certain memorials that ever they existed. The wreck of that system is the more memorable, because its rise and its setting were equally within our personal ken, and equally rapid. We, that witnessed the one, witnessed the other. And I repeat, that a feeling of non-reality, as though hollowness were at the heart of all things, is the main and most abiding impression left behind by that gorgeous and perishable vision.

Yet I repeat also that changes not less mighty, nor less rapid, have been unfolding in this post-Waterloo period of time. A system of things more ancient, institutions more venerable than those which composed the Bonaparte system, are giving way on every side, and crumbling down into the same hasty dissolution. In all this, no doubt, there is a fulfilment of the mysterious purposes of Providence. But Providence acts by human means, and by the agency of natural causes. Under Heaven, we may trace the ruins which are now tumbling about us in every direction, and the accelerated pace at which our political changes have moved for the last three or four years, principally to two causes—the astonishing apostasies of our leading men, and latterly to the irritating example of France in her Revolution of July 1830. One man, the most brilliant of our orators, for a dazzling bait that too powerfully tempted his ambition, in a single hour perjured himself to all posterity, and turned his whole life into a lie. He broke faith with those whom, from his youth up, he had honoured as saints; he made an unhallowed league with all that he had denounced as traitorous, abominable, and accursed in the political councils of England. By their ill-omened aid, he put his enemies under his feet: he ran rapidly up the ascent to that giddy altitude which he courted: he reached the topmost pinnacle of that aerial eminence; and there he found awaiting him——a coffin, a short agony, and a sudden death. Among the thousands of splendid martyrs to ambition, he, for himself, is already half forgotten. But the evil which he left behind him in that brief and memorable passage of his life, will never be forgotten. His crime is immortal. All principles were then scattered to the winds; all fidelity to party connexions, or old professions, was then trampled under foot with scorn and drunken mockery: nor has it ever been possible, since that day, to reassemble any body of champions under ancient banners, or to make any practical appeal to the old authentic standard of political principles. All is anarchy since that great and general apostasy. Had this evil been capable of increase, as perhaps it was not, or of ratification, as it was, one man only remained in this country influential enough to inflict either; and that was the Duke of Wellington. Any other man would have wrecked himself, rather than the *debris* of political principle, by the second great apostasy, in the affair of the Catholic Relief Bill; Sir Robert Peel, in fact, *did* so. But this great servant of the country borrowed weight enough from the large body of his past merits to accredit a counterbalancing mischief by coming in aid of Mr Canning's example, and giving the last shock to whatever might yet remain of consistency or ancient faith. Old denominations then went finally to wreck. New ones have since been introduced, such as liberal, and illiberal, &c.; so vague as to have no reference to any one political system of Europe, rather than another; so comprehensive as to define no principle nor exclude any mode of error.

This process of sap and hasty dissolution, applied to all party connexions, and ancient obligations of political creed, left England open to revolution, in any shape which circumstances might determine. That determination was given by the French Revolution of last year. Unheard of profligacy, in public leaders, prepared the minds of men for bending to any revolutionary impulse. That impulse was given by our dangerous neighbours.

By these fatal coincidences it was, connected with the prodigious extension of late years given to the shallow schemes of popular education, that the ground was cleared for the present Reform Bill. These were the previous conditions for its entertainment by the middle classes of the nation—the respectable—the sober-minded. And observe—a fact which has often been noticed—hitherto it has been the happiness of England, the natural happiness arising out of her wise institutions, that no madness of the populace can avail any thing for permanent effects, unless as it is strengthened by corresponding madness, in the property and respectability of the land. Such *was* our happiness. But that will soon cease to be more than a bright remembrance for us. The days are numbered which will maintain this admirable balance of forces, through which it became impossible that the popular power could ever be exerted in its omnipotence, except in such a conjunction with the enlightened interests of the nation, as ascertained its safety, and ensured a wise direction to its motions—a mechanism, never reached by Athenian wisdom or Roman, through which it became impossible that the hand should find its energies, unless where the eye was awake, which would not suffer the sails to fill, unless when the helmsman was at his post. This privilege we hold in right of our constitution. This we shall soon cease to hold. For the present, however, we have it; and nothing could have ensured that co-operation of the middle and the lowest classes, which we now behold, short of that treason to itself in the very highest and most influential class, which two great servants of the state first originated, and which the subsequent convulsions in France have made irresistibly contagious. *Tantæ molis erat*—so transcendant, so awfully beyond all bounds of calculation—was the previous combination of conditions, which must meet to make this measure possible. The mind of any reasonable man is aghast at the sum of obstacles, of sheer impossibilities as five years ago they would have been pronounced, which actually have been surmounted to bring us up to the station which we now occupy. And far less, it may be boldly maintained, is the interval between that station and the fiercest democracy, than the space which we have already traversed. So that merely as a question of probability and chance, no man could think it a visionary speculation to predict, that a nation, which had so summarily and so totally annihilated its aristocracy as a moral force, should, in twelve months hence, solemnly annihilate its monarchy.

As a matter of probability, I say, that the last supposition would be much less outrageous now, than the other would have seemed to us all five short years ago. But chance and probability are not the grounds which I shall take. The changes which are already fixed and settled, involve other changes as inevitably as any that are involved in the orderly succession of physical developements under the great laws of nature. Let us consider.

But first I postulate thus much—that you look upon the Reform Bill as virtually passed into the law of the land. This I require of your good sense. For no matter what struggle may be made for the moment in the Upper House—no matter what modifications of the bill in its first outline may be conceded, for the present, to the fears of one quarter, or the noble violence of another—it is now past all human resistance to stand between the awakened madness of the people, and the cup of licentious power which has been brought to their lips. Were it possible that the firmness of the Lords should not be quelled by the terrific menaces of the people, were it possible that this firmness should succeed in somewhat abating the enormous increase of power, which the Reform will throw into the hands of the democracy,—still, in the very happiest result, and under every restraint of the mischief that can be supposed, the next or reformed House of Commons will assemble with a prodigious expansion of democratic strength. That, which was found not quite practicable in its utmost extent for a Parliament as now constituted, will be the easiest of conquests for the infant Hercules in its recomposition. The Lords themselves, whatever might be their conscientious aspirations, would lose all cohesion and determination when overawed by the double terrors of an infuriated populace, and a change of character so eminent in the rival House, that by mere rapturous acclamation in one moment under its new composition, it would carry, in their uttermost latitude, all those changes which, in this present House, have been the subjects of voting and lengthened debate. Whatsoever may fail of passing in a Parliament of the present constitution, supposing th- any thing *should* fail, will pass on of out almost needing es which must those new-born f to that democratic inevitably belon e to result from the Parliament, though emasculated ten Reform Bill than is possible. This is times mo ople overlook. Refuse what what Bill, for the moment, to the cla- you mours of the democracy, yet by conceding to them that πȣ ϛω of Archimedes—that vantage-ground for planting democratic engines which you do and must concede in a constitution of the elective franchise so entirely democratized—you give them in effect, the power of helping themselves to-morrow, contemptuously and vindictively, to every thing which you have refused to-day. Between giving so much as the Reform Bill, most rigorously circumscribed, cannot but give, and giving every thing that is demanded—the ultimate difference will be, that with the very same extent of virtual power conferred,—in the one case you will have offered one more affront to the vindictive, and in the other case will have lavished one more bounty on the ungrateful. Practically, and twelve months hence, all the difference will be levelled and forgotten.

The Bill, therefore, will pass; and, finally, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill; the little trifle of difference being this, shall the total boons of that bill be given *to* the people, or taken *by* the people? Shall the whole power of our three estates be conferred on the democratic branch by Parliament as it now is, or by Parliament as it shall be under its new constitution? A difference which you and every man must allow to be utterly immaterial, if you allow it to be truly stated.

Now, to determine this, let us enquire what will be the *minimum* of new privileges acquired to the people by the Reform Bill under any modification. There are many innovations, in some measure wanton innovations, contemplated by the present Bill, which, because they are grievously unjust, and because they sport with the rights of property, and with inveterate prescription, in a degree scandalous for a government to sanction, public censors do, and indeed ought to dwell on with exemplary indignation. For all in-
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it, and defraud it of its dues, by drawing off the eye from the capital mischief. For, say I, perish for the moment this franchise, or that franchise, which is attacked with the same reckless fury that the French Convention manifested in their attacks on old corporate rights! Leave these cases for some after reckoning, if ever we should be in the condition to give it effect. And, meantime, let us apply ourselves to that part of the evil, which, if once made operative, will bar all redress for the whole and for each several part. And what is that? Simply the transfer of the whole elective weight, the capital influence for determining the character and complexion of the Commons' House of Parliament, from the property of the land, from the aristocracy modified by a large infusion of democratic sympathies, to the most desperate part of the democracy, and that which, for strong reasons, will pay the blindest obedience to democratic passions. For one moment, let us pause to consider—who they are that now administer the elective power in the close boroughs, and what sort of people it is to whom this power will be soon transferred.

Many persons both in and out of Parliament are daily expressing an affected wonder that the "rotten" parts of the constitution should be regarded with peculiar affection as organs of its sanity, by some classes of constitutional purists. And they find the same cause for astonishment in another self-contradiction, as, upon their way of stating the case, it might seem to be, viz. that a practice which the laws directly prohibit (as *e. g.* the interference of peers in elections) should be susceptible of any defence or palliation. He, however, who allows himself to be duped by a metaphor or by a verbal anomaly, will never want matter for his wonder in politics, or even in plainer speculations. These pleasantries will hardly require an answer, unless where (as sometimes happens) they do really impose on those who employ them. With regard to the term "*rotten* boroughs," that metaphor is one of conventional usage; but as well might a man found an argument on the word *Reform*, as technically employed at present to designate a particular measure, both by those who approve it and by those who hold it to be the utmost possible corruption of the constitution—as reasonably might he insist that a "reform" could not be injurious, as expect us to acknowledge any argument against the system of close boroughs from the epithet "rotten," applied merely as a term of convenience, to distinguish one class from another. The most violent Catholic does not refuse the term "reformed religion" as a technical designation of that faith which he abominates; nor do we Protestants refuse to him the denomination of "Catholic," though, if understood otherwise than as a term of convenience, used conventionally for distinction's sake, this one word would concede the whole controversy between Papist and Protestant in favour of the first. It is enough to say, that whenever a disputant is so weak as to urge such technical usages in the way of an argument, he merely admonishes his antagonist to refuse the usage in question, and to substitute some neutral expression not liable to this captious abuse.

With regard to the apparent anomaly—that any practice should by possibility be in the spirit of the constitution, which the laws pointedly forbid, that is no unusual case in any country. Ancient laws justly denounce many practices to which the revolutions worked by time in manners, usages, institutions, and the relations of all these to property and political influence, give a new character and significance. Well it is for any country, when the great influences of things outweigh the ritual of words, and are able silently and gradually to adjust themselves to the spirit and intention of the laws. A constitution framed with that wisdom which all of us ascribe to the last reviewers and finishing inspectors of the constitution in 1668-9, will manifest its excellence chiefly in this point—that it will be ductile to the true substantial necessities of time and change, and will adapt itself by its own *vis medicatrix naturæ* to the exigencies of things, not seek to maintain a verbal conformity to the mere letter of human ordinances. When there is any antinomy, real or apparent, between a gradual accommodation to time and change on the one hand, and the positive prescription of law on the other, there is always a presumption in favour of the first. For Nature is true to herself; and an institution wisely framed, like the British constitution, may be properly called a work of nature, for this reason—that it was not struck out like the French constitution of 1792, at one heat and by human hands, but grew up silently from age to age as a passive deposition from the joint and reciprocal action of every thing in law, manners, religion, institutions, and local necessities, which can possibly combine to frame a durable product for a people living in the same soil and climate, and inheriting in every generation the same tastes, habits, and wants. In this view it is that I call the men of King William's revolution merely the last revisers of the constitution; for in fact that constitution was the growth of centuries; and though it was altered and finally settled in one capital article at that period, viz. in the exact order and course prescribed to the Protestant succession, yet in all its other great features it had much more extensively developed itself in the reign of Charles I.; and in some great particulars through that of Charles II. In reality (speaking generally) the Revolution of 1688 was rather declaratory of the constitution, than originally enactory. And universally I mean to deny that any one epoch, or course of years, can be considered as the birth period of the constitution. What I understand by the constitution, that is, the system of restraints and guards within which as a mould the laws were trained to flow, grew up as occasions offered for developing it. It was not any man, Parliament, body of men, or succession of men, that created it; but gradually it created itself, slowly accumulating by the contributions of successive ages. Many generations united their gifts to this stupendous creation. And more than the labours of all generations together, in the sense of conscious contributors, were the labours of time itself, and the silent effects of necessities suffered to work out their own demands, errors of excess or of defect suffered to work out their own redress, and changes in one quarter suffered to work out in another their own corresponding accommodations. In this view it is, and on the highest principles, that we may call this famous Constitution, in one sense, a work of nature—without meaning therefore to deny that it is the most splendid monument of the wisdom of man. In reality, Time, and Nature, and Man, have all co-operated in rearing up this great edifice; though man alone will now finally dissolve it.

Hence, in any question of opposition between a particular law and the practical administration of the constitution, the presumption will always lie against the former. An individual legislator must often be in error; and never more than when he seeks to accommodate the laws to his private sense and theory of the constitution, or to authenticate by express-ordinance a dubious interpretation of his own. Real abuses may certainly creep in: but, generally speaking, it is much more probable that what a shallow and literal interpreter takes for abuses, are practical accommodations to the changes wrought by time.

With regard to the particular case before us—the interference of peers in elections—there may be an apparent indecorum in such acts; but, substantially, they are right and warrantable. There was indeed a period when such interferences would have been truly unconstitutional. But at this day it is far otherwise; for two great changes have been wrought by time in the position of the peerage to the third estate. First, they are no longer in essential opposition to the Commons. In the reign of James I. and his son, it is evident that the gentry had become a powerful class by means of the alienated landed estates which they had gradually bought from the nobility, or other sources. Henry VII., by those measures which he took for weakening the nobility, viz., by facilitating the alienation of their landed estates—Henry VIII., by his successful attack upon the church, unlocked and thawed, as it were, the frozen masses of territorial property which had been sequestered into comparatively a few hands. The diffusion of these amongst younger sons, &c., gradually raised up a very powerful and intelligent body of gentry, or (as in other parts of Europe they are called) lesser nobility. At first, they had no adequate organ for impressing their due influence upon state affairs; for the uniform doctrine of Elizabeth, and her two immediate successors, was—that the House of Commons had no concern with foreign affairs, or indeed any affairs that rose to a state importance. And it was precisely from the recent rise of this great body, and the want of any sufficient provision in the laws or usages for protecting their developement, that Charles I. was betrayed into his fatal quarrel with them, under a full belief that he was simply maintaining his own plain rights; and the mere letter of the law, in many instances, warranted that belief. For in fact a new power was then unfolding in the state, which required protection both against crown and aristocracy, and which found even a war necessary to give full effect to its rights. How different the situation of the House of Commons already in the reign of Charles II.! It had then taken its place as the main organ in the state, and it was rather from the jealousy of pride, than the jealousy of fear, that it has since had occasion to forbid the interference of peers in elections.

Secondly, it must be remembered that a peer cannot interfere *as* a peer: In that character he has no longer any distinct or peculiar powers. His interference must be in the character of a great *landed* proprietor. Now, in that character, he cannot exercise any influence which is not salutary at this day as a counter-weight; for another change which we owe to the progress of time, lies in the prodigious expansion of the commercial and manufacturing body, their wealth and influence. This has long been a growing influence;—it is, *per se*, a revolutionary influence; and the whole conservative interest of the country—the fixed and abiding influence of the land—can with difficulty make head against it. To rob it of any one element, is in effect to aid a body of democratic and revolutionary forces, already prodigiously in excess.

But if such are the hands from

which the elective power is now finally taken away by the Reform Bill, next let us see into what sort of hands it is thrown. Who are they that will hereafter make the majority, the great majority, in electioneering contests? Confessedly, whether for counties, cities, or boroughs, they are the petty shopkeepers, or persons representing the very same class of influences. Now, if ever there was a mistake committed in this world, and on a capital point, it is with regard to the temper and disposition of that order of men. I have observed them much, and long: I have noticed their conduct in elections, their uniform way of voting, when they happened to have votes, the furious partisanship of their canvassings, the class of newspapers which they encourage, the general spirit of their conversation on politics; in short, no symptom from which their predominant inclinations can be collected, has escaped me for the last sixteen years; that is, since the general close of European wars has left men entirely free and undisturbed for the consideration of domestic politics. The result of my observations is, that, with the exception of here and there an individual bribed, as it were, to reserve and duplicity, by his dependence on some great aristocratic neighbour, this order of men is as purely Jacobinical, and disposed to revolutionary counsels, as any that existed in France at the period of their worst convulsions. To hear them talk, you would imagine that we lived under a government as oppressive, and a court as profligate, as that of Louis XIV. Yet at this moment the King's Ministers build entirely, for the safety of their schemes, upon the supposed interests of these men. As if even on that head the immediate and the apparent did not often triumph over the real and the remote. But these men are infinitely careless of their interests in all matters of politics. And why? They do not believe that any paramount question of interest is at stake for them. They confide in the general stability of our laws and institutions, to protect their capital, rights of person and property; and for all else they conclude, that any popular revolution cannot but befriend *their* order, at the cost of the higher. Their capacity of sinking is limited, as they will perceive, by their present situation, so near to the base of society. But their prospects in the opposite direction, so naturally suggested by each man's ambition and vanity, seem altogether indefinite. The single step which they can lose, is soon reascended; and for the many which they can gain, new chances seem opened, over and above such as exist already, by the confusions of a revolution.

But suppose it were otherwise, is it any thing new to see men armed by their passions against their dubious interests? Their passions, their antipathies, their sympathies, all pledge them to revolutionary politics. It is not their miserable ten pounds, or whatever the thing may be, which will carry them back to sounder politics. Many a man of this class has intelligence and culture enough to feel most sensibly the mortifications of self-love and pride in the relations which subsist between his own rank and the gentry.

In the immediate prospect of what he will think retribution, and in the chances opened to his personal ambition, even if he should have sagacity enough to see that his own class, as a whole, will share the ruin of those above them, each man will find a reason in his own particular case, for discovering a perfect conformity of language between his passions of revenge and his final interests. But, say you, "of revenge! for what?" My friend, throw your eyes back—and tell me what particular wrongs armed the grave religious citizens of the commercial towns during the great Parliamentary war against the Cavaliers? Why was it that London by itself, the trading part of London, proved a mine of wealth to the Parliament, and actually at times sustained the whole weight of the contest against the King, feeding the other side both with men who turned the day (as once at Newbury), and with money, whilst the Cavaliers were crippled from the first by want of funds? How came Birmingham, Bristol, Coventry, Manchester* (already a place of some trade)—in short all towns in which the spirit of trade predominated, to be rancorously united against the royal party? Or, coming nearer to our own times, why were the humbler citizens of France universally and vindictively hostile to the *noblesse* and the court? Revenge, the spirit of revenge, existed keenly where no specific or individual injuries were alleged. But the revenge was general—to the spirit of aristocratic manners, which the stage—the manners and usages of society—and the tone of social intercourse—all united to represent as coloured with contempt and disdain for the Bourgeoisie. The whole wealth of the wealthiest order in France, the Bankers—*Financiers*—and *Maltôtiers*, could scarcely acquire for them an uneasy admission to the society of the titled *noblesse*. And a noblesse, the least elevated in Europe, having sunk in fact through the policy† of Richelieu and Mazarine to a mere privileged gentry, had yet for centuries shewn themselves more disdainful than the magnificent grandees of Spain or Great Britain, of all alliances with *roturiers*.

The same abuses, it is true, do not exist with us. The army, navy, and every department of civil life, are open alike to the ambition of all. But the spirit of plebeian envy in every society arms a certain body of low-minded jealousy against the aristocracy. The non-existence of any oppressive privileges in favour of our aristocracy makes this jealousy much less excusable; but it is not therefore at all the less real.

Meantime, you will allege, that a jealousy, not barbed and sustained by the memory of deep oppressions, cannot be so powerful or terrific a force in civic struggles as it was in France. Granted: but of what avail is that, so long as it can be shewn that this jealousy is equal to the service upon which it will now be thrown? That service will not lie in directly executing the bloody atrocities of a Revolution, or perhaps in formally effecting a Revolution,—but in opening to others the road to such a Revolution through the successive changes in the composition of Parliament.

And here I would wish earnestly to call your attention to one great lesson of history, viz. the extreme abruptness, and the violent *per saltum* rapidity with which changes advance, when one of the earliest among those changes has been in the very constitution of that power by which all the rest were to be effected. For example, in France, by fatal advice the States General are convoked. This body meets in a temper of mind not perhaps more revolutionary than the present House of Commons. Accordingly their own measures restrained by their peculiar constitution would hardly in a century have precipitated France into those bloody scenes which actually followed. But the States General dissolve, and provide a successor which resumes their functions with powers perilously extended. And a change was thus accomplished within 12 or 18 months in the temper of France, a progress was made in violence and sanguinary fury, which seems miraculously out of proportion to the interval of time. Things were done in 1792 and 1793, which in 1790 would have been pronounced romantically impossible. Had the 10th of August 1792, had the execution of the king in January 1793, been anticipated, even as ultimate possibilities in 1790, they would have been scouted as atrocious insults to the loyal-hearted sentiments of chivalry, which even in that year continued to protect the throne. So again with respect to the English House of Commons; whenever assembled before November 1641, how affectionate—how reverential to the King is the language of their most fervent remonstrances! Soon after that time came a mighty revolution in their own constitution; an act was extorted from the King's weakness, by which he solemnly renounced his constitutional power of dissolving them at pleasure. Here ceased the precarious tenure of their power; they now obtained an existence as an independent and rival power in the state; and in a few months after we find their armies fighting pitched battles with the King.

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* In some places, as particularly in Lancashire, the disproportion [illegible] Catholics a little disturbed the rule, which else was a general one—that disaffection to the government kept pace with commercial activity.

† *i. e.* By the policy which diffused them so far beyond the limits within which titles can maintain any reverence. The French noblesse had no grandeur. No man could be impressed reverentially by titles which nosed him in every corner of every town. And yet they were divided from the classes below them by impassable distinctions, viz. odious privileges and more odious exemptions. Thus, whilst destroyed as objects of respect, they were maintained in every thing which made them objects of hatred and jealousy. A more contradictory organization cannot be imagined.

In either of these cases the very persons, who led the chase and figured as the most tempestuous of the public disorganizers, would to their own hearts have denied the possibility of their own violences but twelve months before they occurred. In the language of Scripture, and with the sincerity of him to whom that language is ascribed, they would have said—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" when speaking of that very thing which not long after they actually did. Neither the powers were then developed which enabled them to do such things; nor the guilty wishes which arose upon the temptation of those new-born powers. Doubtless the Duke of Orleans as little believed in 1791 that he should vote for the death of the King in January 1793, as in January 1793 he believed that his own death was at hand upon the same scaffold. Robespierre himself in 1792 appeared to Madame Roland no more than a vain and conceited young man, whom accident and opportunity, concurring with a weak moral nature, soon after raised into an immortal monster of cruelty.

The very same course is now leading to the same results amongst ourselves, both for men and for bodies of men. Before the present Parliament shall be dissolved, they, like the States General, will have provided powers for a succeeding Parliament terrifically greater than any which they possessed themselves. Indeed, when we reflect on the prodigious revolution which is already accomplished in the principles and temper of Parliament, even previously to any change whatever in its constitution, and that at this moment a sort of language is held in the House of Commons, which but four or five years ago stamped a man as a public incendiary,—probably you will agree with me that an equal progress for the next equal term of years would suffice to bring us to the same crisis by a simple revolution in principles, which, as things now are, we are destined to reach by a revolution in the constitution of Parliament. Certainly between a House which consigned the whole question of Reform, and its supporters, in common with petty larceny and its admirers, to the consideration of Bow Street, and that same House cherishing this cause as its peculiar and darling trust—the interval cannot be thought narrower than between that point which it has now reached, when all the lines of difference have confessedly vanished that could distinguish his Majesty's ministers from what were once called Radicals, and that point at which the abolition of the other House, or of the throne, will be discussed with temper and seriousness. I, for my part, deny, that in thus bisecting the ground, and leaving to the Honourable House for its arrear of labour, up to the total dissolution of our polity, about the same proportion of change that it has already accomplished,—I deny peremptorily that there would be any injustice. Still I admit, that were our ruin left simply to the progress of revolutionary opinion, and to the future consistency of individuals, we might have many chances of escape. For as the consequences of the new doctrines began to unfold themselves, it would always be in the power of an independent House of Commons, even at the sacrifice of their own consistency, to stop short in their career of mischief, and refuse to follow it into its final consequences. But, as things actually are, this resource in the late repentance of our representatives will be impossible. No errors from a revolution of opinion, could ever carry us farther than was agreeable to the patrons of those errors. But a revolution in the very composition of the House, denies us all benefit of such a redress. For the men, who could be supposed capable of repenting these errors, will no longer hold the places in which their repentance can be available.

The next House of Commons, a House returned under the new Reform Bill, will be composed of men having as little power to resist their democratic constituents, as it is likely that they will have will or interest to do so. The members will have become, what all eminent senators have hitherto protested against becoming, *bona fide* attorneys or procurators for those whom they represent. They will no doubt receive regular instructions by the post as to the conduct they are expected to hold on each public question as it arises; and will have a regular notice to quit, as Sir Robert Wilson notoriously had in the last Parliament, so soon as they disappoint the expectations of their constituents. Or suppose that the very next Parliament should yet cling a little to the usage and precedent of their predecessors, still you must recollect the accelerated pace at which each successive Parliament will win upon the last. The present House of Commons, revolutionary enough one would think, are framing powers to insure a successor much more revolutionary than themselves—because elected by far more democratic electors. It is hardly to be supposed that the next House will rest satisfied with the measure of change conceded by a Parliament so much more under aristocratic fetters than themselves. They will, therefore, still farther enlarge the powers of the next electors. The qualification will be reduced, the elective franchise prodigiously extended. With a view to the speedier attainment of these farther alterations in the constitution of Parliament, there will probably be a rapid succession of short Parliaments advancing by accelerated steps to the ultimate objects of the ballot, universal suffrage, &c. And thus it will happen that what I am now going to anticipate, supposing that it should exceed the efforts or the wishes of the very next Parliament, will inevitably come within those of the second or third Parliaments from the date of the present Reform Bill. Ask yourself, my friend, in what respect it can be shewn to exceed the powers of those who will now be authorized to correct in each succeeding election, by their choice of men, and their peremptory demand of pledges, whatsoever they may have found unconforming to their views in the last?

I affirm then that, acute and sagacious in matters of direct pecuniary interest as the largest class of electors may well be pronounced, it will cost but a few steps of reasoning and tentative enquiry to bring them to the very clearest perception of the one sole reform in their pecuniary burdens, by which Parliament can amend their condition. Church property, it has been said, and colonial property, will be immediately attacked. I doubt it not. But more, much more, from hatred to the holders of that property, than from any views of private benefit to the assailants. Or, if any such views are entertained at present, a short enquiry will speedily disabuse them of that error. The nation are happily not yet prepared to dispense with the ministrations of Christian teachers and pastors. This body of men must be paid. And it is well known that the revenues of the English and Irish churches, however splendid they may seem, from the inequality of their present distribution, are not in reality quite equal as a whole to the revenues of the Scottish church, which has never been thought too amply endowed. In reality, I believe, that the English church would, upon a complete equalization of its benefices, allow L.303 to each incumbent, and the Scottish about L.305, or rather more. In this there is clearly no resource for revolutionary cupidity. Reduce the clergy to the very lowest scale upon which respectability could be maintained, and it will not be possible to abstract more than half a million per annum for the uses of confiscation. Colonial property, with its present burdens, will offer still less to the speculator in robbery. For the slaves must be taken with the estates; and, considering the changes past and to come in colonial affairs, the mere maintenance of an idle body of slaves (for such they must become under the operation of the new projects for their total emancipation) will go near to swallow up the entire rental of the land.

These dismissed, we come to the public establishments—army, navy, and the whole of our civil services. Here it will, at first sight, be thought possible to make great reductions. But all such hopes will soon be found practically chimerical. Retrenchment has already in many instances gone too far. And the time is at length come, when every reduction of salary begins to shew itself immediately in a defective discharge of public duty; besides that, the main and engrossing services are those which are most absolutely determined by necessities not domestic, but foreign and external. The army and navy cannot be reduced in any degree that could make itself felt nationally, unless by endangering our foreign garrisons, and sacrificing Ireland. The most revolutionary Parliament, in this point, will be compelled to tread in the steps of their unreformed predecessors.

The result then is—that the National Debt will offer the one sole bait to the rapacity of our new electors. Nothing, it will be felt at once, can be effected to lighten the public burdens in a degree which will bring home the alleviation sensibly to each man's purse, short of some large reduction of interest on the national debt. And of necessity, the reduction of interest is *pro tanto* a reduction of the capital, the amount of which is of course estimated upon the scale of the annual interest. But in reality, the capital will sink in much more than that proportion. It is the augury, the omen, which will chiefly be regarded. Perhaps at first no more than a third will be extinguished. But that third, by annihilating the sanctity of the property, will reduce the remainder to so uncertain a tenure, that it will no longer be saleable unless as on the terms of a desperate debt.

Such is my conclusion: and considering the absolute powers of dictation which the new electors will enjoy, and the great extension of those powers which every Parliament so chosen cannot fail to make under the authority of their revolutionary constituents — considering also the hopelessness of all other resources put together, and the immediate relief from this alone, (for out of every three guineas of taxation, recollect that in round terms two go to the payment of public interest;)—I do not see how my conclusion can be resisted—that, within five years from this date, successive extinctions of the funded debt will have annihilated that species of property, made a wreck of the public faith, and reduced to beggary all those who had no other dependence.

Will this be the climax of our misfortunes? Far from it! Though no change can arise which will personally affect myself and those in my circumstances with ruin so absolute and so rapid, yet for the nation at large—for this mighty nation, hitherto so great and glorious—other changes are demonstrably at hand, which make me ashamed almost of dwelling on any thing so trivial by comparison as my own private ruin. Of the extent to which these changes will go, that they will and must travel the whole length of absolute destruction to our present mixed form of government, I cannot hide from myself. That the narrow-minded and sordid electors, to whom our future destinies are confided, will consent even on pecuniary considerations, to pay an annual million for a monarchy and the equipage of its establishments, which on the cheap American plan can be replaced at once by an administration at board wages under a Consul, President, or other republican officer—no man can suppose.

Put that question to such electors, and the answer will be carried by acclamation. Yet such *are* effectually, nor is it even denied by Lord Grey, the class of persons who will mould the preponderating complexion of our future senates. Against that danger what is Lord Grey's single counterweight in the opposite scale? His reliance on the disposition of these electors as governed by their supposed interests. So that if that interest should be even what Lord Grey assumes in kind, but ridiculously too weak in degree; or if it should be estimated altogether differently both in kind and in degree by the electors themselves; or, if (though being all that Lord Grey supposes) it should meet with other conflicting interests real or apparent, or should give way before the contagious passions of our revolutionary times,—in any one of these cases it is evident that, even upon Lord Grey's confession, his sole dependency will have proved baseless and hollow.

Upon one question only I must ingenuously confess, that I am still in the dark: will the coming convulsions of the state resemble, or even approach, the French revolution in scenes of bloodshed and proscription? Shall we also have our "reign of terror?" On this I should be glad to hear your opinion. For myself, on the one hand, I have a deep reliance on the vast superiority of this nation to all the Southern nations of the Continent in uprightness, gravity of temperament, and strength of moral principle. The French, when excited, are a cruel people: ferocity and levity are still great elements in their character. We, beyond all nations, are a just and a benignant people. And it were strange indeed, if the possession of civil freedom for so long a period, the long discipline of our equal laws, and our incomparable institutions, had left us in no better training for facing a period of social violence and conflict, than a people who had been long corrupted by a vicious and oppressive form of polity. We have, besides, a sort of guarantee in our past experience. With all its violence, our great revolution of 1642-8, though conducted by an appeal to arms, was not disfigured by any lawless outrage, bloodshed, or proscriptions. The worst that can be alleged against the Parliamentary side, are one or two cases of attainder, which, like the Roman 'privilegia," are so far always oppressive, that they are laws levelled against individuals, and confessions, therefore, that under the regular process of the existing laws, no case of guilt could have been established. But with these allowances, never in any instance could the Roman maxim be less truly applied, that *Leges inter arma silent.* On the contrary, law reigned triumphantly throughout the war. As to our next and final revolution, it was notoriously bloodless. These facts of experience, combined with the national character, are strong presumptions in favour of the more cheerful view. Yet, on the other hand, there is one signal difference in our present position which justifies great doubts. In all former dissensions, the different orders of the state were divided upon a principle far different from that which will now govern their party distribution. The gentry, and even a large part of the nobility, notoriously ranged themselves with the people in the Parliamentary struggle. It is true that the *novi homines*—the *parvenus*—the men who built upon wealth and commerce—in a large majority followed the Parliament: the older gentry, the higher nobility, adhered to the King. Whatsoever was ancient, hereditary, and "time-honoured," sought shelter under the shadow of royalty. Whatsoever was novel, aspiring, revolutionary,—whatsoever tended to change, or was of itself the product of change, gathered about the Parliament. Even the religious distinctions obeyed this instinct. All modes of dissent and heterodoxy sheltered themselves in London: whilst the ancient Catholic faith, in its most bigoted shapes, to the great offence of many ardent friends of the King, (such as Lord Sunderland, *e.g.*) was sure of countenance at the court in Oxford. Thus the two forces, which in due balance maintain great kingdoms, the innovating and the conservative principles, were ranged against each other. But otherwise there was a just proportion of all orders on each sides; and there were, besides, many exceptions to the general tendency. But at present the lower classes will be ranged as a separate interest against the aristocracy. And the temptations to violence will be far stronger, when the democratic interest is insulated, as it were, and no longer acts under the restraining influence of education, and the liberality of enlightened views.

On this part of our prospects, I repeat that I do not pretend to see my way. All is darkness. We are now in some respects in the situation of Rome at the period of the Triumvirates; we are on the brink of the same collision between our aristocracy and our people; but with this difference, that we have wantonly invited and precipitated the collision into which Rome was gradually drawn by the silent force of circumstances. Cicero, and the lingering patriots of his party, violently opposed the democracy, and supported the authority of the Senate, under the vain hope that they could stem the tide which set in so irresistibly towards the overthrow of the civil balance. Cæsar, on the other hand, threw himself on the democracy, with the certain prospect, that after a momentary triumph to this faction, a despotism in some hands or other was ready to swallow up both orders of the state. In that view he was as sagacious and clearsighted as Cicero was blind. The fulness of time was come; and the headlong tendency to a strong despotism in military hands, as the sole means for imposing peace on the endless factions of rival nobles amongst a most corrupt populace, is evident from this—that no change of circumstances by the assassinations of particular emperors, ever availed to restore the ancient form of polity. Vantage-ground and an open stage were many times offered to the old republican energies; but those energies were vainly invoked by here and there a solitary patriot; for they had been long dead, and in reality were already expiring in the times of Sylla and Marius.

Whether we are destined to travel upon this old Roman road; whether after a brief triumph to the democratic forces of our constitution, they and the aristocracy will sink through an interspace of anarchy into one common ruin under a stern dictatorship; or whether we shall pass for some generations into the condition of an American republic,—and in either state what will be the amount of our foreign weight and consideration in the system of Europe?—these are questions upon which I see great difficulties in coming to any conjectural solution. But, under every result as to that question, as respects our domestic peace and honour, it is but too manifest that the government have given away and wantonly transferred the whole substantial powers of the state from those hands in which the positive experience of centuries had justified unlimited confidence; that they have thrown this power into the hands of an order, the most dangerous of any in the State, more so even than the mere populace, for this reason, that, with wishes pointing in the same general direction, a mob has far less intelligence, less fixed adherence to principles, is more frequently swayed by merely personal considerations, such as might often happen advantageously to thwart their political leanings, and has fewer facilities of combination for a common purpose; that they have thus destroyed the true, ancient equilibrium of forces, which time and the wisdom of man had united to mature. It is but too manifest that henceforward they have committed our safety to a blind agency of chance, or else to an arbitrary valuation of the motives and the interests which are likely to preponderate in a rank of which they must necessarily know nothing; that they have invited a sweeping course of public spoliation; that an infinite succession of change is certain, but the point of rest to which it tends, the kind of catastrophe which will set a limit to these changes, is wrapped up in unfathomable darkness; that the state is henceforward doomed to transmigrate through many shapes of revolution—Heaven avert what we have so much apparent cause to add, in the memorable words of Burke, "And in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood!"

Yours, my dear friend,
ever most truly,
Emeritus.

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE LORDS.*—OBSERVATIONS ON A PAMPHLET, &c.†

The first of these is the paltriest, the second the most puzzling, of pamphlets. By paltry we mean pitiful, and by puzzling we mean perplexing; and by affixing these epithets to the two pamphlets respectively, we mean to insinuate that the first is pitiful in the eyes of all who, feeling contempt for the meanest thing, despise alike the counsellor and his hypocritical counsel, both as insolent as they are silly; and that the second must be most perplexing to the pin-point soul of the scribbler whom it forces to submit to scarification. The Adviser, in short, is the silliest of Sumphs, except Snewell Snokes; and the Observer, except Christopher North, the most sagacious of Sages.

We are aware, that the "Friendly Advice" has been attributed to no less a personage than the Lord Chancellor. Not by a few "*feebles*" only, (an expression, by the way, which, to our shame and sorrow be it spoken, we have been in the habit of frequently using in this Magazine for many years, and which we now make a present of to the above Pamphleteer and Plagiary, who has impudently stolen it, and got himself lauded therefor, as if it were an original article of his own, well worth wearing on gala-days, and not one of our cast-off duds, which we sported only when in dishabille,) but absolutely by the Leading Journal of Europe. Not by foolish gossips without the walls of Parliament, but by more foolish gawkies within—*exempli gratia*, by Master William Brougham, who announced his illustrious brother the author of the "Friendly Advice," in snappish answer to a supposed sarcasm of Sir George Murray, who, in an oracular sentence of an eloquent speech, had dimly and darkly prophesied the speedy appearance on the political stage of a second Cromwell.

In spite, however, of the public opinion, and of the opinion of the Leading Journal, and of all the following Journals, and of Master William Brougham, we must respectfully persist in thinking and saying, that the Pamphlet which we have stigmatized as the paltriest that ever was stitched, was not written by the Keeper of the King's Conscience. We agree with the "Observer," that it is the production of the same pigmy (the dwarf strutting before the giant who never heaves in sight) who last summer penned a pair of pamphlets of the paltriest stuff upon the Wellington Administration. They, too, were doggedly, and dogmatically, and disgustingly, ascribed to Henry Brougham; nor could the rigmarole of a Ridgway remove that impression, strangely indented some way or other into the mind of the Pensive Public. Ridgway rigmaroled, and Brougham vapoured, (when sneered at in court by Scarlet for praising himself in the Edinburgh Review—a publication in which, all the world knows, he never wrote a line in his life, nor ever was buttered till his sleek aspect shone again, any more than in this Magazine,) but still the Twins were affiliated upon the Man of the People, and an order was issued that he should support the Starvelings. That order he ventured to disobey; and the wretched spawn—little better than abortions—being deprived of paternity—emitted a few cries—gasped—fell into convulsions—died—and were buried, like the other *gets* of paupers, in an obscure nook of Cripplegate Churchyard.

We cannot help thinking it most lucky for the fair fame of his Lordship, that the frail mother of the former rickettics has produced a Third—in form and features so like its elder brethren—and so unlike his Lordship's acknowledged though anonymous offspring—as to leave no doubt on the minds of the judicious, that it must have been the offspring of her illegitimate loves with the same dismal Dunce, who last summer had prevailed over her virgin innocence, and who has no more chance of being Lord High Chancellor of England, than Taylor the Blasphemer has of being the Archbishop of Canterbury. The face is remarkable for the same sickly want of any thing like even infantile expression—and there is a mysterious something in its sighs, which never reach a squall, speaking in inarticulate tones, more convincing than the most powerful oratory, that she ('tis a girl this time) could by no possibility in nature, freakish as nature is, be entitled to look up to one of the ablest men of the age as her Sire. We pronounce his Lordship, in this affair, immaculate.

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* Friendly Advice, most respectfully submitted to the House of Lords, on the Reform Bill. London: Ridgway. 1831.

† Observations on a Pamphlet falsely attributed to a Great Person. London: Murray. 1831.

That the Three Pamphlets are all from one and the same pen—and that pen not Lord Brougham's—is prettily proved by the Observer.

> "It may be remembered, that, about the middle of last summer, a systematic and inveterate course of attack was commenced against the Wellington administration, by the publication, in quick succession, of two pamphlets, which common rumour attributed at the time to the distinguished and versatile person who has since become Lord Chancellor of England. Mr Ridgway, indeed, put forth letter after letter, to prove that the pamphlets were none of Mr Brougham's. But his efforts somehow were unlucky enough to produce an effect exactly contrary to that intended. Those who before believed, were confirmed; those who had doubted, doubted no more; and so strong did the presumption of authorship appear to every one, that we need take no shame in acknowledging ourselves among the dupes of the general delusion. At length, however, we are undeceived, by the perusal of another little political tract from the same manufactory, ushered into the world within these few weeks, under the specious title of 'Friendly Advice, most respectfully submitted to the Lords, on the Reform Bill.' In its style and moral tone, its Scriptural phraseology, its fashion of reasoning, its undisguised contempt for the intellects and consciences of those whom it addresses, and, above all, a certain happy facility in handling every topic fitted to work on the baser propensities of our nature, this production bears an affinity to the two others so very remarkable, that there can be no mistake as to the identity of their origin. Whoever may be the author, it is quite clear that all three are the work of one and the same individual. And such being the case, who will be so perverse as to maintain any longer, that that individual can be Lord Brougham? The supposition would be too indecent."

The most audacious and ingenious malignity could not answer that; but the Observer clenches his argument by saying, that he takes it to be a settled point—a sort of fundamental truth, as it were—that Chancellors never write pamphlets. The incessant cares and labours of that high office should of themselves, indeed, be quite enough in conscience to exercise the faculties of any mortal man. And for a Chancellor to descend from his estate, to mingle in the base squabbles, the backbitings, the treacheries, and all the worst abominations of the London Press, would be a sign of the times almost as prodigious as the Clare Election, or even the late Dissolution itself.

To make assurance doubly sure, the Observer, in his noble zeal—and, in a political opponent, nothing can be nobler—to vindicate the Chancellor from a foul charge at first brought forward against him by inveterate enemies, and afterwards by foolish friends, who were so blind as not to see the drift of all this, and so silly as to esteem it a compliment to the powers of their matchless miracle—proceeds to shew that the authorship of the pamphlet in hand could never belong to a man who is not only presumed to have in keeping his own conscience, but likewise that of the King. Surely, says he warmly, when we find a writer urging the opinions or wishes of the King—not of the King's government, but of the King in his proper person, as distinct from his government and ministers—when we find a writer insisting on such royal predilection, as a reason irresistible to dissuade the Lords from opposing a great public measure—surely, of all the subjects of the realm, the last whom any man could, in common charity, suspect of promulgating such doctrine, is the individual, who, being himself the first legal functionary of the state, is bound, as a matter of course, to be the most jealous guardian of constitutional precedent; and who, moreover, as keeper of the King's conscience, must be presumed peculiarly alive to the imperative duty, in all cases, of preserving inviolate the King's secrets.

This is irresistibly put, and the lame libellers of Lord Brougham have not a leg to stand on. What! can party spite be so credulous as to believe for a moment that the most confidential of all the King's servants would be so lost to honour, honesty, and decency, as to divulge the secret of his Majesty's personal wishes or opinions, on a measure which was not, at the time, even before Parliament?

But there is something especially base, in attributing to Lord Brougham a pamphlet, in which persons are spoken of disrespectfully, of whom he, a nobleman now, and a gentleman always, would rather have burned his right hand than have sneered at, through the lips of such a mean and monstrous mask as the fool of a mountebank might rejoice in, when capering on a platform at Bartholomew Fair. Could Lord Brougham have ever so far forgotten the dignity of his character and his rank, as to vent scurrilities, after such fashion, on "those great boroughmongers, the Lowthers?" No—no—no. All the man—all the gentleman—all the nobleman within him—would have recoiled loathingly from the most distant conception of such vulgar meanness; as they would also have risen indignantly at the idea of breathing, through such bedaubed slobberers, the name of Lord Mansfield, whom Lord Brougham must respect, if for nothing else than the memorable castigation that patriot inflicted upon him on the last day of the late Parliament.

But irresistible as this array of reasons against the calumnious attribution of the pamphlet to the Chancellor must be, to all minds not perverted by the basest party-spirit, others even more irresistible are drawn from the whole style of the performance. It lisps, it burrs, it stutters. Not so Henry Brougham of yore—not so now, Lord Vaux. He has the reputation of being a scholar. This pamphlet, we shall shew, is written by a person ignorant even of the common rules of grammar. He, by his eloquence, "wielded at will that fierce democratie," the House of Commons,—nay, he did more—he often prevented the Representation from falling asleep. The pamphleteer produces but a pluff, such as a schoolboy makes with a halfpenny worth of coarse-grained gunpowder, in a hole in the mud, on the king's birthday; contriving, however, by blowing at the dilatory nitre, to be sent home to his parents, sans eyelashes, and sans eyebrows, and with cheeks like peeled purple potatoes—a singular spectacle, and difficult of treatment. For while pity would fain "her soul-subduing voice apply" to his scorched ear, and whisper poultice, anger anticipates that dewy-eyed angel, by grasping the luckless offender by the hair of the head, and "giein' the ne'er-do-weel his licks," to the disturbance of the neighbourhood and all its echoes.

We ought to beg pardon of that illustrious statesman for even employing in his vindication so ludicrous an image. But we make amends by quoting from the Observer's defence of his Lordship, and castigation of the swindler who has been trying to personate the Chancellor, the following admirable passage:

> "However this may be, it was, undoubtedly, to be expected that, if the Lord Chancellor deigned to publish, it would be to instruct the world on the merits of the measure,—to demonstrate its practicability and safety,—or illustrate its salutary efficacy. And no sophistry or asseveration shall ever persuade us that a piece of rhetoric, which resembles nothing so much as one of those compositions commonly called 'threatening letters,' sufficiently familiar, doubtless, to his lordship's forensic experience in another court, could have emanated from such an authority!
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> "It seems pretty plain then, on the whole, that some pestilent knave,—some graceless, meddling mountebank, who takes delight in aping the oddities and shewing up the foibles of his betters,—has been playing the champion of the Whig party in Lord Brougham's shape; and having succeeded so well in November last, under the mask of a lawyer's gown and wig, in cajoling the high Tories, and frightening the country gentlemen, the same clever imp has now been at work again, pranking it in the Chancellor's robes of office, and laying about him with the mace and seals,—in the

fancy, doubtless, that his poor antics would be a choice parody on the real drama so recently enacted, under the same garb, and on the same theatre,—and puffed up by the vanity of his past exploits, to try the efficacy of similar mummeries on the nerves of our hereditary legislators."

"Having thus," quoth the Observer, "disposed of the question of authorship, and dismissed Lord Brougham and his zany altogether from our minds, we can proceed, with the less embarrassment, to submit a few observations which suggest themselves on the subject-matter of this publication." Suppose that Christopher North, too, proceeds, without any embarrassment at all, not to make reflections perhaps, for reflections—though not such as those the Observer casts on his subject—at the close of the day get very long, or, as the Americans say, *tedious*, and we are as anxious to get to bed as if we had been leaving the House at eight in the morning after eight divisions. Indeed it is no custom of ours to cast reflections on any body—but look here—you Friendly Adviser—here is the—KNOUT.

You, sir, are a slave. You are not one of the Illiberals—one of the Serviles; but you are a bought and sold slave. It is not that the weals of the lash are upon your back—though they will be there before we have done with you—it is not that you exhibit the gall-scars of the chains—but the chains themselves clank on your hands as you lift them up at your task-work—and you absolutely hug them while you suppose your manumission has been purchased by a Fund, and that you are a Freedman.

All loyal men and true drink the King's health, after NON NOBIS, DOMINE, at public feasts. They drink it with three times three—or nine times nine—and having done so with heart and hand—*hip! hip! hurrah!* they quaff the rosy rummers to the celebration of other worthies and other sentiments. So in a political treatise, a good subject names his king, *once*, if it be right he should do so at all, with a manly reverence, and then proceeds to illumine the world by extending his torchlight over the darkness of many a profound abyss. But this mean creature mouths away in his manacles about "our gracious Monarch," till in our insulted and sickened loyalty we give him—the Knout.

Hear how he yelps! see how he fawns—crawls—creeps and grovels—wriggling away like a slimy but fangless serpent licking up bran and dust. "A moderate degree of foresight would have shewn the Tories that such must have been the event of a general election—with the KING, the Government, and the People, all united in favour of this one great measure." "On the morning it [the dissolution] took place, though no longer a secret to any one who would open their ears *to hear the news!* they were still incredulous—and still continued so, *till the first gun which announced his* MAJESTY'S *approach to Westminster rung in their ears, the knell to their breasts.*" "And for this reason, that, as we before stated, the KING, his faithful Commons, and the People, being all united for the success of the Reform Bill." "It is impossible that you can hope, with the KING, Ministers, and Commons against you, to prevent the measure of Reform from taking effect." "But then the KING and the great body of the People were with them." "They will hardly move an amendment on the address to THE KING." "They may affirm, and vow, and swear, and smite their breasts, shed abundant tears, and heave deep sighs, and call God to witness that they have no enmity to THE KING'S Government." "Every one of its members will be out of THE KING'S service on the morrow." "Who dares ADVISE HIS SOVEREIGN to form a Ministry of Newcastles, and Peels, and Lowthers, and Knatchbulls?" "They will ponder well, and long, and calmly, before they place themselves *in collision with a reforming Sovereign*, a reforming House of Commons, and a reforming People."

Has it not the soul of a slave that parrots thus—King! King! King! But it all won't do—it will deceive nobody—'tis mock loyalty all—and this vile asp, that now puts out its tongue to lick the royal hand, would like better to bite it, for such is its nature. In plain words—it is not the language of loyalty—but of a king-hater—traitorously employing his name as a means of inducing the nobility of England to desert, or rather to undermine his throne. Or rather it is a knavish radical, foolishly presuming at one and the same time to cajole and bully the—Peerage.

We have said ere now that in all this king-slobbering there is much that is nauseous and revolting; it shews the true nature of the beast—that is the Whig. The Examiner objects to our objection to this disgusting degradation of sovereign and subject; and says that it is delightful to find a king acting so as to be worthy of affection. It is—but we trust that a patriot king is not in history so very rare a sight; at all events, when he does appear, let the lovers of liberty hail his advent, not on their knees or faces, but on their feet, and with no downcast eyes. That insolent Whigs, all at once, should outdo the most submissive Tories in their prostrations before the footstool, is not Reform, but Revolution. There must always be some excuse for ultra Tories when they abase themselves too much before their Lord the King. But there never can be any for the persons we speak of, when they debase themselves as before a tyrant—they in whom resides the majesty of the people. If such behaviour would be contemptible in us, it must be far more so in those who have all their lives (falsely) abused us for it, and who were at all times glad to fling muck and mire at what they chose to call our idols—Kings. But in all this—it is alleged—they but shew their gratitude. That is not true. Gratitude is never fulsome. Adulation always is; and we put it to the candour of the Examiner, and manly reformers such as he, if they do not regard the slavish slang of this "Friendly Adviser" with contempt and disgust? This part of his pamphlet is absolutely the infra-coarse whitey-brown of Ultra-Toryism. Ours is the wire-wove, hot-pressed, finest paper of Constitutionalism. That the King's sentiments are *those of his ministers,* is, we presume, all that any person is at present entitled to say, who has not the honour of enjoying so very familiar a friendship with his Majesty, as to have had frequent opportunities of hearing his royal bosom unburden itself through royal lips, of the exultation with which it overflows on the near prospect of an entire change of the constitution. "We think we may assert," says an admirable writer in the Quarterly Review, "without danger of contradiction, that his Majesty's personal feelings are in entire accordance with his constitutional duties; that he supports his ministers because he believes they have the confidence of the other branches of the legislature, but that beyond that measure of support, his Majesty is not, either in his public or his private character, disposed to interfere; and that if his faithful *hereditary counsellors*—made *hereditary,* and appointed *counsellors,* by the constitution, for such special epochs as the present—will intimate that they have withdrawn their confidence from the present ministers, his Majesty will feel not the slightest private, and he certainly could feel no constitutional, reluctance in parting with them."

The Friendly Adviser having exhibited himself in the presence of majesty in the imposing posture of all-fours, begins, by cringing and fawning, to curry favour with the Lords. "We address the House of Lords upon this occasion with *unfeigned* respect." He is not such an adept in hypocrisy as he imagines. His feigning is as visible to the naked eye as his fawning; cringing is in itself a betrayal of craft and cunning, and the fellow who comes sneaking up to your side with his hat in one hand, and his petition in the other, ye may be sure, if he cannot swindle, will insult you, and tell you that you are no gentleman. "We acknowledge that they possess among them great talents and much independence; *we hope it will be found that these qualities are coupled with wisdom.*" He has already bestowed, it seems, his "unfeigned *respect*" on a set of men who, for any thing he knows, have *no* "*wisdom.*" He expresses a fond hope that the persons he *unfeignedly* respects, may not be fools. There the cloven foot peeps out, but here the poor devil holds it up to public inspection, believing all the while that it will pass for a sheep's-trotter. "But why," it may be asked, "do we suppose that any set of men can act thus madly? Simply because of their previous conduct." His hopes of finding "wisdom" among those whom he regards with "unfeigned respect," have vanished even while he has been speaking; and he supposes that they will "act madly" now, because madness has always characterised their previous conduct. "Because," quoth he, "they have never conceded any thing to the wishes of the people, till all the grace of concession was gone, because they have never seen the signs of the times—because they have never been warned by the past, or alive to the future."

This is wretched scribbling—it is indeed the scrawl—we use the word for the last time—of one of the "Feebles." "*Warned* by the past, or *alive* to the future!" What an attempt at an antithesis!

He now waxes witty, as follows:—"When Sir Joseph Jekyll died, he left his fortune to pay the national debt. 'Sir,' said Lord Mansfield to one of his relations, 'Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest is a foolish one—*he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars' Bridge with his full-bottomed wig!*' So say we to these opponents of reform, and we particularly beg the attention of Lord Mansfield's descendant to the apophthegm of his ancestor. The House of Lords can no more stop the success of reform than Sir Joseph's Jekyll's bequest could pay the national debt, or his wig impede the current of the river Thames. Many of the persons we are now addressing are, doubtless, like Sir Joseph Jekyll, good men; and some of them, like him, may be good lawyers, but their conduct, like his bequest, is exceedingly foolish. Nay, it is worse than foolish, and is dangerous in the extreme." In Joe Miller, this witticism of Lord Mansfield is told right merrily and conceitedly—and we smile. But this lumbering loggerhead murders Joey. The practical application shews the dunce. "The House of Lords can no more stop the success of reform than Sir Joseph Jekyll's bequest could pay the national debt, or his wig impede the current of the river Thames." Pompous blockhead, he is an absolute Nicodemus.

He calls Lord Mansfield's attention to the "*apophthegm* of his ancestor." Apophthegm is a word the Shepherd is partial to in the Noctes; and from his lips—the lips of genius—it has an almost universal application. But this story of the wig is not an "apophthegm of his ancestor;" an apophthegm is "a valuable maxim," and none but an ignorant idiot could have thus abused the term—but he wished to shew his learning, and here is the result. The story, as it stands in Joe, is but a miserable affair and truly wretched; such a witticism might pass casually in conversation from a great man—and we can pardon Joe for having recorded it; but commented on, and politically applied, it sickens one with a sense of smallness in the vapid fool, who thinks himself not only facetious, but sarcastic, while "he respectfully submits it to the Lords."

But mad as has always been "the previous conduct" of that "set of men" whom he addresses "with unfeigned respect," he tells us that they are now "playing a deeper and more hazardous stake than they ever did before. They now find themselves not opposed to a party, but face to face with a whole people. In such a position, *we most respectfully warn them of the consequences of an unwise resistance. These consequences are such as we tremble even to think upon.*" He told us in the preceding paragraph that the set of men whom he addresses with unfeigned respect, had never "conceded any thing to the wishes of the people," "never seen the signs of the time," "never been warned by the past or alive to the future"—and here we have him unpardonably contradicting himself, by saying that hitherto they were only "opposed to a party." Still the insolent sycophant warns them "most *respectfully*"—and, in a condition suitable to the meanness of his employment, "*he trembles even to think of the consequences.*" No Englishman ought ever to tremble—nor does any true-hearted Englishman ever do so—except, perhaps, when rashly sitting—as we once did—on the top of a coach, during the skating season, without drawers, and in nankeen pantaloons. "Yon *trembling* coward who forsook his master," presents a picture of the most pitiable degradation that ever befell a man. What might not be apprehended, on the actual coming of the danger feared, from a person who trembles even to think of it? We forbear to mention it.

He is, of course, as redundant in the expression of his fears as his favours—never had poltroon such effrontery in the avowal of his cowardice. But he forgets that, however deficient in "wisdom" the nobility of England may be, according, at least, to his notion of wisdom, yet have they never been deficient in courage. He truly and falsely says, "here the nobility have for the most part as plebeian an origin as the people." We are all "sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold"—and we all despise the counsels of hollow-hearted, knee-knocking Fear, "trembling even to think on consequences." To say that the *people* have a *plebeian* origin, while perfectly true, is also as silly as is suitable to the usual stupidity of this assuming sumph; that, according to any use of the term plebeian that can here have any meaning, the greater part of the nobility of England are of such an origin, is an assertion as undoubtedly false. But be that as it may, the *argumentum ad timorem* is at all times and in all places scouted in this country with indignation and contempt. In his trembling how tautological grows the Craven! "It is dangerous in the extreme." "It may be pregnant with evil." "It may cause convulsion in this now happy land—nay, even civil war." "Anarchy and confusion would be thus produced." "Great is their danger who resist the united will of a great nation." "It endangers the peace of the country, the security of the throne, the stability of their own order." "These are the fearful consummations." "This catastrophe." "We fear the tenure of the Lords, as a branch of the legislature, would be an insecure one." "We say we fear, because we are well convinced." "No man who calmly reflects on their position can, without serious alarm, contemplate the probable (is it not the inevitable?) result of such recommendation being obeyed." "These surely are not times for the 'privileged order' to set themselves against the whole current of public opinion." "Can the Lords in safety stand apart from the whole people?" "Can they safely for their own order proclaim," &c. "Here we must speak out, for this is of all delusions by far the most dangerous." "The inevitable consequences of a contrary line of conduct in the Lords from the one we have suggested and advised, are so evident and so frightful, that it is not necessary to enter more into detail respecting them." "We intreat the anti-reforming peers to weigh calmly and dispassionately in the balance, the certain evils which must result?" "Whether England shall be a peaceable and happy, or a disturbed country." "You will bring immediate and certain anarchy on your country." "If, therefore, the Lords wish to preserve their eminent station, and if," &c. "Thus then the last state of the Lords would be worse than the first." "In such a case the war between the two Houses would be internecine; and if this were once commenced, it is not difficult to foresee which party would be victorious, especially when the one would be backed by the whole power of the people," &c. "An unwise resistance to the just wishes of the community, is sure to entail misery upon the country, and more especially upon that branch of its government which stands prominently forward in the ungracious office of refusal." "May such times and such scenes be far from us—we feel confident they will be so—but if any thing could bring them upon us, it would be any rash determination against the opinions of the other estates of the realm."

The celebrated letter of the famous old woman ordering a duffle-cloak, was a joke to this epistle of the Friendly Adviser. He is a worse infliction on fallen humanity than Mr Galt's "wearifu' woman" in the steamer. May we humbly hope that he has made himself understood—intelligible to the Lords? Some of them we cheerfully grant are somewhat obtuse. At it again, my old lady—keep jogging them below the fifth rib with that endless elbow. But you have forgotten one argument. You have addressed not one single syllable to their fears. Picture their danger—shew them that they are all standing on the edge of a precipice—threaten to shove them over—take a run for that purpose—they will stand a little to the one side—and over the edge you will plump yourself, not like a green goose, in unfledged virginity, but like the old Glasgow Gander himself, with bottom bare, and wings plucked, and with a thud and a squelch astonish some large toad a-squat among the nettly dockens. You will indeed.

Such being the Friendly Adviser's opinions regarding a constitutional monarchy, the peerage, and fears and dangers in general, let us follow him into his particulars, and see how he illustrates his "apophthegms." He says, that "the King, the government, and the people are all united in favour of that one great measure." Here the Friendly Adviser utters what he knows to be a falsehood. Taking the sum of all the polls in all the contested counties, 17,866 freeholders voted for the reform candidates—16,280 against them; while it may be safely affirmed, that in very few instances were they supported by the resident gentry in a larger proportion than about an eighth of the whole. He also knows a vast number of the people are necessarily as ignorant of the contents of the Bill as they are of the contents of the Vedas or the Shasters—that a vast number of them are utterly indifferent to the whole concern—that a vast number never even heard of it—that a vast number have as vague a dread of it as he is endeavouring to inspire into the hearts of the Lords—that a vast number like it, merely because they go upon the general principle of taking all they can get of every thing—that a vast number, who were red-hot in its favour a few months ago, and hissed and vapoured alarmingly, if you threw cold water upon them, are now as cool as cucumbers—that a vast number are beginning to stretch out their arms and yawn—that many more than we could mention are at this moment fast asleep—and that all fear of a general rising is lost in serious apprehension that the people have become comatose.

If the nobility, for the most part, be of plebeian origin, as the Friendly Adviser says, so must be the gentry. Now, are they unanimous for the Bill? Is the House of Commons unanimous? Entirely so—with the exception of a trifling opposition of some two hundred and fifty or so—not worth mentioning; while in the ranks of the reformers, it might seem invidious to point out by name scores of the lukewarm, dozens of the cold as charity, the trimmers, the renegades, and the apostates.

Out of the House, the majority of the gentlemen of England against the Bill is prodigious. The Whig University of Cambridge shewed her opinion of the Bill—and but for the deserved popularity of Mr Cavendish there, on account of his high scientific acquirements, and the total absence of all such pretensions from both the successful candidates, an absence which we cordially lament and pity, the majority against the Billmen would have been far greater. For many voted—and we do not—cannot blame them—for the men of talents and acquirements, sacrificing for their sakes, or rather setting aside, their political principles or predilections. Oxford has spoken, and spoken well—through the mouth of her admirable representative, Sir Robert Inglis. Nor have her bachelors and undergraduates been mute. That accomplished nobleman, Lord Mahon, has presented a petition to Parliament against the Reform Bill, signed by 770 of them—about three-fourths of all the junior members. These are the flower of the English youth. We could direct you elsewhere for the weeds.

That multitudes of enlightened and honourable men of all ranks are for the measure, we know; nor should we dream of denying it; but all we meant to shew by the above sentences is, that the Friendly Adviser knew, when he said "*that the King, the government*, and the people, were all united in favour of this one Great Measure," that he was uttering a *falsehood*.

The poor creature cannot be consistent with his "trembling" self, even for two aspen leaves. Speaking of the Catholic Question, he says in suicidal style, "It is true they [the Lords] rejected the Catholic Question, till Ireland was all but in open rebellion—but then the *King and the great body of the people of England were with them*," &c. Ireland is now, we presume, no longer in all but open rebellion. But if the carrying of the Catholic Question calmed the waves, or rather extinguished the fires, why was Mr Stanley so anxious t'other day "to quench the flame of bold rebellion, even in the rebel's blood?" Why sought he, to make the possession of unbranded arms, by any Irishman, after the Registry act, felony, and punishable by transportation? That by the way. But will the "Friendly Adviser" be pleased to answer this short and simple question? If it be the duty of the Lords to pass the Reform Bill because the King and people wish it, how comes it that it was their duty, which he says it was, to pass the Catholic Emancipation Bill, in the face of the King and of the Great Body of the People of England, and in opposition to all their united sentiments and opinions? When he has answered that question to the satisfaction of any one living thing apparently in human shape, we shall give him a sugar-plum.

We have said, in other words, that the "Friendly Adviser" cannot be Lord Brougham, (Lord Brougham!!) because he writes as an ass brays—loud and long, with much repetition of the same old see-saws and modern instances, and with convulsive heavings, as if his lungs were not merely made of leather, but placed preposterously far back in the animal economy, as if the creature mistook the matter, and failed to observe that it was the intention of nature he should "go sounding on his dim and perilous way" in the opposite direction. In proof of this, we beg leave to quote a verse from the Vicar. "It would seem, *by* the language we sometimes hear *as* proceeding from *the Lords*, that a very inadequate estimate is formed, at least by many of *their Lordships*, of the *extent* and vehemence *with* which the desire of Reform *pervades* and possesses the people of this country." Gramercy! what composition! But look at this. "It is doubtless impossible for the House of Lords to stem the tide of Reform —but in attempting to do it, the rash act may endanger their own safety, and with theirs that of all of us, *who are, to a certain degree, in the same boat with them.*" Only think of *all of us* being in a boat, to *a certain degree!* Some of us are holding by the gunwale with our hands, others by our teeth—some are hanging half out and half in, like poor Paddy Byrne balancing himself on the ropes—some are dangling over the stern—but not one of us all is fairly in the same boat with the Lords, who keep carrying on, under a load of canvass, while we, poor devils, are fast dropping astern into Davy's Locker. The "Friendly Adviser" should have submitted his foul sheets to the inspection of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The demand for Reform is not only *loud* now, but the Friendly Adviser says that for half a century it has been strong, though often *silent*. To "resist a sudden popular impulse," the wiseacre says, is the duty of all good statesmen; but the people are now obeying, not a sudden impulse, but the dictates of the experience and wisdom of many meditative years. In one sentence we answer him—and by one sentence we put him, not to a certain degree, but fairly, out of our Boat. For the thirty years during which this question has occasionally been agitated "out and in doors," all the leading Whigs, except Sir F. Burdett and a few others now dead, have, we believe, spoken and written, in a spirit of the most rooted animosity, of all the principles of the Bill. And we refer the Friendly Adviser to the Edinburgh Review during that period; or, to make shorter work of it, to an article in the June number of this Magazine, in which he will find collected all the chief arguments against this Bill from the pens of Brougham, Mackintosh, Allen, Jeffrey, and others, who, though perhaps hardly entitled even now, and certainly not then, except the Chancellor, to the title of leading Whigs, were employed by them to support the party, and in so doing, bestowed, unsparingly, lavishly, profusely, and extravagantly, every term of contempt and contumely with which their vocabulary of abuse, not a poor one, but rich, could furnish them, upon the heads of all those who then preached the doctrines they themselves now preach—and supported the "wild schemes" which they themselves have now embodied in a Bill, which is, it seems, to be the salvation of this sinking land. If the desire and the demand for such Reform as they would now give us were indeed as violent and as loud, or deep and not loud, in those days as in these, then are all the present reformers a baser and more dishonest crew than we have always believed many of them to be, perhaps most of them—for they must have had strong reasons indeed for sacrificing the best interests of their country, and suffering the great body of the people to pine under the oppression of the peerage.

But even here the drawling driveller cannot stick to himself for two clumsy pages. "Were the love of reform a plant of *yesterday's* growth, it might be safe to prune it carelessly, and even to pluck *it* up. But that which was a *few years* ago but as a grain of mustard seed, and the least of plants, is now grown to a tree in which 'the fowls of the air build their nests.'" This is very fine, and intended to be Scriptural. But he writes as wretchedly about plants as boats. He intends a contrast between a plant of "yesterday," and one of "a few years;" but there is none—they are the same. For both expressions not only imply, but explicitly express, short duration opposed to long—so the fribble falls through the commonest metaphor. But not only so—he contradicts himself; for while the expression, "a few years," means what it says, he is anxious to prove that the desire for reform has been strong "for many years"—for *fifty* at least; thus cutting the throat of his own simile, as usual with him, and pigs in general, who, when afloat, enjoy not the convenience and luxury of being "*in the same boat, to any degree whatever,*" but keep swimming away suicidally, till they perish and sink, "far, far at sea." But this is not the whole amount of his stupidity. He says, that if the "*love of reform* were a plant of yesterday's *growth,* it might be safe to prune it *carelessly.*" A pretty plant, indeed, the love of reform! But we beg to refer the Friendly Adviser to Mr Macnab, of our Botanical Garden here, or to any of his Majesty's gardeners at Kew, or elsewhere, and they will tell him, that the younger a plant is, the more need is there to prune it "*carefully,*" if you wish to keep it alive; and if you wish to kill it, then there is no occasion to prune it at all; nor would any body but an idiot speak of pruning it carelessly, as the present idiot does, in the vain imagination of being a pretty writer—among his many other accomplishments—a poet. Then, what does he mean by saying, "it might be safe to pluck it up?" Safe to whom? To the plucker or the pluckee? Pray, in this case, who are "the fowls of the air?" Who are the birds at this moment roosting in the "tree" of the "love of reform," within these "few years," a "plant" of "yesterday," "the least of plants," and a "mustard-seed," which it might once have been safe "carelessly to prune," or even "to pluck up;" but which, the truth is, "that this great question has been continually making great progress?"

The man who volunteers printed advice to the Peers, ought to be at least so much of a scholar as to shew that he has received the education of a gentleman.

We have seen the kind of "*respect*" he entertains for the Lords Temporal. How is he affected towards the Lords Spiritual? As a Radical. "A word must, however, be said of a corporate body which has disgraced itself in the contest—Cambridge University, and the clergy thereof." "A corporate body"—how erudite! "Cambridge University"—how elegant! Do say, next time—if it be only to please us—the University of Cambridge. "The clergy *thereof!*" Why, the schoolmaster is abroad—the pamphlet must be the produce of some peddling pedagogue in the suburb of a Mechanics' Institute. "There are few observers of the signs of the times, who are not intimately persuaded that *those reverend persons already bitterly repent their over-exertions, and curse their victory.*" "We *hope and trust* the repentance comes not too late."—"FRIENDS TO THE CONSTITUTION AND TO THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT!!! we are truly anxious that the *follies of those unwise clergymen may not be visited upon their order at large.* As we should deeply lament any *ill-placed and unjust spirit of retaliation,* we *hope and trust* the heads of the clerical body will, by their wisdom and moderation, SAVE THE CHURCH! If, indeed, the Right Reverend Bench should unhappily pursue the course *now repented of* at the University—

[of Cambridge?]—if they should set themselves in hostile array against the WHOLE NATION's wishes—then indeed would *our fears wax great*, not for the fate of the Reform Bill, but for the fortunes of the English Church. And we *verily believe* that establishment, with *all its imperfections and even abuses*, to be the best, because the most learned, tolerant, and beneficent, which has been settled anywhere in the world."

We are not such careful "observers of the Times" as the Friendly Adviser is; but we read that newspaper sufficiently to see that it abhors the clergy and the Church. We must have some better authority than that of the Times for the alleged fact of the bitter repentance of those "reverend persons" who helped to oust the reforming candidates for "the University," before we believe that they already "curse their victory." Seldom—we may say never, except in cases of delirious or insane conversion—do sinners all of a sudden fall into repentance, and curse their victories, even when the conquests have been of a more carnal kind than that of "those reverend gentlemen." Pray how does this Friendly Adviser reconcile his friendship for the Church Establishment, and his "verily we believe" of its learning, toleration, and beneficence, with his beggarly and sneaking abuse of a vast majority of its ministers? What a pitiful person must he be, to designate the conscientious opinions of more than three-fourths of the body whom he pretends to venerate, "the follies of those unwise clergymen!" Pray of whom is their "order at large" composed, but of themselves? And if three-fourths and more of themselves be against the Bill, (we fear not to say seven-eighths,) why, according to his own rule of three, the "order at large" is "unanimous;" and what becomes, in his view of the matter, of their learning, their toleration, and their beneficence?

The Spiritual Lords are to follow the Temporal—"down the broad way that leadeth unto destruction"—if they presume to oppose the Bill—"if they should unhappily pursue the course now repented of at the University." Bishops are perhaps not such bold fellows now-a-days as they were during the Civil Wars—yet we know more than one gracing the bench who would think little—if need were—to smite this "Friendly Adviser" on the sconce with his crosier, even as butcher felleth ox, or as Christopher with his crutch kills a Cockney. They have no intention, we dare promise for them, "of setting themselves in hostile array against the whole nation's wishes." For were all the men and women who dislike or despise, fear or hate the Reform Bill—all the adults and the adolescent of both sexes who regard it with doubt, indignation, or disgust—to be taken out of the "whole nation," why, the whole nation would cut as poor a figure as the year would do, were you to cut out all the prime of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and leave only the cold, raw, damp, drizzly, muggy days of each season, formed into a dismal season of themselves, and then call it the whole year.

With respect, again, to the "imperfections, and even abuses" of the English Church Establishment, it would be most unscriptural doctrine to deny them—for parsons are men. But we shall probably be thought not very far wrong in saying that love and friendship, while they anxiously seek all opportunities and zealously employ all means of rendering their objects worthier and more worthy of affection, do not bruit abroad their failings or defects from the house-tops, more especially at times when their character and office happen to be assailed by the vilest vituperations from wretches with whom any sympathy of sentiment would be unendurable degradation to any Christian man.

To shew his regard for the Church, we presume it is, that the Friendly Adviser, throughout his pamphlet, aims at, or rather apes the language of the Bible. But he could not have written *the* Chaldee Manuscript—no—not he indeed—not he—he knows not the Scriptures half as well as the Shepherd's "wee Jamie." To impress the Peers—Temporal and Spiritual—with a profound sense of his attainments in theology—he makes frequent use of such expressions as these—"Seeing they do not see—and hearing they do not understand"—"Wise in their generation"—"His own knows him not"—"The fowls of the air build their nests"—"Peace to all such,"—and others, of which one or two are so shockingly blasphemous in their application to political affairs, that we "*hope and trust*" (he uses this slang perpetually and unconsciously) the poor creature did not know they were in the Bible—or if he did, that he had no notion of their awful meaning.

Having told the Lords—exactly seventy-nine times—(we have counted them)—that they must pass the Bill or die of cholera morbus, why won't he "condescend," as we say in Scotland, on some explanation of wherein lies the danger of the disease? They must die—if they refuse to follow his regimen—but what is to kill them? The blockhead cannot tell for the life of him—though he repeatedly makes the attempt—as, for example, in this fine burst of drivel, which is, you will allow, unique in the history of the fatuous. "Can they [the Lords], safely for their own order, proclaim themselves the only obstacle to the attainment of the desire of the whole nation's heart? We answer, plainly and shortly—NO." Why, this is the seventy-third time he has thunder'd out what, for want of a better word, we shall call his "apophthegm," or "anathema." We see him, for the threescore and thirteenth time, standing with his arms akimbo, like the "Little Corporal,"—heels in, toes out, in the first position—shoulders well squared—spine straight—pot-belly protuberant—and Æolian cheeks, somewhat rubicund or so—for 'tis plain he tipples—distended to a portentous amount by the imprison'd flatulency—when all at once, like the thunder of a brown-paper bag, schoolboy-pluffed and cracked, the Friendly Adviser, as if his mouth were on the trombone, blurts out (blurts is not the word—we leave you to find it) NO. And this he chooses to call "Friendly Advice, respectfully addressed to the Lords, on the Reform Bill. Second edition, Price One Shilling!"

But, "give us pause." This monosyllable—simple chap as he seems—is a most mysterious fellow—he is "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome." For, quoth the Friendly Adviser, "in this word are included many reasons and motives," &c. Far more reasons and motives were included in Lord Burleigh's famous shake of his head; but his Lordship, we believe, left them to the imagination. The Friendly Adviser (by many thought a Lord too) had very nearly destroyed the spell, by mentioning a few dozens of the "many reasons and many motives" included in NO. But he thinks better about it, and says, with a face which out-Solomons Solomon, "WHICH WE, WHO HAVE LIVED THROUGHOUT THE YEARS 1820 AND 1829, HAD RATHER NOT DEVELOPE!" This is most fearful! What a Michael-Scott-looking, or rather what a Merlin-mouthed old Wizard of Woe he looks, issuing from his cave, and "frightening the isle from its propriety," by this inhuman volunteer of a refusal to develope the salutary and forewarning horrors of the years 1820 and 1829, which this mysterious and supernatural Being "has lived through!" Alive as far back in time as the imagination can reach—alive even in the 1820! It seems less like living in time than in eternity! Poor fellow! can he be Mr Godwin's St Leon, or Mrs Norton's Undying One? Mr Croly's Salathiel? Shelley's Wandering Jew? or is he—Moshy Tonson?

The Friendly Adviser, in one or two small spots, attempts refutations of arguments against the Bill. Thus —"But then, say others of the opponents of the Reform Bill, if you once remove the ancient landmarks of the constitution, you will be unable to stop when you wish. This argument would be a true one, *if it were intended to retain any of the abuses of the system;* but as they are to be done away with by the Bill, all reasonable opposition to our representative system is removed," &c.—"The cool effrontery of this," says the Observer, "is quite delicious in its way." What, we ask, does the Adviser mean by "*all reasonable opposition?*" Who are to judge whether or not any abuses be left? The Mob. Or, if that word be disagreeable to any ears, "the People." Now, the Observer asks the Adviser, "will they tell us, that a Bill which, out of 288 nomination seats in the House of Commons, abolishes only 168—which gives to the great city of Glasgow, with near 200,000 souls, only one Member, while it leaves to various little towns, with 4000 inhabitants, two a-piece—which affords no check on election bribery—which makes no change in the duration of Parliaments—which upholds the practice of open voting, and establishes a limited qualification for electors—will these patrons and oracles of the Friendly Adviser, satisfy us with the assurance, that such a Bill retains *none* of what *they* are pleased to call the '*abuses*' of the existing system?"

But here the Adviser, as usual, refutes himself; for a few pages farther on, when speaking of what would happen in the event of a new Ministry being formed, and another dissolution of Parliament, he says, "it is obvious it would be the returning of a House of Commons *twice* as reforming, and *ten times* as *radical*, as the present." How could that be, if the plan of the present Reformers is such as destroys *all abuses?* There is a hidden mystery involved in the proportion of two to ten—between Reformers and Radicals, which were we to call upon the Friendly Adviser to illumine, he would cry out—NO. "For if the country is *to a man* for reform *now*, what will it be," &c. These are his words: "*To a man!*" —"His effrontery is indeed delicious." He then exclaims, "*Such is the Bill* which the Peers are urged to reject!" having not said one syllable about the bill, except that "the country *to a man* is for reform."— "Such is the simpleton who now urges the Peers to pass the Bill!"

Here is a specimen of the style in which the Observer settles the Adviser.

"The Friendly Adviser adverts to the Revolution of 1688 as an analogous case, and seeks to cajole the apprehensions of his readers with the suggestion, that '*Doubtless* the advocates of abuses at that time held the same arguments as those of the present day do now. They said, *of course*—You cannot stop here—your Bill of Rights, which contents the Liberals of this year, will not content those of the next—you will be impelled from concession to concession, till the power of the Crown is at an end! But what,' he continues, 'has really happened? The Bill of Rights has remained the same, and has been the text-book of our liberties, without variation or change, ever since.' And, in support of this purely hypothetical and fictitious analogy, he adduces this garbled quotation from Mr Hallam: 'A very powerful minority believed the constitution to be most violently shaken, if not destroyed.' The passage, as it really stands, and ought to have been quoted, is as follows: 'There was yet a very powerful minority, who believed the constitution to be most violently shaken, if not irretrievably destroyed, *and the rightful Sovereign to have been excluded by usurpation.*' The concluding member of the eminent historian's * sentence, which he has omitted, is obviously the key to that which precedes. Indeed, it can scarcely be necessary to remind any one, who has ever attended seriously to this important page of English history, that the Bill of Rights was merely a declaratory statute, fixing certain points of constitutional law, which had been unsettled by the encroachments, or doubtful claims, of the prerogative in the preceding reigns. It established no new principle, except in what concerned the power of suspending laws by regal authority; it scarcely even introduced any new limitation;—in every other respect it left the frame of the government exactly as it found it. There was but one violent change accomplished by the Revolution of 1688, and that was the change in the line of succession. And if there were those, who feared that by such change the principle of hereditary title itself might be shaken, and the constitution so brought into danger, it may be allowed that their fears were not entirely unreasonable. But, fortunately, in all other particulars, the spirit of the Revolution was eminently conservative. It neither disturbed, nor destroyed, nor created. Nay, in its very manner of violating the rule of inheritance itself, there was a reverence shewn for the principle, which served greatly to modify the evil influence of the measure, and ultimately to avert the mischief so generally anticipated. It were endless to enumerate all the other circumstances, both of the event and of the times, in which the Revolution of 1688 differed from that meditated in 1831."

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* "It is truly agreeable, by the way, to be able to point out in this gentleman, one great light of the Whig doctrine, who has on this occasion stuck by his principles, in preference to his party. Mr Hallam's name occurs among the subscribers of the late constitutional declaration from Staffordshire. Alas! for Sir James Mackintosh and Mr Jeffrey! With what thoughts must the latter now consider his own review of Mr Hallam's Constitutional History, published only two short years ago!"

The "Friendly Adviser" is one of those slaves by name, nature, education, and habit, who cannot, even for a moment, imagine the possibility of certain persons, at the heels of whose understanding he hobbles in chains, being in the wrong in any one judgment it may have pleased their mightinesses to form on any subject human or divine.

"Can you," quoth he, with uplifted eyes and hands, "can you *seriously believe* that such men as the Dukes of Norfolk, Somerset, Devonshire, Grafton, Bedford—Lord Grosvenor, Lord Cleveland, Lord Yarborough, Lord Stafford, [he adds Lord Winchelsea, whom we exclude from his list,] and so many others with great estates and high-sounding titles, are anxious to increase the democratic influence in the country beyond its due bounds?" Now, not to mince the matter, we shall merely say, in answer to this question, that though "*these be*" very respectable noblemen, their opinions taken collectively, and put into the balance against the arguments which the Adviser sees kicking the beam, would have less weight than as many feathers from the tails of as many geese. They may not be anxious to increase the democratic influence in this country beyond due bounds—they may be more anxious to diminish it within undue bounds—they may believe that the Bill has been brought forward for no more patriotic purpose than to secure them in the possession of "their high-sounding titles and great estates;" but they may be mistaken—surely they may be mistaken—the supposition is neither violent nor monstrous that they may be mistaken—wiser men than they—yea, even our Friendly Adviser himself—*has* been mistaken—all the world knows that one and all of these very noblemen *have been* even most grossly mistaken—and on one or two occasions one or two of them most fatally so—and, therefore, whatever may be their "anxieties," we do "*seriously believe*" that they are mistaken now—and that, too, in spite "of their great estates and high-sounding titles."

The Friendly Adviser is at one time so insolent to the Peers, and at another so much of the sycophant, that 'tis not easy to know what he would be at with the "Order." He sometimes struts and swaggers before them like a turkey gobbler, emitting his wrathful puff, treading the ground with steps like threats, and unfurling his fan-like tail, to the exposure of his posteriors in the very face of the peerage. 'Tis then he deserves and gets a kick. At other times he assumes the semblance of a spaniel,—and crawling after the fashion of that amiable animal but too submiss, with his feet, legs, sides, belly, and almost his very back on the ground, with his head, too, and ears sweeping the dust, and his tail also, whose convulsive waggings are surcharged with fear and deprecation, as you have often seen a spaniel act towards persons who, though his masters, were not his owners, and who either had no whips in their hands, or no intention of then and there using their whips; and on such occasions, instead of one kick, he deserves and gets a devil's dozen, till his yowl alarms the welkin. Thus he says, "We address ourselves to the Mansfields, Newcastles, Kenyons, Camdens, Northumberlands, Buccleuchs—to the men incapable of sordid feelings—and in whose hands at this moment rests, *as we verily believe*, whether England shall be a peaceable and a happy, or a disturbed and a distracted country." The poor animal is in an unhappy taking—a sad quandary among "persons of great estates and high-sounding titles"—and had better make a safe retreat to his kennel.

The "Observer" well says, it may be observed, without the least inter tional disrcspect to the noble ind i- duals whom the Adviser fawns n as friends of Reform, "that either their large estates, nor reditary honours, necessarily i the pos- session of any extrao ary powers of nerve or intelle ny pretensions to superior fore t, any exemption from prejudice edulity, indecision, or any such infirmities of temperament—or, in short, any peculiar capacity or calling—to think for other men." He adds, that in promoting the Reform Bill, some of them at least are supporting a measure which not only *has a tendency to destroy*, but actually *does destroy* "their real power and influence," is not a matter of speculation, but of fact, whatever may be pretended as to the rest of the hypothesis.

"Those who, in their own intellectual helplessness, are so ready to catch at every thread of opinion, cast out though it may be at random, from the mind of another, would do well, before they entirely pin their faith on the *dictum* of any individual, merely because he happens to hold a somewhat larger stake than his neighbours in the prosperous issue of the question, would do well first to ascertain, whether that very individual be not really in the same helpless predicament as themselves, borrowing the confidence which he affects, from the countenance of another, and satisfied perhaps to commit his fortunes blindfold to the same ark, which bears an Earl Grey, a Marquis of Lansdowne, a Lord Durham, or some such luminary, whom he has set up in his imagination for a legislative oracle. Nor let it be said that, at all events, these last-named statesmen must have applied their own minds to the subject, must have well weighed its hazards, and that they cannot therefore but be the safe guides in a venture on which all that they hold most dear in the world is embarked. Those who reason thus, know little of the effects of any violent party excitement on the human mind, how it can sometimes obscure judgment, and even pervert principle. We should bear in recollection, that this is not a mere conflict of doctrines—it is a *struggle for power*. And when we see one man, born to ten thousand a-year, setting his last acre on a cast of the dice, and another man of sane mind consenting to beggar himself and his posterity for ever, rather than yield an inch of ground in a contested election, it requires surely no extraordinary stretch of the
or imagination to conceive, that, in the ar-
'*Do* dour of a pursuit which, more perhaps
time than any other, calls into activity all the
of the nger passions of our nature,—vanity,
e, ambition,—that, so stimulated,
als should be found to forget
every social duty, and to throw
* "It is truly y, but wife, children, birth-
great light of the -all into the game!"
in preference to his ovelty in these very
late constitutional dec s, any more than
and Mr Jeffrey! With lly excellent, now
of Mr Hallam's Constit

and heretofore; their sole merit on this occasion consists in their shewing the Friendly Adviser to be an ass. But we have shewn him to be an ass, and something more and worse—and "*proof thereof*" is in every page of the Paltry's pamphlet. Thus. He has been shewing—insolently and insultingly—for a spaniel sometimes snarls—that the English nobility having, for the most part, an origin as *plebeian* as the *people*, are on that account prodigious favourites with the people, and the more so because there is not in England as there used to be in France before the Revolution, any feudal intrenchment of separate privileges and separate interests, which divided the higher orders in that unfortunate country from the great body of the people. In short—it is with us here all right—and the feeling between the nobility and the people "is of a friendly kind, and one that is fostered by the communication of mutual benefits." But hear the Paltry. "There is *but one thing* which would sever this union; and *that would be*, if the House of Lords were *obstinately* to oppose *on any one great question*, the *deliberate* wishes of the rest of the nation." So the Paltry thinks that a union between the people and the Peerage, cemented and ratified by the deepest convictions in the minds of both parties of mutual good-will and common interests, would be dissolved by the people, on the very first occasion on which the Peers opposed their wishes—"upon *any one* great question." This does not look like union either very firm, or very cordial, or very rational; but what does the Adviser mean by "*deliberate?*" And what does he mean by "*obstinate?*" And what does he mean by the "*rest of the nation?*"

The Paltry drivels on as follows. "This would be to engender suspicion against them—to make the people think that their interests and those of the nobility must be different; and if such an opinion once gained ground, we fear the tenure of the Lords, as a branch of the legislature, would be but an insecure one." The opinion has gained ground; and no wonder; for it has been the drift of all the drivel for a good many years, to incense all the lower ranks against all the higher; and a woeful change has taken place in the disposition of "merry England." The bluff English yeoman even, in too many places, no longer regards the English gentleman with that kindliness that of yore used to warm his honest heart, and shine over his independent demeanour, which it did one's eyes good to look on, and made one's soul proud of the land we live in, when such were the sons of its soil, and such were the free love they bore its lords. As for the march-of-mind mechanics, the intellectualized artificers, washed and unwashed, the ten-pound pauper worse surely than any paper voters, their own organs the newspapers speak their sentiments,—and these sentiments are just what you would have expected from their faces,—hatred bitter and blackguard of all whom the Friendly Adviser pretends that he and they regard with affection and respect. They are about as well convinced as he is—for he and such as he have convinced them—" that the best interests of this country are involved in their retaining that power and *that station* in the government *of the state*, which at present belongs to them"—a power which they are to relinquish, on the first occasion they are *ordered* to do so—*commanded* by the uplifted fists of the people—unwashed, and as yet unweaponed, it is true—but as audaciously uplifted as if they already grasped the pikes and muskets with which the Friendly Adviser has threatened the Lords, in seventy-three separate and independent denunciations.

We have now plucked this goose —we have stilled his gabble—and we have knocked from under his clumsy bottom the one leg on which he was so proud of standing—hissing on all the loyal lieges.

We turn to a Bird of another feather—of another flight—of another Bill—that is to say, with a beak—and with talons that smite—even as an eagle, by way of frolic, would smite a gander—for the mere sake of enjoying that indescribable union of quack, gabble, gobble, bubble-and-squeak outcry of lamentation, repentance, expostulation, and palinode, forming one supernatural and superanserine hullaballoo, with which an animal of the above species assails the skies, when all on a sudden he feels assurance within the inmost recesses of his stomach that he is about to be put to death for the benefit of clergy, or of some Peer, perhaps of high-sounding title and great estate.

The Observer is a man of great talents, and he is an admirable writer. Many a goose must have died on his account—besides all those whom he himself has slain—besides all those whom he may have eaten with sage-stuffing and apple-sauce—without which indeed your goose is *wersh*—even he of stubble, who is killed at Christmas. For he who holds the pen of such a rough and ready writer, must have used many and many a gross of quills. But while there is death in his satire—(ours is but playful)—there is life in *his* " friendly advice," and there is wisdom in his warnings—warnings of evil, accompanied with measures to ward that evil off, or stifle and strangle it as it struggles into birth. He neither cringes nor cajoles—fawns nor insults—but speaks like a man addressing men—be they the Peerage or the People. The character of *obstinacy* as little belongs to his opinions as that of *deliberation* belongs to those of the million.

He acknowledges that it may be difficult to eradicate from the minds of those classes, of whose deliberative habits the Adviser thinks so highly, the various popular errors at once so level to their understandings, and so seductive to their egotism. But he holds it is in the nature of man, that all paroxysms of irrational and gregarious excitement, have their ebbs as well as their floods; and that there are arguments springing continually out of the course of events, which may not be addressed in vain even to minds the most obtuse to the impressions of doctrinal instruction.

" The truth is, that this Reform question is pressing, at the present moment, like an incubus, on the industry and internal commerce of the country. All great private undertakings are suspended. The opulent of every class, (but those more especially who derive their incomes from the funds, from the clerical or legal professions, or from any department of the public service,) oppressed with a growing sense of the insecurity of their resources, are limiting their expenditure very generally to articles of urgent necessity;—and that instinctive propensity to hoard the precious metals, the sure forerunner of great national convulsions, is already beginning to operate on prices, as well in this country as over the continent. Tradesmen and shopkeepers of all classes and degrees throughout the country, (even those of the metropolis are no exception, notwithstanding the advantage they have derived from the prolonged season and the uninterrupted succession of court gaieties,) are already suffering severely from this foretaste of revolution;—they begin to perceive, that their own prosperity is more intimately connected with that of their customers than it had before occurred to them to imagine, and are looking to the future with forebodings somewhat different from those which [illegible] their minds two or three months ago,—when they supposed, that dividends might continue to be paid, while all taxes should be abolished,—and that the price of every article of life might be reduced one-half, with a special reservation only in favour of the particular commodity in which the individual himself might chance to deal! But for the brisk export trade, which has kept our great manufacturing establishments in activity, this moral paralysis would have been still more universal and contagious; nor would any grade of society have escaped its warning influence.

"In a community, however, of which all the interests are so nicely and variously blended, the feelings which have once attained a certain ascendency among any given class of the population, are sure, erelong, to diffuse themselves by sympathy to those who come next in contact with them. We believe that, even among the operatives, the yeomanry, the journeymen of the different trades, and other individuals whom the warning may scarcely have yet reached in a practical or potential shape, there are those who already begin to doubt, whether the abolition of close boroughs is to bring them so many blessings as they had been taught to expect. If their opinions in favour of Reform have not yet undergone any extensive change, their desire for it is at least becoming daily less ardent. And in this metropolis, more particularly, the apathy with which the public are just now awaiting the promulgation of the new Bill is too marked to escape observation."

The "Friendly Adviser," with a tremulous sob, and a trembling paw, sighed and scribbled upon the Peers to take warning from events—to remember that what happened once may happen again—that *the House of Peers* may be declared "useless and dangerous"—their hereditary titles marked for proscription—the doom of death denounced against "their Order." "If," says the Observer—in eloquent language, delightfully contrasting with the most elaborate and ineffectual throes of the costive and hide-bound Adviser—"if such times are to be our fate, we shall owe them not to men's courage, but to their cowardice—not to the overmuch zeal and devotion of individuals, in the discharge of their duty, but their proneness to betray it. Alas! for the aristocracy of this country, when they shall be reduced to traffic for the prolongation of a precarious existence, by the violation of their oaths and the abandonment of their functions. Brief and miserable indeed will then be the remainder of their lease! If the Peers desire to make good all the worst assertions of their enemies—if they desire to stand self-convicted before mankind as drones and incumbrances in the scheme of society—if they would furnish their future assailants with arguments unanswerable for the suppression of their order—they have only to record their utter inutility as a conservative body—to prove their incapacity for the place assigned to them in the constitution, as barriers against popular encroachment, by deserting their posts at the very moment when on their firmness and energy depends the common salvation." His Majesty's Ministers are now all as mum as mice, which is not surprising, seeing that most of them are rats. They will not utter even one small insignificant squeak, but keep looking with little dim bleared eyes out of their holes, munching away at their cheese-parings—but not always in such safety as they imagine—for Mr Croker out-Herods Herod in his "Murder of the Innocents." Why, really, the Lord Advocate's illustration of the poor Babes in the Wood was not happy; nor is there any danger that the impossible propagation he deprecates will ever be attempted by the people of this country, fond as they are of the Bill, though far from amorous of some of its amendments. Another Frankenstein will never appal us, in the shape of one great big blockhead made up of a number of small babies. No political Mrs Shelley

will ever produce such a miscellaneous abortion. As well make one schoolmaster out of fifty scholars, and then set him to work at his own bumbrushing, by way of reforming and strengthening his constitution. As well out of fifty rats, each as clumsy as a Calcraft, make one cat with claws as cutting as a Croker. But a truce to such trifling—and let us conclude with one assertion, and with one extract. The peers will reject the Bill, because—

"An idea—a most erroneous idea—is entertained by some, that, although on all ordinary questions which are brought before them, it may be the duty of the Lords to exercise an independent judgment, there is yet an exception to that rule in a case like this, where the measure relates exclusively to the composition of another branch of the legislature, and by that branch has been adopted and recommended.—Why, certainly, if the matter were one which concerned only the six hundred and fifty-eight individuals who sit in the House of Commons,—if it were a mere arrangement for their personal convenience, and which would in no degree affect the welfare of the rest of the community, there might be something in this distinction. But it will scarcely be contended, that the change contemplated to be produced by the Reform Bill would not extend far beyond the walls of the House of Commons,—that it is not calculated, vitally and in an unprecedented degree, to affect the interests and even to disturb the structure of society,—and that it concerns not the Peers themselves, first, in their individual capacities as members of that society, and secondly, as an hereditary body, having certain functions to perform in the state, and enjoying certain privileges, honours, and powers, to which the enactments of the Bill indeed may have no direct application, but which are not the less sure to feel certain ultimate consequences from their practical operation. And if it be, on the one hand, emphatically and incontestably the office of the Peers, to guard the institutions of the country against any sudden bursts of popular violence, that might prove too overpowering for the other House, connected as that House is with the people, and open to impression from their mandates,—and on the other hand, if they (the Peerage) are bound by the most sacred of all obligations, to maintain entire those powers and immunities, which, as a body, they hold in trust for the public good,—we really cannot understand how the obligation should be either more or less cogent, because the blow, which is to crush the national institutions or shake the foundations of the aristocracy, may have been more immediately aimed at the fabric of the House of Commons.

"Let it not be supposed, that we are here contending for the possibility of the House of Peers maintaining a successful contest *for ever*, on this or any other given question, against the other two estates of the realm. Our argument goes to no such inference. The case, we apprehend, stands thus.—Either the prevailing desire for Parliamentary Reform, (in so far as the desire does prevail,) is the result of a deliberate and rooted opinion, formed after mature reflection, and strongly cherished by the great body of the educated and intelligent classes of society; or it is not. If it be not, few will be found, we presume, to contend, that the Lords would be justified in passing the Bill, merely on account of the temporary support which it receives from the King and Commons;—neither, in that case, can there be the least ground to apprehend, that such support will be *more than temporary*. If, on the other hand, the desire in question be the offspring of a mature and sound conviction, in the minds of those who alone are competent *to form any judgment on the subject, and if that conviction shall continue unshaken,—it follows as a matter of moral necessity*, that a comparatively small body like the Lords must eventually yield to the general demand. And they will so yield, on conviction, not on compulsion. The very case supposed implies that the Reformers have reason on their side; and the Lords are not, more than other men, constituted by nature to resist long the sustained pressure of public opinion founded on reason. Our observation, of course, has reference to the opinion only of the instructed and enlightened public;—for, as we have said, in every gradation of the social state, from the most despotic monarchy to the wildest republic, it is an unalterable law, that, either by direct or indirect means, the few govern the many.

"Until, however, by such legitimate process as we have described, their consciences be satisfied of the justice and expediency of passing a measure of the nature of this Bill, we hold it to be the incontestable duty of the Lords, to give it their determined resistance. And what is the duty of all, is necessarily the duty of each. Let it not be imagined, that, in a crisis like this, it is possible for any one to escape, through the mere participation of others, from any portion of that high moral responsibility which, to the extent of his part, attaches equally to every individual mixing in the drama. It becomes the man, who would really be thought a loyal and honest citizen, to act in such circumstances, as if on him alone rested the fate of the country; and to remember always, that whatever may be lost through his negligence or tergiversation, however many there may be to partake the shame, will assuredly be laid to his account.

"If the discussion be so prolonged in the House of Commons, as to allow time for the full reaction of opinion, before the Bill reaches the Peers, we have little or no apprehension, that the free deliberations of their Lordships will have any very strong spirit of resistance to encounter from the part of the country. But, even if it should be otherwise,—if on the Lords the task should fall—the arduous but sacred task—of having to stem the current of popular frenzy,—we cannot allow ourselves for an instant to suspect,—base and many though the examples have been of truckling timidity and time-serving treachery, which in the last six months it has been our pain to witness,—we *do not* suspect, but that there is enough of manhood yet left in the noble blood of England, to ensure the faithful and fearless performance of that office."

That is the proper spirit in which a gentleman writes about the Peers. No railing — no reviling—no fawning — no cringing; but, being British-born, let us speak to high and low alike, like the sons of freemen. Let our hands and our heads be above board—and no kicking below the table. It is vulgar. Let all who think it is the duty of the Peers to pass the Bill, say so, and give their reasons; and if they say so at once courteously and rationally, they will be listened to; but none but slaves will talk of fear, and none but knaves will counsel Peer or peasant, under any circumstances, to violate his conscience. That any Peer can be conscientiously opposed to the Bill, seems almost beyond the belief of the Friendly Adviser; and therefore he treats all opposition as mere idiotcy, of which the quack, however, offers no cure. The truth is, that the Peers are now placed in a situation which demands magnanimity of soul; and by exerting it they will save the constitution. Listen to "Friendly Advisers" they never will —even for a moment. "A truce—a short and hollow truce—they may purchase, perhaps, with disgrace; but they will part, irretrievably, with that surer stay which they possess in the estimation of honourable men. The very caitiffs at whose feet they have crouched, will be the first to spurn them!!" But there will be no such spurning; for we are happy to know that such threatening and bullying have inspired, all over the respectable orders of society, one feeling of genuine disgust. Indeed, in Britain, a blackguard must not bully even a beggar. But bullying noblemen and gentlemen, meets with instant chastisement, mental or manual as it may chance—fist and foot being the most appropriate and prompt reply to all "Friendly Advisers," who come swaggering up to you to beg, borrow, swindle, steal, or rob, on the King's highway. It is not easy to stomach an insolent appeal to one's cowardice—especially when preceded by an assertion that you have no conscience. But we are getting tautological, we find, in the expression of our contempt for these cullies—and therefore perhaps you will pardon us for embodying it in a new form—in verse—in the following

RATIONAL FEAR;

OR "FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE LORDS."

"The safety of rational fear."—BROUGHAM and JEFFREY, *passim*

1.

YE nobles and prelates, the pride of our land,
Come learn to obey, when you dare not command;
Subscribe your own sentence—submit to your fate,
And give up the ghost without farther debate.
For your Schoolmaster tells you—that brave pamphleteer,
That you now must be counsell'd by—Rational FEAR!

2.
And surely when danger is gathering around,
And the spirit of evil seems fairly unbound—
When the hand and the heart of " all good men and true,"
Should be set 'gainst the schemes of the Radical Crew,
Nothing less should possess the proud soul of a Peer,
Than Brougham's old familiar—Rational Fear!

3.
When by " Friendly Advisers" you're ask'd to resign
The honours of many a time-honour'd line;
When your rights are invaded, to stand tamely by,—
And, in short, to consent just " to lie down and die,—
You doubtless must lend a considerate ear
To the Schoolmaster's argument—Rational Fear!

4.
And if such Advisers our King should persuade,
That Peers for their purpose are easily made,
The high blood of England might spurn the disgrace
Of the mushroom-like fungus, and time-serving race—
But the blood of a Clifford, a Howard, De Vere,
May be cooled down to reason by—Rational Fear!

Time was—or at least so our Chronicles tell—
When COURAGE was found just to answer as well;
But things are now alter'd—and all our discourse
Now turns on the virtues of *physical force;*
And where is the recusant, wrongheaded Peer,
Who seeks not the safety of—Rational Fear?

6.
There's Eldon, who's weather'd full many a storm
As threatening as this of our threaten'd Reform,
And Wellington, who, as our story-books say,
Has witness'd some sharpish affairs in his day—
Even they must now learn from our great pamphleteer
To fly to the refuge of—Rational Fear!

There's Mansfield, and Wortley, and Winchelsea, too,
Who so oft have been tried, and so long been found true;
They once were the guardians of Church and of State,
But a duty like this is now long out of date—
For who thinks of duty when danger is near,
Who has learnt the new doctrine of—Rational Fear?

8.
Then, brave Peers of England! come seal your own doom
In the fashion prescribed by your schoolmaster Brougham,
In the honour and safety you all must agree
Of escaping from danger, by *felo-de-se*—
Then refuse not the Friendly Advice of a Peer,
Who so well knows the virtues of—Rational Fear!

GREEK DRAMA.

No. I.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

Philosophical critics—from Aristotle to North—have often been pleased to institute enquiries into the grounds of the comparative difficulty, importance, and grandeur of the different kinds of poetical composition. But, in our humble opinion, they might have far better employed their time and talents in elucidation of the principles common to all departments of the Art sacred to "the Vision and the Faculty Divine." The same genius, in our humble opinion—shines in them all—the Genius of the Soul. Sometimes we see it lustrous in Epic—sometimes in Dramatic—sometimes in Lyrical Poetry. Observing some mysterious law of heaven, it assumes now the shape of a Homer, or a Dante, or a Milton—now of an Æschylus, a Shakspeare, or a Baillie—now of a Pindar, a Chiabrera, or a Wordsworth. It sleepeth perhaps for a long time, but is never dead; it effulges by eras; the same spirit, believe us, but in different manifestations; while "far off its coming shone," clothed, in divers climes and ages, in various raiment—yet ever and everywhere but one glorious apparition.

The truth of this assertion—at first perhaps startling—is so clear the moment you consider it calmly, that it needs neither proof nor attestation. Two sentences will shew it in the light of day. Homer was the Father of Epic Poetry—because in him the Genius of the Soul, obeying heavenly instinct and instruction, chose to be Epic. But how dramatic too, and how lyric likewise, is the blind Melesegines! Had it not been his doom to pour forth Epics—had the Iliad and Odyssey "slumbered yet in uncreated dust"—what had hindered him from bequeathing to his kind Tragedies and Odes? Milton walked in his blindness up and down the whole of Paradise—Lost and Regained. But is Samson Agonistes not a tragedy? If it be not, neither will the Last Day. Is his Christmas Hymn not an ode? Then never by human hand become angelical, shall harp-string be smote in heaven. In these Αοιδοι you perceive the Genius of the Soul, though essentially epic, sometimes changed before our eyes, the colours continuing celestial, into dramatic and lyric forms. Oftener, perhaps, it abides in one and the same form, in one and the same breast—as in the Southern or the Northern Ariosto—where we behold it raging in the irregular epic. Or as in Collins, the pensive chorister—or in Wordsworth, the high-priest of Nature's joy—immortal lyrists both—and coeval with all future time. And thus we designate the Singers by the strongest manifestation and most permanent in their being, of the Genius of the Soul—we class them accordingly—and we set them—not order above order—for we are speaking of the highest—but in radiant rows—in dazzling files—on parallel levels—within holy regions which on earth are heaven—and these are the Hierarchies.

So fareth it with all favoured mortals, in whose breasts abide—temporarily—or always—the Genius of the Soul. True to their high-calling, and dedicated to its duties, they

> "Walk the impalpable and burning sky;"

and all good people below devoutly exclaim, "Lo! the Poets." All but the many whose eyes are with their feet—and their feet among the weeds; all but the few who with evil eyes look even upon the stars. The ground-grovellers know not of the existence of the luminaries who shine in the cerulean; the heaven-haters look up and "curse their light."

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* Family Library—Dramatic Series, No. IV. Potter's Æschylus. Murray. 1831. —The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated by John Symmons, A.M. late Student of Christ Church. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

But it has been—is—and ever will be—with Poetry as with Religion. They suffer scathe and scorn from heretics and unbelievers. The Primal Creed—natural and revealed—becomes obscured to the eyes of the half initiated, and they cease to read aright the lines of light—the letters of gold—in which it is written, by a hand, on the walls of the house we inhabit. The uninitiated deny that the characters are there at all—for they have scribbled them all over with their own worthless or unhallowed alphabet. To them the few syllables still visible seem to belong to a dead language—all that is alive is but their own jargon. Just as if on the leaves of a Bible—rain-washed and weather-stained — some wretched person were to scrawl blasphemy or pollution.

It behoves all who love the Beautiful, which is the Immortal, to guard from profanation, or oblivion, all holy relics. Such are words—the words of the wise—and beyond and above all others in power and glory—of the Great Poets. They must be guarded in sanctuaries—when no longer breathed from living lips in intercommunion of spirit with spirit enshrined in mortal mould. Dead languages in one sense they are—for dead are all—or worse than dead, of whom they were, or are, the native speech. But living languages in another sense are they—for from the silent page they still breathe inspiration. Spoken are they no more in their power and purity—or spoken not, perhaps, at all, any more than the Sanscrit, which they say never was spoken; but what music begins to play as soon as we open the leaves of the book!

> " And now 'tis like all instruments—
> Now like a lonely flute;
> And now 'tis like an angel's song,
> That bids the heavens be mute."

Is it not so with the relics of Grecian Poetry? Is Homer dead? No more dead than that star—

> " The star of Jove so beautiful and large."

They who can read Greek, see him as he is in the sky—they who cannot, see him in reflection, as if it were in a lake or the sea. Or say rather, in the " pure well of English undefiled"—of Chapman, or Pope, or Cowper, or Sotheby. He has been translated *from* the skies—and sometimes we scarcely know whether we be gazing on the orb or its image.

Are Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides dead? No; the Wondrous Three are still in constellation. Bright are they as when first they shone, thousands of years ago, in the heavenly sky. But which are they? In what quarter of the region hang their golden lamps? Yonder. You see the glorious gems—enclosing as in a triangle a deep-blue portion of stainless ether. The apex-star is Æschylus—to the east is Sophocles—to the west, Euripides!

Now think we of Milton's praise of the " Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument." Now we remember and murmur to ourselves—from the Paradise Regained—

> " Thence what the lofty, grave Tragedians taught
> In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
> Of moral wisdom, with delight received
> In brief sententious precepts, while they teach
> *Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,*
> *High actions and high passions best describing!"*

These last two lines how pregnant! They involve the whole Philosophy of the Grecian stage. What are all lectures on that drama—if good for any thing—in French, English, or German—but discourses on that Text! And like the texts in the Bible—how it teaches us all that can be known—without the useless assistance of Sermons! Schlegel, for example, is a good preacher—an orthodox divine. But what light throws he over the Greek Tragedy, but scatterings from that Urn?

But you are turning your eyes away from the Three Luminaries—and now you are fixing them upon One—on a single Star—all by itself—so it seems—although in the midst of thousands. It shines so softly and so sweetly in its transcendent brightness, that it seeks neither to repel nor to extinguish, nor to dim the lower and the lesser lights—but rather to render them all lovelier and happier in the heavens. Aye—that is Shakspeare.

In him, far and high beyond all other manifestation, shone in dramatic form the Genius of the Soul. The earthen O became before his eyes the wooden O—and the wooden O became the earthen.

> "All the world's a stage
> And all the men and women merely players!"

The Rules of the Drama! Do not speak of them—we beseech you; for with him they were the Rules of Life. What cared he for Farce—or Comedy—or Tragedy, but as he saw them laughing, weeping, going mad, and dying—in Man? Broad grins and deep groans were all alike food to Shakspeare—the fool with his cap and bells—the Imperial Eye, whose "bend did awe the world;" "the rump-fed ronyon," wife to the Master of the Tiger—the "Gentle Lady married to the Moor;"—Dame Quickly with Falstaff—the fat buck—in the clothes basket beneath a foul load of linen—and—CORDELIA!

It is the fashion, we perceive, to sneer at Samuel Johnson. But he had a soul that saw into Shakspeare's. How else could he have written these words?

> "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew—
> Exhausted worlds—and then imagined new.
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!"

Many-coloured life! That is fine. Change! Good. Shift its position but an inch—and it shifts its hues—like the neck of a bird. So did Shakspeare in all his pictures. Then he was a scientific painter. For he was taught by Apollo. He knew whence came the lights and the shadows. He was the weather-wisest of all mortal men. On rising of a morning, he had but to take one look at the Lift of Life—he saw how the wind blew—from what airt—the main current—and by intuition was given him the knowledge of the character of all the clouds. Therefore he foresaw and prophesied meridian, noon, eve, and night—and whether still or stormy the "witching hour." That—or something like it—is what Samuel the Sage meant by saying of Shakspeare,

> "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew."

And what difficulty can there be in knowing what he meant by saying,

> "Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new?"

There is no exaggeration in the expression, "exhausted worlds." It is a noble hyperbole. He did not exhaust them, as a chemist exhausts air below a glass, leaving there perhaps a mouse to die, because it can no longer expire. Neither did he exhaust them as you exhaust an orange by sucking it—not perhaps in the most elegant style supposable—and then throwing the peel to a schoolboy, who, being fond of fruit, despiseth not the dessert. But he exhausted worlds—as you exhaust the face of the maiden you love—by drinking all its beauty—a drink divine—till you are transported out of yourself, as by the inspiration of the Gas of Paradise. The face continues to overflow with beauty; but you have put it into poetry, and should any other bard attempt to do so after you, he finds that you have exhausted the subject—that brow of Egypt is still bright as ever—but he must seek for another Cleopatra. Every soul of passion and genius thus exhausts worlds—thereby making them his own; but Shakspeare reduced more worlds than any other man that ever breathed to a state of exhaustion—and that is all—and enough too—that Sam of Lichfield meant to say of Will of Stratford. But unfortunately for most men, after they have exhausted worlds, they cannot imagine new; they are under the necessity of allowing them to recover from the state of exhaustion, and so to live on upon them till they die. Shakspeare, again, has no sooner done with all the worlds that lie about us, round our feet or over our heads, in the atmosphere and on the ground of reality, than he "imagines new," nor could any thing satisfy him but to exhaust them likewise; so that had he not died at the age of fifty-seven, we believe he would, there is but too much reason to fear, have exhausted all the worlds lying in the universe of Imagination—and there would have been no more Poetry—no more Poets!

> "Existence saw him spurn her *bounded reign*."

And so she did. Observe, you must lay the emphasis on the word bounded. Johnson has already said that Shakspeare "exhausted worlds." Now, he speaks of the style in which Shakspeare spurn'd—not exhausted, mind you—but spurn'd existence. He lost all patience with existence, because her reign was *bounded.* Bounded by what? Why, you ninny, by space! One kingdom lies here—another there; two poles there are at the least, though Parry never touched one. The magnetic poles are *four.* Europe is one continent—Africa a second—Asia a third—and America is very generally supposed to be a fourth. Now, all this is what Johnson meant by "bounded reign;" and this is what Shakspeare could not endure—therefore "existence saw him spurn" it—and he absolutely went so far as to create an existence of his own with an *unbounded* reign—making *his* Bohemia a maritime kingdom, famous for the multitude of its seaport towns, while it continued all the time to be just as conspicuous as ever among inland communities, pretty well in towards the centre of its own continent.

"Panting Time toil'd after him in vain,"

is a line that by no means caricatures the "lame and impotent conclusions" of Saturn, when absurdly attempting to keep up with Shakspeare. Saturn sometimes contrived to keep pretty close to him in the daytime—but in the night Shakspeare always shot so far a-head, that the betting in all the circles was all on one side—all givers and no takers—all against Time, who, on many occasions, came panting up at the end of the play, weeks—months—years after the spectators had left the ground, and when there was no more appearance of a race than if it had been a Sunday between sermons in Scotland.

This may seem a light way of speaking of the Swan of Avon. But, after all the solemn stuff that has been uttered about the Unities, perhaps we shall be excused for our philosophical frivolities. The Unities of Time and Place in the Drama of Real Life we must observe, whether we will or no—because we are then obliged to obey our bodies. We shall not be able to get over them even by rail-roads. But in the Drama of Fictitious Life, what have we to do with our bodies? Nothing but to sit upon them—still and civil. We are but the spectators and the audience. And what cares the Mind about Time and Place? Not one brass farthing. As to the actors, we do not expect more of them than to pretend plausibly being one hour at Thebes, and the next at Athens. 'Tis all smooth sliding and plain sailing over land and sea in shandrydan or ship of Imagination. "Here away, Jack—there away, John!" Hero and heroine are both off at the nail as quickly and naturally as bits of wet paper—and back again as dry as whistles.

It would appear, however, that though all mankind, rude and civilized, have recognised this power of the Mind to go where and when it would, all over the fields of space and time, in the seven-league boots of Fancy, yet that they have all always had some confused notion that the mind could only exercise that power with satisfaction to itself, when its eyes were shut; and that though it rejoiced in the divine right of flying in thought, and making others fly in thought along with it, to the uttermost parts of the earth in the space of a couple of minutes, it has been slow to assure itself that it possessed an almost equal and entirely the same kind of power over those comparatively hulking concerns, things as over thoughts, over bodies as well as souls, over the "very guts in a man's brain," as well as the thinking principle. Accordingly, in all theatres of which we ever read, there has been respect shewn to Time and Space—an attempt to compress Time into such a period as might be thought to pass while the people were staring, and to compress Space within that part of "bounded existence," at the door of which tickets had been taken and money paid, whether Temple or Barn.

Distrustful of her power of self-delusion, thus has always acted the Mind with theatrical representations. Nor can we either blame her, or think that she did much amiss. Her object was a good one—to preserve in a Fiction of Life the Unities that reign in the Reality—and thus to have a true resemblance.

All dramas we ever heard of began thus—and all dramas—but the English—have stuck to this scheme—some closer, and others more laxly; but on no stage but the English have we ever heard of a young lady woo'd in the first act, married in the second, seen enciente in the third, brought to bed in the fourth, and in the Fifth leaning upon the arm of her son, who has just succeeded, on the death of his father, to a fine landed property, and come to pay a visit in the jointure-house to his Lady-mother, who looks so charmingly in weeds, that no doubt she will get another husband in the Afterpiece.

With respect, again, to Unity of Action—that seemeth to be a higher and a profounder Thought. The soul seeks it in all Fiction and in all Truth. But it often knows not when it has got it, and when it has not got it—in either; and when it does know, its knowledge comes by feeling, and the feeling is the sole assurance of the Unity. It needs little reflection to see, that the preservation of the Unities of Time and Place may destroy or prevent the Unity of Action. But it would seem, that generally they are an assistance, in skilful hands; and that extreme license and latitude, or rather the allowed disregard or violation of the Unities of Time and Place, while often a great help to genius in its endeavour to attain Unity of Action, furnish strong temptation, and do of themselves almost necessarily lead to the destruction of that Unity in dramatists of inferior endowment. Being at liberty to do as they will with place and time, they submit reluctantly to the restrictions of severe science on the other—and thus are dramas conceived and executed, which are but a series of fallings-out in Time and Place, not Ones—Wholes—Cycles—but Parts, Fragments, and Fictions. And this is bad.

Now, we cannot but come to this conclusion at last—that the law of the Unities is death to weak dramatists. Claims such as they impose, strong genius alone can bear. Inferior powers "drag at each remove a lengthen'd chain," till they get lame, halt, and at last sink down as if they were dead. They give up the ghost—when they find how difficult it is to introduce him—that place and time make him a most unmanageable spectre. But inferior powers may contrive to construct a very passable drama, when free from all such fetters and drawbacks on their onward movements towards a catastrophe. "Time and the hour run through the *roughest play*"—and the piece is given out for repetition amidst great applause; whereas, had the author been obliged to work upon another model, it is questionable if his work had not been "unanimously damned with a great majority."

Of this we are convinced as of our own existence, that had the law of the three Unities prevailed in this country, we should not have had such a multitude of dramatic compositions which, while they display genius, and much power over the passions, are so crude, so imperfect, and so barbarous, as to be utterly unworthy the name of works of art. They have poetry in them—but they are not poems. They are tragic—but they are not tragedies. Sayings and Doings they are—but neither regular nor irregular Dramas.

Why, with all our admiration—high and just—of the elder English dramatists—great you may call them if you choose—how few of their plays can we bear to see acted—how few of them can we read without a frequent, or perpetual feeling of dissatisfaction accompanying the awkwardness of their plots—of the evolution of their incidents and events—and the imperfect developements of their characters! Few indeed. Shakspeare alone triumphs over our souls—his tragedies alone fulfil their destinies—his catastrophes, and few else, satisfy our entire capacities of passion. He alone "exhausts worlds" of woe—he alone preserves the Unities in his utter forgetfulness of their existence. For we see through the magic power of tears; and in that mist Time stops or flies unheeded; Space is expanded or contracted; and we are sensible but to our own mortal miseries, which have all their source and their termination in the spiritual kingdom—of which Space and Time are not then known even to be so much as accidents. There often is "Satan's invisible kingdom displayed"—and there we sometimes behold the beauty of the soul almost as if it were fair and fresh from the hand of God.

This brings us close upon our more immediate subject—the Greek Drama. In it the Unities seem to reign with sovereign power—whereas they are subjects all of a kingly genius. As works of arts and science, those tragedies are perfect. Are they lifeless? No—instinct with spirit. Are they cold? No—they burn with fire. Are they stiff? As Apollo when he slew the serpent. Are they natural? Aye—and what is more—likewise preternatural—and supernatural—for the actors are men—and demigods—and gods—and earth is shewn—as it is—in intercommunion with heaven.

We feel assured that all who know those tragedies, will agree with us in thinking them far nobler works of the Genius of the Soul than any others except Shakspeare's. And perhaps they may agree, too, with us, in thinking, that the reason why they are so is, that what the Greek tragedians attempted and performed was an achievement fairly within the reach of a high intellect and imagination, inspired as those were which created the "Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument," by as many and as strong causes of inspiration as ever bore upon man's spiritual being; whereas what Shakspeare attempted and performed seems to be beyond the reach—and far beyond the reach—of any other mortal creature that ever appeared on this planet in the flesh.

For what did they attempt—and what did they perform?—Milton has told us—and we are afraid to say another word. But they did this—they illustrated some high ancestral story—or fable—in all its grand outlines and proportions familiar to the whole of Greece. They illustrated it by poetry—and dance and music. Heroes and heroines of the olden time restored to life—stood on a magnificent stage in all their majesty—in a glorious theatre—before all the illustrious People of Athens. All that was mean and low—and even in the ancient Athens there was much—even in the age of Pericles—ceased to be; the solemnities alone were seen of the heroic ages—and coming and going the celestial Sanctities. Wound up to that highest pitch, the soul was still sustained by the scene far above this common world, of which it yet beheld a glorified shadow; or rather the light which shone of old—and which had "languished, grown dim, and died," on earth, descended again upon it, and in all the splendid pomp and august ceremonial of an imaginative religion. Dresses—decorations—language—music—all partook of "the consecration and the Poet's dream"—all were august—all congenial with the "stateliest and most regal argument"—more august in that representation in which Genius reigned, than ever had been the Tragedies themselves, acted in life to the pouring out of richest blood, by the heroes that fought at Troy, or by their sires' sires, whose dooms darkened or brightened the fabulous histories of most remote antiquity. All that the soul ever imagined was shewn to the senses; and that mighty Theatre became a world, in which elated and ennobled Imagination believed the wonders it saw to be very realities. There shone Agamemnon before his palace-gates at Argos, glorious from the Fall of Troy—there the Furies shook their unextinguished torches and their snaky locks—there Minerva and Apollo stood, with the light of heaven on their heads—and the eye of Greece beheld the presence of her tutelary Deities. Such was the Drama—and it was felt, indeed, to be Divine.

The accomplished Editor of Potter, in the Family Dramatic Library, has some beautiful paragraphs on the character of the Greek Drama. And we wish we had left ourselves room to quote some of them; but we are too much addicted to the habit of writing to leave ourselves opportunities of profiting so often as we might do, by the talents of our friends. One fine passage, however, we must quote.

"To those who have the power of reading these noble productions of antiquity in the original language, and to those who possess the still rarer faculty of being able to abstract themselves from modern usages and feelings, and of throwing themselves back into the times from which these intellectual banquets were derived, Milton's high commendation of its uses and delights will seem little, if at all, overcharged. Such persons find themselves at once thrown back upon a state of things, for which modern compositions can furnish no equivalent. Lofty figures stalk before their eyes; visions of heroic greatness and superhuman dignity become familiar to their thoughts; they hold converse with majestic minds, which the storms of fate might shake but could not subdue; and if they come out of this intercourse without experiencing those feverish excitements and gusts of passion, by which the modern drama at once delights and enervates the mind, they feel in themselves that calm repose or chastened emotion which were the legitimate and wiser aims of the ancient drama, and of which the one will be found the best relief against the cares, as the other will be the surest preservative against the pains of life."

Mr Campbell—as fine and as true a critic as he is an original and imaginative poet—has some admirable observations on Lillo, "the tragic poet of middling and familiar life," which bear strongly on our present subject. He has been speaking of Lillo's Arden of Feversham, in which there is a scene of intended murder so true to nature, that the audience, it is said, with one accord rose up and interrupted it. Mr Campbell admits that this was a proof of the *power* of the dreadful semblance of reality; but what we want is the "magic illusion of poetry." He continues—"Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of Tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt, from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in Tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy, requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation, to the objects of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

> ———' let gorgeous Tragedy
> In scepter'd ball come sweeping by.'

"Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly in the virtues of the middling ranks of life, that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not in general fix on level situations for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this, in the moral painting of Tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring."

In such a Drama, we hope you will agree with us in thinking, that the Unities were Cardinal Virtues. The scheme was severe as it was stately—truth idealized. Therefore violence must be done—if possible —to nothing in nature—else had art been stained with imperfection. As things were, so let them be—only lifted up into greater majesty—but obedient still—as the meanest—to the sovereign laws.

But remember that this wonderful people—the poets of this wonderful people—which is the same thing—had an invention by which they gave the Unities a far-extended reign. We allude to the Trilogy. Three plays were written on one subject—each a perfect whole in itself—but the three also a whole—so that comprehensively each play was an act, —and of three acts consisted the Triune Drama. Was not this great? Shakspeare has something like it in the first and second part of his historical plays. For Shakspeare has every thing; but his first and second parts have neither separately nor conjointly the power and glory of the Grecian Trilogy. They have not indeed—you must not be angry—for we speak the truth.

Now, whether or not Trilogies

were acted in succession, all on one day, to the same audience, we do not know; nor do we well see how we should, any more than Augustus W. Schlegel, who was a far more learned man than Christopher North, and a far more unprincipled and hypocritical plagiary. But this we do know—that there was nothing to prevent it—and that if they were, then we lament that we were not born a few thousand years ago, that we might have sat out a Trilogy. The Trilogy of Agamemnon, the Coephoræ, and the Eumenides, might have been performed, we should think, all within the fifteen hours; certainly within the twenty-four; and would it not have been easier to look and listen for that time to such an exhibition—opera and tragedy all in one—dance, music, and poetry—to say nothing of the scenery and the assemblage—than to sit for six hours—no uncommon occurrence—in the pit of Covent Garden or Drury Lane—under the infliction of the most dismal of all imaginable trash--or in St Stephen's Chapel—twice that length of time—to trash, dismal far beyond imagination, and incredible even to those who ultimately died under it?

But besides the audience or spectators—and the actors and their stage—there was that sublime idealism—the Chorus—the ideal representative of Human Nature in its character of sympathetic witness — and judge—we had almost said—the Shadow of the Man within the Breast—the Conscience. "The Chorus," as Mr Symmons finely says, "was the original and substantive part of the representation. The *getting it up* was a matter of state, and the frequent contention of the Tribes, who vied with each other in the exhibition of their respective Choruses. The first persons in each Tribe were appointed Choragi, and rivalled each other in the splendour and apparatus of their Choruses, who were chosen, taught, and practised for some time before the grand Lenæan and Dionysian Festivals. It was a grand national exhibition of music and dancing; and the poets, properly speaking, tacked on the dialogue to heighten the pleasure, and diversify the amusement. From the splendour of the representation, and the beauty of the dresses, the dancing and the music, associated with the finest flights of poetry, the Chorus was probably the most attractive part of the representation; though to us, stripped of all its adjuncts, it is the least interesting, and considered, in a modern play, as a useless incumbrance. Rousseau, in his remarks on the opera of Alcestis, has some very pertinent remarks both on the dramas and language of Greece; contending that the former were operas, and that the latter was of so musical a nature; that its mere pronunciation, when in verse, constituted music; whereas, he says, in all modern languages the association of music with words is unnatural, and hardly tolerable. Hence with us in operas, where music prevails, sense, poetry, and dramatic interest vanish; very differently in Greece, where one heightened the pleasure of the other." But its true character will best appear when we come to the Tragedy of Agamemnon—in which the Chorus is perhaps the grandest in the Greek Drama.

Suppose Tragedies with such an aim, and on such a model, composed by genius of the highest order, working under inspiration, and yet obedient to the severest laws—and see you not at once that they must be most glorious works!

Turn we then again, for a moment, to Shakspeare. His dramas were written for a mean theatre, and a miserable stage. Orchestra! Why, yes, a couple of fiddlers. Chorus? None—except in a couple of instances or so—a prologue. Ancestral tales of heroic ages? Sometimes—for our civil wars were wars of heroes. But all ages—all characters—all occupations—all ranks—were almost alike to him; what he wanted were—men and women.

> "Creation's heir! the world! the world
> is thine!"

All passions—all emotions—all affections—all sentiments—all opinions—all fears—all hopes—all desires—whatever constitutes the heart, the soul, and the mind—were the subject-matter of Shakspeare's plays. Majesty — magnificence — dignity — splendour — state — pomp — why he beheld them all "in the light of common day"—his genius was "wide and general as the casing air"—and all the world of "man and nature, and of human life," swam before his eyes as God made it, and as sin and trouble changed it from the day of the Fall. Heroes! hide all your diminished heads before—Hamlet the Dane! Heroines! fade away in presence of Desdemona! But we must positively say not one single word more—at present—about Shakspeare—or we shall never get at Æschylus. We shall have said enough—and all we wished to say—if we have succeeded—even imperfectly—in proving that the Greek Drama is in idea—and the execution nobody denies is nearly perfect—great and glorious—but that the idea of the English Drama is greater and more glorions far—only that Shakspeare alone has realized it, and that in all other hands so many imperfections have clouded it, and marred its majesty, that he being placed aloof and "left alone in his glory," all other Tragedians, though often Shakspearean too, must veil their faces though bright, and stoop their heads though anointed, when brought for comparison into the presence of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. In greatest attempts it is indeed glorious even to fail, but not so glorious sure, as in attempts only not the greatest, to be crowned with consummate success and perfect triumph.

Of the three, Æschylus is the greatest, for his genius is the most original, and it has the most power. The soul of Sophocles possessed in perfection the sense of grace and beauty; that of Euripides breathed in a perpetual atmosphere of tenderness and pathos; the whole being of Æschylus was embued with the sublime.* So, speaking generally and of course vaguely, may we along with all others characterise with truth the respective genius of these illustrious poets. But we shall speak falsely, if we mean for a moment to deny to any one of the Three the possession of any one gift which may have been bestowed more bountifully on one or other of his compeers. For Æschylus, while his thoughts are vast and stupendous, and his region the Sublime, is often visited with the loveliest imagery. "Beauty pitches her tents before him;"—and he holds in his hands the golden key that opens the door of the "sacred source of sympathetic tears." So too, though Sophocles loves to range through all the richest realms of Beauty—his images being all *exquisite—(far-sought-and-brought-from-the-foreign-climes-of-by-others'-untouched footsteps;)* and though he wantons in the profusion of the flowers of fancy that sometimes obstruct his path through the meads of asphodel, or among the olive groves filled with the songs of nightingales, yet Sophocles is sometimes—not seldom—sublime; and, perhaps, his sublimity is the noblest of all sublimities, for it seems to be but Beauty changing its character as it ascends the sky—even as one might think a Dove high up in the sunshine, and soaring so loftily that eye can no more discern her silver plumage—an Eagle; nor in such heavenward flight would the Bird of Venus be not as sublime as the Bird of Jove. Euripides, again, is the Poet of the Pathetic. But the wrath of Medea, and the madness of Orestes, are excelled in sublimity by no poetry alive; and though he affected, or let us say rather, with the boldness of a great master (for Euripides was a Wordsworth and Wordsworth is a Euripides), bore with him into highest tragedy a style simpler and less ornate, humbler than had belonged to it before, for which Aristophanes lashed him without ruffling his skin, yet are many of his Choruses the perfection of poetical language, as well as of feeling, fancy, and thought, and thousands of his Iambics such as thrill the soul within you—if you have such a thing within you—with that shiver and shudder that shews the presence—the access of the Sublime. Schlegel and Mitchell, following Aristophanes, have been very hard on poor Euripides. But Socrates and Milton loved him—and so doth North—and you shall see, before Christmas perhaps, (Euripides was sprung from the people—Aristophanes was a nobleman,) what wisdom there may be in the sneer at —"the son of the old herb-woman."

Mr Symmons, when speaking of the extreme difficulty of doing any thing like justice in translation to the Greek tragedians, says beautifully, "Those languages also admitted of a greater variety of tropes and figures and metaphors, (some of which, such, for instance, as hypallage, though so frequent in the Greek tragedians, are yet unknown to modern languages,) which gave a spring and soar to the wings of the poets. From its infinite variety and richness, its plastic nature, and the capacity of its compounds, the language accommodated itself to all varieties of natural talent, supplying compound epithets for the dithyrambics and metaphors for the tragedians; and equally answered to the buskined magnificence of Æschylus, the forensic subtlety of Euripides, and the soft and voluptuous colouring of Chæremon. The style of each great master kept aloof from that of another, and afforded to the public an infinite variety of amusement. Of the contrast of styles, the Frogs of Aristophanes presents us with a most delightful and entertaining specimen in the ludicrous contention between Æschylus and Euripides, between the *high-crested cavalier* diction of the one, and the *slender filings and scrapings* of the tongue of the other. In short, no two nearly contemporary poets of our own country could afford so striking a contrast, which must be ascribed, not merely to the difference of their geniuses, but also to the great scope and versatility of their *language*. The most unskilful auditor of Athens might safely pronounce from which of the two poets it proceeded."

This is admirable; it is finely philosophical. So, indeed, are all the observations and reflections of this scholar. He brings to his work all the accomplishments of a first-rate translator, and he knows the difficulties he has to encounter and to overcome. For he tells us that times, customs, religion, and manners, are all changed—words which vibrated on the ear, and went straight to the heart of an Athenian, causing a thrill through their crowded Theatres, are known to us only by the dim light of lexicons, context, and glossaries; and even when understood, we search in vain for corresponding expressions in our own language. Words consecrated to religious uses, long since forgotten, have become untranslatable. An immeasurable distance, therefore, must there always be between an ancient original (especially a Tragedy or an Ode) and a modern translation; that is, not only the difference between the genius of the writers, but the still greater difference between the genius of languages and ages. The Greek Poetry pleased, and was imposing in its simplicity and nakedness; it has a charm perfectly impossible to be conveyed to those who have not read it in the original; whereas an attempt at the same simplicity in an uncongenial and less powerful language, or a less poetical age and country, would produce only a displeasing effect; "pretty nearly," adds Mr Symmons, though we confess we do not see the propriety or applicability of the image, "pretty nearly what would be produced by the exhibition of a modern *beau*, stript of his clothes, by the side of the naked beauties of Antinous, Adonis, or Apollo!" Why, if the Modern Beau were, which he most likely would turn out to be, a poor mishapen ricketty Cockney, he would look extremely absurd naked, even standing by himself on the banks of the Serpentine; but if he were a young Life-guardsman, of a noble family, we believe he might stand comparison with any statue that ever breathed in marble.

Mr Symmons says truly, that while the two great Epics of antiquity have been rendered in our own language by some of the greatest geniuses of earlier and more modern times, the Gawin Douglases, the Chapmans, the Popes, and the Drydens, the few remains (alas! how few!) of the no less celebrated Greek Tragedians have not been equally fortunate; and with the exception of Gascoyne, whose Phœnissæ is partly an original composition, and partly a close and very spirited translation, these master-pieces have never been attempted except merely in our own times; and of those who have attempted them, general opinion is disposed to think but indifferently of Franklin and Woodhall *in toto*, (Mr Symmons wrote, we believe, or should suppose, before the publication of Mr Dale's very beautiful translation of Sophocles), and of Potter in his versions of Sophocles and Euripides, though inclined to make an exception in favour of his Æschylus. This exception appeared to Mr Symmons as unfounded, or as arising rather out of the nature of the original, the beauties of which were of too transcendent a nature to be wholly obscured, than from any great merit in the translator, and therefore he was emboldened to attempt the Agamemnon. He speaks, however, with a manly modesty, of his own translation. The only advantage which he hopes his own attempt may boast over Potter's, is that it is a more faithful transcript, and that the numerous errors, totally subversive of the sense, to be met with in Potter, are avoided. He has striven to be as literal as possible; though he fears that in endeavouring to give the sense of Æschylus, when sometimes that sense was untranslatable *literally*, in paraphrases, he may have fallen into languor and diffuseness.

With Mr Symmons's judgment on Potter, mildly as it is delivered, we cannot altogether agree—from his judgment on himself, modestly as it is delivered, we wholly dissent. Potter is sadly inaccurate, and no wonder; for he engaged with the most difficult perhaps of all the Greek Poets, (Lycophron is not difficult, he is *impossible*,) and he was no great Greek scholar. He goes right in the teeth of the sense a hundred times; and many thousand times he slurs it over in such a strange style that we defy you to tell whether he understood it or not; while often and often, his verses flow on sonorously, with about as much meaning as the Thames or the Tweed, when, laying your ear to the bank, you entreat him,—not to speak up, for he is loud enough,—but for heaven's sake not to keep murmuring on in that unintelligible strain which is not even so much as oracular, but mere sound—music if you will; while ever as you fondly imagine that the river is about to make a confidential communication, he passes you off with the liquid lapse of a superficial shallow, or confounds you utterly with the thunder of a waterfall. Still, Potter is often excellent; and though it would be going too far to call him a Poet, he had poetry in his soul; he certainly exhibits at times a lofty enthusiasm; and his version of Æschylus, though about as fit to be compared with the original "as *I* to Hercules," may be read with high satisfaction—just as *I*, that is—to speak less egotistically—WE, may on our own account be looked at, not only without much displeasure, but with no inconsiderable delight. We recommend, therefore, the Fourth Volume of the Dramatic Series of the Family Library to all families desirous of acquiring the best knowledge within their power of the Greek stage, and we hope that the editor will give us—after like fashion—Sophocles and Euripides. This volume is edited by an elegant and accomplished scholar—who has enriched it with several short but pithy dissertations. The translations of the Dramas are not given entire—but he has judiciously selected the finest parts of Potter, preserving the order of each Drama—and filling up the lacunæ with prose sketches of the matter left out—so that you are carried along the main-current of song; and these occasional breaks may be compared to little pleasant green islands, to which you float away into moods of repose and of meditation on the wondrous scenery through which you have been descending in a visionary dream.

The Agamemnon, by itself, is as noble a tragedy as ever "went sweeping by" along the floor of a stage. But it is but One of Three; and the Three together are one Tragedy—called, as you know, a Trilogy;—and that Trilogy of all Trilogies extant is the grandest and the most sublime. Of the Coephoræ and the Eumenides you shall hear and see all the most glorious features—by and by—but now for the Agamemnon, who was, as you know, King of Men.

Schlegel gives an analysis of this play in his eloquent Lectures on Dramatic Literature; but we shall give no formal analysis—we shall let evolve before your eyes the whole bright consummate Flower—bright with a dreadful purple and crimson, for every leaf is streaked with blood.

The drama opens with the soliloquy of a watchman on the top of a lonely tower of Atreus' palace in Argos, placed there "like a night-dog," to bark as soon as he shall

"See the appointed signal,
The fire in the horizon, whose red dawn
Shall spread the downfall of proud Ilion's
towers,

> Swifter than noisy fame, or murmuring
> tongues."

For ten years has he kept his watch,

> "Sprinkled with dews, unvisited by
> dreams."

The picture reminds one of our own Great Minstrel. The watchman says,

> "Meanwhile it pleases me by fits to pipe,
> Or sing some roundelay; for song has
> charms
> To pass dull time, and wheedle drowsy
> sleep."

Schlegel says, that it was of importance to Clytemnestra that she should be aware of Agamemnon's approach (for you know she had designed to murder him), and that therefore "the night-dog" was placed on the Tower to bark at the coming king. But this is one of Schlegel's many mistakes, though he has not to answer for all the errors and ignorance in Black's Translation—for example, not for that learned person's assertion that Agamemnon was "*strangled* in the bath," as Homer says, "like an ox at the stall." He was *not* strangled in the bath, nor was Homer's ox strangled at the stall; in both cases the business was done by the axe. The agreement that beacon-fires should declare the Fall of Troy, was made between Agamemnon and Clytemnestra before the army left Argos, before the fleet left Aulis, and at that time she had not sold her soul to Pluto and Egisthus. Philosophical critics should read the poets they lecture on, and so should their translators.

All at once the beacon blaze bursts upon the night, and the watchman exclaims,—

> "O hail, thou lamp of darkness! in the
> night
> Shedding a splendour of diurnal beams,
> Bringing to Argos jubilee and joy,
> And many a choir with thy eventful light."

He then, after some fine poetry, (and why should he not be poetical, who has watched the stars for ten years from the top of a lonely tower?) in which he gives dark hints that all has not been going on well in the palace, descends to communicate the intelligence to the queen.

The Chorus then enter—composed of old men and wise—the senators of Argos—and sing their lofty strains in front of the palace. It is indeed an Ode. The Chorus begins to sing of the sailing of the Fleet to Troy—in poetry worthy of the magnificent array—when suddenly he exclaims,

> "S[illegible]! all the altars of our city gods,
> The Powers of Heaven above and Hell
> below,
> With heap'd oblations blazing glow!"

Clytemnestra, on the watchman's words, has thus kindled the city, which is now alive with the "solemn stir of sacrifice." The Chorus knows not—though he conjectures—the reason of all the joyful and religious fires—but, kindled into higher enthusiasm by the hundred blazes—continues to sing of the expedition to Troy. It is a song of triumph; and yet melancholy breathes over it all—as if inspired by the presaging fear of some mighty misfortune. With wonderful skill Æschylus has scattered and sprinkled sadnesses and misgivings and forebodings over the whole ode, which is one of gloomy exultation. The Chorus alludes to that fatal sacrifice at Aulis, to free the wind-bound Fleet,—the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Fatal, not only because that Innocent died to expiate some mysterious wrong done by her sire Agamemnon to Diana, (mysterious it is in Æschylus—in Sophocles 'tis said to have been his slaying a White Doe sacred to the goddess,) but fatal because Wrath for that cruel wrong done to her child is one of the real or pretended reasons of Clytemnestra's murderous hatred of Agamemnon. We shall quote the celebrated passage descriptive of the sacrifice, in the original—in a literal prose translation—in Potter—and in Symmons.

> Λιτὰς δὲ καὶ κληδόνας πατρῴους
> Παρ' οὐδὲν αἰῶνα παρθένειόν τ'
> Ἔθεντο φιλόμαχοι βραβῆς,
> Φράσεν δ' ἀόζοις πατὴρ μετ' εὐχὰν,
> Δίκαν χιμαίρας ὕπερθε βωμοῦ
> Πέπλοισι περιπετῆ,

Παντὶ θυμῷ προνωπῆ
Λαβεῖν ἀέρδην, στόματός τε καλλιπρῴρου φυλακὰν κατασχεῖν,
Φθόγγον ἀραῖον οἴκοις,
Βίᾳ χαλινῶν τ' ἀναύδῳ μένει.
Κρόκου βαφὰς δ' ἐς πέδον χέουσα
Ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον θυτήρων ἀπ' ὄμματος βέλει φιλοίκτῳ,
Πρέπουσά θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς, προσεννέπειν
Θέλουσ', ἐπεὶ πολλάκις
Πατρὸς κατ' ἀνδρῶνας εὐτραπέζους
Εμελψεν. ἁγνὰ δ' ἀταύρωτος αὐδῶ πᾷτρὸς
Φίλου τριτόσπονδον εὔποτμον
Αἰῶνα φίλως ἐτίμα.

NORTH.

But her prayers, and her callings upon her father,
And her virgin life, of no value
Held the battle-loving chiefs.
And her father ordered the faggot-burners (priests), after the prayer,
(Her) on the altar, after the manner of a she-goat,
Fallen and involved in her robes,
Fallen (on the ground) in a swoon,
To lift up, and to set a guard on her beautiful-faced mouth,
(And) on her voice cursing the house,
By means of violence and the dumb force of muzzles.
And pouring out on the ground the die of the saffron, (*i. e.* dropping her saffron-coloured veil,)
She kept wounding each of the sacrificers with a pity-loving dart from her eyes,
Beauteous as though in a picture, to address them
Wishing, since often in the hospitable banquet halls of her father
She had sung: for the chaste unmarried one, with her voice, of her father
Beloved, the pious, (*lit.* often-pouring out libations,) well-fated
Life, was lovingly in the habit of honouring.

POTTER.

Arm'd in a woman's cause, around
Fierce for the war the princes rose;
No place affrighted pity found.
In vain the virgin's streaming tear,
Her cries in vain, her pleading pray'r,
Her agonizing woes.
Could the fond father hear unmoved?
The Fates decreed: the king approved:
Then to th' attendants gave command
Decent her flowing robes to bind;
Prone on the altar with strong hand
To place her, like a spotless hind;
And check her sweet voice, that no sound
Unhallow'd might the rites confound.
EPODE. Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws
That emulates the rose;
And on the sad attendants rolling
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
Their grief-impassion'd souls controlling,
That ennobled, modest grace,
Which the mimic pencil tries
In the imaged form to trace,
The breathing picture shews:
And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
Her father oft rejoiced to hear
Her voice in soft mellifluous measures
Warble the sprightly-fancied air—
So now in act to speak the virgin stands;
But when, the third libation paid,
She heard her father's dread commands
Enjoining silence, she obey'd;

And for her country's good,
With patient, meek, submissive mind
To her hard fate resign'd,
Pour'd out the rich stream of her blood.

SYMMONS.

Mailed chiefs, whose bosoms burn
For battle, heard in silence stern
Cries that call'd a father's name,
And set at naught pray'rs, cries, and tears,
And her sweet virgin life and blooming years.
Now when the solemn prayer was said,
The father gave the dire command
To the priestly band,
Men with strong hands and ruthless force,
To lift from earth that maiden fair,
Where she had sunk in dumb despair,
And lay with robes all cover'd round,
Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground,
And bear her to the altar dread,
Like a young fawn or mountain kid:
Then round her beauteous mouth to tie
Dumb sullen bands to stop her cry,
Lest aught of an unholy sound
Be heard to breathe those altars round,
Which on the monarch's house might hang a deadly spell.
Now as she stood, and her descending veil,
Let down in clouds of saffron, touch'd the ground,
The priests, and all the sacrificers round,
All felt the melting beams that came,
With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely eyes.
Like some imagined pictured maid she stood,
So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would
Speak, yet still mute: though oft her father's halls
Magnificent among,
She, now so mute, had sung
Full many a lovely air,
In maiden beauty, fresh and fair;
And with the warbled music of her voice
Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice;
While feast, and sacrifice, and choral song,
Led the glad hours of lengthen'd day along.

Our literal prose translation we give merely for the use of the English reader, that he may have some notion of the simple, but rich and grand style in which Æschylus at all times delights, even in the pathetic, which with him is always also the picturesque. Potter's verses are *pretty*—and we are sorry for it. They have little or nothing about them—Greekish. Yet Potter felt the beauty of the passage, though he could not transfuse it into his own words. He says, in a note, "The behaviour of Iphigenia is described with inimitable beauty; there is a pathos in her actions, in her eyes, in her attitude, *beyond the power of words.*" No; not beyond the power of words. For do not words give them all? The words of Æschylus, however—not the words of Potter. Words are wonderful magicians, and almost nothing is beyond their power. Besides, in wise men's lips they know their power, and never use it but when it is sure to tell—else they are mute. Potter adds well, "As she had been admitted to her father's feasts, and accustomed to entertain him with her songs, she presumed on his fondness, and, throwing off her maiden veil—as its colour signifies—[which colour Æschylus calls saffron, Potter rose]—stood in the act to speak to him; but hearing his voice commanding silence, she obeyed with meek submission. This is the painting of a great master." It is.

Symmons is far superior to Potter,

and is very fine. 'Tis a noble paraphrase in the spirit of the original. All the *intense* words he strives to keep; but some of them tear themselves out of his grasp, and will not be translated. Throughout the whole, however, you see the Greek scholar, and enough, too, to convince you that Mr Symmons is himself a Poet.

This Chorus is complicated—for there is an ode within an ode. Calchas it is—the Prophet, of whom Agamemnon, at the opening of the Iliad, says, that from his lips he never heard but evil—that wails a wild and melancholy and woful strain respecting the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and the wrath of Clytemnestra. And that strain is given by the Chorus. Thus in Symmons—

"Ha! from the dropping blood arises
 rife,
Discord and consanguineous strife,
And woman's deadly rage with blackening face behind.
Homeward returning see her go,
And sit alone in sullen woe;
And child-avenging Anger waits,
Guileful and horrid, at the Palace gates!"

With the sound of these prophetic strains yet in their ears, the Chorus sees the approach of—Clytemnestra. Their strain has prepared us for something dreadful in the face and figure of the avenging Queen—

"For ne'er was mortal sound so full of
 woe."

She comes—and then we have such a description as makes the glowworm light of modern poetry

"Pale its ineffectual fires."

She comes rejoicingly—exultingly—floating on stately and beautiful in her revenge—of which the passion about to be satiated and appeased, breaks out into a glorious burst, that shews how sin and wickedness can make a Poetess of the Highest Order.

She tells the Chorus that Troy has been taken, and they ask, "How long ago? When was the city sacked?" She replies, "'Twas in the night that bore this rising light." The Chorus, incredulous, asks again, "But how? What messenger could come so fast?" And this is her glorious reply—in the Greek of Æschylus—in the literal prose English of North—in the poetical versions of Potter and Symmons.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ.

Ἥφαιστος Ἴοης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων σέλας.
Φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
Ἔπεμπεν. Ἴδη μὲν πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον λέπας
Λήμνου· μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον
Ἄθωον αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο,
Ὑπερτελής τε, πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι,
Ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδονὴν
Πεύκη, τὸ χρυσοφεγγὲς ὥς τις ἥλιος
Σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς·
Ὁ δ᾽ οὔτι μέλλων οὐδ᾽ ἀφρασμόνως ὕπνῳ
Νικώμενος παρῆκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος·
Ἑκὰς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ᾽ Εὐρίπου ῥοὰς
Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.
Οἱ δ᾽ ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν πρόσω
Γραίας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἅψαντες πυρί.
Σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ᾽ οὐδέπω μαυρουμένη,
Ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδίον Ἀσωποῦ, δικην
Φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέπας
Ἤγειρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.
Φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἠναίνετο
Φρουρά, πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων·
Λίμνην δ᾽ ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν φάος·
Ὄρος τ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον
Ὤτρυνε θεσμὸν μὴ χατίζεσθαι πυρός.
Πέμπουσι δ᾽ ἀνδαίοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει
Φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ

Πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν᾽ ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω
Φλέγουσαν· εἶτ᾽ ἔσκηψεν, ἔς τ᾽ ἀφίκετο
᾽Αραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπάς·
Κἄπειτ᾽ ᾽Ατρειδῶν ἐς τόδε σκήπτει στέγος
Φάος τόδ᾽ οὐκ ἄπαππον ᾽Ιδαίου πυρός.
Τοιοίδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,
῎Αλλος παρ᾽ ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρούμενοι·
Νικᾷ δ᾽ ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.
Τέκμαρ τοιοῦτο ξύμβολόν τε σοὶ λέγω.

Chorus. And who of messengers could have come with such expedition?

NORTH.

Cly. Vulcan from Ida out-sending a brilliant blaze;
But (one) beacon (another) beacon of *Courier* fire dispatched.
Ida first to the Hermæan promontory of Lemnos;
Then a third large torch from the island
Did Jove's pinnacle of Athos receive,
And the pine-torch flared aloft, so that (there) skimmed along on the surface of the sea
The strength of the posting light, for our gratification,
The golden-gleaming splendour, like a sun,
Announcing to the watch-towers of Macistus.
And it neither lingering, nor laggardly by sleep
Subdued, omitted not its office of messenger;
But at a distance the beacon-light to Euripus' streams coming,
Gives the signal to the warders of Messapius.
And they in their turn kindled up, and heralded onward the blaze,
Touching with fire a heap of aged heather;
But the vigorous torch, in no respects bedimmed,
Leaping over the plain of Asopus—like
A resplendent moon—to the promontory of Cithæron,
Roused up another relay of onward-sped fire.
And the far-sent light, rejected not
The warders,—who kindled up more than those mentioned;
And the blaze skimmed over the lake Gorgōpis;
And having reached the mountain Ægiplanctus,
Stirred up (the warders) that the order of the fire might not fail—
And kindling up, they send on, with ungrudging fury,
A mighty beard of flame, and gleaming (so as)
Onward to overleap the summit looking down on the Saronic gulf;
Then impetuous it rushed, and arrived at
Arachne's height watch-towers near the city;
And then to this house of the sons of Atreus rushed
This light,—not unrelated to the fire of Ida.
Such indeed to me are the laws of the torch-bearers,
Accomplished one after another in mutual succession;
But the first and the last runner has the victory.
Such a signal and watchword tell I to you;
My husband having announced it to me from Troy.

POTTER.

The fire, that from the height of Ida sent
Its streaming light, as from th' announcing flame
Torch blazed to torch. First Ida to the steep
Of Lemnos; Athos' sacred height received
The mighty splendour; from the surging back
Of Hellespont the vig'rous blaze held on
Its smiling way, and like the orient sun
Illumes with golden-gleaming rays the head
Of rocky Macetas; nor lingers there,
Nor winks unheedful, but its warning flames
Darts to Euripus' fitful stream, and gives
Its glitt'ring signal to the guards that hold
Their high watch on Mesapius. These enkindle

The joy-announcing fires, that spread the blaze
To where Erica hoar its shaggy brow
Waves rudely. Unimpair'd the active flame
Bounds o'er the level of Asopus, like
The jocund Moon, and on Cithæron's steep
Wakes a successive flame; the distant watch
Discern its gleam, and raise a brighter fire,
That o'er the lake Gorgopis streaming holds
Its rapid course, and on the mountainous heights
Of Ægiplanctus huge, swift-shooting spreads
The lengthen'd line of light. Thence onwards waves
Its fiery tresses, eager to ascend
The crags of Prone, frowning in their pride
O'er the Saronic gulf it leaps, it mounts
The summit of Arachne, whose high head
Looks down on Argos: to this royal seat
Thence darts the light that from th' Idæan fire
Derives its birth. Rightly in order thus
Each to the next consigns the torch, that fills
The bright succession, whilst the first in speed
Vies with the last: the promised signal this
Giv'n by my lord t' announce the fall of Troy.

SYMMONS.

'Twas Vulcan: sending forth the blazing light
From Ida's grove, and thence along the way
Hither the estafette of fire ran quick:
Fire kindled fire, and beacon spoke to beacon,
Ida to Lemnos, and the Hermæan ridge:
Next Athos, craggy mountain, Jove's own steep,
Took the great torch held out by Vulcan's isle.
Standing sublime, the seas to overcast,
Shone the great strength of the transmitted lamp;
And the bright heraldry of burning pines
Shone with a light all golden like the sun
Rising at midnight on Macistus' watchtower:
Nor did Macistus not bestir him soon,
Oppress'd with sleep, regardless of his watch;
But kindled fires, and sent the beacon-blaze
To distance far beyond Euripus' flood,
To watchmen mounted on Messapian hills;
They answer'd blazing, and pass'd on the news,
The grey heath burning on the mountain top.
And now the fiery, unobscured lamp,
At distance far shot o'er Asopus' plain;
And up the steep soft rising, look the moon,
Stood spangling bright upon Cithæron's hill.
There rose, to give it conduct on the road,
Another meeting fire; nor did the watch
Sleep at the coming of the stranger light,
But burnt a greater blaze than those before:
Thence o'er the lake Gorgopis stoop'd the light,
And to the mount of Ægiplancton came,
And bade the watch shine forth, nor scant the blaze.
They burning high with might unquenchable,
Send up the waving beard of fire aloft,
Mighty and huge, so as to cast its blaze
Beyond the glaring promontory steep
Athwart the gulf Saronic all on fire;
Thence stoop'd the light, and reach'd our neighbour watch-tow'r,
Arachne's summit; and from thence, derived
Here to the Atridæ's palace, comes this light
From the long lineage of the Idæan fire.
Such is the course of the lamp-bearing games,
When torches run in solemn festivals

One from another, in succession fill'd,
And the last runner and the first is victor.
Such are my proofs, and such the signal news,
Sent by my consort from the plains of Troy.

Potter is excellent. He makes a mistake or two—but of no very great moment—for he has caught the spirit of the passage, and gives it with great animation. It would not be easy to do it better, or so well. Following a faulty reading, he introduces the Hellespont; whereas the word which he understood as Hellespont signifies the rising of the beacon over the sea. And he has ignorantly and absurdly made the word "Erica," which signifies heath, (heather *Scotice, ac multo melius,*) a proper name, and made it a mountain with a "shaggy brow," thereby improperly adding another station. But let these mistakes pass, and let us repeat our praise of his most spirited translation.

But Symmons has far excelled—outshone Potter—nor is he one whit inferior to Æschylus. It may look as if his description were elaborated into even greater splendour; but that effect is produced by the language in which he writes; he had to find equivalents—equipollents for the luminous and leaping Greek words—and if they were nowhere to be found, because they do not exist, he was forced by necessity to fix upon others that might do the business—and he has done so with the eye and imagination of a true poet. We are happy to see a third translation of the Agamemnon, advertised to be published by Murray—the translator being Dr Harford—to us a name yet unknown; but if he beat Symmons in this passage—or indeed in any other—we shall sound his praises all over the globe.

"The Bard of the North," says Mr Symmons, "has several spirited descriptions of the burning of beacons, which glow with all the splendour of his vivid imagination." Here is one of them, which has this moment been pointed out to us by our ingenious friend, Mr James Ballantyne, who every month *presses* Maga to his bosom till she leaves his embrace blushing like the rosy morn. It is delightful to compare the pictures of the Great and Kindred Poets, when their imaginations have been kindled by the same fires—in this instance—beacons.

"Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!

* * * *

The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven;
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven.
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border."

At the conclusion of Clytemnestra's description, the Chorus says—

"Hereafter to the gods, O Queen! I'll pray.
But now, in wondering pleasure at thy words
I fain would stand, and hear them o'er again."

So say we of Sir Walter's.

Clytemnestra having thus gloriously gloated over the beacon-lights announcing that her husband would soon be at hand for her to murder him—though of that dreadful design as yet the Chorus knew not—she goes on uttering her dark sentences, and Potter felt the meanings of her speech well—and well does he comment on it—"It was observed in the preface to this tragedy, that the character of Clytemnestra was that of a high-spirited, close, determined, dangerous woman. This character now begins to unfold itself. She had, with deep premeditation, planned the murder of her husband; he was now returning; her soul must of course be full at this time of her horrid design, and all her thoughts intent upon the execution of it. We have in the speech (the one that follows) a strong proof of this; she is dark, sententious, and even religious, so the Chorus understands her words, and so she intends they should; but the very expressions by which she wishes to conceal her purpose, by being ambiguous, and by conveying a double meaning, so far mark the working of her mind, *as to give us a hint what she is revolving there.*" Read—with this intimation—is there not a fearful grandeur in these dark lines? She has been speaking of the destruction of Troy—sullenly and fiercely—and not with that bright exultation that would *otherwise* have been natural to the wife of the Destroyer.

——— If they (the victors) shew
Due reverence and homage to the Gods
Of that forsaken City and their fanes,
They may chance 'scape such sad vicissitude,
Nor feel themselves what they inflict on others;
But let no inferior lust, no thirst of gold,
Light on their longing for disastrous spoils,
Mad passion for those things 'tis sin to love!
Let them beware; they still want Heaven's high favour
To bring them back unhurt; they still have left
The whole side of the Stadium's length to run.
But should they come, their forfeits on their heads,
With Heaven's high wrath benighted, then indeed
The curse of blood might follow at their heels,
And Troy's ensanguined sepulchres yield up
Their charnell'd dead to cry aloud for vengeance,
E'en should not Fortune blow them other ills.
These are but woman's words; but O prevail
Our better destinies; nor let the balance
Hang in suspence; *of many an offer'd blessing,*
I would have fixed my heart and chosen this.

Clytemnestra re-enters her palace—and the Chorus again uplifts its lugubrious strain—singing dolefully of the destruction of Troy—and along with it that of many of the Grecian heroes. Agamemnon, they know, is about to return; but still their song is sad—and strewed with melancholy images. That strange air of aimless fear still hangs over it—and we listen to it with that indefinite apprehension which these two celebrated lines in Lochiel's Warning inspire,

"Though dim and despairing my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot hide what heaven would reveal."

Thus, in place of hymning the living heroes, and at their happy head the King of Men—they chant the dirges of the dead.

"Instead of man, to each man's home
Urns and ashes only come,
And the armour which they wore;
Sad relics to their native shore.
For Mars, the barterer of the lifeless clay,
Who sells for gold the slain,
And holds the scale, in battle's doubtful day,
High balanced o'er the plain,
From Ilium's walls for men returns
Ashes and sepulchral urns;
Ashes wet with many a tear,
Sad relics of the fiery bier.
Round the full urns the general groan
Goes, as each their kindred own.
One they mourn in battle strong,
And one, that mid the armed throng
He sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,
And for another's consort died—
Such the sounds that, mixed with wail,
In secret whispers round prevail;
And Envy, join'd with silent griefs,
Spreads 'gainst the two Atridæ Chiefs,
Who began the public fray,
And to vengeance led the way.

* * * * *

My soul stands tiptoe with affright;
I stand like one with listening ear,
Ready to catch the sound of fear;
And lift my eyes to see some sight
Coming from the pall of night.
For Gods behold not unconcern'd from high,
When smoking slaughter mounts the sky,
The mighty murderers of the direful plain.

For then the Black Erinnyes rise,
With Time their helper, and with Fate reversed,
And make the mighty justice-slighting

Pale in the midst of Glory's proud career," &c.

Clytemnestra, who, we may suppose, has been inspecting within the palace all the preparations and instruments for murder—trying the fatal tunic with which her heroic husband's arms are to be inextricably involved—feeling the edge of the axe with her delicate but firm finger—all the while giving *such a smile* to her paramour—Clytemnestra now re-appears—and hails the approach of a herald fast approaching from the beach with his olive-boughs—using this singular but strong expression,

> "Lo! Mud's brother,
> The parching, thirsty dust, proclaims his speed."

She then says to the Chorus—no doubt with a savage scowl of a smile—

> "Now we have got, my lords, one who will speak,
> Speak to your doubtings—not with treacherous flames
> Of mountain wood and ruddy smoke, but
>
> Wh face to face, will swell our joy more high;
> *Oh, but my tongue abhors ill-boding words—*
> *All looks well now—God grant it so may end.*"

The Watchman spoke well—the Herald, who is a higher character, speaks still better—and we have chosen his fine speech as another test of the comparative merits of Potter and Symmons.

ΚΗΡΥΞ.

Ἰὼ πατρῷον οὖδας Ἀργείας χθονὸς,
Δεκάτῳ σε φέγγει τῷδ' ἀφικόμην ἔτους,
Πολλῶν ῥαγεισῶν ἐλπίδων μιᾶς τυχών.
Οὐ γάρ ποτ' ηὔχουν τῇδ' ἐν Ἀργείᾳ χθονὶ
Θανὼν μεθέξειν φιλτάτου τάφου μέρος.
Νῦν χαῖρε μὲν χθὼν, χαῖρε δ' ἡλίου φάος,
Ὕπατός τε χώρας Ζεὺς, ὁ Πύθιός τ' ἄναξ,
Τόξοις ἰάπτων μηκέτ' εἰς ἡμᾶς βέλη·
Ἅλις παρὰ Σκάμανδρον ἦλθες ἀνάρσιος·
Νῦν δ' αὖτε σωτὴρ ἴσθι κἀπαγώνιος,
Αναξ Απολλον. τούς τ' ἀγωνίους θεοὺς
Πάντας προσαυδῶ, τόν τ' ἐμὸν τιμάορον
Ἑρμῆν, φίλον κήρυκα, κηρύκων σέβας,
Ἥρως τε τοὺς πέμψαντας, εὐμενεῖς πάλιν
Στρατὸν δέχεσθαι τὸν λελειμμένον δορός.
Ἰὼ μέλαθρα βασιλέων, φίλαι στέγαι,
Σεμνοί τε θᾶκοι, δαίμονές τ' ἀντήλιοι
Εἴ που πάλαι, φαιδροῖσι τοισίδ' ὄμμασι
Δέξασθε κόσμῳ βασιλέα πολλῷ χρόνῳ.
Ἥκει γὰρ ὑμῖν φῶς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φέρων
Καὶ τοῖσδ' ἅπασι κοινὸν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.
Ἀλλ' εὖ νιν ἀσπάσασθε, καὶ γὰρ οὖν πρέπει,
Τροίαν κατασκάψαντα τοῦ δικηφόρου
Διὸς μακέλλῃ, τῇ κατείργασται πέδον.
Βωμοὶ δ' ἄϊστοι καὶ θεῶν ἱδρύματα,
Καὶ σπέρμα πάσης ἐξαπόλλυται χθονός.
Τοιόνδε Τροίᾳ περιβαλὼν ζευκτήριον
Ἄναξ Ἀτρείδης πρέσβυς εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ
Ἥκει, τίεσθαι δ' ἀξιώτατος βροτῶν
Τῶν νῦν· Πάρις γὰρ οὔτε συντελὴς πόλις
Ἐξεύχεται τὸ δρᾶμα τοῦ πάθους πλέον.
Ὀφλὼν γὰρ ἁρπαγῆς τε καὶ κλοπῆς δίκην

Τοῦ ῥυσίου θ' ἥμαρτε καὶ πανώλεθρον
Αὐτόχθονον πατρῷον ἔθρισεν δόμον.
Διπλᾶ δ' ἔτισαν Πριαμίδαι θἀμάρτια.

NORTH.

Oh paternal soil of the Grecian land!
In this tenth light of the year[*] have I reached thee,
Of many broken hopes having realized but one.
For never could I have confidently hoped that in this land of Argos
I should, when dead, be a sharer in a much-wished-for tomb:
Hail now, O Earth, and hail, thou light of the sun,
And Jupiter supreme over the country, and the Pythian king,
From thy bow no longer discharging weapons against us:
Implacable enough at Scamander wert thou to us;
But now on the other hand be thou a saviour, and a deliverer of us from our struggles,
O King Apollo. The gods-that-preside-over-games also
All I invoke, and my protector
Mercury, the herald beloved, of heralds the divinity,
And the heroes (demigods) sending us forth, (and) gracious again
To receive the army spared by the spear.
Hail, ye palaces of kings, abodes beloved,
Venerable seats, and sun-exposed deities,
If erst you ever (did),—do you now with these eyes serene
Receive becomingly the king, after a long time.
For he hath come—a light in the night—bringing to you,
And to all these in common King Agamemnon.
Propitiously then salute *him*—for this is becoming—
Who dug up Troy with the spade of justice-bearing
Jupiter, whereby the foundation hath been upturned.
And the altars are *nameless*[†] (things whereof nothing can be known) and the gods' seats,
And the seed of all the land is utterly destroyed.
Having imposed on Troy such a yoke,
The king, the son of Atreus the Elder, a prosperous man,
Has come, of being honoured the most worthy of mortals
That now are: for neither Paris nor his associate city
Boasts that the deed done was greater than the suffering;
For having incurred the penalty of rapine and of theft
He hath forfeited his pledge of security; and his utterly-ruined,
Aboriginal, paternal house hath he mowed down.
Doubly then have the children of Priam rendered back the price of their offences.

POTTER.

Hail, thou paternal soil of Argive earth!
In the fair light of the tenth year to thee
Return'd, from the sad wreck of many hopes
This one I save; saved from despair e'en this;
For never thought I in this honour'd earth
To share in death the portion of a tomb.
Hail then, loved earth; hail, thou bright sun; and thou,
Great guardian of my country, Jove supreme;
Thou, Pythian king, thy shafts no longer wing'd
For our destruction; on Scamander's banks
Enough we mourn'd thy wrath; propitious now
Come, King Apollo, our defence. And all
Ye Gods, that o'er the works of war preside,
I now invoke; thee, Mercury, my avenger,
Revered by heralds, that from thee derive
Their high employ; you heroes, to the war
That sent us, friendly now receive our troops,
The relics of the spear. Imperial walls,
Mansion of kings, ye seats revered; ye Gods,
That to the golden sun before these gates
Present your honour'd forms; if e'er of old

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[*] For—this light of the tenth year.

[†] Ἄϊστοι, from *α priv.* and ἴσημι, to know; that whereof nothing can be known.

Those eyes with favour have beheld the king,
Receive him now, after this length of time,
With glory; for he comes, and with him brings
To you, and all, a light that cheers this gloom;
Then greet him well; such honour is his meed,
The mighty king, that with the mace of Jove
Th' avenger, wherewith he subdues the earth,
Hath levell'd with the dust the towers of Troy;
Their altars are o'erturn'd, their sacred shrines,
And all the race destroy'd. This iron yoke
Fix'd on the neck of Troy, victorious comes
The great Atrides, of all mortal men
Worthy of highest honours. Paris now,
And the perfidious state, shall boast no more
His proud deeds unrevenged: stript of his spoils,
The debt of justice for his thefts, his rapines,
Paid amply, o'er his father's house he spreads
With twofold loss the wide-involving ruin.

SYMMONS.

Ho ho! my native and paternal soil!
Ho ho! my country, and the sweet approach
Of Argive land! in ten long years return'd,
I stand upon thee gladly, O my country!
And save this one of many a shipwreck'd hope.
O much I fear'd I ne'er should see thy shores,
Nor when I died, be gather'd to thy lap.
Now Earth, all hail! all hail, thou Sun of light!
And Jove, this realm's great paramount! and thou,
O King of Pytho, hurling from thy bow
Thy shafts no more against us; full enough
We felt thy ire by sad Scamander's banks:
Now be our saviour, and our lord of games,
O King Apollo! and I call ye all,
Ye Gods of Festivals, and thee, my patron,
Sweet Herald God! whom heralds most adore;
And ye, the worshipp'd Heroes of old times,
Who sent your armed sons to battle forth;
Receive what now remains of us, the gleanings
Of hostile spears. O palace of our kings!
Dear roofs, and venerated judgment-seats!
And ye, sun-facing images of Gods!
Now, now, if ever, beam with joyful eyes
Upon your king returning;—lo! he comes,
King Agamemnon, bringing now at last
A light in darkness, and a general shine
On you, on all the people, on all those
Who throng around. But greet him, greet him well,
(Such honour is the mighty conqueror's meed,)
Who, arm'd with vengeance and the mace of Jove,
Unloosed the stony, massy girths of Troy.
Ay, now Jove's spade has finish'd its dread work,
And made a mound of all that mighty field;
Altars and fanes in unknown ruins lie,
And without seed lies all the blasted land.
Thus comes Atrides from the siege of Troy,
Which 'neath his yoke has bent her turrets high.
O happy, glorious, honourable man,
Deserving praise of men, far, far beyond
What any worthy of this age can claim.
The vaunts of Troy and Paris are no more,
Boasting the arm of Justice could not reach them;
But it has spann'd them with a hand as large
As their offendings: the convicted thief
Has lost his main-prize, and the ravisher

Has with his beauteous fair one lost himself,
And bared his father's house to the dire edge
Of naked ruin; and old Priam's sons
Have with their blood his double forfeits paid.

Potter excellent—Symmons admirable.

The Chorus thus accosts the eloquent Herald—

" Herald of the Argives from the Host,
all health,
And joy be with thee!"

Herald—

" Take me to ye, Gods,
I ne'er can live to greater joy than this!
Meanwhile, where is Clytemnestra?"

Symmons has rightly put into the mouth of the Chorus the above words, which Potter, merely to oppose Heath, whom he hated almost as bitterly as Gifford did Monk Mason and Coxeter, assigns to Clytemnestra. " Potter," quoth Symmons, " was to that critic what the elephant is said to be to the rhinoceros." Symmons tells us—and we tell you—to observe, that Clytemnestra, during this whole scene, being now fully apprized of the taking of Troy, and of the approaching return of her husband, and finding herself brought by events to the eve of what she had long meditated, is apart, wrapt in gloomy meditations, and gaining time to collect herself. In the meantime, the dialogue goes on between the Herald and the Chorus, which is very artfully conducted by the Poet, and rendered intentionally obscure; the Chorus appearing fearful of being overheard or understood by Clytemnestra, in their covert complaints of her and Egisthus during their regency, under which it is insinuated, that it would have been a crime to have expressed great regret at the absence of Agamemnon. The Herald's part is also very characteristic; his curiosity is momentarily raised by the insinuations of the Chorus; but on their declining to be immediately explicit, buoyant with the joy of the moment, he forgets them and their complaints, and returns to the narrative of his adventures. For that narrative we have no room—but it is the best in poetry of the sufferings of campaigning—and contains a glorious description of a *bivouack.*

The Unity of Action—and no action can be simpler—is preserved in this play; but there seems to be a violation of the Unity of Time. For what but a miracle could have brought the Herald home so soon, supposing the exhibition of the beacons to have taken place immediately on the taking of Troy? But the truth is, as Mr Symmons says and shews, that the Greek poets did not observe the minor Unities of Time and Place so scrupulously as the French. Sophocles presents in his Trachiniæ a more glaring example, in the mission of Hyllus and his return, (a distance of 120 Italian miles,) which took place during the acting of a hundred lines. In the Eumenides, Æschylus opens the play at Delphi, and ends it at Athens. Aristotle, as Twining properly remarks, does not lay down the Unity of Time *as a rule*; but says that Tragedy endeavours to circumscribe the period of its action to one revolution of the sun: ἡ δὲ ὅτι μαλιστα πειράται ὑπο μιαν περιοδον ἡλιου ειναι η μικρον ἐξαλλαττειν.

But Mr Symmons observes that, strictly speaking, the Unity of Time is not violated in this play. How so? Why, Æschylus the Bold has hazarded a miracle *off the stage*, artificially or clandestinely concealed from the attention of the spectators; but every thing *on the stage* proceeds rapidly and consecutively in the space of a day, and nothing *there* occurs to mark any greater lapse of time. The passions, the feelings of the audience, under the influence of so great a Poet, could admit of no marked delay, no interval; all their faculties being wound up, and hurrying on to the horrid catastrophe. Potter, too, writes with the same fine feeling of the truth. " Æschylus," he says, " was as sensible as any of his critics could be of the impropriety of making Agamemnon appear at Argos the day after Troy was taken, but his plan required it, and it is so finely executed, that he must be a critic *minorum gentium* who objects to it. The whole narrative of the Herald is calculated to soften this impropriety; a tempest separates the royal ship from the Fleet; some god preserves it, and Fortune, the deliverer, guides it into the harbour; every thing is as rapid and impetuous as the genius of Æschylus, and the expression is so carefully guarded, that no hint is given of the vessel's being at sea more than one night." Müller, we are happy to see, though a German, also applauds all this daring, and says vigorously, that Æschylus "fieri jussit." He ordered it so, and it was right.

Clytemnestra, who had been apart during the previous conversation between the Herald and the Chorus, now approaches, and addresses the Herald in a long hypocritical speech—of which the hypocrisy—"the only evil thing that walks unseen," is perfect. She sends a message to her Lord.

"Go bear this message to my noble lord:
'Come quickly to thy city, much-loved Prince,
Come to thy consort true, whom thou wilt find
Such as thou left'st, a watch-dog on thy hearth,
Good, gentle, kind to thee, but to thy foes
A bitter enemy; alike in all things;
One who has kept the print upon thy seals
For years unbroken and inviolate;
From all but thee a stranger still to pleasure,
And by the breath of evil fame unsullied
As the pure metal from the dyer's art.'"

Lichas, in the Trachiniæ, bears the same message from Deianira to Hercules. But Mr Symmons finely points out the difference between the simplicity of her innocence, and the artfulness of the other's guilt. Deianira, innocent and attached, says nothing of her innocence or her attachment; but Clytemnestra, guilty, loudly professes both one and the other.

The Herald then gives that most eloquent description of storm and shipwreck alluded to by Potter, and the Chorus—Clytemnestra having entered the palace—again takes up the strain—almost as doleful as before—but containing one passage of consummate beauty, of which we give Mr Symmons's translation. It is a description of Helen—the Destroyer of Ships—or of Helandros—the Destroyer of Men—or of Heleptolis—the Destroyer of Cities.

SYMMONS.

When first she came to Ilion's towers,
O what a glorious sight, I ween, was there!
The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
Where on the damask sweet the glowing Zephyr slept;
And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
So o'er the floating gold around her thrown
Her peerless face did shine;
And though sweet softness hung upon their lids,
Yet her young eyes still wounded where they look'd.
She breathed an incense like Love's perfumed flower,
Blushing in sweetness; so she seem'd in hue,
And pained mortal eyes with her transcendent view
E'en so to Paris' bed the lovely Helen came.
But dark Erinnys, in the nuptial hour,
Rose in the midst of all that bridal pomp,
    Seated midst the feasting throng,
    Amidst the revelry and song;
    Erinnys, led by Xenius Jove,
    Into the halls of Priam's sons,
    Erinnys of the mournful bower,
Where youthful brides weep sad in midnight hour.

But why tarries Agamemnon? Where linger the wheels of his chariot? He comes—he comes—and with him the captive Cassandra. The Chorus thus hails the king:

"O king! O sacker of Troy, town divine!
Sprung from Atreus' godlike line,
How shall I speak thee? How admire?" &c.

Agamemnon, before making any reply to their greeting, says he must first salute Argos, and the indigenous Gods of the Land. Having done so, how like a Warrior-King he speaks of war!

> "Ye may now see the captive city far
> In smoke discernible: its embers burn.
> The hurricane of Ate scarce is spent:
> The ashes pale laid on their fever'd bed,
> Together with the dying city die,
> And gather up their latest breath to blow
> Clouds of rich freightage to the vasty skies!
> For this we are your debtors, mighty Gods,
> And we must pay you with a mindful heart,
> And celebration of recording rites,
> For our great hunters' toils with cunning hand
> Laid to our hearts' content, and haughty Troy
> (All for a woman lost) razed to the ground;
> Bearing the Argive dragon when the Horse
> Yean'd in the city its terrific birth,
> Who bounding burst, with helm and high-tost shield
> Brandish'd in air, horrific on the night,
> The Pleiads setting in their paly spheres;
> And the fierce lion made a bound in air,
> And high o'er tower and temple rampant came,
> And with red jaws lick'd up the blood of kings."

The King of Men then moralizes and philosophises to the Chorus in a style worthy of him, and then looking at his palace, says—

> "But now straight entrance to the house I'll make,
> There to pour out the gladness of my soul
> Before the hearths unto my household Gods,
> Who gave me conduct to far distant climes,
> And now return me to their sacred domes;
> And may firm victory abide for aye,
> Since hitherto my steps she has attended."

And now Clytemnestra comes forth from the palace—and how doth she meet her lord?

> "She-wolf of Greece, with unrelentless
> fangs,
> That tearest the bowels of thy mangled
> mate!"

How dost thou hide thy murderous intents in that deep and high swelling bosom, on which lay last night the head of Egisthus? That learned wiseacre, Is. Casaub, dares to say —"Congressus primus Clytemnestræ et Agamemnonis. Hæc tota pars friget. Æschylus *inscite;* Seneca evitavit hæc." And afterwards he saith—"Hic proimum Clytemnestra Agamemnonem, quam frigide, quam prolixe!" Poor gentleman! he prefers Seneca to Æschylus! Æschylus, in the opinion of Is. Casaub. wrote here ignorantly—with no knowledge of human nature! The address of Clytemnestra is cold and frigid. So it is—and why? Because her heart was hot with its own hell—and therefore, to prevent the very flames from bursting out of her mouth, she first compressed her lips into frigidity—and then, when she felt that she had the flames safely smothered for a while, she became prolix—and then she ventured stealthily upon affectionateness of manner—and then at last she hailed the doomed Hero with the honeyed words of connubial love and delight, adoration and venerence. And Is. Casaub said, Æschylus *inscite!* But Potter, who was a fine fellow, knew better, and his words are worthy of being recorded in Maga. "According to the simplicity of ancient manners," quoth this excellent and eloquent clergyman, "Clytemnestra should have waited to receive her husband in the house; but her affected fondness led her to disregard decorum. Nothing can be conceived more artful than her speech; but that shews that her heart had little (no) share in it; her pretended sufferings [she asserts she had thrice tried to hang herself, but always unfortunately got cut down. C. N.] during his absence, are touched with great delicacy and tenderness; but had they been real, she would not have stopped him with the querulous recital; the joy for his return, had she felt that joy, would have broke out first; this is deferred to the latter part of her address; then, indeed, she has amassed every image expressive of emotion; but her solicitude to assemble these, leads her beyond nature, which expresses her strong passions in broken sentences, and with a nervous brevity, not with the cold formality of a set harangue. Her last words are another instance of the double sense which expresses reverence to her husband, but intends the bloody design with which her soul was agitated."

Thus far Potter, who had a soul to understand Æschylus — though hardly a pen equal to translate him —but Mr Symmons has—and what can be nobler, in his version, than the concluding part of Clytemnestra's address?

———Meantime
The gushing fountains, whence so many tears
Chasing each other trickled on my cheeks,
Are quite run out, and left without a drop;
And these sad eyes, which so late took their rest,
Are stain'd with blemish by late watching hours,
Weeping for thee by the pale midnight lamp,
That burnt unheeded by me. In my dreams
I lay, my couch beset with visions sad,
And saw thee oft in melancholy woe!
More than the waking Time could show, I saw
A thousand dreary congregated shapes,
And started oft, the short-lived slumber fled,
Scared by the night-fly's solitary buzz:
But now my soul, so late o'ercharged with woe,
Which had all this to bear, is now the soul
Of one who has not known what mourning is,
And now would fain address him thus, e'en thus:
This is the dog who guards the wattled fold;
This is the mainsheet which the sails and yards
Of some tall ship bears bravely to the winds;
This is the pillar whose long shaft from earth
Touches the architrave of some high house;
A child who is the apple of the eye
To the fond father who has none but him;
Ken of the speck of some fair-lying land,
Seen by pale seamen wellnigh lost to hope;
A fair day, sweetest after tempest showers;
A fountain fresh, with crystal running clear,
To the parch'd traveller who thirsts for drink:
So in each shift of sad necessity
'Tis sweet to be deliver'd hard beset.
Thus my fond heart, with speeches such as these,
Pays to his worthiness what she thinks due:
Let no one grudge me the sweet pleasure now,
But think upon the sorrows I have borne.
But now, O thou most precious to my eyes!
Light from thy car: but soft; step not on earth,
Lay not thy foot, O king! Troy's overturner,
On the bare ground. Why dally ye, my women,
Who have't in charge, by my command, to lay
The field with tapestry whereon he walks?
Quick strew it, cover it; let all the road
Be like a purple pavement to the house.
That Dicè to his house may lead him on

As the unhoped-for comer should be led:
My care, that sleeps not, shall do all the rest;
Do all that duty at my hand requires,
If Gods will hear me, and the Fates allow.

The king replies with much tenderness, calling Clytemnestra

> "Daughter of Leda! guardian of my house!
> Well hast thou spoken, as a true wife should"—

but he tries to dissuade her from her fond intention of strewing his path with purple garments—pageantries these fit only for the gods. Well saith Potter, that Agamemnon appears here in the most amiable light—he knows his dignity and is not insensible to the fame which attends him as the conqueror of Asia—but he shews that manly firmness of mind and that becoming moderation which distinguishes the sober state of the King of Argos from the barbaric pride of an Asiatic monarch. The part which he has to act is indeed short—but it gives us a picture of the highest military glory and of true regal virtue, and shews us that, as a man, he was modest, gentle, and humane.

A being, as I am, but of to-day,
To walk in such high state bedizen'd out
With flaunting purples, studiously devised
With quaint embroidery, beneath my feet—
Not without fears and terrors could I do it!
According to a man's height, not a God's,
Take measure of the duty thou would'st pay me.
Though not on purple rests she her bare feet,
Nor yet with cloth of gold is cover'd o'er,
Fame is heard far and wide—so loud she cries.
To be possest of that clear soul within
That thinks no folly, but is wise and meek,
Is the most precious jewel God can give:
And blazon not the happiness of man
Till he has ended life, still ever blest
In that sweet state which fixed to the end
Stands like a constant summer all his days.
Let me speed thus hereafter in all things
As well as up to now, my soul will be
Full of a happy confidence serene.

But Clytemnestra will not be dissuaded from her fond purpose of strewing the ground with purple garments for his feet, walking, after that ten years' absence, into his Palace—and the King relenting, at last gives his consent. He calls on "some one" to "take off the pride of sandals from his feet"—"the thralls of the haughty treading," lest the "grudge of some god's eye throw its long cast upon him"—and then, shewing Cassandra, requests the Queen to be kind to her—for that "God beholds the gentle ruler governing with mildness his subject slaves." He then declares that he is ready so to walk into the Palace as she wishes.

> "I will unto the mansions of the house
> Move, footing it on purples as I go."

Then exclaims Clytemnestra—

Who'll quench that sea, which gives us plenteous store
Of beaming purples from her azure caves,
Eternal dyer of the blood-red robes,
That sparkle o'er the silver's paly shine?
Thy house, O King, has plenteous store of these;
'Tis no poor house, blest be the gracious Gods!
These gorgeous robes were dust beneath my feet,
When deep in domes oracular I pray'd,
Kiss'd the pale shrines, and pour'd forth many a vow

To give the Gods all I could give, in barter
Of their kind grace to save a life so dear!
The root is living, and the laurel thrives,
And makes a sweet walk for us under shade,
When the hot dog-star rages in the skies.
The lord is come! the household hearth burns bright,
And merrily the winter days we pass.
And now the pale grapes turn to luscious wine,
The vintage comes, Jove treads the purple vat;
We joy beneath the noontide air imbrown'd,
Stretch'd in cool zephyrs under bower and hall,
And sweetly live! Our lord he is at home!
A man in prime, frequenting his glad halls.
Jove! Jove! thou perfect and perfecting one,
Perfect my prayers, and whatsoe'er to do
Thou hast in hand, to do it be thy care.

All this is very dreadful—nor do we hesitate to say, equal to any thing in Shakspeare. In translating Æschylus, Symmons has here "quitted himself like Samson."

How characteristic and sublime this last speech of Clytemnestra! With all the pomp, profusion, and prodigality of a Queen, has she lavished cost upon cost unappreciable, on the pageant that leads her victim into the house of murder; and with what a frenzied eloquence of exulting joy does she pour over it intenser splendour! She bathes and steeps it all in the poetry of blood. When she calls the sea

"Eternal dyer of the blood-red robes,"

you feel on what her imagination is running—the tunic in which her husband is about to be helplessly involved in the bath, empurpled then as the garments on which, to gratify her, he now sets unwillingly his princely feet. She pours a brighter light, because never before was her heart so elate, upon the household hearth, than ever she saw it shining with ere she meditated murder.

"The lord is come! the household hearth
burns bright!"

And then how she revels, seemingly in a holy joy, over the holiest images of domestic bliss! She would have said to her husband, "there's blood upon thy face!" She would have touched it with her lips—licked it with her tongue—an antepast of her revenge. Believe all that welcoming sincere, and she seems an angel. Know that 'tis all deceitful, and she is worse than the wickedest of the Demons. How religious! How impious! How blasphemous!

"Jove! Jove! thou perfect and perfecting one,
Perfect my prayers, and whatsoe'er to do
Thou hast in hand, to do it be thy care."

Turn from Æschylus to Shakspeare, from Agamemnon to Macbeth. When King Duncan is about to enter the Castle in which he is murdered, what says he?

"This Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate."

And how does Lady Macbeth receive her king?—she who some short hour before had said,

"Come! thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes!"

Why, she receives her king as a lady should, with bland aspect and a gentle voice, but *over-courteously*, mark ye that, for the wife of a Highland Thane.

> " All our service
> In every point twice done, and then done
> double,
> Were poor and single business, to contend
> Against those honours deep and broad
> wherewith
> Your Majesty loads our house : for those
> of old,
> And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
> We rest your hermits."

'Tis not so bad, perhaps, to murder one's king as one's husband. But both are bad, very bad; and then such hypocrisy is unpardonable!

People will write about what they do not understand—perhaps we are doing so now—but we hope the best. The ingenious reviewer of Schlegel on the Drama, in the Edinburgh Review, (the number is an old one, and the reviewer, we believe, was Mr Hazlitt, who could not read the Greek alphabet,) endeavours, after Schlegel, to state the essential distinction between the peculiar spirit of the modern or *romantic* style of art, and the antique or classical. All he can make out is this—that the moderns employ a power of illustration which the ancients did not, in comparing the *object* to other things, and suggesting other ideas of beauty or love than those which seem to be naturally inherent in it. And he explains his meaning by reference to Shakspeare's description of soldiers going to battle, —" All plumed like estriches, like eagles new bathed, wanton as goats, wild as young bulls." "That," he says, "is too bold, figurative, and profuse of dazzling images, for the mild equable tone of classical poetry, which never loses sight of the object in the illustration. The ideas of the ancients were too exact and definite, too much attached to the material form or vehicle in which they were conveyed, to admit of those rapid combinations, those unrestrained flights of fancy, which, glancing from earth to heaven, unite the most opposite extremes, and draw the happiest illustrations from things the most remote." Alas! for the futility of philosophical criticism, when the philosopher and critic happens to be utterly ignorant of the life and soul of the subject-matter on which he philosophizes! There is no glancing from earth to heaven in that passage of Shakspeare. The images are closely connected with each other, and with the earth—estriches and eagles—goats and bulls. But let the reader look back on Clytemnestra's first speech of welcome to Agamemnon, and to her speech on his agreeing to walk over the purple path to the palace—and then consider with himself on the knowledge or ignorance, the wisdom or folly, of saying that the ancients " never lost sight of the object in the illustration;" and that to do so would not be consistent with the " mild equable tone of classical poetry!!!"

Agamemnon is now within the palace which he will never again leave alive, and the Chorus renews his wailings—more woful, the nearer they come to the catastrophe. Portents keep flitting before his eyes, and then again he recovers courage, and chants a less lugubrious strain. He labours, says Mr Symmons, under a forced and involuntary inspiration. In his character of man, and with reference merely to his human faculties, he is described as totally unconscious and unsuspicious of a plot, not only then, but even subsequently, when the catastrophe is presented more to his eyes; but in his character of prophet, and actuated by a sudden inspiration, he, throughout one passage in this Ode, darkly adumbrates the death of Agamemnon. He sings,

> " Many a time the gallant Argosie,
> That bears man's destiny with outspread
> sails,
> In full career before the prosperous gales,
> Strikes on a hidden rock,
> And founders with a hideous shock!"

That image is perhaps but the suggestion of a melancholy fancy, brooding over the instability of human affairs. But having been led to this point by an involuntary train of reflections, here, says Mr Symmons, very finely, " here, as it were, he scents the blood; he catches, as it were, a glimpse behind the curtain, when all of a sudden it drops, and leaves him in darkness, amidst the embers of his expiring inspiration." Thus,—

> But O! upon the earth when once is shed
> Black deadly blood of man,
> Who will call up the black blood from
> the ground—
> With moving incantation's charm?

Check'd not Jove himself the man,
The mighty leech, who knew so well the
art
To raise the silent dead?

I pause! some fate from Heaven forbids
The fate within me utter more,
Else had my heart outran my tongue,
And pour'd the torrent o'er.
Silence and darkness close upon my soul,
She roars within, immured,
And in the melancholy gloom
Of dying embers fades away!

But where, all this time, has been Cassandra? Sitting mute and motionless in her chariot, before the palace. Agamemnon and his train have all entered within the gates, all but the Trojan Princess and Prophetess. But Clytemnestra having got her prime victim into her clutches, now seizes upon the captive. She comes out to order in Cassandra, with words of kindness and insult, that harrow up one's soul. "Come forth out of that wain, nor be too overweening—too high-stomached for thy lot. What! she hears me not—the language she is mistress of is strange—and like the swallow's, a barbarian talk. Nay, I have no time to dally with her. Cannot she at least speak with inarticulate barbarian hand?" Still Cassandra utters not a word. The Chorus, always kind, tries to soothe her into speech; but she remains stone-still and stone-mute. Her looks are waxing wild. For the Chorus says, "That stranger maid, the manner of her bearing is, as it were, of a wild beast's newly caught!"—"Why, yes," cries Clytemnestra, savagely; "why, sure she looks as if she would rave—she who comes among us from a new-sacked city with all its horrors fresh upon her soul! She champs, and knows not yet how to bear the bridle; but soon shall her bloody mettle be foamed away. But no longer will I submit to such dishonouring; thus casting away words upon *Her!*" and Clytemnestra re-enters the palace.

Then comes the Scene of Scenes—the Inspiration of Inspirations—the Immortal Prophetic Ravings of Cassandra. We remember dear old Henry Mackenzie once descanting to us with his mild volubility on the prodigious power the Poets of our modern ages possessed in describing the workings of disordered intellect—a power which, he said, was unknown to the ancients. He had forgotten all the Three Greek Tragedians; but we ventured to read off-hand—translating as we went—the madness of Cassandra. The old man was astonished, and confessed that it was equal to any thing in Shakspeare—to Lear!

O woe, woe, woe! O Earth! O Gods!
Apollo! Apollo!

So raves she for a while, the Chorus catching the contagion, and wailing in dismal harmony with the Prophetess. Symmons has here all the spirit of Æschylus.

CASSANDRA.

Ha! ha! that dismal and abhorred house!
The good Gods hate its dark and conscious walls!
It knows of kinsmen by their kinsmen slain,
And many a horrid death-rope swung!
A house, where men like beasts are slain!
The floor is all in blood!

CHORUS.

The stranger seems sharp-scented like a hound,
And searches as for bodies she would find!

CASSANDRA.

These are my witnesses! I follow them!
Phantoms of children! terribly they weep!
Their throats cut! and the supper that I see
Of roast flesh smoking, that their father eats!

CHORUS.

We heard, O prophetess, of thy great name;
Aye—but we want no prophets in this house.

CASSANDRA.

Alas! ye Gods, what is she thinking on?
And what is this that looks so young and fresh?
Mighty, mighty is the load
She is unravelling in these dark halls!

A foul deed for her dear friends plotteth she,
Too sore to bear, and waxing past all cure!
Where's Succour? fled far off! Where's Help? it stands at bay!

CHORUS.

What means she now? 'twas lately Atreus' feast;
'Tis an old story, and the city's talk.

CASSANDRA.

Alas! ah wretch, ah! what art thou about?
A man's in the bath—beside him there stands
One wrapping him round—the bathing clothes drop,
Like shrouds they appear to me, dabbled in blood!
O for to see what stands there at the end!
Yet 'twill be quick—'tis now upon the stroke!
A hand is stretch'd out—and another, too!
As though it were a-grasping—look, look, look!

CHORUS.

'Tis yet all dark to me: by riddles posed,
I find no way in these blind oracles.

CASSANDRA.

Ha, ha! Alas, alas! What's that?
Is that hell's dragnet that I see?
Dragnet! or woman! she, the very she
Who slept beside thee in the midnight bower,
Wife and murd'ress! Howl, dark quires!
        Howl in timbrel'd anthems dark
        For Atreus' deadly line,
        And the stony shower of blood.

CHORUS.

Ye Gods! what vengeance of a Fury's this
Thou bidd'st take up her clarion in these halls?
        As I heard thy doleful word,
        Chased is my merry sprite,
        And trickling up my heart has run
        The blood-drop changed to saffron hue;
        Which from the spear-fallen man
        Drops apace upon the ground,
        Flitting together with the rays
        Of the setting sun of life.

CASSANDRA.

Ha, ha! see there! see there!
Keep the bull from the heifer, drive, drive her away!
The bull is enchafed and hoodwink'd, and roars;
His black branching horns have received the death stab!
He sprawls and falls headlong! he lies in the bath,
Beside the great smouldering cauldron that burns
The cauldron burns,—it has a deadly blue!

In many a lovely lay Cassandra then laments her lost delights—when like a nightingale she used to sing in her native groves—and interweaves magnificent pictures of the destruction of Troy. All holy feasts, sacrifice, and blood of kine, when her father kept festival in his old bowers, all unavailing! Nought availed the sacrifice gorged with the blood of the rich meadow-feeders, to save the sacred city! "She passed through the storm of passion and suffering, even as I now shall pour out soon my warm blood upon the earth!" "Hush! hush!" sings the Chorus—"'Tis some God who hath put that bad sprite into thy mind—with the power of a demon, and with strong heavy spells, making death-bearing outcries and horrible moans! I am confounded—and know not what may be the end." Cassandra cries, "But thou'lt know it soon! No longer like a bride veils the God his visage! The oracle peeps through the mistiness—driving the clouds eastwards—Blow! blow! ye winds! for soon he will come! he will come! rolling his woes upon the beach of storms! soon out of the troubled deep will he stir up huger far, and dashing in daylight a wave against the eastern cliff!"

I shall have no more
To teach you in enigmas; I'll speak plain.
And be ye witness whilst I, snuffing blood,
Run on the footsteps of things done of old.
Pale phantoms brood within yon guarded towers,
And ne'er do vanish from the spectred halls;
Screams are heard nightly, and a dismal din
Of strange, terrific, and unearthly quires,
Singing in horrid, full harmonic chord!
Like what they sing of! nothing good I ween!
And there are those, who bide within the house,
Right hard to drive such inmates out of doors,
For, blood of mortal man since they have drank,
Their riot more unquenchable does grow;
The Masque of Sisters! the Erinnyes drear!
They are all seated in the rooms above,
Chanting how Atè came into the house
In the beginning: gloomily they look!
Each sings the lay in catches round, each has
Foam on her lips, and gnashes grim her teeth,
Where heavily the incestuous brother sleeps,
Stretch'd in pale slumber on the haunted bed.
Ha! do the shafts fly upright at the mark?
Fly the shafts right, or has the yew-bow miss'd?
Methinks the wild beast in the covert's hit;
Or rave I, dreaming of prophetic lies,
Like some poor minstrel knocking at the doors?
Come, bear thou witness, out with it on oath,
That I know well the old sins of this house!

"Who gave thee," asks the Chorus, "the prophetic power?" "Apollo! Apollo! he was the champion who vehemently breathed upon me the breath of love and pleasing fire—I said it should be, but I spoke him false—and for my transgression none believed my words."

"O! O! hu! hu! alas!
The pains again have seized me! my brain turns!
Hark to the alarum and prophetic cries!
The dizziness of horror swims my head!
D'ye see those yonder, sitting on the towers?
Like dreams their figures! Blood-red is their hair!
Like young ones murder'd by some kinsmen false;
Horrible shadows! with hands full of flesh!
Their bowels and their entrails they hold up,
Their own flesh, O most execrable dish!
They hold it; out of it their father ate!
But in revenge of them there's one who plots,
A certain homebred, crouching, coward lion;
Upon his lair the rolling lion turns,
And keeps house close, until the coming of
My master! said I master? Out! alas!
I am a slave, and I must bear the yoke.
King of the ships, and sacker of great Troy,
Thou know'st not what a hateful bitch's tongue,
Glozing and fawning, sleekfaced all the while,
Will do! like Atè stealing in the dark!
Out on such daring! female will turn slayer
And kill the male! What name to call her? Snake,
Horrible monster, crested amphisbæna,
Or some dire Scylla dwelling amid rocks!
Ingulfing seamen in her howling caves!
The raving of Hell's mother fires her cheeks,
And, like a pitiless Mars, her nostrils breathe

To all around her war and trumpet's rage.
O what a shout was there! it tore the skies
As in the battle when the tide rolls back!
'Twas the great championess—how fierce, how fell!
No, 'tis all joy, and welcome home, sweet lord,
The war is o'er, the merry feast's begun.
Well, well, ye don't believe me—'tis all one.
For why? what will be, will be; time will come;
Ye will be there, and pity me, and say,
'She was indeed too true a prophetess.'

CHORUS.

The Thyestean feast of children's flesh!
I know it, and I shudder! Fear is on me,
Hearing it nothing liken'd at or sketch'd,
The very truth; but for those other things,
I heard! and fall'n out from the course I run.

CASSANDRA.

I say thou shalt see Agamemnon's death!

CHORUS.

Hush, hush, unhappy one, lie still thy tongue!"

"What MAN?" asks the Chorus, "What man such execrable deed designs?" "Of murder are their thoughts?" "I heard strange things—strange rumours!—yet the name of a murderer I heard not!" "And yet I know the Greek tongue—aye—I could speak!"

"O what a mighty fire comes rolling on me!
Help! help! Lycean Apollo! Ah me! ah me!
She there, that two-legg'd lioness! lying with
A wolf, the highbred lion being away,
Will kill me! woful creature that I am!
And like one busy mixing poison up,
She'll fill me such a cup too in her ire!
She cries out, whetting all the while a sword
'Gainst him, 'tis me, and for my bringing here
That such a forfeit must be paid with death!
O why then keep this mockery on my head?
Off with ye, laurels, necklaces, and wands!
The crown of the prophetic maiden's gone!
[*Tearing her robe.*
Away, away! die ye ere yet I die!
I will requite your blessings, thus, thus, thus!
Find out some other maiden, dight her rich,
Ay, dight her rich in miseries like me!
And lo! Apollo! himself! tearing off
My vest oracular! Oh! cruel God!
Thou hast beheld me, e'en in these thy robes,
Scoff'd at when I was with my kinsmen dear,
And made my enemies' most piteous despite,
And many a bad name had I for thy sake;
A Cybele's mad-woman, beggar priestess,
Despised, unheeded, beggar'd and in hunger;
And yet I bore it all for thy sweet sake.
And now to fill thy cup of vengeance up,
Prophet, thou hast undone thy prophetess!
And led me to these passages of death!
A block stands for the altar of my sire;
It waits for me, upon its edge to die,
Stagger'd with blows—in hot red spouting blood!
Oh! oh! but the great Gods will hear my cries
Shrilling for vengeance through the vaulted roofs!
The Gods will venge us when we're dead and cold.
Another gallant at death-deeds will come!

Who's at the gates? a young man, fair and tall,*
A stranger, by his garb, from foreign parts;
Or one who long since has been exiled here:
A stripling, murderer of his mother's breast!
Brave youth, avenger of his father's death!
He'll come to build the high-wrought architrave,
Surmounting all the horrors of the dome.
I say, the Gods have sworn that he shall come.
His father's corse (his crest lies on the ground)
Rises, and towers before him on the road!
What, mourning still? what, still my eyes in tears?
And here, too, weeping on a foreign land?
I, who have seen high-towered Ilion's town
Fall, as it fell; whilst they who dwelt therein
Are, as they are! before high-judging Heaven!
I'll go and do it! I'll be bold to die!—
I have a word with ye, ye gates of Hell!
[*To the gates of the palace as she is about to enter.*
I pray ye, let me have a mortal stroke,
That without struggling, all this body's blood
Pouring out plenteously, in gentle stream
Of easy dying, I may close my eyes!"

"O woful creature," sings the Chorus—"woful, too, and wise! O maid! thou hast been wandering far and wide! But if in earnest thou dost know thy fate, why like a heifer, goaded by a God, why fearless dost thou walk to the altar?"—"Foh! foh! foh!"—"What means foh! foh! Some loathing at thy heart?"—"The house breathes scents of murderous dropping blood!"—"How so? 'tis smell of burning sacrifice!"—"Like is the vapour as from out a tomb!"—"A dismal character thou givest this house!"—"Well! well! I'll enter, carrying with me all my shrieks! I'll enter! E'en in these horrid domes I'll wail aloud myself and Agamemnon. Life, farewell! I've had enough of *thee!* But remember me! A dying woman speaks! For maid one day shall die wife! man for man! for that ill-starred husband!"

"Once more! once more! oh let my voice be heard!
I love to sing the dirges of the dead,
My own death knell, myself my death knell ring!
The sun rides high, but soon will set for me;
O sun! I pray to thee by thy last light,
And unto those who will me honour do,
Upon my hateful murderers wreak the blood
Of the poor slave they murder in her chains,
A helpless, easy, unresisting victim!
O mortal, mortal state! and what art thou?
E'en in thy glory comes the changing shade,
And makes thee like a vision glide away!
And then misfortune takes the moisten'd sponge,
And clean effaces all the picture out!"

Cassandra enters the palace, and the Chorus, confounded and lost in awe, moralizes over the dangerous glories of high estate. "The Gods," they say, "have blessed the arms of our king! The Gods have given him the city of Priam. Home has he returned with celestial honours. But what! if now he is to rue the blood of olden times, and dying to pay forfeit to the dead! Oh! who of mortals, as he hears this story told, would wish not that his own horoscope might be beneath a low and harmless star!"

"AGAMEMNON (*within.*)

O! O! WITHIN THERE! O! STABB'D TO DEATH!

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* Orestes.

FIRST CHORUS.
Hist! some one cries! I heard a voice cry, Stabb'd!
AGAMEMNON.
O! O! again! another blow! O! O!
SECOND CHORUS.
'Tis the King's voice! Ye Gods! the deed is doing!
THIRD CHORUS.
Hark! let us quickly counsel what to do!
FOURTH CHORUS.
Let's raise the town, and cry through all the streets,
Help! help! and succour to the palace-gates!"

Who had murder'd the King of Men? who? Why—who could it with any propriety have been but the Queen of Women? 'Twas fitting that none but Clytemnestra should murder Agamemnon. He was her own husband—she alone had a right to shew him into the bath—with her own hands to put the tunic tenderly over his shoulders—and to enclose his heroic arms within its inextricable folds—and then to smite him on the forehead with her two-edged axe—once and again—till down he fell—as Homer says somewhere in the Odyssey—like an ox at the stall. There was no one who dared, at the instigation of Cassandra, to "keep the heifer from the bull." She gored him to death—and then filled all the byre with her lowings and her bellowings, till echoes shook all the stalls, and the floor ran with blood. You would not surely have had the cowardly Ægisthus to slay his sovereign? He was a dolt—she was a demon. "Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"—she strode out of the bath—forth from the palace—and, lo! she comes with the bloody axe over her shoulders, and proclaims the deed to the Chorus, that they, like ballad-singers, may chant it over Argos. "Here you have a full and particular account," &c. Lo! she comes! she is here—and hush! for she is about to speak.

——— These hands have struck the blow!
'Tis like the deeds that have been done of yore!
Past! and my feet are now upon the spot!
And so I did it, and I'll not deny it,
That fly he could not, nor himself defend!
A net without an outlet, as it were
A drag for fishes, round about I staked,
An evil garment! yet all richly wrought!
I smote him twice: after two groans his limbs
Sunk under him, and then upon the ground
I clove at him again with a third blow,
To quit my vow to Hades under ground,
Warden of dead men in the pale blue lake!
Thus falling, his own life he renders up,
Sighing and sobbing such a mighty gush,
Which spouted from his streaming wounds amain,
That he cast on me the black bloody drops,
In that black dew rejoicing, as the seeds
Joy at the coming of the heaven-sent shower
Raining upon them, in the blowing hour,
When the sweet blossoms glow with purple birth.
This being e'en so, ye prime of Argive men,
Rejoice ye, if rejoicing be your mood.
I am so full of joy, that if 't were seemly
To pour libations on a corpse, I wou'd do it;
And just it were—aye, most exceeding just.
With such accursed potions he who here
Has fill'd a chalice, drinks it off himself!
CHORUS.
Amazement! that a woman should thus speak!
What horrid boldness! o'er her husband's corse!
CLYTEMNESTRA.
Ye try me like a woman weak in mind.
My heart shakes not, my tongue proclaims the deed.

And thou, or praise, or blame me, as thou wilt,
'Tis one to me. He there is Agamemnon,
My spouse—a corpse! this right hand did the work,
A righteous handicraftsman! Even so!

CHORUS.

What evil thing, O woman! hast thou ate,
Eatable, nursed upon earth's venom'd lap,
Or potable, from out the hoary sea,
That thou hast put this sacrifice to burn
Amidst the curses of the tongues of men?
Thou hast cast him from thee, thou hast cut him off,
Thou'lt be cast off thyself!
A mighty hate unto thy country's men!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now ye do doom me from this city flight
And hatred, and to have the tongues of men
In curses on me; but to this man then,
No, not one word in pity didst thou speak,
Who thought no more his tender child to spare
Than a young lamb from fleecy pastures torn
From out the midst of his unnumber'd sheep,
His child, and mine! the dearest of my womb!
When he her blood a drear enchantment pour'd
To lull the howlings of the Thracian blasts!
Wasn't that a man to drive out from the gates
To expiate pollutions? But to me,
Sitting in audience of my deeds, thou art
A harsh judge! But I say this unto thee!
Threaten away, for I too am prepared
In the like manner—rule me, if thou canst
Get by thy hand the mastery—rule me then—
But if the contrary be the doom of God,
I'll teach ye lessons for greybeards to learn."

Then follows a dreadful colloquy between Clytemnestra and the Chorus. Her soul is up in the clouds—his soul is down in the dust. She yells like an eagle—he sobs like a pigeon—she growls like a lion—he groans like a stricken deer—what careth the Fury for the idle imprecations of a silly old man? He tells her,

" Thy soul is maddening yet
As on the gore drops fresh and wet!
A drop upon thy eyes does show
Of unavenged blood!
The time will come, when, left alone,
Thou'lt wring thy hands, and vainly moan
Thy friends away! Thy murderers by,
Thou wilt pay blow for blow!"

What hath she to say in answer to that? Quails she, in her pride of place, already with remorse? Sees she already the snaky sisters? Shudders she at the avenging phantom of her own son—Orestes doomed to shed in expiation his own mother's blood? You shall hear. She calls on the Chorus to listen to her defence.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

" And thou shalt hear my just and solemn oath!
By the full vengeance taken for my child,
By Atè and Erinnys, at whose shrines
I've slain this man, a bloody sacrifice,
I think not in the House of Fear to walk,
Whilst on my hearth Ægisthus burneth fire,
As he is wont, his heart still true to mine;
For he's my boldness, and no little shield.
Low lies the man who did me deadly wrong;
Low lies the minion of Troy's fair Chryseis;
And she his captive, and his soothsayer,
His paramour, his lovely prophetess,

She whom he trusted, true to him in bed,
And, on the naval galleys as she rode,
Not unrequited, what these two have done!
For he e'en so; and she most like a swan
Kept singing still her last song in the world,
A deadly, wailing, melancholy strain:
Now on the earth she lies, stretch'd out in blood,
And her dishevell'd tresses sweep the ground:
Cold sweats of death sit on her marble face;
His love! his beauty! 'Twas to me he brought
This piece of daintiness."

The drama is done—well done we think—but there remains a dreadful dialogue yet between the Queen and the Chorus. Mr Symmons has made poetry of it—but we venture to hope that the spirit that breathes through it (the want of the divine music of the Greek versification is a sad one), may be given better in very literal prose. Let us try—sometimes at a loss.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas! O that some fate, not agonizing nor couch-confining, with speed might come,—bringing upon us the endless sleep! Since now the most benignant Guardian of the State has been overpowered, and endured the last extremity from the hands of his own wife! For by his own wife hath he been murdered! Oh law-violating Helen! who singly having destroyed many heroes innumerable lives at Troy, hast now cropped as a flower the life of the noblest of them all—the high-honoured Agamemnon, by an inexpiable, an unwashed murder!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Do not thou, we beseech thee, overwhelmed by these things, pray for the lot of death! Neither turn thou thy wrath, we beseech thee, against Helen—because she was, as thou sayest, a man-exterminator—because singly she slew, forsooth, the lives of the Grecian heroes—because she, so sayest thou, hath caused an incomprehensible distress! Why blame—why be thus wrathful with Helen?

CHORUS.

Oh Deity! who pressest heavily upon this house, and the two descendants of Tantalus, and who confirmest in women a heart-gnawing strength, equal to that of men! But see—see like a hateful raven, lawlessly placing herself on the body, and hear how she glories hymning a strain!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why—now thou hast rectified the judgment of thy mouth, by naming the Family Demon! the Demon of the House! For from this source the blood-licking lust is nourished in its bowels, and before that the former affliction had ceased, lo! a new blood-shedding!

HORUS.

Assuredly thou referrest to a Demon in this house mighty and heavy in his wrath! Alas, alas, a grievous evil of destructive and insatiable fortune!—Alas, alas, by means of Jupiter, the Cause of all, the Worker of all! For what is brought about for mortals without Jupiter? Which of these things is not God-ordained? Alas, alas, O King! O King! How shall I weep for thee! What can I say out of a woful heart! Thou liest in the meshes of this spider, breathing out thy life by an unholy death! Alas, me—me! subdued by a treacherous destiny, there thou liest on this servile couch, by means of a two-edged weapon brandished in the hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou assertest that this deed is mine. But do not affirm * * * * * * that I am the wife of Agamemnon! The ancient grim Fury of Atreus, that stern banqueter, impersonating the wife of him that lies dead, she hath punished him—sacrificing over the young a full-grown victim!

CHORUS.

But that you are sackless of this murder who shall testify? How? How? The Fury, indeed, sprung from his father may have been a fellow-helper! Black Discord constrains them by the kindred afflux of blood; whither also advancing, Black Discord shall give them over to an offspring-devouring horror. Alas, alas, O King, O King!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Methinks that he met with a death not unbecoming a freeman. He did not, indeed, inflict mischief on this house in a guileful manner—*no, not he; but then* my fair Branch sprung from him—my much-wept *Iphigenia*—having used her unworthily—why, let him not, now that he has received a worthy recompense, vaunt exultingly! Let him not exult, having expiated, by a sword-inflicted death, the deed which he was the first to do—the sacrifice of my Iphigenia!

CHORUS.

I am at a loss—being deprived of judgment—how I shall turn my kindly cares—for this house is falling around me into ruin. But I dread—I dread—the house-shaking, blood-covered rattling of the tempest! For the sprinkling drop by drop ceases; and Fate, for some other matter of vengeance, is sharpening retribution on other whetstones!

SEMICHOR.

Alas! Earth! Earth! Oh that thou had'st received me, before I had looked upon this Man, now occupying the earth-lying couch of the silver-sided bath! Who shall bury him? Who lament him? Wilt thou dare to do this, having slain thy own husband? Wilt thou dare to bewail his spirit, and for a dreadful deed unjustly to perform an ungrateful service? Ungrateful to the murdered! Alas! alas! Who, pouring out with tears a funeral eulogium on the godlike man, shall mourn in truthfulness of soul?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It suits *you* not to speak of this concern! By *our* hand he fell—he died. And we will bury him—not with family-lamentations—but Iphigenia, his daughter, shall cordially, as she ought, meet her father at the swift-flowing Ferry of Sorrows, and folding him in her arms, shall kiss her father! Ha! ha!

CHORUS.

This reproach springs from a former reproach; but all is mystery. She—Iphigenia—cuts him off who cut her off—the Slayer *drees* his weird. But it remains that she, the other Perpetrator, should suffer in Jove's destined time. For who could expel from the house this devoted family? Are they not all glued and fastened to one another, and to calamity?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Divine Decree hath justly fallen on this Man. Look at him! My wish, then, is to frame a Covenant with the Demon of the Plisthenidæ; and though difficult to be borne, yet to bear all these things! As to what remains, let the Demon depart and afflict another family with self-inflicted death. Provided I have but a small portion of the possessions, it is quite enough for me—having driven from the house mutual-murdering madnesses!

Ægisthus now appears for the first time, and it seems to have been the aim of Æschylus to make him as contemptible as was consistent with the laws of the drama. He vindicates the murder, on the score of the horrid conduct of Agamemnon's father Atreus to his (Ægisthus,) father Thyestes—the old story of the stewed children. He therefore calls himself "righteous executioner."

"I have my wrongs too, like my wretched sire,
For I was with him when he took to flight,
And all his children follow'd at his back,
Thirteen in number. I, the youngest, was
Then in my swaddling clothes, a child in arms,
Not conscious of the horrors of that day;
But I grew up, and Dicè rear'd my head,
And brought me home: though exil'd, I was near,
Revolving curiously each means of death,
And all the phantoms of the assassin's soul;
And I have gall'd him: now, if it is my fate,
Why, let me die: I cannot fall disgraced,
Now I have seen him wrapt in Dicè's toils."

The Chorus, however, cannot stomach this argument—which might perhaps have availed a nobler man—and they threaten him with an evil end.

"Sure as thou livest, I say, thou shalt not 'scape
The volleys of the people, stony showers,
And their just curses, hurl'd at thy head!"

The Chorus then upbraids him with having had the villainy to plot, without the courage with his own hand to perpetrate, the murder. But there Ægisthus has him on the hip—for he cries vauntingly,

> "Why, you dull fool! 'twas stratagem and guile!
> And who so fit as Woman for the plot?
> 'Twould have marr'd all had I but shewn my face;
> I must have been suspected as his foe,
> His ancient, old, hereditary foe.
> But now 'tis done, and I am at my ease!
> I'll take his treasures, and I'll mount his throne."

He then, after the fashion of usurpers, threatens to scourge, imprison, and kill all who are disobedient, and especially the Chorus. But the Chorus is not to be intimidated in the discharge of his duty, and keeps satirizing the coward to such a pitch of virulence, threatening to call in armed people to kill the cowardly murderer of the king, that but for the interposition of Clytemnestra, we suspect the old gentleman would have bit the dust. Clytemnestra is now the most merciful of murderesses, and glides purring round about her prey like a satiated tigress. How sweet!

> "Stay, stay, *dearest Ægisthus!* stay thy hands!
> Let's not do further harm. Behold, here lies
> A wretched harvest which we have to reap!
> We have had enough of woe! *Let's not be bloody!*
> But go, old men! repair unto your homes
> Before aught happens! 'Twas the Time and Fate
> That made us act e'en so as we have acted:
> But with the deed sufficient has been done!
> And we are plunged, alas! full deep in woe,
> Struck by the demon in his horrid rage."

The Chorus takes the hint, and departs—muttering something about—Orestes.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*to Ægisthus.*)

> "Think nought of these vain barkings: Sin and I
> Will take the rule, the sceptre, and the might,
> And order all things in this house aright."
> [*Exeunt omnes.*

The drama, then, ends well—*happily*—and some persons may object to it on that score, who wish always "to assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man." But in the first place, remember that it is a Greek tragedy, and what Milton says of Fate. Æschylus lived before the Christian era some hundred years, and the wisest men held then strange doctrines about Jove.

But, secondly, though the last words that fall from the lips of Clytemnestra are,

> "And order all things in this house aright,"

we have our own doubts about her being able to accomplish her household plans. We question if she were perfectly happy that night in the arms of her paramour. Who knows but that she walked about the palace in her sleep, wringing, as if washing her hands, like another great sinner, and muttering, "Out, damned spot!" Sleep has a very sensitive conscience. Somnus is as good as a Chorus, and the moment an atrocious criminal shuts his or her eyes, the inner kingdom undergoes a reform, which certainly is revolution. You are wrong, then, in saying, that the tragedy ended happily—for Clytemnestra—hanged herself!

Hanged herself! Shocking! But 'tis not mentioned in my Lempriere. Well, then, she did not hang herself; but a beautiful young man, almost a boy, a mere lad, cut her throat, and haggled her body into pieces. Her own Son! and that was retribution. An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth—blood for blood. 'Tis a law as old as the hills—and often has the fulfilment of the law made the hills blush red, without the aid of the setting sun. Rivers of gore have run down their sides, and all the trees round about been like purple beeches, from the spray of such ghastly waterfalls. Yes! as one of our own dramatists says,

> "The element of water moistens the earth,
> But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens!"

What think ye was really the character of Clytemnestra? Did her hatred of her husband originate in the sacrifice of Iphigenia? Perhaps.

No mother can endure to see her daughter killed "like a kid," by her own father, even on the altar. But we fear that her hatred of her husband grew out of her love for her paramour—not the reverse process. The adulteress longed to be a murderess. The two characters are kindred and congenial—and walk hand in hand. Besides ten years is a long absence—and many are the trials and temptations of a lone "widow-woman." Ægisthus was probably the finest man-animal in Argos—nay, in all Greece. And know you the full force of —— infatuation? Then—are you a miserable man or woman—and beware!

But all this throws but faint light on the darkness of the mystery of that guilt. The secret to be told is the constitution of Clytemnestra's own soul. Thoughts that entered there changed their colour. Some waxed wondrous pale—and others grew fiery red—some were mute and sullen—others hissed like serpents—and some roared like very thunder—rolling all round the horizon with multiplying echoes, and then dying on the far distance like an earthquake.

But whatever was the constitution of her soul, her conduct was magnanimous. It shewed her soul was—large. It could hold a prodigious sum of wickedness. It was like one of the Cauldrons of the Bullers of Buchan. They, you know, are not only always black, but always boiling, and the reason is, that day and night the abysses are disturbed by the sea. The sea will not let them rest in peace—but fills them, whether they will or no, with perpetual foam—everlasting breakers—an eternal surf. In the calmest day, the lull itself is dreadful; yet is the place not without its beauty, and all the world confesses that it is sublime.

This is impressive, you say, but vague. Aye—vague enough—dim and dismal—and so is Sin. But we beg leave to say something more definite. Issuing from her Palace, to give orders that the whole city should be set ablaze with sacrificial fires, Clytemnestra looked every inch a Queen. Her figure dilated almost to gigantic height—yet still "grace was in all her steps." Her face was fierce but fair—bold but bright—for was she not the sister of Helen? Stately stood she, as Juno's self, and glorious exceedingly were the white wavings of her arms, as she described the "Fires that drew their lineage from Mount Ida;" the Poetess of the Burning Beacons. Never was sovereign so bid hail as Agamemnon, on his return to Argos, by her whose *words flowed richer than the purple robes she bade be strewed beneath the* victorious feet of her lord the king. As she followed him into the palace, she was—was she not, a magnificent Erinnys? See her with haughty head encircled with scorn and fire, frowning fear and fright upon the soul of Cassandra, then awakened to the doom of death! Imagine the Fury with uplifted axe—and then, with brain-beaten forehead, her victim falling, a Groan, at her feet beside the Bloody Bath. Won't you believe her own word? See her then sprinkling herself with her husband's blood, as with the dewdrops of the sunny morning. Then down on your knees before her—as red from the sacrifice she issues forth exultingly into the light of day, before her own palace—for now it is her own—in the heart of her own Argos—for now she is indeed a Queen—in presence of the Chorus, who, you know, are the representatives of Humanity—with the dim axe cresting her crown—and justifying the deed—with her "I did it!"—and then say if she be not a more glorious being far than mortal eyes have beheld before or since—and that but one being ever lived on earth who might have personated the fateful Phantom—who else but—nay do not start at "the change that comes o'er the spirit of my dream"—who else but Sarah Siddons?

And have we not a single word to say for Cassandra? Not one. Yet methinks there is one yet alive who might once have well personated the raving Prophetess. Beautiful must have looked the captive Princess in her car, mute and motionless as a statue, during all that kind, but cruel colloquy, between Clytemnestra, Agamemnon, and the Chorus, that determined the fate of the King, and of her his bosom-slave, by the fate of war. Yet, though Agamemnon enjoyed what was refused to Apollo, in soul Cassandra was still a virgin.

But when Apollo overshadowed her, and her soul awoke to all those sights of blood, then fell down from its holy fillet all that bright length of sun-loved hair, and shrouded her fragile form in the mystery of madness, dishevelled in harmony with the music that wailed from her inspired lips! Never was madness so disastrous and so divine as hers—Poetess, Priestess, and Prophetess—raging and raving with the God. And when in the act of flinging away all her secret adornments, that they might not be profaned by the gushing of her own blood, how piteously must she have implored the Chorus, only for their compassion! And when turning to take one last look of the Day, of the Sun-God, who had turned towards her with passion, and was shining now on her dying day, who would have resembled the delirious victim on the threshold of the Palace of Blood, who but she who was so beauteous as Juliet, on the Balcony and in the Tomb—who but THE O'NEIL?

Agamemnon we saw but for a shortest hour—a glorious tree doomed to fall in a moment axe-stricken by the woodswoman, with all its shade and sunshine, leaving a gap in the sky. Never saw we but one man who looked on the stage like the "King of Men." Well would the Grecian regal robes have become his majestic form,—well would that noble face—though haply 'twas more of the "Antique Roman's" than the Greek's—have shed its mild and monarchical light over Queen—Cassandra—Chorus—all Argos! Who might have adumbrated Agamemnon the Sovereign Shadow—who but—KEMBLE?

Who, the Chorus? There have been persons who thought the Chorus a blot on the Greek Drama!! They would have washed it out—or cut out the piece—and left a hole in the veil. Others have called it an encumbrance—a drag. It is precisely such an encumbrance as a man's soul is to his body. But let us not allude to fools. The Chorus in the Agamemnon is a noble character. He keeps to the affair in hand—as if he were himself the chief actor—yet he is never too forward—and on the wished-for opening of his lips you hear "the still sad music of humanity!" Who shall be the Chorus? We must have fifteen elderly gentlemen. Let Oxford—Cambridge—The Silent Sister—Edinburgh—Aberdeen—each send Three Professors—and then let Christopher North be appointed THE CHORAGUS OF THE CHORAGI. But alas! Kemble sleeps—The Siddons "has stooped her anointed head as low as death;" The O'Neil, "in the blaze of her fame," fell down into private life, and in among all its obscure virtues; so, how now, alas! shall we ever be able to *get up* the Agamemnon?

Let it remain, then, for ever, an unacted Drama. But what forbids that it be acted—on that private stage which every man may behold nightly—free of all expense—in the Theatre of his own Imagination? There is the glorious Greek—there is the no less glorious English. Look at the words—and 'tis as into a magic mirror. The curtain is drawn up—and lo! Siddons as Clytemnestra! O'Neil as Cassandra! Kemble as Agamemnon—and Christopher North as Choragus of Choragi! Hear him!

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AS CHORAGUS OF CHORAGI.

But Justice sheds her peerless ray
In low-roof'd sheds of humble swain,
And gilds the smoky cots where low-bred virtue dwells:
But with averted eyes
The Maiden Goddess flies,
The gorgeous Halls of State, sprinkled with gold,
Where filthy-handed Mammon dwells;
She will not praise what men adore,
Wealth sicklied with false pallid ore,
Though drest in pomp of haughty power,
But still leads all things on, and looks to the last hour!

THE LATE DEBATES ON REFORM.

Mr North,

In addressing to you a few words of commentary upon the recent discussions in Parliament relative to the Ministerial project of Reform, I must cry you mercy, upon grounds somewhat new. It is possible that, after my own fashion, I may attempt to offer a little reasoning, or perchance I may touch upon something applicable to the general principle of the Bill; and I am aware how much, in either case, I should offend against the *prevailing* fashion; but I trust to the usual slowness with which gentlemen of your age take up the newfangled notions of the world, for permitting me yet a little while to proceed in the old way, uncensured. For my part, being upon the spot, and seeing how things go on, I am not much surprised that the Ministers who lead the fashion here, and, by means of newspapers, lead even unfashionable people very much by the nose, I am not surprised that *they* discountenance reasoning, because it naturally makes them feel uncomfortable; and who would not choose their own comfort when they can? But I do think it a little hard, that they should manifest such a sulky impatience of our parting adieus to the old system, and insist upon our flinging it from us with as light and careless a mind, as we should cast off an old and worn-out garment. Perhaps they may venture to say, that being now instructed by their marvellous wisdom, for the first time, in the anomalous enormities of the representative constitution, we are bound, immediately upon the discovery, to turn it off with a bad character; but this would be a false pretence—there is not one jot or tittle of originality in all the evil speaking which has of late been squeaked, spluttered, or bellowed forth about the representation of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament. It is merely an old dish hashed up again, to satisfy the capricious appetite of the mob, and only made a little more nauseous than it heretofore was, by the witless impertinence of modern Whiggism which is mixed up with it. The shallow, lumbering, stupid Radicals of the city, whose intellect is in their stomachs—who can digest nothing but food, erect their huge immensity of ears, and their eyes sparkle between their leathern lids, like a pool of mud in a shower, when they hear of Lord Johnny Russell's prodigious discoveries of anomalies in the constitution, which they had never thought of before. But where is the man of any sense and information, who has heard one particle from all the speeches of all the Ministerial members who have spoken on the Reform Bill, that he did not perfectly well know before? Was it not as notorious as any fact in history, that the representative system was full of anomalies? that representatives were attached to places with no inhabitants, and places full of inhabitants were without any representative whom they could claim directly as their own? Has not this matter been reviewed by every practical statesman, and political philosopher, who has spoken or written about the constitution of England, and until now, without any of those symptoms of virtuous horror, and pious indignation, which the miserable cant and quackery of modern politicians inflict upon us?

It will not be suspected, except by the very ignorant, that Paley was deficient in sense to understand, or honesty to state what ought to be understood by others, respecting the representative system of Great Britain; and let us look for a moment at a very small part of what he says upon the subject, which, by the way, will also serve to shew how very *original* are the discoveries of Lord Johnny Russell, and others who have toiled after him, in his brilliant course of exposure of anomalies. "There is nothing," says Paley, "in the British constitution so remarkable as the irregularity of the popular representation; if my estate be situate in one county of the kingdom, I possess the ten-thousandth part of a single representative; if in another, the thousandth; if in a particular district, I may be one in twenty who choose two representatives; if in a still more favoured spot, I may enjoy the right of *appointing two myself*. If I have been born, or dwell, or have served an apprenticeship in one town, I am represented in the National Assembly by two deputies, in the choice of whom I exercise an actual and sensible share of power; if accident has thrown my birth, or habitation, or service into another town, I have no representative at all, nor more power or concern in the election of those who make the laws by which I am governed, then if I was a subject of the Grand Signior:—and this particularity exists without any pretence whatever of merit or of propriety, to justify the preference of one place to another. To describe the state of national representation as it exists in reality, it may be affirmed, I believe, with truth, that about one-half of the House of Commons obtain their seats in that assembly, by the election of the people, the other half *by purchase*, or by the nomination of single proprietors of great estates."

Well, good reader, what think you of the originality of Lord Johnny's discoveries after this? Does it not appear that Paley understood as well as he, the anomalies of the representation? I will not insult your taste, by asking did he not express them better. How unutterably small does Lord Johnny's poor, puerile, trashy speech appear, with its puling drawingroom illustration of the "intelligent foreigner," when compared with the vigorous plainness of Paley's statement. It is like a maiden essay in a juvenile annual, compared with one of Christopher North's papers in Blackwood's Magazine. But how does the real philosopher follow up his manly and forcible statement of the truth? Is it by a scheme for overturning the system, and substituting a more *regular* one of his own invention in its place? No. This is left for the shallow presumption of the Lord Johnnys of our day. After his description of the irregularity of the popular representation, Paley continues—"This is a flagrant incongruity in the constitution, but it is one of those objections which strike most forcibly at first sight. The effect of all reasoning upon the subject is *to diminish the first impression;* on which account it deserves the more attentive examination, that we may be assured, before we adventure upon a reformation, that the magnitude of the evil justifies *the danger of the experiment.* We *have* a House of Commons, in which are found the most considerable landholders and merchants of the kingdom; the heads of the army, the navy, and the law; the occupiers of great offices in the state, together with many private individuals, eminent by their knowledge, eloquence, or activity. Now, if the country be not safe in such hands, in whose may it confide its interests? If such a number of men be liable to the influence of corrupt motives, what assembly of men will be secure from the same danger? Does any new scheme of representation promise to collect together more wisdom, or to produce firmer integrity? In this view of the subject, and attending, not to ideas of order and proportion (*of which many minds are much enamoured*), BUT TO EFFECTS ALONE, we may discover just excuses for those parts of the present representation, which appear, to a hasty observer, most exceptionable and absurd."

Here we find the modesty and the wisdom of a true philosopher, whose direct and simple object being to teach men the real effect of the political institutions under which they live, appeals at once to the practical operation of the system, omitting to trouble himself with a profitless chase after "ideas of order and proportion," which have nothing to do with the substantial welfare of society. The pert and pragmatical Lord John takes a different course—he will not condescend to stoop his lordly mind to the consideration of practical effects, but chuckling over his discovery of irregularities which every one knew before, proceeds to propound a new system, which, after all, creates almost as many anomalies as it rectifies, while it overturns the long tried practical system, and introduces novelties, of which the probable result will be strife, and eventual destruction to the tri-partite constitution.

So much for an introduction to my Parliamentary notice. Perhaps it may seem not very germane to the matter, but to all who have caught the Ministerial influenza, and who participate in the surly impatience of debate, which government members so indecently manifest, some apology is necessary for entering upon the subject at all; and the consideration, that wise men have long ago seen all the evils which are now so much and so vauntingly noised abroad, and have thought, that "the effect of reasoning upon the subject is to diminish the first impression," will, I should hope, have some success in persuading the public to look with patience upon a review of what has taken place in the grand council of the nation, upon a matter so momentous.

We commence with the second reading of the Bill, to which there was a little preliminary discussion, which it would be a thousand pities to omit, throwing, as it did, so strong a light upon the wishes and capabilities of Ministers, and shewing how much their integrity towards the public harmonized with their honourable conduct towards an individual. I allude to the case of *Gregson* versus *Inadvertence*, which was opened on the part of the plaintiff by Mr Estcourt, on Lord John Russell moving the order of the day for the second reading of the Reform Bill. The case was this:—The Ministers ordered Mr Gregson to put a clause into the bill, which he, the said Mr Gregson, saw, as any man of much less knowledge and acuteness than he would have seen, must cut out about nine-tenths of all householders in towns from any benefit under the bill. He stated this to the Ministers; they hesitated for a little, but, after consideration, persevered in having the clause inserted. The bill was published, and immediately a popular storm arose, which made Ministers feel excessively uncomfortable; so they said, and swore, and *wrote letters*, asserting in the most solemn manner that the clause was an *inadvertence*, and the government newspapers (of course without orders) insinuated that an enemy had done it—that a Tory underling had stolen in, and sowed his vile tares among the precious wheat of the Ministers. Now, the only subordinate that could have done it was Mr Gregson; so he went to that eminent statesman, and sheep-farmer, and successful financier, Lord Althorp, and demanded that he should exert a small portion of his eloquence in the House of Commons, to clear his (Mr Gregson's) character from the imputation. His Lordship promised that he would do even so; but somehow or another it turned out that *he had no opportunity;* upon which down came Mr Estcourt, with a bundle of papers in his hand, which seemed to frighten the Treasury Bench as much as if he had pointed upon it an eighteen-pounder, charged to the teeth with grape-shot, and ready to be fired, and he informed the Ministers, that if *they* would *not* explain, *he would*.

Then, with rueful countenances, and most unwilling speech, Lords Althorp and John Russell, piece by piece, and after repeated interrogatories, made confession of the matter as I have related it; admitting that the *inadvertence* was a thing done after caution given, and consideration had, and that no Tory, nor subordinate, nor any but themselves, was the author or contriver of the offensive clause. And these are the Ministers who, after this affair, assume an unusually insolent and despotic deportment in the House of Commons! If the world were what it ought to be—if what is called character and the respect for it, were not in a considerable degree a mere affectation and a farce, these men would have found it extremely convenient to make a tour of the Continent for a few years, until time had weakened the feelings of scorn and indignation which a certain description of conduct ought to excite; but the world is gulled by names, and the affair still passes with the million as an "inadvertence"—that is to say, a thing done deliberately, and persevered in after caution given as to its consequences, is described by a word signifying an action done hastily, and without observation of its natural effect! How acute and "intelligent" does this prove the public to be—how honest the public instructors, the newspapers, who swallow and support the "inadvertence"—how admirable and honourable the conduct of Ministers, and how worthy they are to be intrusted with new-modelling the Constitution of Great Britain! But Lord Grey wrote his name to a paper declaratory that this clause was an "inadvertence."—Alas! for "the order," by which he once boasted he would "stand or fall;" this is falling indeed, and in a way the most ignominious!

Sir John Walsh commenced the discussion on the second reading of the Bill. His speech was a temperate statement of facts, upon the face of them pernicious, which, in this country and elsewhere, had grown out of the Reform Bill, and the revolutionary principles upon which the Bill was founded. These facts were, the unconstitutional pledges required from, and given by, members of the House to their constituents; the riots in this country, and the distracted and dangerous state of France. Mr Fynes Clinton also dwelt on the pernicious effect and gross inconsistency of pledges *to* the people on the part of those who assembled to judge *for* the people—he insisted on the democratic tendency of the bill, and the certainty that it would not give satisfaction to the Radical party, who would demand further change after that now proposed was accomplished.

Sir James Mackintosh began by drawing some nice and refined distinctions. He said that candidates might state their opinions to their constituents, and yet not bind themselves—that the events in France were not brought about by democratic principles, but by those who wished to establish unbounded and uncontrolled power—that Ministers *only* proposed to do *in gross*, what Mr Pitt had proposed to do in detail, and *by purchase;* then followed a number of abstract propositions, relative to the general policy of free states, and the distinctions between property and political rights. He did not say one word about any specific practical good which the change that he advocated would effect.

Mr Bruce made an excellent speech, full of sound sense and manly spirit. He was sometimes interrupted with great rudeness by the trained bands of the Ministers, who thought they might venture upon this method of putting down a new member; but in spite of these obstacles, Mr Bruce made a strong impression upon the House. He set out with an argumentative caution—which it were to be wished was more generally imitated—by stating expressly what the question was which he opposed.—"It was not," he said, "whether we should or should not have a reform in the representation, but whether or not the *Ministerial Bill* was to be passed." He denounced the injustice of the government who misrepresented their opponents in this measure, as being necessarily the friends of corruption, and enemies of all improvement; he was himself, he said, a friend to reasonable and constitutional reform, but he thought all the alterations which were necessary could be effected without endangering the constitution, or risking the tranquillity of the country by a measure so rash, sweeping, and ill considered as the present.

This distinction, although obvious enough, is certainly one which is too much passed over by people in general, and too apt to be thought of only when they are reminded of it, by the idle babbling trash of the newspapers, about "bit by bit" reformers. Is it only in Parliamentary reform that a rational medium becomes ridiculous? or have modern politicians discovered a new general principle in the affairs of mankind, to the effect that *extremes* are the most wise and safe? Is there to be no choice between the headlong extremity of a revolution, and the inactive endurance of what we believe to be capable of amendment? Such a doctrine is a fitting item in the list of preposterous follies with which Ministers have supported their measure, and which thoughtless people have swallowed as reason, because it was given as such by hired newspapers.

Mr Cutlar Fergusson, a man of considerable ability, and very considerable heat and vehemence of manner, answered Mr Bruce. The chief point of his argument was, that there could be no real representation of the people, because many of the representatives were not chosen by the people. This is a common but very fallacious ground of objection to the present system. It does not follow that a member of Parliament will not act for the people's good if he be not chosen by the people; and though it were much to be lamented, if there were not members chosen by all varieties and shades of interests, whether popular or otherwise, yet, to suppose that because some members are nominated by Peers, they must, *therefore*, be indifferent to the interests of the people, and consequently unfit for the Commons' House of Parliament, is a mere phantom of a discontented imagination, and wholly irreconcileable with practical truth. Have we ever found that the Peers themselves have been more neglectful of the people's interests in the public questions that come before them, than the Commons? And if we have not, why is it to be *assumed* that the nominees of Peers in the Lower House are so? Nay, more, I venture to affirm, that if we appeal to the surest test, that of experience, it will be found that the most illustrious friends of the people who have ever appeared in the House of Commons, were not *popular* representatives, but obtained their opportunities of doing good through the instrumentality of nomination boroughs. Even that recreant from the cause of moderate reform, Lord John Russell, did admit, that but for these convenient boroughs, Sir Samuel Romilly would probably have never sat in Parliament. It is quite certain that the present Lord Chancellor never would, at least in the Lower House: he might, by devoting all his energies to his profession, have reached the Upper House as a Law Lord, but except through such a friendly door as the nomination borough of Winchelsea, he never would have obtained the Parliamentary reputation, which, at last, made him Member for Yorkshire:—yet Mr Fergusson would be as ready as any to admit that *he* was no idle or inattentive advocate of the popular cause.

Lord Porchester, who also declared himself a friend to Reform, although an enemy to the measure of the Ministers, delivered a speech of which the combined force and elegance very much captivated the House. The noble lord having, as he stated, spent much of his life abroad, contrasted, with much point and felicity, the attempted constitutions of the continent, which were framed upon the understood theory of our system, with our practical constitution, and argued that their failure was in conquence of the adoption of theories, similar to those upon which the scheme of the Reform Bill was founded. It was because they had adopted our three estates as branches of government, *independent, and capable of balancing and controlling each other.* They unconsciously adopted our constitution, not as it was grounded on, and supported by practice, but as they found it laid down on paper. This is, indeed, the grand error of the Ministerial Reformers—of such of them as are sincere and honest in the advocacy of the Bill. Forgetting the sober caution of Englishmen, they would leave the good they have, to fly to an apparent but impracticable improvement—they would leave the substance to grasp at a pleasing shadow, and desert experience, to embrace a dream of the imagination, which sober meditation would tell them could never be realized. The different estates of the realm must, in practice, blend with one another; and if the theory of their separate existence and independent action be attempted to be realized, they must clash, and the weaker must fall before the stronger.

Mr Gally Knight supported the Bill upon a practical ground. He said the people were not satisfied with the representation—they felt it as a grievance, and when that grievance was removed, they would be satisfied, but not till then. This would be a cogent argument, if the fact were true, but I do not believe it is. It is impossible that the dissatisfaction can arise out of a settled conviction of wrong; for if it did, it would not all at once rise to such a height, when the grievance is no more now than it has been since the Revolution. It is the result of an excitement arising out of the circumstances of the time—the revolutionary spirit of the continent, and the pains taken by crafty misrepresentation, and by various means of inflaming the passions of the people, to create the discontent for a party purpose. The people do *not* feel any practical grievance from the state of the representation, and the dissatisfaction would die away, as soon as the artificial means of excitement were withdrawn.

Mr R. A. Dundas took the lead in the debate the next evening, and delivered a most excellent speech, rich in historical knowledge, and exceedingly effective in the candid and common sense views of the question. He admitted the blemishes on the on honest old Charley Wetherell's harangue. Let not this man be taken for a mere humourist—his knowledge is deep and various, and he uses it with great acuteness and vigour,—but assuredly his humour is the richest treat which the debates of the House of Commons afford. How ridiculous he made poor Mr Strickland appear, in the very outset. "I claim for myself," said Sir Charles, "as member for the cottages of Boroughbridge, as great a share of independence as the honourable member who represents, as he has told us, the great province of York; the borough I represent forms but a speck in that province, and although I do not hold of the honourable member as lord, nor by villanage, or any feudal tenure, still I tender him my most respectful recognition of provincial superiority."

A more rash and tyrannical innovation on the constitution than the present had, he said, never been attempted,—the tendency of the measure was to democratize, he had almost said to *sansculottize* the constitution. The ten pound voters were a mere mockery of a representative body. He ventured to assert it as a proposition in the abstract, that ten pound men were not fit for the enjoyment of the elective franchise. What! he would ask the gentlemen opposite, was this their conservative body? the respectable constituency of the parish workhouse! For his part he considered that to solicit votes in the lazaretto—in pauper establishments—was degrading to the character, qualifications, and station of a representative.

The debate was wound up (for we account Sir Francis Burdett's forced harangue for nothing) by a speech from Sir Robert Peel, which was one of the most completely effective addresses that it is perhaps possible to imagine upon a question distorted by misrepresentation, and obscured by the heap of words without knowledge, which its advocates had thrown around it. It should be understood that Sir Robert Peel's speeches do not astonish by their brilliancy, nor greatly delight by their eloquence, nor impress us with those feelings of profound respect, that the lofty good sense and occasional pathos of such a man as Sir George Murray cause to arise within us; but he brings the most powerful arguments so well together, and pours them upon us with such an easy redundancy of well-chosen and most appropriate words, that sometimes, as on the occasion of this concluding speech, irresistible conviction flows through the minds of his auditory, that he must be right. There perhaps never was in Parliament a more powerful effect of this nature produced than by the speech to which I now allude, and never was it more strongly felt that a Parliamentary majority is one thing, and the preponderance of sentiment, even within the walls of Parliament, another. I shall not attempt to state the arguments, or quote parts of a speech, which every one who takes the slightest interest in Parliamentary Reform ought to read carefully, and more than once. If Sir Robert Peel were at all times, and in all circumstances of political controversy, as worthy of praise, as he is when he thinks proper to be in earnest in debate, the cause which he supports would be very greatly indebted to his advocacy.

The nominees of the mob, of course, carried the majority—367 Members voted for the Bill, and 231 against it.

In the Committee on the Bill, the debate, if that can be called a debate in which the argument was all one way, has been marked by circumstances of unusual clamour on one side, and unusual perseverance on the other. The Ministerialists are obviously afraid of argument, and no less afraid of the effects of delay and deliberation upon the public mind. They would therefore, if possible, push the measure forward with breathless haste, and in pursuit of this object have manifested a despotic intemperance, alternately sullen and clamorous, such as has seldom been manifested by any Ministry in circumstances however desperate. On the first night it was attempted to clamour down Captain Gordon, upon which the Opposition determined to stop such a proceeding by adjournment. The Ministerialists were not disposed either to adjourn or to listen to debate—the Opposition persevered, and a battle of adjournments raged from twelve at night until seven in the morning. Since then, the Government party, finding that the Opposition are not to be put down by senseless noise, have sat for the most part in sullen silence, waiting for divisions, in which they know their only chance of victory lies. Hitherto the Committee has been chiefly engaged with the discussion of preliminary suggestions relative to the mode of proceeding with the first clause. On the first evening the principal discussion related to whether or not counsel should be heard at the bar in behalf of Appleby, which, upon the principle, or avowed principle of the Bill itself, ought not to appear in the first clause containing schedule A. It is stated in the petition from the borough, and can be proved by evidence unquestionable, that it contains more than 2000 inhabitants, which the wisdom of the Ministry has fixed as the limit within which total disfranchisement must be inflicted. The Government refused to hear counsel upon the point, and were supported by a majority in which poor Alderman Thompson was not; for happening to be born in the town, or somewhere in its vicinity, and knowing its local circumstances well, for very shame's sake, he voted on the side of truth, and then, like a poor contemptible creature, apologized for so doing, to his radical constituents, who threatened to have him turned out of the representation of London for not having voted as *they* pleased.

The second evening's discussion was on Mr Wynne's amendment to settle the new enfranchisement part of the Bill first, and then proceed to try what room could be made for the new places by disfranchisement of the old. This amendment was rejected by a majority of 118, although scarcely any attempt was made to argue against it.

The third evening, Sir Robert Peel tried the general question of disfranchisement, by moving an omission of a word in the first clause, which would have rendered the whole of it nugatory. It was determined against him by a majority of 97, the argument being, as on the night before, entirely on the side of the Opposition.

The fourth evening was devoted to the consideration of Sir A. Agnew's proposition to put the boroughs, intended by the bill to be disfranchised, in groups, and allow each of them a share in the election of representatives. This was defeated by a majority of 111, the triumph in debate being conspicuously with the minority. During the whole of the discussion in the committee, Mr Croker has taken a prominent part, but on the fourth evening he grappled with the Lord Advocate, and amid the cheers and laughter of the House, gave the learned lord such a dressing, as it is supposed will be likely to keep him very quiet for some time to come. Never did a man of reputation seem so small, as did the poor Lord Advocate at the close of Mr Croker's speech on Friday night the 15th July, A. D. 1831.

This evening the committee are to be at it again, and in the meantime the most dismal howling that you can possibly conceive is set up about the *delay* which the Opposition occasion in the progress of the Bill. Undoubtedly the Opposition do cause delay, and why not? It is their duty, thinking as they do, to strangle the measure outright if possible, and if not to delay it, taking chance for what Providence may dispose in the lapse of time. But there is another yet more powerful reason for delay—it affords time for the people to deliberate, and to recover from the frantic excitement into which they were wrought, by all manner of fantastical lies told to them from the hustings, and elsewhere. Already the effect of delay and of thinking upon the subject, is seen in the diminished passion about the bill, and why should it not be protracted, that people may think yet more about it, and scrutinize, by the light of passing events, the motives of those who have promoted it. Further—the deliberate judgment of the people of England is either in favour of the Reform proposed by Ministers, or it is not. If it is, then no delay can affect the ultimate success of the measure, for the conviction of deliberate judgment is not a thing to fluctuate or fade away—if it is not, the bill ought not to pass. Why then should Ministers and their adherents clamour about delay?

T. W. H.

London, July 19, 1831.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. LVII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑΚΩ ΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.
Σ.
PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]
C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

TICKLER.

IN my opinion, the circumstances you speak of with such abhorrence, are the very things that alone render the whole concern in any sort tolerable. My good fellow, do but look round this room. You'll allow it contains about as many cubic feet as the *City of Athens*, and it is near planted by a river, and all about it are trees of lordly stature.

NORTH.

" And branches grow thereon."

TICKLER.

Well, dear, only conceive of this room being partitioned into some score of sections answering in shape and dimensions to the cabin, lady's cabin, state-rooms, steerage, &c. &c. &c. of a crack-steamer, and people these *domiciliuncula* with such an omnigatherum of human mortals as Captain Macraw or Captain Maclaver is in the habit of transporting from Leith to London, or *vice versa.*

NORTH.

God forbid !—the half payers, milliners' apprentices, and all ?

TICKLER.

Yes—every soul of them—shut them all up here together for three days and nights, more or less, to eat, drink, sleep, snore, walk, strut, hop, swagger, lounge, shave, brush, wash, comb, cough, hiccup, gargle, dispute, prose, declaim, sneer, laugh, whisper, sing, growl, smile, smirk, flirt, fondle, preach, lie, swear, snuff, chew, smoke, read, play, gasconize, gallivant, etcetera, etceterorum.

NORTH.

Stop, for God's sake——

TICKLER.

Not I—cage your Christians securely, give them at discretion great big greasy legs of Leicestershire mutton ; red enormous rounds of Bedford beef ; vast cold thick inexpugnable pies of Essex veal ; broad, deep, yellow, fragrant Cheshire cheeses ; smart, sharp, white, acidulous ginger beer, —strong, heavy, black double X—new rough hot port in pint bottles ; the very élite of Cape sherry " of the earth earthy ;" basketfuls of cracked biscuits ; slices of fat ham piled inch thick on two feet long blue and white *ashets ;* beautiful round dumpy glazed jugs of tepid Thames water, charming whitey-brown porringers of nutty-brown soft sugar, corpulent bloated seedy lemons, with green-handled saw-edged steel knives to bisect them ; gills of real malt whisky, the most genuine Cognac brandy, the very grandest of old antique veritable Jamaica rum, and Schiedam Hollands—tall, thin, glaring tallow candles in dim brazen candlesticks, planted few and far between on deal tables covered with freeze tablecloths, once green and nappy, now bare, tawny, and speckled with spots of gravy, vinegar, punch, toddy, beer, oil, tea, treacle, honey, jam, jelly, marmalade, catsup, coffee, capellaire, soda-water, seidlitz draughts, cocoa, gin twist, Bell's ale, heavy wet, blue ruin, max, cider, rhubarb, Eau de Cologne, chocolate, onion sauce, tobacco, lavender, peppermint, sneeze, slop, barley-sugar, soy, liquorice, oranges, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, geans, apples, pears, grosets, currants, turnips, lozenges, electuaries, abstersives, diuretics, eau-medicinale, egg, bacon, milk punch, herring, sausage, fried tripe, toasted Dunlop, livers, lights, soap, caudle, cauliflower, tamarinds, potted char, champagne, lunelle, claret, hock, purl, perry, saloop, tokay, gingerbread, scalloped oysters, milk, ink, butter, jalap, pease-pudding, blood——

NORTH.

Oh! horrible—most horrible—enough, enough.

SHEPHERD.

Hae dune, hae dune, man—od' ye're eneugh to gar a sow scunner—

TICKLER.

You agree, then, with my original position. The only circumstances that render the concern in any shape or sort tolerable, are the very things you set out with abusing. The locomotion, the sea blast, the rocking of the waves, the creaking and hissing of the machinery—in short, whatever has a direct and constant tendency to remind us that our misery is but for a certain given number of hours—in other words, that you are not in hell, but only in purgatory. And I have said nothing as to the night-work—the Kilmarnocks—the flannels, the sights and the sounds——

NORTH.

I shall sconce you a bumper for every disgusting image you please yourself with cooking—stop at once—let us suppose your voyage over, and the immortal traveller treads once more the solid earth of Augusta Trinobantum. How long was it since you had been in town, Timothy?

TICKLER.

I never go up except when the Whigs are in power—ergo, I had seen nothing of the great city since the year of grace 1805. I confess I was curious to behold once more the dome of St Paul's, and snuff yet again the air of Westminster, to walk down Regent's Street, and hear a debate in St Stephen's, and above all to take by the hand some half dozen good fellows of my own standing, who still keep up the fashions and customs, as well as principles, of the better time—Sidmouth, for example, Eldon, Sir William Grant, and one or two more that have stuck to Pitt and Port through evil report and good. These, lads, are the salt of the earth!

NORTH.

And you found them all in good savour? How does Old Bags look?—And the worthy Doctor? I hope years sit light on that lofty fabric?—And Grant, my own dear crony, can he still take his two bottles as in the days of yore?

TICKLER.

Aye, or three, on due occasion. 'Faith we had some rare doings, I promise ye. One evening we were at The Thatched House, seven in number, not one of us under seventy-six, Eldon in the chair, and Tom Hill croupier—and how many bottles, think ye, shed the blood of old Oporto? sixteen, by Jupiter! over and above the Madeira, during dinner, and perhaps some three or four flasks of your light French stuff, which no man regardeth.

NORTH.

Bravely done, of a truth.—But tell me how they all look? At least you must have seen a considerable change, my old friend?

TICKLER.

Why—yes—some. But that's a sore subject. However, I knew them all again at first sight; and, I am sorry to say, that's more than they did for me. Who do you think the Ex-chancellor took me for when we first foregathered on the shady side of sweet Pall Mall? You may guess for a twelvemonth—even Sir Francis Burdett—and, I must confess, when the baronet was pointed out to me, a night or two after, in the House of Commons, I did see something monstrous like what stares me in the face every morning at shaving time. But indeed there were more people that fell into the same mistake—Ha! ha! ha! Will you believe it? The lackeys at Lord Hill's *fête champêtre*, thundered out, "Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Francis Burdett," whenever I put my head out of the carriage window; and, in spite of all my reclamations, I was ushered, under these colours, into the very presence of William the Fourth!

HOGG.

Sir Francis must be a grand-looking auld carle, I can tell him. Does *he* stand sax feet four in his stockings, at this time o' day, after a' *his* doings?

TICKLER.

Not quite—but at a little distance the mistake might be excusable. I flatter myself, in my new archer's coat and epaulets, I looked toll-loll for an octagenarian, and my *double ganger* set his Windsor uniform deuced well too. The fact is, we are, as to the outward man, two uncommon respectable looking specimens of the last age—but *entre nous*, I should not be much delighted to think the resemblance went farther. He's quite gone, poor creature—never was a more miserable break down than his attempt to answer Peel. It's all off with him in that way—mere drivels, my dears—never witnessed any thing more humbling—voice cracked—gesture fretfully impotent—words a hodge-podge of the bald and the tumid—sentences without head or tail—the whole *oratio* a very whine of rant—equally remote from the simplicity of youth, the vigour of manhood, and the gravity of age. Let me tell you, a man at my time of life, in possession of such faculties as it pleased God to give him, would gladly walk ten miles in a sleet, rather than find himself obliged to sit out such an ominous exhibition "as yon."

NORTH.

Poor Sir Francis! The last time I heard him speak it was a different story. And by the bye, he spoke in Latin. It was at a meeting of the Oxford Convocation about an Anti-Catholic petition, some twenty years ago, I suppose. I happened to be spending a few days at the time with Tatham, and he carried me with him, and I shall never forget the stupor and horror which the Radical M. A.'s fluent, elegant, harangue created among some of the worthy Glostershire parsons who had come up with their little dozy speeches, stuck full of *porro*, and *mehercle*, and *esse videtur*, all cut and dry in the crowns of their caps—but this is an old story, and he was then as fine looking a Jacobin of fifty or so, as ever I clapt eyes on. *Sic transit.*

TICKLER.

We'll let that flie stick to the wa'.—Well, he was the only man I heard speak on this great occasion that I had ever heard before, and I might be excused when I looked round among so many new faces, and wished some others of the elder day had been spared in place of this gentleman, who, in his best time, was egregiously overrated, and who certainly cannot be under rated *now.* Well might Lord Mahon quote—

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight!

and express the sad regret with which, having the same morning conversed with Pitt's elder brother, entire in all his powers, he considered the untimely blow that had deprived this second and darker crisis of Jacobinism of the great leader that conducted us through the first! Pitt would have been only seventy-four had he lived to this time—Canning but sixty! Well, both—or with either—things could never have come to this pass.

NORTH.

Well, I'm never for losing heart *de republicâ*, and I own nothing gives me more comfort, "under existing circumstances," as the phrase is, than the blaze of young talent on the right side which these Whig doings have been the means of bringing to light and action. You mentioned Lord Mahon, Timothy—I have read his Belisarius, and all his speeches, and hang me if I don't think he's a man—and there's Lord Porchester, and Baring Wall, and I know not how many more of them. What did you think of these youths? What like are they? Come, describe fairly and honestly, and in the meantime, here, James, fill a bumper to *the rising Tories.* Nil desperandum.

SHEPHERD.

Here's to them, then, wi' right good will—and may they ay keep in mind that Willie Pitt was as young as the youngest o' them when he saved his country—and that in spite o' rather abler chields, I reckon, than either Lord Durham or this Lord John Russell, that I mind a bit sniffling pregmadainty chattering laddie aboot auld John Playfair's, only yesterday as it was.

NORTH.

Come, Shepherd, speak respectfully of the powers that be.

TICKLER.

The *powers!* God help them! May this glass be my last if every harsher feeling was not melted into gentle pity every time I cast an eye along the Treasury Bench—the bench where I remember—but what signifies remembering. There they are, and once more say I, God help *them!*

NORTH.

An unintellectual looking set on the whole, eh?—and yet they have got some fairish heads among them too—there's Grahame, a handsome fellow I thought him, when he came here at the time of the King's visit in 1822—and Denman—he certainly struck me as a fine looking person on the Queen's trial—and then there's our own good little friend, the Advocate. Come, it can't be so very poor a shew after all, Timotheus.

TICKLER.

De gustibus—I tell you honestly, if I were a barrister and saw before me a jury-box furnished with a baker's dozen of such physiognomies, I should consider it my duty to my client, to pitch my argument on any thing but a high key.

NORTH.

Has Lord Althorp nothing of the fine old Spenser face about him?

TICKLER.

A good deal. The lines are there. The resemblance to some even of the ablest of the race is striking—but so much the worse. I know few things more painful than, in visiting some man of great intellectual rank, to see his son carving the mutton at the foot of his table, so like him that you would have detected the connexion, had you met the youth at Cairo, and yet so visibly a fool, that your eye is relieved by turning to a dish of turnips. Lord Althorp has handsome features, but oh! how heavily they are carved. His eye is well set, and the colour is beautiful, but not one spark of fire is there to bring it out of the category of beads. The lips too are prettily enough defined, but no play of meaning, good or bad, beyond a mere booby simper, ever ripples across them. His forehead is villainous low, and eke narrow—the hair coarse, wiry, and growing down into his eyes—the whiskers gross, bushy, grazier-like—the cheeks mere patches of pudding—the chops chubby and chaw-baconish, the neck short, the figure obese; the whole aspect that of a stout but decidedly stupid farmer of seven-and-forty.

NORTH.

You should have advised George Cruikshank to make a study of him for Parson Trullibar in the new edition of Joseph Andrews.

TICKLER.

A good hint—and then his speaking, it is neither more nor less than a painful medley of grunt, stutter, gasp, and squeak. Every moment you expect him to break through outright—he hums and haws for three minutes, and then hawks up the very worst of all possible words, and then flounders on for a little, boggling, and hammering, and choaking, till he comes to another apparently full stop—then another grand husky blunder, some superlative *betise,* to tug him out of the rut—and then another short rumble of agonizing dulness—and then having explained nothing but his own hopeless incapacity, down the unhappy lump at last settles, and pulls his hat over the bridge of his nose, and puffing and panting as if he had been delivered of a very large piece of dough—while *hear! hear! hear!* bursts in symphonous cadence from the manly bass of Grahame, and the dignified tenor of Lord Advocate Jeffrey, and the angelic treble of the noble Paymaster of his Majesty's Forces—and Peel smiles—one little benignant dimple—and Holmes is troubled with his old cough—and Mackintosh casts upwards a large grey melancholy eye, as if there were something wrong in the ventilator—and O'Connell folds his brawny arms, and shews his teeth like a sportive mastiff—and the honourable Member for Preston thrusts his clean hands into his pockets, and his cleaner tongue into his cheek.

SHEPHERD.

What a pictur! But tell us mair aboot the Preston Cock, as Cobbett ca's him—hoo does he look amang the Gentles?

TICKLER.

Why, I can suppose he looked oddly enough when he first took his seat—but in the present House I am sorry to say I should have been much at a loss to pick out the blacking man. There they sit, a regular Mountain, Alp on Alp, up to the window—at least sixty or seventy strong—He of the Van in front of course, immediately behind him the Agitator—about half-way up Joseph Hume and Alderman Wood—and as yet nameless ragamuffians piled thick and high to the rearward. I surveyed with wonder and admiration the future lords of England.

NORTH.

"Auspicium melioris auræ,
Et specimen venientis ævi!"—*Eheu!*

SHEPHERD.

Are the picturs like O'Connell?—But stop, ye have not said a word about Hunt.

TICKLER.

Hunt is a comely, rosy, tall, white-headed, mean-looking, well-gaitered tradesman, of, I take it, sixty—nothing about him that could detain any eye for a second, if one did not know who he was. His only merits are his impudence—and his voice—the former certainly first-rate—the latter, as far as power goes, unique. In vain do all sides of the House unite, cough, and shuffle, and groan, and "*door! door!*" and "*bar! bar!*" to drown him—in vain—"Spoke! Spoke! Mr Speaker!—Order there! I rise—Spoke—Question! Question!—Chair! Chair! Chair!"—in vain is it all—he pauses for a moment until the unanimous clamour of disgust is at its height, and then repitching his note, apparently without an effort, lifts his halloo as clear and distinct above the storm, as ever ye heard a minster bell tolling over the racket of a village wake.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—he has had great advantages o' edycation. It taks time afore your practised street-singer is able to bring hersell doon till the paurlor.

TICKLER.

Something in that—but the organ of the animal is really a superb one—and his language, though with no pretensions to grammar, is copious, voluble, average blackguardism enough—and he is never put out, not he. I wish you had seen how he smashed Colonel Evans, when that gallant looking Radical, who, I don't well know why, chooses to sit on the Ministerial benches, insinuated something about Hunt being *bribed* by the Tories. "The honourable member for Rye," sings out Blacking, "as paid me a helegant compliment. I thanks him for my eart, and in return I beg leave to hassure him that vensummever he brings forward that there motion against the wile law of primogeniture, he said so much about down at Preston, he may count on my vawmest support." The Colonel is one of the handsomest fellows in the House, tall, swarthy, and with the mien of a Murat; but on this occasion he was fain to grin a ghastly smile, and gulp down his confusion in a very feeble attempt at a chuckle. Hunt has great self-possession. Indeed, I have not heard of any symptoms to the contrary, except twice—once when the lofty Speaker surprised him by the cordiality with which he gave him his *ungloved* hand, at his original introduction; and again, when he heard Peel for the first time. They told me on this occasion he sat gaping and staring, as if he had been suddenly endowed with a new sense, and burst out, when the Baronet sat down, with an involuntary exclamation, half-delight, half-torture, of, " My eye ! when a gemman can speak, it is sommat ?" He added, recovering himself with a nod to the Treasury Bench, " Them there be'ant his ninepins—be's they ?" All this quite audible.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, bribe or nae bribe, the chield has dune a gude darg to the cause—an' if I was Peel, I wad inveete him till his denner. Od', there's nae smeddum in being ower skeigh and dainty in times like thir. I wad e'en gie him his skinfu' o' Burdux, and keep him in right humour to gie a skelp nows and thans on bits that a body wadna maybe like to file his ain fingers wi'. Od ! He's a useful chield that Hunt. I'se hae a pat o' his blackin' or I gang hame—it I wull.

TICKLER.

It is satisfactory to see the radicalism of the three united nations so brilliantly embodied, all within the space of a few square feet, in this hero of Preston—O'Connell, and our own dearly beloved brother Joseph. Hunt is a mere bawling animal, after all,—a good-natured brazen-faced blockhead, who has waxed fat and surly, on unmerited success and imaginary evils. He is, I warrant him, one of your sleek-headed men that sleep o'nights, and, were a real tussle a-coming, would be heard of no more. He is, besides, on the wane as to the *physique:* But not so either of his worthy compeers. Oh no ! They are men of another mould—but you have seen Hume.

SHEPHERD.

No, I never did ; but somehoo or ither I've aye had a notion that he was just sic anither as the Stot.

TICKLER.

By no means. Hume is a short, broad, stiff-built, square-headed, copper-faced fellow, as unlike your friend as possible in feature, complexion, gesture, and dialect—a sheer Aberdonian—cold, callous, contemptibly ignorant and ludicrously conceited, I admit—but all this in a style purely and entirely *northawa'*, to which nothing *simile aut secundum* was ever generated on this side of the Friths. I should suppose it would be easy to muster a hundred such like among the bailies of Dundee, the cashiers of the Banff and Forfar Banks—the men-midwives, if such exist, of Montrose and Elgin—and the skippers and lodging-house keepers of Arbroath and Peterhead. Joseph is the only representative that Scotland has sent up, in our time at least, of that particular section and phasis of the national character of which the English farce-makers have all along made their prize. He exhibits all our uncomely parts in brave relief—not one iota of the redeeming points—and when, under the coming " dynasty of the hucksters," the petty, griping, long-cowled, dingy-faced denizens of the ten-pound tenements in our third-rate towns shall have the affairs in their own hands, verily there will be no lack of Josephs on the benches of St Stephen's.

NORTH.

The long-cowled, dingy-faced denizens of such third-rate towns as I am acquainted with, would have more sense than you give them credit for. Your notions, Timothy, are as bigotedly aristocratic as ever. Confound you ! " Were there nothing but gentlemen in the glorious first regiment ?" —for shame ! for shame !

TICKLER.

Peccavi. But all I meant to say was, that the first Parliament chosen under the new system would be sure to abound in cattle of that low-browed breed. I know our countrymen of all classes too well to have any fears that such could be the case permanently—aye, or even on the second general election—but the chances as to the first brush appear to me to be undoubtedly as I stated them ; and will any Christian be pleased to calculate the probable effects of one House of Commons of average longevity containing only a couple of dozens of Joseph Humes ?

SHEPHERD.

Wad it no be something like as if there war to be a couple o' dizzens o' men-midwives in Montrose or Elgin? Wadna they just cut ilk ither's throats as to the matter o' buzzness?

NORTH.

Why, that would depend on the rate at which the procreation of iniquities and absurdities might happen to go on under the benign influence of the ministerial *Æstrum.* But I confess I am more afraid of the O'Connells than the Humes.

TICKLER.

I don't agree with you there. O'Connell looks, and is, a thousand times a cleverer fellow than our countryman; and, in Ireland, I can well believe, one such agitator may be more dangerous that a score of *tottling* Josephs would ever be here in Scotland. But in England I should anticipate different things. There is a great gulf fixed between all English feeling and the only feelings to which O'Connell has accustomed himself to appeal; but there has been for at least 200 years, a close sympathy between certain great orders of the English population, and that meaner nature of the Scotch which now stands before them condensed and typified in the express image of Joseph Hume. O'Connell wishes to hew down the Church, *quâ* a papist—that won't pass; but the other is a hamstringing Mar-Prelate, and hundreds of thousands of English dissenters say, in good faith, *God speed him!*

NORTH.

O'Connell, I take it for granted, has the appearance of belonging to a different order of society from Hunt and Hume.

TICKLER.

It is natural to suppose so of a man at the head of the Dublin bar; and, perhaps, it may be affectation in part, that renders the fact apparently so much otherwise. O'Connell is, however, cast in a clownish mould. Indeed, if I wished to let you see the difference between an Irish gentleman and an Irish raff, I don't know that I could do better than place him alongside of the Knight of Kerry. It would be about as complete in its way as a juxta-position of Joseph Hume and Sir George Murray; or of Colonel Anson and the Blacking-Man. For the very type of a mob-mystifier, however, give me nobody but Dan. He is a tall braggadocio, but so broad set that he does not seem above the middle stature His chest is enormous—his arms are a blacksmith's—his legs a chairman's, and he bears himself, sitting, standing, or walking, with the air of a butcher. The head is a vast round mass of the true Paddy organization, as if hewn out on purpose for Donnybrook; and the countenance all over—broad ruddy cheek, scowling unsettled brow, small wild grey eye, bland oily lips, and huge tusks of teeth—presents such a *mélange* of physical vigour, animal hilarity, ferocity, craft, and fun, as, wherever you encountered it, no human being could for a moment hesitate to pronounce Milesian. He has a fine rich manly voice, and a brogue worthy of the organ; and of course he possesses all the skill of a practised barrister in handling such topics as his nature is tempted to grapple with. The ascendency he has gained over the poor tremblers of the Treasury bench, is such as might have been expected after a crowd of puny whipsters should have experienced the pushes and digs of a veritable *athlète* in a row of their own tempting. The circumstances, however, have done much to disgrace them. *O'Connell, Gregson, Cobbett,*—these words, being interpreted, signify, *Mene Tekel Upharsin.* See the Book of Daniel, James.

NORTH.

The fine gold would certainly seem to have been dimmed a little in certain quarters. The whole of that transaction about Mr Gregson appeared to me to come out as shabby as possible—low, cunning, cowardly, and, at the same time, so infernally stupid! What could be the hope or purpose of such conduct?

TICKLER.

The *rationale* of it can only be discovered in the casual co-operation of such qualities as the malignity of a Lambton, the dulness of an Althorp, and the pertness of a Russell.

NORTH.

Why, since Northampton, you seem to me to give folk credit for rather too entire a defalcation of all the other demagogical elements, except the mere asinine one. But, indeed, I wonder you should have lived so many years in the world without discovering that your donkey himself has occasionally a fair enough spice of cunning in his composition—clumsy, coarse, easily detected, and not hard to be baffled, I allow—but still genuine quadrupedal cunning. What says the poet?

"Fiction from *us* the public still must gull,
They think we're honest, for they know we're dull."

As for the noble Paymaster, after making away with all his own speeches, and essays, and histories, with so ready a display of suivorousness, one can hardly be expected to wonder at any occasional specimen of verbal obliviousness in that quarter—or, indeed, of any exhibition of impudence in any fashion whatever.

TICKLER.

Pass the bottle.—It will be a pretty story for posterity, if we really go down this bout, that old Mother Constitution had her quietus from such hands—a bitter, bilious, coxcomb—a bluff, boorish, dunderpate—and a shrill, dapper poetaster, four feet ten inches high!

SHEPHERD.

That will be Lord John. I never read ony of his poms for my part—'faith I hate pom-reading—But I mind him weel when he was at the Speculative, and if I was to say what I thought at the time, od he seemed to me rather a smart bit body. Playfair aye ca'd him a wonder for cleverness; but a' Whig's swans, as we a' ken, are aften eneugh geese.

TICKLER.

Aye even on the Thames.—I confess I never read all Lord John's poetical works either; but I have read quite as much of them, I will be bound, as any person, not a professed reviewer, ever had patience for. Blood from a turnip! This is a queer world. Several great men have been very little ones; but is it not a strange fact that all very little men appear to have a notion that they are born for greatness?

NORTH.

You never forget your own six feet four.

TICKLER.

It is easy to say that; but it won't answer my question. I ask you if you ever met a very little man that had not an egregious conceit of himself?

SHEPHERD.

They a' marry strappers o' women—that's a fact.

TICKLER.

Exactly—and it is the same with them throughout. Here, now, is a young gentleman of the highest quality, and endowed, I suppose, with *quantum suff.* of the other gifts of fortune—why could he not permit his small mind to inhabit quietly its well-matched tenement? Poetry, Tragedy, History, Oratory!—to be at once a Byron, a Baillie, a Hallam, and a Canning! And now to be a Pericles, too, or a Gracchus, or a Brissot—or God knows what! Well, we can't help laughing, notwithstanding all that has been, and is like to be!

"Ah! Corydon, Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit!"

NORTH.

Your laugh is wild enough; but I confess I see as yet no symptoms of your "severest woe."

TICKLER.

Pooh! 'tis not come to that yet.—These lads have a sore tussle before them yet ere they gain their ends. (*Sings.*)

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clavers that spoke,
Ere the king's crown goes down there be crowns to be broke."

NORTH.

Say nothing about either kings or crowns, but tell us honestly, how doe

Lord John perform? I must have seen him, I suppose, and heard him, too, but my memory is treacherous.

TICKLER.

Why, he's a very small concern of a mannikin, no doubt; but John Bull was quite wrong in likening him to an apothecary's boy. No, no, he has, notwithstanding his inches, perfectly the air of high birth and high breeding. His appearance is petty—not mean—and such I fancy to be the case intellectual as well. The features are rather good than otherwise. Baldness gives something of the show of a forehead—sharp nose—figure neatish—a springy step. The voice is clear, though feeble—the words are smooth decorous words, arranged in trim deftly-balanced sentences—the sense, however atrocious, is obvious to the lowest capacity—and he gets on as easily in expounding the merits of a New Constitution for Old England as our dear friend Johnny Ballantyne, (of whom, by the bye, his outward man put me strongly in mind,) as dear jocund Johnny, poor fellow, used to do in opening up to the gaze of the curious, in former days, a fresh importation of knicknackeries from the Palais Royal, or ribband-boxes from Brussels. Alas! poor Yorick!

NORTH.

"And if I die this day near Ilium's wall,
At least by Hellas' noblest hand I fall—
Beneath volcanic steel this breast shall bleed,
These limbs be trampled by Pelides' steed!"

TICKLER.

I should rather have likened Lord Johnny to the Ajax Oileus, O'Connell being the Ajax Telamonius, of Reform; Burdett its Nestor, Jeffrey its Ulysses, and our friend of the blacking-van the Thersites. The Pelides of the occasion, such as he is, must be recognised in Stanley. He is the only one of the crew that brings any thing like "arms divine" into the field. But it won't do to follow out the joke—for he is no match for Hector.

NORTH.

Judging from the debates, I should say Stanley shewed more of what they call *Parliamentary* talent than any one of his party. The reporters are such queer rogues, that it is impossible almost to know whether any *given* speech was or not in the reality an eloquent one; but one can't be mistaken as to the readiness of his replies—his offhand side-hits—his complete possession of himself, his business, and the house. Well, 'tis a pity—but we can't help it. Alas! for Latham house! Does his aspect, now, recall any of the old Ferdinandos?

TICKLER.

He is a pale, middle-sized, light-haired, at first sight rather ordinary looking lad—of perhaps five-and-thirty—but the eye is brilliant, the forehead compact, and the mouth full of decision and vigour. He speaks unaffectedly, with perfect ease and coolness, is afraid of nobody, has repartee at command, and occasionally rises into spunky declamation. I never saw either his father or the old earl; and not being rich enough to possess a Lodge, have not had the means of comparing his corporeal presence with any of the ancestral shadows. But come what may, there can be little doubt this youth is destined to play a considerable part, and leave a name marked *in eternum*, whether for good or evil. I must say he was almost the only one of them that impressed me with any thing like kindly feelings. He has the air of a man of blood, honesty, temper, spirit, and intelligence—and not one atom of conceit that I could discover. But that want, indeed, was to be expected from the quality of his brains.

NORTH.

Yes, yes—men of real talent in general under-rate themselves—by the bye, I believe I might safely say so *of all* men of genius.

TICKLER.

May be—but so does not either Charles Grant, or Robert Grant, or Lord Palmerston, or any other that I forgathered with of that by-all-but-themselves-compassionated junto, who, having spent their lives in worshipping Canning, are now, before he is well cold in his grave, staking honour, and

even existence, on the doctrines and principles, of which, young as as nar- and with his dying breath, he was the bitterest in hatred, and that well have quent in denunciation. These gentlemen, I am concerned of their sway. Is to me to look about them, one and all, with an air n
tion, shame-facedness, and humble mind, but of conside
who should say: The experience of three years and ceed cheese passed a since the death of George Canning, *anno ætatis* 57, ping do more than sufficient to place us not only on a level with, but [illegible] and above HIM—OUR chief, OUR philosopher, OUR creed-maker and creed-expounder, OUR only faith, hope, salvation, *presidium et dulce decus.* Here WE are—behold and reverence in us the candid, consistent, above all, the conscientious disciples and followers, but now despisers and insulters, of THE ANTIJACOBIN! This is pretty well. "My foot mine officer," quoth poor King Lear.

NORTH.

Many are the degrees of human hatred—but the highest, by far and long away, is that with which the really small man hates the really great man, that, from circumstances, he is obliged to obey. Welcome, sweet, and blessed to the long-suffering spirit is the hour when that generous feeling may at length shew itself in manly openness and majestic safety.

TICKLER.

It must, however, be admitted, that, croose as they all look, they have as yet been confoundedly shy of the gab on this grand occasion. As far as I recollect, one speech from Robert Grant is all the *clique* have as yet produced; and surely that was not a very splendid bit of Claphamism.

NORTH.

Splendid mud. Tell it not in Gath. Well, Jeffrey, at all events, kept up our credit——

TICKLER.

He certainly kept up any thing rather than the credit of Whiggery, Blue and Yellow, and the Right Honourable Francis. I never was more surprised than when, having heard at Bellamy's that he was on his legs, I ran down, and became witness, ocular and auricular, of the style and method in which he had thought it to present himself to the House. I have not frequented the Jury Court of late years, it is true—but I certainly should hardly have recognised any thing whatever of my old acquaintance. First of all, he looked smaller and greyer than I could have anticipated—then his surtout and black stock did in nowise set him—then his attitude was at once jaunty and awkward, spruce and feckless. Instead of the quick, voluble, fiery declaimer of other days or scenes, I heard a cold thin voice doling out little, quaint, metaphysical sentences, with the air of a provincial lecturer on logic and belles-lettres. The House were confounded—they listened for half an hour with great attention, waiting always for the real burst that should reveal the redoubtable Jeffrey—but it came not—he took out his orange, sucked it coolly and composedly—smelt to a bottle of something—and sucked again—and back to his freezing jargon with the same nonchalance. At last he took to proving to an assembly of six hundred gentlemen, of whom I take it at least five hundred were 'squires, that property is really a thing deserving of protection.—"This will never do," passed round in a whisper.—Old Maule tipt the wink to a few good Whigs of the old school, and they adjourned up stairs—the Tories began to converse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—the Radicals were either snoring or grinning—and the great gun of the north ceased firing amidst such a hubbub of inattention, that even I was not aware of the fact for several minutes. After all, however, the concern read well enough in the newspapers. The truth is, he had delivered a very tolerable *article;* but as to the House of Commons, a more complete failure there never was nor will be.

NORTH.

Aye, aye, no man on the borders of sixty should dream of taking the field in a new region—least of all in *that;* and if he has achieved a considerable reputation of another sort elsewhere, so much the worse for him still. Jeffrey should have let Cockburn be Advocate. His loud, but mellow brogue, his plausible, homely, easy singsong, would, I suspect, have had a better yonder. And I'm sure his clever, decided, *man-of-the-world* business, would have been found far more serviceable than all alities put together *here.* Cockburn would never have rous scrapes—Forfar, Edinburgh, Haddington, Stir- has already dabbled in more hot water, and all of his own [illegible] an ever troubled the honest Major during ten long years of the

TICKLER.

Here's a bumper, and a full one, to good Sir William—and may we soon see him in that gown again, or in a warmer one!—Fill your glass, James. You can't do it to a worthier or a worse used man—but byganes are byganes; and I venture to say, if ever we see a Tory government again, we shall see one above such doings as the Abercrombie job——

NORTH.

Utinam. The Duke, at least, has seen enough of such manœuvres. But since Jeffrey is Advocate, I heartily wish he may secure something worthy of his reputation and standing before his office fails him.

TICKLER.

With all my heart. You will laugh when I say it; but do you know it is a plain simple fact, that this Tom Macaulay put me much more in mind of the Jeffrey of ten years ago, than did the Jeffrey *ipsissimus* of *hodie.*

NORTH.

You pay Mr Macauley a high compliment—the highest, I think, he has ever met with.

TICKLER.

Not quite—for it is the fashion, among a certain small coterie at least, to talk of him as "the Burke of our age."—However, he is certainly a very clever fellow, the cleverest declaimer by far on that side of the House, and, had he happened to be a *somebody,* we should, no doubt, have seen Tom in high places ere now.

NORTH.

A son of old Zachary, I believe? Is he like the papa?

TICKLER.

So I have heard—but I never saw the senior, of whom some poetical planter has so unjustifiably sung—

"How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib."

The son is an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face too—except indeed a good expansive forehead—sleek puritanical sandy hair—large glimmering eyes—and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lisp and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse; but after that, nothing can be more dazzling than his whole execution. What he says is substantially, of course, mere stuff and nonsense; but it is so well worded, and so volubly and forcibly delivered—there is such an endless string of epigram and antithesis—such a flashing of epithets—such an accumulation of images—and the voice is so trumpetlike, and the action so grotesquely emphatic, that you might hear a pin drop in the House. Manners Sutton himself listens. It is obvious that he has got the main parts at least by heart—but for this I gave him the more praise and glory. Altogether, the impression on my mind was very much beyond what I had been prepared for—so much so, that I can honestly and sincerely say I felt for his situation most deeply, when Peel was skinning him alive the next evening, and the sweat of agony kept pouring down his well-bronzed cheeks under the merciless infliction.

NORTH.

The feeling does credit to your heart. Have you read his article on Byron in the Edinburgh?

TICKLER.

Not I. I wonder how many articles on Byron we are expected to read. Is there to be no end of this jabber—this brainless botheration about a case as plain as a pikestaff, and that lies too in a nutshell?

NORTH.

Macauley's paper, however, is an exceedingly clever [illegible] ought to glance your eye over it. The Edinburgh has [illegible] these several years past. In fact, it reads very like [illegible] early numbers—much the same sort of excellenc[illegible] popgun impertinence—the brisk, airy, new-set truis[illegible] with cold, a shallow, heartless sophistries—the conceited [illegible] affected abruptness, the unconscious audacity of impudence—[illegible] lively, and amusing, and much commended among the dowagers——

TICKLER.

Especially the smut. Well, I shall read it by and bye.

NORTH.

You said he was the best declaimer on that side. Did you hear Shiel?

TICKLER.

I did—and he is a very clever one too—but not so effective as Macauley. I daresay he may be the abler man, take him all in all, of the two; but his oratory is in worse taste, and, at any rate, too Irish to be quite the thing *yonder*. The House, however, gave him a most gracious hearing, and I for one was much edified.

NORTH.

The thing looked very well in the Report. How does he look himself?

TICKLER.

He's another of your little fellows—but not in the least like either Lord Johnny, or Jeffrey, or Macauley. A more insignificant person as to the bodily organ I never set spectacles on. Small of the smallest in stature, shabby of the shabbiest in attire, fidgety and tailorlike in gesture, in gait shambling and jerking—with an invisible nose, huge nostrils, a cheesy complexion, and a Jewish chin. You would say it was impossible that any thing worth hearing should come from such an abortion. Nor do the first notes redeem him. His voice is as hoarse as a deal-board, except when it is as piercing as the rasp of a gimlet; and of all the brogues I have heard, his is the most abominable—quite of the sunk area school. But never mind—wait a little—and this vile machinery will do wonders.

NORTH.

We can wait. Fill your glass.

TICKLER.

To make some amends for her carelessness to all other external affairs, Nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget every thing else about him; and though it would be impossible to conceive any thing more absurdly ungraceful than his action—sharp, sudden jolts and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps—all set to a running discord of grunts and screams—yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all this too, and give yourself up to what I have always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius.

NORTH.

Even his poetry shewed something of the real fire.

TICKLER.

Some atrocious bad taste, in the way of egotistical allusion, spoiled the tailpiece; but had he known when to stop—I really think he might have established himself as one of their first-rates. As it was, he did fifty times better than either Robert Grant, or Denman (he, indeed, was bitter bad), or Sir James Grahame (whom I thought cold and pompous, and somehow not in earnest), or Hobhouse (who, however, is far above the common pitch), or even O'Connell, or indeed any of them, but Macauley. I am not of course comparing such folk seriously with Jeffrey or Mackintosh—they belong to another sort of calibre; but on this occasion, so chilled and hampered were they at every turn with their own recorded opinions, reviews, lectures, speeches, and histories, that they cut but indifferent figures—and the *novi homunculi* had the Whig garland among them——

NORTH.

[illegible]eens being divided between——

TICKLER.

his own [illegible] not say any thing of Peel; for since the Chancellor's yea departu[illegible] entirely and completely the lord and master of that queer place [illegible] has been since the death of Pitt. Even Pitt had his Fox to grapp[illegible] full [illegible] Canning had his Brougham; but now there is no competition—not [illegible] the semblance of a rivalry. Neither need I be talking about Croker to *you*—you well know, that nothing but his position *in* the government, and yet *out* of the Cabinet, could have prevented him from being the first speaker of his time long ere this time of day. His dealing with Jeffrey was like the wolf dandling the kid. He tore him to pieces with the ease—I wish I could help adding, with the visible joy—of a demon. The effect was such, that after ten minutes, the Whigs *could not bear it.* They trooped out file after file, black, grim, scowling, grinding their teeth, in sheer imbecile desperation. A great lord of the party, who sat just before me under the gallery, whispered to his neighbour, "*God—damn—him,*" with a gallows croak, and strode out of the place, as if he had been stung by a rattlesnake.

NORTH.

I have heard Croker in days past, and can easily conceive what he must be now that the fetters of office no longer cramp him. His action struck me as somewhat *brusque*—but his voice is a capital one, and he is not likely to be at a loss for words or ideas. What a blasted disgrace to the party that they kept him *out* of the Cabinet, and set over his head, among others, so many, comparatively speaking, sheer blockheads—some of whom, moreover, have deserted us ἐν πεφευγοσι!

TICKLER.

Aye, aye, that's but one leaf out of the black volume, that may now, I fear, be safely christened their Doomsday Book. Only to think of such blind, base, self-murdering iniquity! *heigh ho!*

NORTH.

Mr William Bankes was extolled in the Quarterly, I saw. But that, perhaps, might be accounted for.

TICKLER.

I assure you he deserved a deuced deal more than they said of him, nevertheless. I own I had taken up a prejudice against him, considering him as a mere dandy-traveller, sketcher, reviewer, diner-out, &c.; but, to my infinite astonishment, I saw a plain, unaffected, gentlemanlike, but utterly undandylike, person rise on the second bench, and heard him deal out with equal ease, in the same clear manly tone, delicate banter, grinding sarcasm, lucid narrative, pathetic excursus, and splendid peroration. The effect was, I presume, almost as unexpected by others as by me—for he has spoken very seldom—but it was great and decided; and why William Bankes was not Irish Secretary, or something of the sort, ten years back, if it was not prevented by his own indolence or shyness, I am at a loss to account for in any manner at all creditable to our *quondam* high and mighty masters—now our humble brethren in the—to them—new calamities of independence.

NORTH.

Why, I think the practice of our present rulers ought to be considered before we speak too harshly of the late ones. When out of place, they were always held up by us, as well as others, as a set of persons who really did behave well to their own followers, and therein affording a marked contrast to the Tories. And to be sure they did so. Praise and pudding they grudged not, neither did they spare. Their reviews were encomiastic, their houses were open, their *fêtes* were brilliant, their private patronage unwearied and thoroughgoing—their adversaries, as in dignity bound, adopting in all these particulars the diametrically opposite line. But now that they are really *in*, now that the real loaves and fishes are in their disposal—what, after all, do we perceive in their doings, that ought to make us think with *new* regret of the obtuse shabbiness of their predecessors? In so far as I can gather, they have condensed the good things within as narrow, as aristocratic, nay almost as *familiar* a circle, as could well have been chalked out for their adoption by the worst enemy of their sway. Is it not so—how did it strike you on the spot?

TICKLER.

Very agreeably. When I heard such a tallowfaced cheeseparing of a beardless, bucktoothed ninny as Lord Howick yelping down the law, God help him! for the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, and found, on enquiry, that he was not generally considered as greatly more idiotic than most others of the new Under-Secretaries, junior Lords of the Treasury, &c. &c. my spirit rejoiced within me, and I snuffed the air six inches farther above the surface of the terraqueous globe.

NORTH.

I sincerely hope, when the right folks get back, we shall see——You smile, I perceive——

TICKLER.

They get back! My dear Christopher, how can you talk such nonsense? No—no—no—no—*Ante leves ergo*——

Sooner the ass in fields of air shall graze,
Or Russell's tragedy claim Shakspeare's bays;
Sooner shall mack'rel on Pall Mall disport,
Or Jeffrey's hearers think his speech too short;
Sooner shall Wisdom flow in Howick's strain,
Or Modesty invest Macauley's brain,
Than Tories rule on British soil again!

NORTH.

I bet you a riddle of claret they are in power again in two months. Of that I have very little doubt;—would to God I could be as sure of their behaving themselves as they ought to do after the thing is done!

TICKLER.

Upon what, in the name of Jupiter, do you build your hopes? I met with nobody in London who even hinted at the possibility of such things; and since I left it—you see what majorities!

NORTH.

Never mind. I put not my faith in princes—for that would be forgetting the words of Holy Writ; but, begging your pardon, I still put my faith in Peers. The Committee will cut the Bill well down yet before it goes to the Lords, and the Lords will do the rest of the business, and Lord Grey will resign next morning, and William the Fourth, *nolens volens*, will send for Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert Peel will make up a Cabinet within eight-and-forty hours, and deliver a plain, perspicuous oration, detailing what Reform *he* is willing to patronise, and dissolve the Parliament——

TICKLER.

And what then?

NORTH.

Why, nothing uncommon. The majority of the House of Commons are *not*—not being *fools*, mere fools they cannot possibly be—sincere; and they will be delighted to find their Bill destroyed, and they will vapour and palaver, and do nothing. By that time, moreover, the horrible stagnation in every branch of internal trade, for which the nation has to thank Lord Grey, and of which people even in lofty places are already beginning to feel the effects, will have come to such a pass as to command attention in all quarters to something much more interesting, as well as important, than *any* reform. By that time, again, there will be no Peers in France, and the Duke of Orleans will be safely housed in his old villa at Twickenham, (which, like a sensible man, he has, I am told, always refused to let)—and there will be war by land, and war by sea—and there will be a bit of a dust at Manchester or elsewhere, and it will be laid in blood, and the new Parliament will be chosen in peace and jollity, and consist, with few exceptions, of gentlemen—and Peel's Reform—bad enough probably, but still something bearable as compared with this iniquity—will be introduced, and we shall jog on pretty much in the old way again—that is, conquer right and left as long as any body dares to keep the field before us, be too grand not to sacrifice all we have gained at the cost of our own gold and blood whenever a peace is to be made, and then, Europe being once more settled, buckle ourselves once more to the glorious task of unsettling England—that is to say, adopt Whig measures—on, and on, until the national appetite is at last so depraved that it calls out for some radical bolus, and nothing can save us, or our children rather, from bolting the murderous crudity, except, at the distance perhaps of twenty years, just such another series of sayings and doings as, please God, will for ever illustrate, in Tory annals, the memory of the autumn of 1831.

TICKLER.

Ha! ha! ha!—well, I wished to hear what your unbiassed opinion might be—and, forgive me, told a little bit of a fib by way of eliciting it in its full splendour. The fact is, you have just adopted the view I found most common among people of all parties in the capital—Whigs, Tories, Radicals, all alike. The only chance, every one seemed to think, of any serious disturbance, was connected with one great man. . . . . (*Here the honourable member became inaudible.*) . . . .

NORTH.

. . . .

TICKLER.

. . . .

SHEPHERD.

. . . .

NORTH.

. . . .

[N.B. The changes of voice were not to be mistaken, but the substance escaped.]

TICKLER.

If he does, it will be against the grain. It does very well to talk about certain things—but we all know what life he leads, what company he keeps, what tastes he cultivates, and I tell you he is no more the man to be up and doing in such a business than you or I, or any other old hero of the Flatfoots—Corporal Casey himself included.—(*Sings.*)

SONG.

Tune—Dearest Helen, I'll love thee no more.

In the summer, when flowers in the woodlands were springing,
And the strawberry pints met our eyes by the score,
And our only town blackbird in Queen Street was singing,
Word came that the Flatfoots were a regiment no more,
A regiment no more—a regiment no more;
And our only town blackbird in Queen Street was singing,
Word came that the Flatfoots were a regiment no more.

O then, what despair was thy lot, *Captain L'Amy*,
As the sergeant march'd pensively up to thy door,
And demanded thy sword, and thy sword-belt of shamois;
How dreadful and deep were the oaths that ye swore,
The oaths that ye swore—the oaths that ye swore!
And demanded thy sword, and thy sword-belt of shamois,
How dreadful and deep were the oaths that ye swore.

Stap my vitals, adzooks! burn my gown, blast my wig, now
This news will put all the Good Town in uproar;
This is done by some d——d economical Whig, now
Great Mars! my career in thy service is o'er,
In thy service is o'er—in thy service is o'er;
This is done by some d——d economical Whig, now
Great Mars! my career in thy service is o'er.

And you, my dear lads, none will ever surpass ye,
Together we've served in the hottest warfare;
We have gather'd our laurels upon the Crosscausey,
We have dyed with our best blood the Fishmarket Stair;
The Fishmarket Stair—the Fishmarket Stair;
We have gather'd our laurels upon the Crosscausey,
We have dyed with our best blood the Fishmarket Stair.

SHEPHERD.

Weel eneugh, sirs. But hear till me—dinna hinner me frae singing. I'll sing you a sang, an auld ane frae my Jacobite Relics; an' though the folks are now beginnin' to surmeese that I made the feck o' the auld Jacobite sangs mysell, ye're no to gie a shadow o' insinuation that I made this ane, else, should the King chance to be introduced to me when he comes to Scotland, he might cast it up to me.

Would you know what a Whig is, and always was,
I'll show you his face, as it were in a glass:
He's a rebel at heart, with a villainous face,
A saint by profession, who never had grace.
Cheating and lying are puny things,
Rapine and plunder but venial sins;
His dear occupations are ruin of nations,
Subverting of crowns, and deceiving of kings.

To shew that he came from a home of worth,
'Twas bloody Barbarity gave him birth—
Ambition the midwife that brought him forth—
And Lucifer's bride that call'd him to earth—
Judas his tutor was till he grew big—
Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
For all that was sacred: so thus was created
And brought to this world what we call a Whig.

Spew'd up amang mortals from hellish jaws,
He suddenly strikes at religion and laws,
With civil dissensions and bloody inventions,
He tries to push through with his beggarly cause
Still cheating and lying, he plays his game,
Always dissembling—yet still the same,
Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,
Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

He is the sourest of sumphs, and the dourest of tikes,
Whom nobody trusts to and nobody likes;
He will fawn on your face with a leer on his snout,
And snap at your heels when your back's turn'd about;
Whene'er he's kick'd out, then he raises a rout,
With howling and growling, and biting about;
But when he gets in, O! there is such a fleer
Of flattery and flummery, 'tis shameful to hear.

If you give him a ladle or rough paritch-stick,
Or the fat fouthy scum of a soudy to lick,
You'll see how the cur up his birses will fling,
With his mouth to the meat, and his tail to the king;
He'll lick the cook's hand, and the scullion's wrang side,
But masters and misses his heart downa bide.
Kick him out, cuff him out—mind not his din,
For he'll funk us to death if you let him bide in.

NORTH.

In the meantime there can be no sort of doubt that, considering they have been in office only eight months, they have done about as much to disgrace themselves as any preceding set, the Talents excepted, ever were able to accomplish within as many years. This is consolatory.

TICKLER.

The unvarnishing of Whig reputations, under but so brief an exposure to the biting air of Downing Street, has, indeed, been proceeding at a fine pace;—let them make out the twelvemonths, in God's name!

NORTH.

No man more cordially wished to see them *in* than I did; and, but that I now see in their endurance the imminent ruin of Old England, God knows no man would less wish to see them *out*. But their proceedings have changed things more important than my little private wishes as to the *locumtenencies* of Whitehall; and, to be honest, I now almost begin to blame myself for the hand I had in turning out their predecessors.

TICKLER.

Never repent of that. They neglected their duty, and you did yours. Not being either a Rowite or a Secondsighter, you could not foretell the consequences of the Wellingtonian downfall—and in personal respect to the immortal Duke himself, I am sure the worst of your enemies can never pretend to say you were deficient. The cursed Currency concern of 1819 was, after all, the father of the national distress—the national distress was the parent of the national Discontent—Discontent has in all ages been the progenitor of Delusion—and Delusion alone could ever have given breath and being to such a monster as the Durham Bill. Do you watch the turn of the tide, and do your duty when the Tories come in, as steadily as you did before they went out. It is to be hoped they have got a lesson—and that neither by the patronage of Whigs, nor the adoption of Whig measures, will Tories again, at least in our time, undermine at once their own power, and, what is of rather more importance, the constitution of their country. But whether the lesson be or not taken at headquarters, my dear North, never do you shrink from your old rules—"*stare super antiquas vias*"—"*nolumus legis Angliæ mutari*"—"*respect the landmarks*"—and "*let weel bide!*"

NORTH.

Fear God and honour the king!—*quand même.*

TICKLER.

Quand même! Quand même! Quand même! Ah! North,

"Hence spring these tears—this Ilium of our foes:
Cold wax his friends, whose faith is in his woes!"

So says Dryden—and such, I fear, is the case at present in too many quarters; but it will never be so with us. We know our duty better—and we understand, I venture to say, the facts of the case better. In spite of Sir James Scarlett's *law* we pity, but at the same time, in spite of Lord Grey's bill, we honour; and the time will come for us to vindicate, defend, liberate, and uphold.—I confess I witnessed certain scenes—Ascot—Drury Lane—even the Painted Chamber—even the House of Lords itself—with feelings of deeper pain than I could have believed any things of that nature could have had power to stir up, now-a-days, in these old tough heartstrings.

NORTH.

"A deathlike silence, and a drear repose?"

TICKLER.

An unanimous, bellowing, blustering, hallooing mob, a divided, distrustful gentry, an insulted but unshaken peerage, a doomed but determined prelacy—these are strange signs, and sorrowful.

NORTH.

A vulgarized court, a despairing Family, and a trembling Crown!

TICKLER.

England has unquestionably seen no such danger since the meeting of the Long Parliament;—but *this*, I still hope, will be known in history as the Short one.

NORTH.

A charitable hope. Well, if the Peers be made of such stuff as I believe they are, it is like to be more short than merry, at all events. How do the Bishops look?

TICKLER.

Quite firm; but I never doubted as to them. What did me the real good was to have all my little qualms about the lay Lords laid—which they were by a single glance round the House, while the King was reading his Ministers' longwinded and very single-minded Speech. That satisfied me; and I own I am much deceived if the effect was not quite as decided, although not peradventure so consolatory, in a certain quarter. His Majesty looked, to my eye, any thing but comfortable; but, I am sorry to say, he is evidently in very feeble bodily health, and it was a hot day, and the crowd was pestiferous, and an *unconsecrated* crown is perhaps heavier than usual, so that the circumstance might be otherwise accounted for. Can't say—merely give you my impressions of the moment—looked, I thought, flustered and unhappy—boggled several times in the reading, and changed colour oddly.

NORTH.

'Tis odd enough; but his Majesty is the only one of his father's sons I never happened to behold in the flesh. Which of the family does he most resemble? If one could trust Lawrence's picture, I should say the old King himself.

TICKLER.

I rather think it is so;—but by far the best likenesses are those of H. B., whoever may answer to those immortal initials; and of all his admirable ones, the best by far is that in the print of the Old Wicked Grey running off with John Gilpin, while Lord Brougham cries "Go it! go it!—never mind the Ducks and Geese," (meaning the Peers and Parsons, who are typified as huge waddlers of the South, and great Ganders of Lambeth, with coronets and mitres on their heads), and Mrs Gilpin appears above on the balcony with her *half-crown*, screaming to the bystanders. The face of the headlong Captain of the Train-bands is perfect in every lineament—and I think the anonymous genius of our day, who has already beat Gilray to sticks, must have been in the House of Lords upon the recent grand occasion I have been alluding to.

NORTH.

Remember to bid the Bailie order it down. Are we never to see these things in Auld Reekie until they be out of date? The "Never mind the Ducks and Geese" would be a fair motto for a new edition of the "Friendly Advice."

TICKLER.

The Ducks and Geese, however, will be found quite capable of holding their own, and suffer neither Rats nor Weasels to disturb the Wash of Edmonton with impunity.

NORTH.

They had as well. If they don't, they are done. Do any of the "ORDER," I wonder, sincerely and seriously believe that we of the inferior classes, who have always stood by them, in opposition to the folks who, after daubing them with dirt all their lives, are now trying to half-bully, half-cajole them into an abandonment of their highest and most sacred duties,—do any of these high and mighty personages seriously believe that we poor Tory gentlemen have been actuated in our feelings and conduct regarding them by mere vulgar admiration and humble worship of the pomps and vanities of long pedigrees, magnificent chateaus, and resplendent equipages? Do any of them believe that it is, *per se*, simply, and of itself, a matter of joy, and satisfaction, and exultation to us, to behold a certain number of individuals, most of them neither wiser, nor cleverer, nor more active, nor even better-looking than ourselves—many of them, indeed, neither better born nor better bred than the ordinary run of the gentry;—

do they fancy it is a pure unmixed essential delight to us, I say, to behold them in the possession of honours and eminences, and wealth, luxury, and grandeur of all possible sorts, to which we ourselves make no pretensions—to share in which we have neither hope nor wish? If so, I can assure them they have the misfortune to labour under a grievous mistake. I, Christopher North, am not a bit more incapable than any radical in the land of appreciating the conveniences, excellences, comfort, glory, and triumph of having nobody above me. You and I have not lived in the world (some seventy years, Timothy, eh?) without having mixed a good deal with people of all classes;—we have not passed through "this visible diurnal sphere" without having experienced occasionally, quite as feelingly as others, "the proud man's contumely," more especially in its most offensive form of *condescension.* We have all had our eyes and ears about us, my friend, and our brains and our hearts too,—and our support of the British Aristocracy has been, and is, bottomed on principles entirely unconnected with the selfish part of our own natures. That institution has never presented any thing at all likely to gratify either the personal vanity or the personal pride of individuals in our situation. We have stuck by it as a great bulwark of the Constitution—a great safeguard of the rights and privileges of our fellow-subjects of all classes—a mighty barrier, reared originally perhaps between the Crown and the people, to protect them from each other's violence, but chiefly valuable in our eyes, *hodie* and *de facto,* as a barrier between *numbers* on the one side and *property* on the other. If the Prince is so unfortunate as to have a set of Revolutionists for his Ministers, and if, following too literally (as, under supposable circumstances of more kinds than one, a very well-meaning Prince might do) the letter of the Constitutional doctrine, he allows them to do wrong in his name, according to the measure and modesty of their own discretion, the Prince himself becomes for the moment merged in the mob—and it is the business of the Peerage to defeat the mob, for the express purpose, not only of protecting US, but of rescuing and emancipating HIM. Let them be found false and faithless on *one* such occasion—let them convince the loyal gentry that they have been all along buttressing the predominance of a set of functionaries, who, when the great moment for discharging the essential function arrives, want either honesty to recognise, or courage to fulfil, at whatever hazard, the demands of the critical hour;—let them practically bring home *this* conviction to our bosoms, and they may depend upon the fact—that thenceforth, even from that moment, they have not one conscientious adherent below the immediate connexions of their own small, and then isolated, circle.—Oh! ho! we must have something for our *booin'!*

TICKLER.

What an honest fellow is "The Examiner!" He, I see, tells the Lords very plainly that their lease is nearly out, whatever course they may pursue on this occasion. Assuming as an undeniable fact, that a decided, a vast majority of them are against the revolutionary robbery, he says—"You will either act according to your own absurd opinion, or you will not. If you do, the nation will cashier you for your presumption. If you do not,—if you, by your conduct on this occasion, manifest a becoming sense of your own incapacity to oppose the popular feeling when strongly pronounced on a momentous question, the conclusion will of course force itself on the dullest understanding, that you are *of no use*—that the order had as well *cease to exist.*" I won't swear to the words, but that, I am sure, is this clever and candid Republican's sense—and I perceive you agree with him.

NORTH.

To be sure I do. Indeed all through this battle The Examiner, and The Examiner alone of the Ministerial prints, has met the case fairly and directly.

TICKLER.

He has—and I give him credit for so doing. But you need be under no apprehensions of the second horn of his dilemma. Never was such a contrast as the bold, uncompromising attitude of the Opposition in the Lords, and the crouching, craven, convict-like bearing of the deluders and deluded who occupy the right-hand side of the Woolsack. The Bishops were the only people on that side of the House who looked any thing like men—and it is now no secret that whenever *the Bill* is tabled there, they are to walk across the floor in a body (all but old doited Norwich)—a thing unexampled since the days of THE IMMORTAL SEVEN!—I wish you could see our muster in that quarter—Wellington, Eldon, Mansfield, Caernarvon, Northumberland, Wharncliffe, Tenterden—and a dozen more of them—confronting such things as the old Jacobin, trembling in his blue ribbon, and his poor, silly *socii criminis*—his Holland, bloated with vanity and impotence, unwieldy as the Monument, fat and feebleness in every inch—Lansdowne, wasted, worn, enervate Lansdowne—Swag Sefton—but why should we bother ourselves with such nonentities?—The most pitiable, however, are the Canningite Lords—and I own I was vexed, on more accounts than either one, two, or three, when I saw such people as Goderich and Melbourne mixed up with Ulick, Marquess of Clanricarde! Simon Peter! Simon Peter!

NORTH.

'Tis well. By the bye, it always strikes me as something more comfortable in itself, than exactly intelligible according to the received theory of actual feeling in certain quarters, that the heiress of England should all this while be intrusted to the care and keeping of a noble Tory lady—the good and graceful Duchess of Northumberland!

TICKLER.

I must leave that puzzle to Lord Prudhoe's friend, the Magician of Cairo.

NORTH.

Who?—Magician of Cairo?—Are you coming Magraubin over us?

TICKLER.

You have not heard the story, then? I thought it must have found its way ere now into the newspapers.

NORTH.

Not a bit of it. Come, we've had enough of King, Lords, Commons, and Newspapers—by all means, supper, and tip us your *diablerie*.

[*Rings, and orders lobsters and cold punch.*

TICKLER.

I know you will laugh at what I am about to tell you—but I can only say I heard it *at second hand*—no more—from one of the two gentlemen who are responsible for having made this concern the tabletalk of all London. They are both men of the very highest character, and they are about, it is said, to publish, jointly, a volume of travels in Africa, including, among other marvels, this same apparently unaccountable narration.

NORTH.

Name—name.

TICKLER.

Lord Prudhoe, brother to the Duke of Northumberland, and his friend and companion, Major Felix. They have just returned from Egypt, and except Reform, and Cholera, and Lady —— ——, their story was, I think I may safely say, the only thing I heard spoken about at any of the Clubs I frequented.

NORTH.

Which were——

TICKLER.

White's—the Cocoa—the Alfred—the Travellers'—the Athenæum—and the Senior United Service.

NORTH.

How the devil are you a member of the last?

TICKLER.

Multis nominibus. As Ex-fugleman of the Flatfoots—as Brigadier-General in the Scotch Body Guard—and as Deputy-Lieutenant in the counties of Mid-Lothian, Lanark, Renfrew, Dumbarton, Ayr, Argyle, Perth, Fife, and Banff.

NORTH.

And how of the Traveller?

TICKLER.

As having accompanied Baxter in "Garrion for ever," in the Kremlin, August the 15th, 1821.—As having eat eighteen inches on end, unbroken, of macaroni, out of the basket of the late King of Naples, the King's Own, in his own market-place, 12th September, 1823.—As having smoked fifteen cigars at one sitting with old Matthias, among the ruins of Agrigentum, in autumn 1824. As having got dead drunk on new rum within the spray of Niagara, with the Teeger, in the dog-days of 1827.—And finally, as having ridden the Spring Circuit of last year—only 7000 miles—in doeskin jacket, dogskin breeches, bullskin boots, and whalebone broadbrim, with the Honourable Mr Justice Menzies of the Cape of Good Hope.

NORTH.

The Athenæum?

TICKLER.

An original member—proposed by William Spenser—seconded by William Sotheby.

NORTH.

The Alfred?

TICKLER.

Proposed in 1785 by Lord Thurlow—seconded by Bishop Watson—admitted unanimously.

NORTH.

Cocoa?

TICKLER.

Got in through Sheridan about the time of the mutiny of the Nore.

NORTH.

White's?

TICKLER.

Proposed by Canning—seconded by Castlereagh, just before their split.

NORTH.

Very well.—Now fill your glass, and to your story.

TICKLER.

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix being at Cairo last autumn, on their return from Abyssinia, where they picked up much of that information which has been worked up so well by Captain Bond Head in his Life of Bruce, found the town in a state of extraordinary excitement, in consequence of the recent arrival in those parts of a celebrated Magician from the centre of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon. It was universally said, and generally believed, that this character possessed and exercised the power of shewing to any visitor who chose to comply with his terms, any person, dead or living, whom the said visitor pleased to name. The English travellers, after abundant enquiries and some scruples, repaired to his residence, paid their fees, and were admitted to his *Sanctum*.

NORTH.

Anno Domini millesimo octingentesimo trentesimo?

TICKLER.

1*mo*. They found themselves in the presence of a very handsome young Moor, with a very long black beard, a crimson caftan, a snow-white turban, eighteen inches high, blue trowsers, and yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on a turkey carpet, three feet square, with a cherry stalk in his mouth, a cup of coffee at his left elbow, a diamond-hefted dagger in his girdle, and in his right hand a large volume, clasped with brazen clasps——

NORTH.

The *Supellex* is irreproachable.

TICKLER.

Laugh as you please—but let me tell my story. On hearing their errand, he arose and kindled some spices on a sort of small altar in the middle of the room. He then walked round and round the altar for half an hour or so, muttering words to them unintelligible; and having at length drawn three lines of chalk about the altar, and placed himself upright beside the flame, desired them to go seek *a Seer*, and he was ready to gratify them in all their desires.

NORTH.

Was he not a *Seer* himself?

TICKLER.

Not at all—but you mistake the business—Did you never read the History of Cagliostro?

NORTH.

Not I.

TICKLER.

If you had, you would have known that there were in the old days, whole schools of magicians here in Europe, who could do nothing in this line without the intervention of a *pure Seer*—to wit, a Maiden's eye. This African belongs to the same fraternity—he made them understand that nothing could be done until a virgin eye was placed at his disposal.

NORTH.

Had he never a niece in the house?

TICKLER.

Pooh! pooh!—Don't jeer. I tell you he bade them go out into the streets of Cairo, and fetch up any child they fancied, under ten years of age. They did so; and after walking about for half an hour, selected an Arab boy, not apparently above eight, whom they found playing at marbles.

NORTH.

What was he?

TICKLER.

I can't tell you—nor could they—but he was a *child*, and they bribed him with a few halfpence, and took him with them to the studio of the African Roger Bacon.

NORTH.

Go on——I attend——Fill your glass.—Was all this after dinner, by the bye?

TICKLER.

The gentlemen were *impransi*—and a d——d deal more sober than you ever were even before breakfast.

NORTH.

Perge, puer!

TICKLER.

Now listen, like a sensible man, for five minutes. The child was much frightened with the smoke, and the smell, and the chatter, and the muttering—but by and bye he sucked his sugar candy, and recovered his tranquillity, and the Magician made him seat himself under a window—the only one that had not been darkened, and poured about a table-spoonful of some black liquid into the hollow of the boy's right hand, and bade him hold the hand steady, and keep his eye fixed upon the surface of the liquid; and then, resuming his old station by the brazier, sung out for several minutes on end—What do you see? Allah bismilla! What do you see? Illalla Resoul Allah! What do you see? All the while the smoke curled up faster and faster——

NORTH.

Of course—of course.

TICKLER.

Presently the lad said: "*Bismillah*! I see a horse—a horseman—I see two horsemen—I see three—I see four—five—six—I see seven horsemen, and the seventh is a *Sultan*."—"Has he a flag?" cries the Magician.—"He has three," answered the boy.—"'Tis well," says the other, "now halt!" and with that he laid his stick right across the fire, and, standing up, addressed the travellers in these words:—"Name your name—be it of those that are upon the earth, or of those that are beneath it; be it Frank, Moor, Turk, or Indian, prince or beggar, living and breathing, or resolved into the dust of Adam, 3000 years ago—speak, and this boy shall behold and describe him!"

NORTH.

Very good—now be so good as bring on Lord Prudhoe.

TICKLER.

I can't say whether he or Mr Felix named the first name—but it was William Shakspeare. The Magician made three reverences towards the window, waved his wand nine times, sung out something beyond their interpretation, and at length called out, "Boy, what do you behold?"—"The Sultan alone remains," said the child—"and beside him I see a pale-faced Frank—but not dressed like these Franks—with large eyes, a pointed beard, a tall hat, roses on his shoes, and a short mantle!" You laugh—shall I proceed?

NORTH.

Certé—What next?

TICKLER.

The other asked for *Francis Arouet de Voltaire*, and the boy immediately described a lean, old, yellow-faced Frank, with a huge brown wig, a nutmeg-grater profile, spindle shanks, buckled shoes, and a gold snuff-box!

NORTH.

My dear Tickler, don't you see that any print-book must have made this scoundrel familiar to such phizzes as these?

TICKLER.

Listen. Lord Prudhoe now named *Archdeacon Wrangham*, and the Arab boy made answer, and said, "I perceive a tall grey-haired Frank, with a black silk petticoat, walking in a garden, with a little book in his hand. He is reading on the book—his eyes are bright and gleaming—his teeth are white—he is the happiest-looking Frank I ever beheld."

NORTH.

Go on.

TICKLER.

I am only culling out three or four specimens out of fifty. Major Felix now named a brother of his, who is in the cavalry of the East India Company, in the presidency of Madras. The Magician signed, and the boy again answered, "I see a red-haired Frank, with a short red jacket, and white trowsers. He is standing by the sea-shore, and behind him there is a black man, in a turban, holding a beautiful horse richly caparisoned."—"God in Heaven!" cried Felix.—"Nay," the boy resumed, "this is an odd Frank—he has turned round while you are speaking, and, by Allah! he has but one arm!"—Upon this the Major swooned away. His brother lost his left arm in the campaign of Ava! *Verbum non amplius.* Seeing is believing.

NORTH.

Why the devil did they not bring Maugraby with them to England?

TICKLER.

Perhaps the devil's power only lingers in Africa!

NORTH.

Tell that to the marines.

SHEPHERD.

I'll tell ye a ten thoosan' times mair extraordinar story than that o' Lord Proud-O's—gin I had only something till eat. But I wad defy Shakspeare himsell to be trawgic on an empty stammack. Oh! when wull thae dear guttural months be comin' in again—the months wi' the RRR's! Without eisters this is a weary warld. The want o' them's a sair drawback on the simmer. (*Enter Supper.*) What! Groose? Groose afore the Twalt? That's a great shame. Gie's the auld Cock. [*They sup.*

urgh : Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

This day is Published, price 3s.

THE EDINBURGH LAW JOURNAL, No. III.,

For August, 1831.

CONTENTS.—I. Lawyer-Reform, or Observations on the Prevailing Moral Standard of Legal Practice, and Hints for a Revision of it by the Profession.—II. Distinction between Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.—III. Principles of Prescription, with the History of its Rise and Progress in the Law of Scotland.—IV. Teind Court.—V. Considerations as to the Expediency of Imposing on a Judge the Duty of Examining into Correctness of the Statements of the Parties.—VI. Suggestions for the Improvement of Courts of Justice, No. I.—VII. On the Forms and Style of Land Rights in Scotland.—VIII. Transactions of Society for the Consideration of Questions relating to the Form of Process.—IX. Remarks on Recent Decisions. —X. Legal Intelligence—Sequestrations awarded by the Court of Session, from 12th March to 11th July, 1831—Cessiones Bonorum, for the same period.—List of Persons confirmed as Trustees on Sequestrated Estates, from 12th March to 11th July, 1831.—Discharges.

Printed for WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh;
And T. CADELL, Strand, London.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXV. SEPTEMBER, 1831. Vol. XXX.

THE WISHING-TREE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

> Ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ,
> Οὐδ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
> Μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἠρινὸν διέρχεται,
> Αἰδὼς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.
>
> Eurip. *Hippolytus*, l. 74.

Part I.

Mary M'Gragh sat under the tree,
That grows on the skirts of Fairy land;
"And oh, I wish, I wish," quoth she,
"A buckle of gold, and a silver band,
And a silken gown of the purest white,
Oh, how would I shine at the Ball to-night!"

Now, Mary M'Gragh, dost thou not see
The boughs how they quiver above thy head?
Knowest thou not the Wishing-Tree,
That ev'ry green leaf is a Fairy's bed,
And they're bending out over, thy bidding to take,
And 'tis that which maketh the leaves to shake?

Then Mary M'Gragh she wish'd more and more
A costly wardrobe all complete,
As ever the Queen of Sheba wore—
For wishes are seldom too discreet;
And fast as the words flew out of her mouth,
Away went the Fairies north and south.

Away went the Fairies east and west,
As, by the laws of Faierie,
They are bound to do for every guest
That wisheth beneath the Wishing-Tree;
But how they sped, and the work went on,
Wait but a while and you'll hear anon.

But first I must ring my magical bell,
To call my own dear Sprite to my ear,
To read me The Fairy-Chronicle;
And all you can comprehend you'll hear,
Yet a thousand to one you take for lies
What's read from the book or seen with these eyes.

PART II.

"WORK on, work on," quoth the Fairy Queen,
  "Work on, work on, my merry sweet elves,
In air so bright or on earth so green,
  Under the boughs or on lichen shelves,
Under the pebbles in glassy wells,
The bat's dark holes, or in waxen cells."

They stitch, they hammer, they line, they mark,
  And though fifteen hundred beetles' snouts
Are splitting the reeds and sawing the bark,
  And each master-workman has fifty scouts,
Yet you could but hear such hum as floats,
When sunbeams sport with the busy motes.

A veil they made of the spider's thread,
  And the gossamer's floating film they spin,
With flowers of jasmine overspread,
  For a gown of the finest mosselin;
And another they peel from the silken skin
That lines the tulip, farthest in.

And to edge and trim the mosselin sleeves,
  Myriads of insects are set to trace
The fibres among the fallen leaves,
  Of which they make the finest lace—
And finer and better, sure I am,
Ne'er came from Bruxelles or Nottingham.

The sparkles they fly from the beetle's wing,
  As they clip it and file it for a clasp,
As the golden dust from brooch or ring
  That shineth beneath a jeweller's rasp;
And as they flew they bronzed the streaks
In the tulips, that look'd like Nature's freaks.

Full fifty thousand Dumbledoors
  The Elves they slew with a forked pin,
For a velvet boddice, except the gores,
  And they were made of the black mole's skin;
The boddice was clasp'd with beetles' wings,
Prick'd with needles of hornets' stings.

They took a tuft of the trembling grass,
  Sprinkled with dust of daffodil,
Till it shone as it shook like yellow glass,
  Or light that sunbeams might distil.
And oh, it was a most rare device,
For a feather of Bird of Paradise.

From the damask-rose they cull'd drops of dew,
  And made of them crystals ruby-stain'd—
They pinch'd the glow-worms black and blue,
  And filch'd their light when they were pain'd,
Which in sand, in spar, and pebble set,
Became amethyst, diamond, pearl, and jet.

A thousand merry [illegible]-men hunt the shrubs,
  With links from the wild-foal's mane to bind
Living and writhing the hairy grubs,
  For a tippet of the Boa-kind.

And the calceolaria's dew-steep'd woof,
They form into slippers water-proof.

Were I of the milliner craft, I ween,
  I might the trinkums all explain,
Nor refer to the Ladies' Magazine
  For the fashions that enter damsels' brain;
But I know of gowns there were fifty-three,
Besides a bright green from the tulip-tree.

And of every texture they were made,
  Mosselin, and velvet, and gros-de-Naples;
And the boxes in which they were nicely laid,
  Were all veneer'd with the birds'-eye maple.
And there they were, all speck and span,
As ever came home from a milliner man.

Part III.

Now perhaps you marvel all the while,
  That Fairies should both toil and spin,
And think that I speak in too loose a style
  Of beings of such a kith and kin.
But I've learnt their lore, and boldly state,
They can substances change, but not create.

And suppose they had furnish'd sweet Mary's dress,
  With a snap of the fingers sans stitch or stroke,
They would be sorry patterns of idleness.
  But Fairies must work like other folk,
Though with spells over water, earth, and air,
That can change them to things most strange and rare.

But there must be the seeds, as the syrup laid
  The essence of honey in patient flowers—
And the sweetest of love that ever was made,
  Has been ta'en from the fragrance of true-love bowers,
And gentle thoughts from sunny looks,
And the soul of music from running brooks.

You cannot pick love from a pavement-stone,
  For the chisel has chipp'd it all away;
But invisible hands have its essence sown,
  O'er that which is cover'd with lichens grey.
And, pray tell me, who would enter the lists,
With Fays, the marvellous Alchymists?

Yet these are but mysteries and cabala,
  That little concern or you or me;
And have nothing to do with Mary M'Gragh,
  All the while under the Wishing-Tree;
To whom, at the winking of her eyes,
The Queen of the Fairies convey'd the prize.

If Thetis brought to her mortal son,
  All nicely pack'd in her own sweet arms,
An armoury suit that might weigh a ton—
  You have learn'd very little of spells and charms,
Not to know that a box of Millineriē,
Might drop at the foot of a Wishing-Tree.

And Thetis she was but a nymph marine,
  But Englonde, and Scotland, and Erin-go-Bragh-
Why shouldn't our own good Fairy Queen
  Do much better things for Mary M'Gragh?
And the Elves work harder there and then,
Than ever could fifty milliner men.

Part IV.

Mary M'Gragh was still bending her head,
  And her lips apart shew'd rows of pearls;
And her eyes a lucid wonder shed,
  For I saw it myself through her drooping curls;
And her delicate fingers were pois'd as much,
Or more, in surprise, than rais'd to touch.

Not the fam'd fingers of rosy Morn,
  Nor of Iris, that with one touch of joy
Old Somnus awak'd at his gates of horn,
  Nor the fairer fingers of Helen of Troy,
When she pointed from tower of Pergamă,
Were at all like those of Mary M'Gragh.

She was a beauty of such degree!
  As a vision seen in a pleasant trance,
When the sunshine under the green-wood tree
  Plays on the pages of old Romance.
And who would not be an Errant Knight
For a smile from beauty half so bright?

But Chivalry's gone,—monies and rents
  Are the only things "to have and to hold;"
And unless it brings lands and tenements,
  Beauty 's scarce worth its weight in gold.
Now Mary bent down, with a wond'ring look,
Like a wood-nymph over a glassy brook.

O but it was the pleasantest sight,
  And many the pleasant sights are seen,
By favour'd eyes, 'twixt the yellow light
  That flicker'd amid the shadows green;
But all that pass'd between her and the Fay,
As I didn't well hear, I will not say.

But the Fairy gave to the Maiden a rose,
  The which in her bosom she must wear;
That did an invisible Sprite enclose;
  "And be this," quoth she, "thy special care,
For there needeth that faithful sentinel
Potent and perfect to keep the spell.

"Oh! guard it sure, 'tis a precious flower,
  For the like it groweth not in ground;
It was gather'd in our innermost bower,
  That arm'd Elves ever do stand around;
And folded within there lurketh an Elf,
That will work thee good as I myself."

PART V.

Now the damsel stood at her chamber door,
Her finger press'd on her rosy lip;
But the merry Elves had been there before,
For they are the porters that nimbly trip.
And when her own boudoir she had won,
She found the rich presents every one.

Four-and-twenty invisible sprites
Around her toilet busily run;
They rub the mirrörs, and trim the lights,
Till each one blazes a perfect sun;
Boxes, and cushions, and pins are laid,
As if each had been bred a lady's maid.

Nor needed they odours to dispense,
For the Rose threw airs of such rich spice,
As gave a new soul to every sense,
As it was fresh from Paradise.
And Mary M'Gragh in the midst did shine,
Like Venus in her own golden shrine.

But little becometh it us to pry,
Since we are not of the sister choir,
Or into Venus's sanctuary,
Or the same thing, Mary M'Gragh's boudoir;
One only fact I venture to tell,
And that I take from the Chronicle.

When Mary, sweet maiden, was finely dress'd,
Quoth she, "Come hither, thou Fairy Rose,"
And she took it and plac'd it on her breast,
And to fasten it there, alas! she chose
A pin, whose head was a painted star,
A toy she had bought at a Ladies' Bazaar.

This star a lady of vast renown
Had caus'd some starving wretch to fix;
And bated the price to half-a-crown,
And sold it for shillings forty-six.
No wonder the solder would not hold,
And I doubt myself if the pin was gold.

Oh, Mary, thy lifted fingers stay
From the brittle ware,—a gentle sprite
Thrice thrust it aside, thrice push'd it away—
Oh thou wilt rue the choice to-night—
But let us turn to a gayer rhyme,
For sorrow will come in its own good time.

The four-and-twenty serving sprites,
That waited around her toilet all,
They tended the maiden as liveried knights,
As Mary M'Gragh went forth to the Ball;
There they attend on Mary M'Gragh,
And then vanish into the orchestra.

And ere the musicianers did begin,
Their fairy airs on book they prick;
And creep into every violin,
And new-rozin every fiddlestick:

And the fiddlers wink'd as the music rose,
For they thought it came from their own elbows.

And as Mary M'Gragh walk'd up the room,
  The rose it sent sweet odours round;
And the music mix'd with the rare perfume,
  And it verily was enchanted ground,
And the Master and King of the Ceremoniēs
Clapp'd both his hands in ecstasiēs.

Part VI.

Sweet music, it through the soul doth thrill,
  And dancing is sweet—in the minuet—
And sweeter still in the soft quadrille—
  But, ladies, beware of a pirouette—
And never, oh never, be indiscreet,
To copy the Poet's "twinkling feet."

Let your steps be graceful every one,
  Ne'er put your tender feet in rage;
You needn't quite walk; but oh, never run,
  Nor ape the twistings of the stage—
But move like the stream of the pleasant Lynn,
That disturbs not the image of beauty within.

The charm work'd well in each gentle dance,
  And better still in the promenade;
But Mary M'Gragh, what sad mischance
  Could make thee attempt the gallopade?
It cost thee the heart, it lost thee the hand,
Of the finest lord in all the land.

A noble youth of a vast estate
  Fell deeply in love with Mary M'Gragh,
And so felt his heart to palpitate,
  As it never had done at an operà:
The Fisherman Cupid his heart had hook'd,
So he look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd.

But when Mary encounter'd that fatal dance,
  The Rose it trembled, as if a blast
Had chill'd all its leaves—but not a glance
  Did the maiden unto the warning cast—
Thrice the pink leaves changed to a deadly white,
And the fiddles in sympathy scream'd affright.

Ah! Mary, why didst thou so dance and spin,
  Or why didst thou go to the Ladies' Bazaar,—
For, oh, it was that fatal pin,
  That toy with its flimsy faithless star—
Was it such vile thing as this you chose,
To hold that precious enchanted Rose?

The star it snapt from the brittle pin,
  At the very last turn of a pirouette;
And the shock was felt by Sprite within,
  Who boldly the moment of peril met:
For he threw his weight and clung with his might,
On the mosselin that edged her bosom white.

As mareschal or squire at tournament,
  With chevaux de frise and palisade,
Parteth the field from the Royal Tent,
  Blazing with beauty and rich brocade—
So the Sprite of the Rose in the mosselin fold,
Guarded his fairer field of gold.

And as ever and anon the youth,
  That noble suitor, he whisper'd speech
That Mary M'Gragh took all for truth,
  That I will not assert or dare impeach—
Her modest sweet joy and bliss to tell,
Her bosom it fitfully rose and fell.

And ever it shone as the purest snow
  In the moonlight's soft and magical hour;
And the guardian Sprite moved to and fro,
  Like a Cupid rock'd in his cradle bower,
Or small bark riding as 'twere by spell,
That rises and falls with the bosom's swell.

But the stoutest bark may prove a wreck,
  The fairest schemes in their fall are found,
Scarcely the light fan touch'd her neck—
  And the Rose, the Rose it falls to ground.
Mary M'Gragh, thou hast broken the spell,
And art but another Cinderell!

Oh, there's nothing on earth can vex me more,
  Than beauty brought to such despite—
It woundeth my heart to the very core,
  Till tears do blot the words I write.
For as much as e'er miser adored his pelf,
I'm in love with Mary M'Gragh myself.

The spell it dissolves as the new-fallen snow,
  When it melteth under an April sun;
And courting the green bank's genial glow,
  Come sweet primroses one by one.
So melteth the spell, and alas therefore,
Her beauty it shineth more and more.

The mosselin it is but gossamer's thread,
  And cobwebs drop for hanging sleeves,
The boddice shrinks to a wretched shred,
  The Nottingham lace to brown dead leaves:
Worthless as garlands at morning light,
That beauty had charm'd in the blaze of night.

Thus at Amphitrite's marriage festoons that hung
  From the chamber of pearls in Neptune's hall,
As worthless things, were afterwards flung,
  For dolphin and porpoise to sport withal.
The relics whereof, to this very day,
Float as sea-weeds into creek and bay.

So the nice fabric of charm and spell,
  That dazzled all eyes and shone so bright,
Or dwindled and shrunk, and wither'd and fell,
  To cobweb, leaf, and dust, or blight.
Oh, strange is the art of Faieriē,
That can turn such weed to Millineriē!

Part VII.

Now, think ye the four-and-twenty elves,
That lackey'd the damsel everywhere,
Thought only of their own dear selves,
Like simpering fops around maidens fair?
They were quick to see, and quick to come,
As the seven great Champions of Christendom.

They smear'd the eyes of every beau,
With an illusion so supreme,
That what each one saw he did not know,
Or thought he only dream'd a dream.
And they damp'd the lights that shone too clear,
Where she stood beneath the chandelier.

And some they unbraided every braid,
And let her rich tresses flow and twine,
Oh, then she was like a fair mermaid,
Glistening fresh from the sun-lit brine;
Or a statue of marble in midst of spray,
Round which the dazzling fountains play.

But the strangest thing is yet to tell,
At the which both damsel and dame withdrew;
For soon as th' enchanted floweret fell,
It vanish'd, as from its leaves there flew
A Cupid in height about inches two,
Add the eighth of an hazel-nut thereto.

As a partridge under a sandy ledge,
Warming her unfledg'd brood in the sun,
Startled by step through the yielding hedge,
Far from the path of her nest doth run,
With straining foot, and outstretch'd wing,
Thus to conceal their harbouring;

Or in flight shall suddenly drop to ground,
And feign to be wing'd and wounded sore,
And flutter and struggle, and run and bound,
To draw her pursuer away the more—
Till her brood be safe from obtruding eye,
Then, whirring away, she bids good-bye—

So he fluttered and bounded along the floor,
And partly did run and partly fly;
And as he approach'd the folding door,
After him dame and damsel hie;
And as ever he twang'd his little bow,
After him ever the more they go.

But when he had reach'd the anteroom,
To catch him they all were so alert,
Poor Mary was left alone—to whom
He fell as a prize I not assert;
Some say Lady Juliet pick'd him up,
And hid him under a coffee-cup.

But if it were so, Lady Juliet
Should a lodging more to his taste have found,
And have certainly known that such a pet
Is not a stray ox to be put in pound—

So the moment she thought to be sure of her prey,
He slipp'd through her fingers and ran away.

Some say, that he vanish'd away in smoke,
   Some in Barbara's bosom, while playing whist,
(An elderly maiden,) and made her revoke,
   And lose a single; and some insist,
That in order no longer to be forlorn,
She eloped with an Ensign the very next morn.

That I vouch for these tales, I do not say,
   For folk that seem best to understand,
Boldly assert, to this very day,
   That he's still safe and sound in Fairy-land;
And all that would that urchin see,
Must seek him in realms of Faierië.

Be that as it may, the rooms were clear'd,
   And Mary M'Gragh was left alone,
When with two stout chairmen the Elves appeared,
   (And they acted by senses not their own.)
So Mary M'Gragh, as the elves foreran,
Was carried home safe in a Bath sedan.

They tuck'd up the maiden warm in bed,
   Some of them watch'd on the counterpane,
Some at the foot, and some at the head,
   And calm'd with rare essence her wilder'd brain,
And inspired a dream, that made her forget
The Wishing-Tree, and the Pirouette.

Her suitor at heart grew sick and sore,
   That heart he never would transfer,
So they hurried him off on a foreign tour,
   But "Oh no! they never mentioned her."
And so often his woes he did rehearse,
That they speedily sang them about in verse.

That painted star was never more seen,
   For t'was made a football for Elfin shoon,
And sporting one night before the Queen,
   They scornfully kick'd it over the moon—
And the pin—but I would not, after that kick,
Lose sight of a rocket to look for its stick.

It would grieve me sore, as grieve it ought,
   If you think I mean in any degree,
That Ladies of pure and noble thought,
   Shouldn't sit under a Wishing-Tree:
I would but entreat them to better thrift,
Than a careless hold of a Fairy gift.

And Fairies, dear Sprites, seem ever to me,
   To invest with spells all womankind,
Till men do adore, and bow the knee,
   Which maketh folk say that Love is blind.
And I think it but honest, the rest of your lives,
That you keep up the spell, tho' you should be wives!

Rubies ne'er grow upon currant-trees;
   The fairest fruit that is bought and sold,
Ne'er came from the fam'd Hesperides;
   Nor are all golden apples that glitter gold.
As you'll find, if you purchase the trumpery ware
At Ladies' Bazaars, in Vanity Fair.

No. IX.

CONSEQUENCES OF REFORM.

"He was well acquainted," said John Sobieski, in his latter years, to the senators of Poland, "with the griefs of the soul, who declared that small distresses love to declare themselves, but great are silent. This world will hereafter be mute with amazement at us, and our councils—Nature herself will be astonished! That beneficent parent has gifted every living creature with the instinct of self-preservation, and given the most inconsiderable animals arms for their defence. We alone turn ours against ourselves! That instinct is taken from us, not by a resistless force, not by an inevitable destiny, but by a voluntary insanity, by our own passions, by the desire of mutual destruction. Alas! what will one day be the mournful surprise of posterity to find that from the summit of glory, from the period when the Polish name filled the universe, our country has fallen into ruins; and fallen for ever! I have been able to gain for you victories, but I feel myself unable to save you from yourselves. Nothing remains to be done but to place in the hands, not of destiny, for I am a Christian, but of a powerful and beneficent Deity, the fate of my beloved country. Believe me, the eloquence of your tribunes, instead of being turned against the throne, would be better directed against those who, by their insane passions, are bringing down upon our country the cry of the prophet, which I, alas! hear too clearly rolling over our heads—'Yet forty years and Nineveh is no more.'"*

Such was the mournful prophecy of the greatest and best of the Polish kings, of the deliverer of Vienna from Mahometan conquest, and the hero of Christendom against savage invasion, extorted by the spectacle of the democratic ambition which distracted his country, and the passions which turned all the energies of the lower orders against the sway of their superiors. We have witnessed its accomplishment; we have seen the parties in the state incessantly actuated by mutual hatred, until at length the insane ambition of a "plebeian noblesse," to use an expression of Sobieski,† called in the aid of foreign powers, and the Empress Catherine, invoked by the madness of Polish democracy, stifled the long period of its anarchy with the weight of military power.

It is from a still higher pinnacle of glory, from prosperity of a longer duration, and happiness resting on a more durable basis, that the same insane democratic ambition is about to precipitate the British empire. What, in Sobieski's words, will be the mournful surprise of posterity, when they find, that from the summit of so much glory—from the time when the British name filled the universe—from the age of Nelson and Wellington, of Scott and Byron, we have fallen into the convulsions which are the forerunner of ruin! Fallen, too, not by the force of external power, not by the arms of Napoleon, or the force of Russia, but by the madness of our own passions—by the guilty ambition of democratic leaders—by the riot and intoxication produced by unparalleled and undeserved prosperity among our people.

There is no period in the English annals, which, in point of *general* prosperity, can be compared with that which elapsed from the battle of Waterloo to the commencement of the reform question. We say *general* prosperity, because we are as much aware as any one can be of the magnitude and severity of the distress, which, during the same time, affected numerous individuals and classes of society. Indeed, the severity of this distress among many, contrasted with the general opulence and well-being with which they were surrounded, has been, without doubt, one among the many causes of the wide-spread discontent which has generated the desolating passion for democratic power. But while this is admitted on the one hand, it must be conceded on the other, that the *general* prosperity of the empire, has, during that period, reached a height never before equalled. Facts undisputed, decisive facts, place this beyond a doubt.

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* Salvandy, iii. 375.

† Rulhiere, i. 32.

The population of the island has, during this time, very greatly increased; and the sum of the national wealth has increased in a still greater proportion. Since 1811, the population of the whole empire has increased above *a fourth*, and that of the great towns, generally speaking, above a half. The census of 1821, and that just completed, demonstrate this remarkable fact. The population of the British empire is now doubling once in forty-two years:* a more rapid progress than the United States of North America, in which, although the numbers double in some of the states in twenty-five, the average over the Union is once in *fifty-two years*.† Such a rapid increase—the effects of the extraordinary growth of our manufactures, and the prodigious demand for labour by the vast armaments of the war—is not of itself any sure criterion of general prosperity; but, coupled with a corresponding or greater increase of national wealth, and general prosperity, it is a most decisive proof. Whatever may be said of the growth of innumerable beggars, as in Ireland, it is quite clear, that a nation which is at once adding to its numbers, and increasing their prosperity, is in the highest state of public welfare.

Now no one can move from home; he can hardly walk, either in the streets or the fields, without being sensible, that in the last twenty years the middling and lower orders have prodigiously increased in happiness upon the *whole*, in this country. Look at the dwellings of the middling ranks: How they have expanded in size, augmented in comforts, increased in elegance! What multitudes of villas have, during that time, grown up round all the great cities, indicating at once the improved tastes, easy circumstances, and prosperous lives of their inhabitants! What crowds of open carriages are to be everywhere seen in the streets, filled with the sons and daughters of the middling ranks; a species of vehicle literally unknown during the war; a luxury confined to the great and the affluent, during the most prosperous periods of any former peace. Enter the shops, not only of the metropolis, but of any considerable towns in the country; what luxury and opulence meet your eye; what multitudes of inventions to catch the taste of opulence; what innumerable comforts to gratify the wishes of industry! Enter the private houses of the citizens—their dress, their furniture, their habits of life, bespeak the general ease of their condition. The houses of shopkeepers and artisans are better furnished than those of the nobility were thirty years ago; and the dwellings of private gentlemen are arrayed in a style of sumptuous elegance, which a century back was confined to the palaces of princes.

In another costly and beneficial species of luxury, the change is still more extraordinary. The taste for travelling has become universal, not only among the higher but the middling orders. Steam-boats have furnished the means of visiting the most distant quarters of the empire, with ease and expedition to multitudes, who, twenty years ago, never thought of stirring from home. There is hardly a shopboy in London who has not seen the Highlands of Scotland, or the Lakes of Cumberland; and the scenes which we formerly read of in Coxe and Eustace, as remote and to most inaccessible quarters of the globe, are now as familiar to every gentleman, as the principal objects in his own country.

Nor is this great and increasing expenditure the result, as many imagine, of an increased turn for expense merely among the middling order. Facts demonstrate the reverse. The common complaint, that capital cannot find an investment, that the bankers have more money thrown on their hands than they know what to do with, is decisive *evidence, that great as the industry of the country is, the accumulated* savings of its industry are still greater. The funds, the great savings' bank of the middling orders, maintain their high price, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the Continental horizon, and the imminent peril of domestic convulsion: a clear proof that the opulence of the middling ranks, upon the whole, is so great, that it cannot find any adequate means of employment. Ask any banker in the kingdom, he will tell you, that the industrious classes in the kingdom never had such extensive balances in their hands, and that they literally are at a loss to find an outlet for the accumulation of so many rills. Enquire of the attorneys whence they draw the immense loans which are advanced in mortgage on landed estates, and threaten, before long, to effect a general change in the state of landed property in every part of the kingdom, and they will answer, that they find them with ease among the industrious classes in the towns; and that the owner of many a noble palace is in truth little better than a trustee permitted to gather in his rents, for the use of the thriving citizens, among whom they are ultimately divided.

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* Dupin, p. 32.

† Hall's America, vol. iii. App.

The general revenues, and returns of industry in the state, demonstrate the same truths. The exports, the imports, the tonnage of our shipping, the produce of our colonies, demonstrate this beyond a doubt. They are all much greater than they were during the greatest years of the war. The exports, which only once during the war (in 1809) reached L.40,000,000, now amount to L.52,000,000; and if the great change in the value of money is taken into account, it is not going too far to assert, that this latter sum indicates *double* the produce of industry with the greatest ever raised in Britain before the battle of Waterloo. The shipping now in employment is greater than it was, even during the monopoly of the ocean by British fleets, in the time of the Continental blockade. The revenue of L.50,000,000, now raised, is at least equal to what L.70,000,000 would have been during the war prices: a sum greater than was raised by taxation in Britain, even during the prolific days of the income tax.

The agriculture of the empire has augmented in a similar proportion. It is impossible to travel anywhere without being struck with the vast improvement of the cultivation during the last fifteen years: an improvement which is most remarkable, even greater than took place during the high prices of the war. Immense districts, which in our recollection were purple with heath, or golden with furze, have now yielded to the steady efforts of laborious industry; and the abode, within these few years, of the hare and the lapwing, are now teeming with luxuriant and never-ending harvests. In spite of the terrible difficulties arising from the change of the currency, and the adaptation of rents to a new scale of prices, the aspect of the country, and the condition of the farmers, demonstrate that the spring of agricultural prosperity is yet undiminished; while the remarkable facts, fatal to the Malthusian paradox, that with a population doubling in an old state every forty-two years, the produce of the soil has augmented in a still greater progression; and that the era of the most rapid increase of our population, is the same with that which has witnessed our total emancipation from any dependence on external nations for subsistence; and the universal complaint of farm-produce being redundant in the hands of the cultivators, encourage the pleasing hope, that the vital resources of the country are yet far from having approached their ultimate limits.

What renders this rapid and extraordinary increase of general prosperity the more remarkable is, that it has taken place under circumstances which would have weighed to the earth the industry of most other states. Without descending to details, it is sufficient to enumerate three, one would have thought, to have put an entire stop to the growth of industry among our people.

The first of these is the national debt. The annual payment of from eight-and-twenty to thirty millions to the public creditors, is a burden far greater than ever before was borne by any other nation. The annual charge of the national debt, the magnitude of which was the immediate cause of the French Revolution, *was only* L.11,000,000 *sterling annually, by far the greater part of* which was in the perishable form of life annuities.

The second is the extraordinary change of prices which has resulted from the suspension of cash payments during the war, and their subsequent resumption by the act of 1819—without involving ourselves in the *questio vexata* of the currency, it is sufficient to mention the admitted facts, that prices were more than doubled by the first act, and nearly halved by the second; that all the lasting contracts of individuals were formed on the basis of the war, and their payment left to be provided for by the diminished resources of the peace prices; and that the national debt, contracted when money was at its lowest value, requires now to be provided for, when prices have so altered that it has risen to almost double its original amount. What fatal ravages has this rapid and unparalleled change made in the fortunes of individuals; how many old families has it levelled to the dust; how much meritorious industry has it extinguished for ever! Yet it is in the midst of this wide-spread suffering produced by these changes that the national opulence has made such unprecedented progress.

3. Though last not least, our labouring classes have, during all this period, had to sustain the competition, bear the burden, and withstand the demoralization arising from the incessant emigration of Irish—an evil peculiar to Britain, and perhaps greater than any which now afflicts any civilized state. Humboldt was the first who brought to light the important, and almost incredible fact, that between the years 1801 and 1821, *a million of Irishmen* settled in Great Britain,[*] being at the rate of 50,000 a-year; and since the introduction of steam-boats, the numbers have been probably still greater. There is no instance of the influx of barbarous settlers on record to such an extent, even when the Goths overwhelmed the Roman empire.

Nor has the national strength of England during this period been unworthy of the extraordinary prosperity which she had attained, or the unparalleled burdens which she bore. In the midst of profound peace in Europe, she has sustained in the East the character of a mighty conqueror; the Mahrattas, the Goorkahs, the Pindarris, have successively yielded to her arms; and at the same time that the strength of the Indian empire was engaged in an arduous struggle in the Burmese invasion, the force collected fifteen hundred miles above Calcutta for the seige of Bhurtpore, exceeded the native English that conquered at Waterloo.

What is it that has sustained the British empire under such heavy burdens, poured into its bosom such a flood of prosperity, and rendered it capable of exerting in a distant colony such stupendous strength? It is the *stability* and good faith of the government, and the *credit* and security of individuals; and both these pillars of national prosperity are likely to be destroyed under the effects of the Reform Bill.

Uniform policy, unshaken fidelity in the performance of engagements, are to a state what credit is to individuals—a source of wealth, a fund of strength beyond what imagination can conceive. It is this magical power which has sustained the British empire through all its perils; and it is this operating in the innumerable, though unseen channels of private life, which has counteracted so many and such formidable evils, and rendered the years following a war of unexampled magnitude, the brightest and most splendid in the British annals. This has been the sheet anchor of our salvation through all the past perils of our way; this it is which has covered our land with such unparalleled private opulence; and this it is which, in the madness of democratic ambition, we are about to destroy for ever!

We shall suppose, for the sake of argument, that the *immediate* consequences of Reform are not to be so disastrous as its opponents predict; and as the example of all similar

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Humboldt's Voyages, Statistique, vol. ix.

innovations prognosticate; we shall suppose that the prodigious and unexpected victory over the aristocracy, does not, to any alarming degree, increase the ambition of the democratical party—that the ten pound tenants return upon the whole as respectable men as could be expected—that no immediate convulsion takes place—that the secret hopes of the Whig leaders are gratified, and the aristocrats of their party acquire silently but steadily, an absolute sway over a great part of the small boroughs in their neighbourhood—and that things go on under the new constitution as much in their former course as the magnitude of the changes which have b adopted render possible. Thi will be admitted, is as favoural view of the effects of Reform most sanguine advocates could desire, and the question is, what effect will it have, even in such a view, on the British empire?

In considering this question, it must be recollected, that if the prosperity of the country of late years has been unprecedented, so also is the artificial and complicated form which society has assumed. In a vast commercial country such as this, where upwards of twenty millions of souls are dependent on the daily wages of labour, and totally destitute of property of every sort; where so great a proportion of the industry of the country is put in motion by capital, and so large a portion of that capital is entirely dependent on credit; where so many millions [illegible] on the variable market for manufactures, and an inexhaustible source of pauperism is always at hand in the redundant population of the sister island; it is evident that the prosperity of each class is inseparably interwoven with that of every other, and that it is impossible that a great blow can be struck either at landed opulence or commercial credit, without producing a degree of wide-spread misery, to which there has nothing similar occurred in modern Europe. We have ascended the giddy summits of national grandeur, and the world is tion at the height to which ry foot of emoves us farther from its base, and a false step would precipitate us at once into a fathomless abyss. The fabric we have reared is gigantic; but the base has not expanded with the rapid progress of the higher parts of the edifice: its equilibrium is unstable, and a rude shock would precipitate the whole into the dust never more to arise.

Now the first effect of the passing of the Reform Bill of course will be the repeal of the *corn laws.* There is no man in his senses who can hesitate a moment as to that consequence: Ministers make no secret of their intention to propose it among the first measures to the reformed Parliament, and it will be one of the numerous subjects on which such remptory pledges will be exacted m the Member as to render its assing a matter of moral certainty;—when it is recollected that 300 English members of the Reformed House are to be for the boroughs, and only 150 for the counties, it may easily be anticipated that this effect is certain. And in vain will the House of Peers strive to resist such a result: their power must have been so completely extinguished before the Reform Bill is past, that any resistance on their part would be speedily overcome.

This first and unavoidable consequence of Reform will at once set the manufacturing classes at variance wit[illegible]ricultural interest: and then will commence that fatal war between the different classes of society which has hitherto been on- by the weight and rity of a stable, and, in a certain degree, hereditary government. When it is recollected that wheat can be raised with ease in Poland at prices varying from 17s. to 20s. a-quarter, and that it can be laid down on the quay of any harbour in Britain at from 38s. to 40s. it may easily be anticipated what a revolution in prices will in the *first instance* be effected by this measure. We say in the *first* instance; for nothing seems clearer than that the *ultimate* effect will be, by throwing a large portion of British land out of cultivation, and in its stead producing a more extensive growth of grain on the shores of the Vistula, to restore the equilibrium between the supply of corn and its consumption, and, by means of destroying a large portion of British agriculture, raise the prices again to their former standard.

The Reformers will observe, that even this *first effect* of lowering prices is not to be deprecated, because it is in truth depriving, in their elegant language, the boroughmongers of the means of enriching themselves on the labour of the people. We agree in this position, so far as the interests of the landlords are concerned; because nothing is clearer than that no one class should be permitted by monopoly to enrich itself on the industry of their neighbours. But if the ultimate effect is to be, that after lapse of a few years, and the truction of a large part of our culture, prices are to be resto to their former level, and the monopoly quietly handed over to the foreign cultivator, by reason of his permanent and indestructible advantages in the price of labour, the absence of taxes, and the richness of soil; then the question comes to be, whether this *temporary* reduction of price is worth being purchased at the price of the misery and confusion which it would produce?

Now the misery arising from the reduction of the resources of the farmer could not be confined to his own class in socie[illegible]would immediately and seriously affect the manufacturing and commercial interests. This great trade of every country, as Mr Smith long remarked, is between the to and the country: by far the greatest part of the produce of our looms is consumed by those who directly indirectly are fed by the British plough. Not the haughty aristocrat only, who spends his life in luxurious indolence among his hereditary trees; but the innumerable classes who are maintained by his rents and fed by his expenditure—the numerous creditors who draw large parts of his rent through their mortgage, and live in affluence in distant towns upon the produce of his land—the farmers who subsist in comparative comfort on the industry which they exert on his estates—the tradesmen and artisans who are fed by his expenditure on the wants of his tenantry—all would suffer alike by such a change of prices as should seriously affect the industry of the cultivators. Every tradesman knows how much he is dependent on the expenditure of those who directly or indirectly are maintained by the land, and what liberal purchasers landlords are, compared to those who subsist by manufactures; and it is probable that the first and greatest sufferers by the repeal of the corn laws, would be many of those very persons whose blind cry for Reform had rendered it unavoidable.

Now the discouragement of British agriculture consequent on a free trade in corn would be *permanent*, ough the benefit to the inhabit- of towns could only be temry. After the destruction of a rge portion of British agriculture iad been effected by the immense inundation of foreign grain, prices would rise again to their former level, because the monopoly would then be vested in the hands of the foreign growers; and the bulky nature of grain renders it *physically* impossible to introduce an *unlimited* supply of that article by sea transports: but the condition of British agriculture would not be materially benefited by the change; because prices would rise *solely* in consequence of the British grower being, for the most part, driven out of the field, and could be maintained at a high level only by his being *kept* from an extensive competition with the foreign cultivator. Should the British farmers, recovering from their consternation, recommence the active agriculture which at present maintains our vast and increasing population, the consequence would be, that prices would immediately fall to such a degree as speedily to reduce them to their natural and unavoidable state of inferiority to the farmers of the continent.

In considering this subject, there are two important circumstances to be kept in view, proved abundantly by experience, but which have not hitherto met with the general attention whi they deserve.

The of these is, that in agriculture, differing in this respect from manufactures, the introduction of machinery, or the division of labour, can effect *no reduction whatever* in *the price* of its produce, or the facility of its production; and perhaps the best mode of cultivation yet known is that which is carried on by the greatest possible application of human labour, in the form of spade cultivation. It is in vain, therefore, for a state like England, burdened with high prices, and an excessive taxation, the natural consequence of commercial opulence, to hope that its industry can in agriculture, as in manufactures, withstand the competition of the foreign grower: machinery, skill, and capital can easily counteract high prices in all other articles of human consumption; in agriculture they can produce no such effect. This is a law of nature which will subsist to the end of the world.

The second is, that a comparatively small importation of grain produces a prodigious effect on the prices at which it is sold. The importation of a *twentieth* part of the annual consumption does not, it is calculated, lower prices a twentieth, but *a half;* and so on with the importation of smaller quantities. This has always been observed, and is universally acknowledged by political economists. Although, therefore, the greatest possible importation of foreign grain must always bear a small proportion to the consumption of the whole people, yet still the effect upon the current rate of prices would be most disastrous. The greatest importation ever known was in 1801, when it amounted, in consequence of the scarcity, to an *eighteenth* part of the annual consumption; but the free introduction of much less than that quantity would reduce the price of wheat in the first instance, in an ordinary year, to 45 shillings the quarter.

The repeal of the Corn Laws, therefore, is calculated to inflict a *permanent* wound on the agricultural resources of the empire, and permanently injure all the numerous classes who depend on that branch of industry, and confer only a *temporary* benefit, by the reduction of prices, on the manufacturing labourers. The benefit is temporary, and mixed up, even at first, with a most bitter portion of alloy; the evil lasting and unmitigated by any benefit whatever.

But it is precisely because this repeal is calculated to effect this temporary and immediate, however ultimately ruinous, reduction of prices, that its adoption may be calculated upon as a matter of perfect certainty by the Reformed Parliament. Great bodies of men never look beyond the *immediate* consequences of their actions. If it was otherwise, vice, improvidence, and intoxication would be banished from the world, for nothing is more certain than that all these things are ultimately hurtful to those who indulge in them; notwithstanding which, the march of intellect has effected no diminution whatever in their indulgence. If men had looked beyond the immediate effects of present objects, the Reform candidates would never have been supported at the recent elections by the rural freeholders; for nothing is more certain, than that, in bringing them into the legislature, they were laying the surest foundation for their own ultimate ruin. But men never do this; history, equally with recent experience, demonstrates that large bodies, even of the most intelligent men, never look beyond present consequences; and it is not to be supposed that the L.10 householders will form an exception to the general rule.

But if the argument of the Reformers were really well founded, that the repeal of the Corn Laws, which they so strenuously support, would permanently and materially lower the price of grain, the consequences would be still more disastrous, and such a consummation would hasten a catastrophe, which it is much to be feared no human efforts, under the new constitution, will be able permanently to avert.

Let it be conceded that the hopes of the Reformers are realized; that by drawing our supplies from the shores of the Vistula and the Seine, instead of those of the Thames and the Forth, the price of wheat is permanently lowered from 60s. to 30s. a-quarter, or about *half* its present standard. Let it be supposed that the stagnation, want of employment, and misery consequent upon a large portion of our agricultural labourers being thrown out of employment, is got over; that funds destined for the payment of our mortgage creditors are somehow or other provided from other sources; and that the tradesmen and artificers who now depend on the land for their employment, have contrived to get other customers, who have supplied their place. Let all this be supposed, and then let it be coolly considered what effect such a change must have on the engagements of individuals, and of the state.

If wheat be permanently lowered from 60s. to 30s. a-quarter, or in any considerable though lesser degree, the first consequence must be that the money price of every article must fall. As the price of grain necessarily determines the money wages of labour, and they form the chief element in the price of every article of life, it follows that a great, a sensible reduction in the price of grain must necessarily affect the price of all other articles, and the money income of every man in the kingdom. Indeed, this is so far from being disputed by the Reformers, that it forms the chief argument adduced by them for the repeal of the Corn Laws; because, they contend, that by lowering the wages of labour, and the money price of every article of consumption, the British manufacturers will be better able to withstand foreign competition in the supply both of the home and the foreign market.

Such a change of prices might be innocuous, if individuals and the public could begin anew on such a basis, and there were no subsisting *money engagements*, which must be provided for at the reduced rate of incomes. But how is such a state of things to go on, when individuals and the state are under so many engagements, which cannot be averted without private or public bankruptcy? That is the question, which in a complicated state of society, such as we live in, where industry is so dependent on credit, is vital to every interest.

There is hardly an individual possessed of property in the country, who is not immediately or ultimately involved in money engagements. The landlords are notoriously and proverbially drowned in debt, and it is calculated that *two-thirds* of the produce of the soil finds its way ultimately into the pocket of the public, or the private creditor. Farmers are all more or less involved in engagements either with their landlords, or the banks who have advanced their money; merchants and manufacturers have their bills or cash accounts standing against them, which must be provided for, whatever comes of the prices of the articles in which they deal; and private individuals, even of wealthy fortunes, have provisions to their wives, sisters, brothers, or children, which must be made up to a certain money amount, if they would avert the evils of bankruptcy. Now, if the views of the Reformers are well founded, and a great reduction is effected in the price of grain, and consequently in the money income of every man in the kingdom, through the free trade in corn: How are these undiminished money obligations to be made good out of the diminished pecuniary resources of the debtors in them? Mr Baring has estimated that the change in the value of money, consequent on the resumption of cash payments, altered prices about 25 *per cent;* and every body knows what wide-spread, still existing and irremediable private distress *that change* produced. What then may be anticipated from the far greater change which is contemplated as likely to arise from a free trade in grain?

But serious as these evils are, they are nothing comparable to the dreadful consequences which would result to *public credit* from the change, and the wide-spread desolation which must follow a serious blow to the national faith.

It is well known with what difficulty the payment of the annual charge of the national debt is provided for, even under the present scale of prices, and how much those difficulties were increased by the change of prices and diminished income of every person consequent on the resumption of cash payments. Indeed, such was the effect of that change, that had it not been [illegible] balanced by a very great incre[illegible] our agricultural and manufacturing produce at the same time, it would have rendered the maintenance of faith with the public creditor impossible. Now, if such be the present state of the public debt, even under the unexampled general prosperity which has pervaded the empire since the peace, and with all the security to the public faith which arises from the stable, consistent, and uniform rule of the British aristocracy; how is the charge of the debt to be provided for under the diminished national income arising from the much hoped-for change of prices consequent on the Reform Bill and repeal of the Corn Laws, and the increased national impatience arising from the consciousness of the power to cast off the burden for ever!—Great and reasonable fear may be felt, whether under any circumstance the maintenance of the national faith inviolate is practicable for any considerable length of time; no doubt can be entertained, that under a reform Parliament, and a free trade in grain, it will be impossible.

Indeed, whoever seriously considers the subject, must perceive, that independent of any change of prices resulting from the Corn Laws, the preservation of the national debt will be impracticable if the present great contest be gained by the reformers. The outcry, hereafter raised against the fundholders, will be far greater, and much more generally alluring than that now directed with so much vehemence against the aristocracy. In truth, it is as the outwork of that grand achievement that the demolition of the aristocracy is pursued with so much fury. Having once gained political power, can we expect that the lower orders will decline to reap its fruits; that after having stormed the breach, they will generously forego the plunder of the captured city? Nothing is *now* said about the funds, because a general sense of the danger which threatens that large portion of the national capital, would probably prove fatal to the Reform Bill; but let the victory once be gained, and the outcry will speedily be turned in that direction.

Without supposing that either a reformed Parliament, or the Ministers whom it places at the head of affairs, will be much inclined to pursue such desperate measures, the consequences of reform will speedily make them unavoidable. The aristocracy being destroyed, so far as political power is concerned, and the people having got the complete command of the country, by means of the pledged delegates whom they return to Parliament, the whole vehemence of the democratic party, flushed with victory, increased in numbers, and eager for plunder, will then be directed against the fundholders. The eyes of that body will then be opened; deprived of the shelter of the aristocracy, which now protects them from the storm, by drawing its fury upon themselves, they will perceive their danger; and the rapid fall of the public securities will indicate the approach, and augment the reasons for their destruction. Industry, now sustained and encouraged in every quarter by public credit, will wither and languish; commerce will diminish, speculation will decline; distrust will succeed to confidence, despair to hope; and starving millions, deprived of bread, by the natural consequences of their present inconsiderate conduct, will demand, in a voice of thunder, that the fundholders be no longer permitted to wring out of an industrious and suffering people the fruits of their toil. Meanwhile the revenue will fail; credit, that most sensitive of created things, will be violently shaken, and Government, pressed by demands on the Treasury, and threatened by the menace of the people, will be compelled to adopt some extraordinary measures for their relief.

As the Church is the most defenceless body in the state, and the one which has long been marked out as the first victim, it is probable that its revenues will first be seized to make good the exigencies of Government. This is the natural progress of all such changes; and accordingly, seven years before the revolutionary Government of France proclaimed a bankruptcy, and cut off two-thirds of the national debt, the whole revenues of the Church had been seized for the public service. The revolutionary press of the country has long prepared the public for this event, by announcing, that although, without doubt, the rights of the clergy to their tithes is as good as the right of the laity to their estates, yet Government has an unquestionable right to regulate its *destination;* in other words, to seize for the public service all that now is devoted to the maintenance of religion.

Were we actuated with the malice of demons, we should feel a malignant joy in contemplating the consternation which will fill the rural freeholders when they find that the Reform Bill, from which they hoped so much, from which they were promised a liberation from tithes, taxes, and every vexatious burden, has in truth only embittered their condition; and that, instead of the parson collecting a twentieth of the produce, an inexorable tax-gatherer enforces payment of the full tenth, and that instead of selling their wheat at three pounds a-quarter, they can only get thirty shillings. But the evil is too serious and wide-spread to admit of such a feeling; and there is no class whose future state under the consequences of reform we commiserate more than that of the rural tenantry, suffering, as they will be, under diminished sales, lowered prices, and increased burdens, embittered as it will be by the recollection how large a share they have had in bringing these evils upon themselves.

The spoils of the Church, however, will afford only a temporary relief. There are 10,000 parishes in England, and the average income of the whole is stated at L.302 a-year. Three millions a-year, therefore, will be all that can be got out of the Church, and if to this be added L.2,000,000 a-year more, as the probable amount of all the mortmain and charitable bequests in the kingdom, the total sum annually available to the state will not exceed L.5,000,000. But as property of every sort, and above all funded property, would be violently shaken by such measures, and as the immediate effect of such a panic would be to affect, in the most serious manner, commercial and manufacturing credit, it may fairly be anticipated that the revenue, under the effect of such changes, will fall off at least as much as it has gained by destroying both the Church and the mortmain and charitable institutions of the kingdom. That this supposition is greatly under the truth, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that in France, where commercial credit was so much less extensive than it is in this country, the revenue fell down within a year after the meeting of the States General, and before any blood had been shed on the scaffold, from L.24,000,000 annually to L.17,000,000.*

Finding then that the Church has afforded no effectual relief—that the revenue is rapidly diminishing—that the public distress is daily increasing—and that clamorous millions are insisting for relief, the legislature will be *compelled* to lower the interest or abridge part of the capital of the national debt. We believe that even under a reformed and highly democratic Parliament, such a measure as this will not be taken without extreme reluctance: the fatal consequences of infringing on public credit in a commercial country, must force themselves on the most inconsiderate. But the character of the legislature will before that time have undergone a complete change. The numerous and weighty interests now represented by the nomination boroughs will no longer be able to raise their voice in Parliament: and if they are, a relentless majority, tied down by pledges to their imperious constituents, will dispose of their opposition as effectually as the resistance to reform has been overthrown in the present legislature.

The measure of cutting down or seriously diminishing the funds, being one of great magnitude and awful consequences, will be as much disguised as possible. It will be brought forward at first in the shape of a tax on transfers, or some such measure, based on the principle of effecting an *equitable adjustment* with the public creditor—or in all probability a paper circulation, possessing a forced and legal circulation, will be issued by Government, and the dividends paid in that shape. But in whatever way it is done, the effect will be the same: public credit will be violated, and from that instant a fatal and irrecoverable blow is struck at the industry, and most of all, the commercial industry, of Great Britain.

The ultimate consequences of such

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* Young's Travels, vol. i. 482.

an event are incalculable. But some of its earliest effects may be anticipated. The moment that a serious blow is once struck at the public funds, their complete destruction is unavoidable. This must be evident to every one who considers how dependent the revenue of the empire is on the produce of the excise and customs, and how completely they rise or fall with the progress, tranquillity, and confidence of the people. But how is confidence to be maintained, industry encouraged, or commercial enterprise fostered, amidst the consternation consequent on an attack on the funds? It is quite evident that they must all be paralysed; and that the first blow at public credit, by destroying the source from which the legitimate revenue of the country flows, must soon render their complete destruction unavoidable, even if Government had the strongest disposition to avert the catastrophe.

The reformers maintain, that such an event is by no means to be so much deprecated as is usually imagined: that the land and labour of the country would remain even after such a convulsion; and that, liberated from the load which now oppresses it, the industry of Great Britain would commence a new career of splendour and usefulness. There might be some foundation for this argument if it was *foreign* debt which was thus expunged: but what shall we say, when we recollect that it is our *own capital* which we are thus destroying: the reservoir which sustains all the industry of the country, maintains its labour, feeds its millions, that we are closing for ever. The land and labour of the country will indeed survive the shock; but deprived of capital, the agriculture will be unable to feed its numerous inhabitants, and destitute of credit, its manufacturers will be obliged to dismiss their starving millions.

The moment that a national bankruptcy is either directly or indirectly declared, the Bank of England will stop payment, or what is the same thing, discharge its engagements only in a forced and depreciated paper currency. Let us not deceive ourselves with the example of 1797: a suspension of cash payments *following an attack on public credit* will be very different in its consequences, from the suspension which then took place under a stable Government to maintain its public faith. The dreadful catastrophe of December 1825, may afford a faint image of the terrible convulsion which then would take place.

Every Bank in the kingdom will immediately be beset; then will begin the closing of those credits which sustain the present industry; the destruction of that capital which has rewarded the past labour of the country. Every post will bring the intelligence of the failure of some banking or commercial house of long established character, and every hour augment the anxiety of agitated multitudes, eagerly seeking the rescue of their property. Then will begin the terrible, long delayed, but now inexorable accounting between debtor and creditor all over the country. The Banks will be dunned for payment of their notes and deposit receipts, till their doors are closed, and insolvency declared: they in return will issue peremptory orders for the immediate calling up of their cash accounts, enforcing of their debts, withdrawing their credits. Bills will no longer be discounted; no renewals of promissory notes take place; no staving off the dismal day of payment any longer be allowed. Instant peremptory payment of every shilling that every man owed will be imposed by inexorable necessity, even on the most humane and considerate creditors. Every man will find his whole creditors on his back at once; and how is he to provide for their payment amidst the diminished sales, suspended credit, and increasing difficulties of those who owed him money. The only class who will thrive amidst the general ruin will be the officers of the law; the only writs unceasingly in force, the *capias ad satisfaciendum*, or the *fieri facias*, and the only mansions crowded with inhabitants, the workhouses, the hospitals, and the jails.

We do not think that imagination can figure, or description exaggerate, the heart-rending, the wide-spread misery consequent on such a catastrophe. In a country such as this, where two-thirds of the inhabitants depend on trade and manufactures, that is, derive their daily bread from the sale of their produce, and where above twenty millions of souls are destitute of property of any sort, and will be reduced to beggary the moment that they cease to receive their wages, it is impossible to imagine the consequences of such a disaster. The far famed, but as yet imperfectly understood misery arising among the poor from the French revolution, can convey but a faint idea of what it would produce in this country.

How are the poor-rates to be maintained, or the multitudes of starving artisans fed, during such a succession of misfortunes? When four or five millions of men are thrown out of employment by the breaking up of our great manufactories, and the universal stagnation of business, who is to feed the starving multitude? The ordinary resources—the much-tried charity of the country, the poor-rates, how burdensome soever to those who pay them, will be totally inadequate to the enormous burden. Some great and extraordinary resource must be fallen upon to meet the unparalleled suffering; and what the sovereign multitude will demand, is known by experience from what they have demanded in similar circumstances in France.

The confiscation of the great properties, is one obvious resource which, under the pressure of such unheard of suffering, government, how anxious soever to avoid such a measure, will be totally unable to withstand. It will be imperiously dictated to the twenty-one delegates from London, by their constituents, and supported by the cries of hundreds of thousands of starving citizens. It will be demanded, in a voice of thunder, by the 300 representatives of the boroughs of England. In vain will the county members, awakened at last by the tempest approaching their own doors to the fatal consequences of their passion for reform, strive to avert the catastrophe. "Shall the boroughmongers be permitted to enjoy the fruits of their iniquity amidst the general suffering of the country—shall bloated aristocrats feed on the fruits of their long usurped dominion over the people?" will then be the universal cry. Their doom will be sealed, amidst the same shouts of laughter, and yells of radical exultation, which were raised through the country on the disfranchisement of the nomination boroughs. The violent clamour of four or five hundred individuals, the victims of spoliation, will be drowned in the shouts of millions eager to share their spoils.

The radicals are already preparing for such an event. A paragraph has lately made the round of the public press, stating that government is in possession of a list of 1500 individuals, resident in and near London, whose fortunes would pay the national debt. The radical newspapers are openly hinting at the necessity of some more equitable distribution of property than now exists. The thing is unavoidable, if political power is once thrown into the hands of the multitude by the Reform Bill. It is not in human nature, that, after a great victory has been gained, the conquerors should decline to take its fruits; that starving multitudes, with power in their hands, should die of famine, when those whom they have been taught to regard as their enemies, are still possessed of the wealth which they have been so sedulously told has been wrung out of their labour. The demolition of the great properties, under such circumstances of public suffering, would be a far more easy matter than the destruction of the ancient constitution has been to the present reformers.

How, if such a measure of spoliation is brought forward under circumstances of severe and unmitigated national distress, is it to be averted, after the Reform Bill has placed absolute power in the hands of the tenants of ten pound houses in towns, and the owners of forty shilling freeholders in the country? That the proprietors threatened with destruction will raise the most violent outcry, may safely be anticipated; but what chance has it of averting the catastrophe? Their resistance, it will be said, is the cry of the thief who is led out to the scaffold—the struggles of the robber, to avoid restitution of his plunder. Every man in the country will be told, that he is personally interested in supporting this grand measure of national retribution; the millions of starving poor will be fed out of the spoils of the boroughmongers; the working classes will at once be relieved from taxes, the harbours from customs, the interior from excise. We have seen what a tempest was excited, even amongst a *prosperous* body of freeholders by the prospect of mere *political power;* what may be anticipated from the offer to starving millions of the substantial benefits of property worth eight hundred millions?

Let it not be supposed, that the peril which such a measure would occasion to their own property, would for a moment deter the ten pound tenants from exacting from their constituents pledges to support this grand aristocratic spoliation. For the grand feature, the awful peril of the new constitution, consists in this, that an overwhelming majority is placed in the hands of persons who have *no property.* The radicals let this out completely, when they unanimously declared that *nine-tenths* of the electors in boroughs throughout the kingdom were persons whom no landlord would trust for an arrear of *five pounds of rent for six months.* What have such persons to fear from a division of the estates of the aristocracy? Evidently nothing; but every thing to hope.

There is no example in the history of the world, of small proprietors ever resisting an agrarian law; on the contrary, they have invariably, in every age and country, been its most strenuous supporters. From the days of Gracchus to those of Danton, such ever has been the character of democratic movements. The little proprietors invariably act upon the principle, " Give us the spoils of our superiors, and trust us with the protection of our own estates: the sabre of the sultan does not fall on the dust: the thunder strikes the palaces of princes, but spares the cottages of the poor." These were the maxims on which the Roman citizens, most of whom had landed property, acted, in so long contending for the agrarian law; and these were the maxims on which the French electors proceeded, when they supported the confiscation of landed property from the emigrants to the amount of above five hundred millions sterling.

The next measure to which experience justifies us in predicting the government will be driven, will be the imposition of a *maximum* on the price of grain, and the establishment of forced requisitions, in other words, downright robbery from the farmers, for the support of the great cities.

This measure was early had recourse to in the French Revolution. In the distress and convulsions consequent on the universal shock to credit and stoppage of industry, the cultivation of the country was ruinously neglected; and the multitudes in the towns speedily began to clamour for a *maximum* to the price of provisions. The peasants, inured to the excitation and rapid gains of a revolution, could not endure the steady labour required in cultivation; and from that cause, joined to the general insecurity which prevailed, the supply of provisions became scanty, and prices rose to an exorbitant height. The needy multitudes in Paris and the great towns immediately clamoured for a *maximum;* and the national representatives, terrified at the threats of the mob, by whom they were beset, and unable to withstand the demands of the sovereign multitude, who dictated to their representatives, established a *maximum* on the price of provisions. The consequence, of course, was, that the farmers declined to bring their produce to market; and as this threatened the inhabitants of towns with starvation, the system was adopted of *forced requisitions* from the cultivators for the use of the great cities. No less than 19,000 men were employed in the convention in carrying into execution this system of forced requisitions; and bloodshed and massacre frequently attended the forcible seizure of the farmer's produce. From the supplies thus extorted, no less than 690,000 citizens of Paris were daily fed by the government; and rations served out to them as to the garrison of a fortified town. Some of the worst revolts in the revolution arose from the diminution, in times of scarcity, of the rations then served out to the sovereign multitude.*

There cannot be the smallest doubt that such a system would be forced on the British government by the necessities of the labouring classes in this island, much sooner in a revolution here than it was in the neighbouring kingdom. The working classes in France were immediately thrown out of employment by the commencement of the troubles; but England has not the means of providing for her cast off millions, which the career of conquest opened to her predecessor in reform. In 1793, the French Convention ordained the levy of 1,500,000 men; and the enormous requisition was not only answered, but additional multitudes flocked to the national standard, many doubtless animated by patriotic enthusiasm, but many more driven into the army as the only mode of acquiring a subsistence. When this enormous mass of armed men drove back the invaders, several hundred thousands lived on the plunder of foreign states; and the needy government eagerly adopted the system that war should maintain war, to throw on the vanquished countries the support of their conquerors. Upwards of a million perished in two years in the struggle, and ceased to disturb the government either by their clamour or their necessities. But we have no such wholesale method of getting quit of our reformers. Our warfare must be within: the limits of our island render it totally impossible to precipitate on foreign shores the millions whom the insane passions of our demagogues have deprived of bread. Whatever is done for them must be done within our own bounds; and how, with our immense manufacturing population, and the never-failing millions of Ireland, subsistence is to be found for the people, during the panic and convulsions of a revolution, it is for those to determine who now advocate the Reform Bill. We can figure to ourselves the rage of the farmers, when armed battalions come out of the cities, as they did in France, to seize their produce, and compel its sale at a ruinously low price; but when it does occur, they may possibly recollect that they were forewarned of what was awaiting them, and that their own folly has brought such a catastrophe on themselves.

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* Thiers, Rev. Franc. vii. 40, 49.

The circumstance which renders the occurrence of such extreme measures, it is to be feared, unavoidable, if once the legislative authority is vested in the multitude, is, that the democratic party, when the catastrophe arrives, never ascribe it to themselves, but always to their opponents; and propose as remedies, not to stop short, but to advance *more rapidly* in the career of revolution. This is human nature. Men never have, and never will admit that their own folly has landed them in suffering; they uniformly allege that it has arisen from the opposition they have experienced. In every crisis of the French revolution, the remedy uniformly proposed by the democratic and ruling party was, not to stop in the career of revolution, but urge on its advance. The greater the distress, the more poignant the suffering, the more violent are the revolutionary remedies which are proposed; and hence it is, that a career of revolution once blindly entered on is irrecoverable, and that the severity of present suffering becomes the parent of yet stronger measures, and more acute distress, till the extremity of disaster at length works out its own cure.

We already see this principle commencing its operation in this country. The uncertainty of the future, the prospect of convulsion, has already produced a powerful effect on the employment of capital; the reservoirs which have hitherto fed the industry of the country are beginning to fail. This is loudly proclaimed by the Radicals themselves—"It is unnecessary," says the Spectator, "to dwell on the general stagnation of business occasioned by the suspense as to the fate of the Reform Bill. Every one who lives by his industry acknowledges that he feels in his own person a portion of the evil resulting from intense political suspense." "We venture to say there is hardly a tradesman in London who could persevere, without ruin, in his present expenses, with his present amount of business; of course, as the business of the dealer falls off, the orders to the manufacturer decrease, and, finally, the labourer suffers in his turn. To what such distress would probably lead, may be inferred from the actual state of mind of the working classes. Cease to employ agricultural labourers, and they may find food in the fields and barns near which they live; but throw out of employment a dense mass of manufacturing work people in such a state of political excitement as they are now in, and necessarily the rapid starvation of some will convert the rest into frantic wolves, who would pour into the districts where food was by any means attainable; and, yielding to a mixed passion of rage and fear, spread desolation over the land. What is true of the London dealer, is true also of every trade and profession which promotes industry and creates employment for labour. The very sources of wealth, accumulation, and production, are in the course of being dried up. Nature is inactive for a short while preceding her most terrible convulsion. In the political economy of this nation, stagnation and torpor indicate a coming earthquake." But what is the remedy which the Radicals propose for this admitted evil? Not to retrace their steps—not to pause in the career of innovation—but to *advance in it with redoubled velocity*, and adopt still more violent measures for the distress which their own changes have occasioned. It will be the same in all the future convulsions consequent on the innovations we have commenced; the suffering will always be ascribed not to the revolution, but to the resistance it has experienced, and the remedy adopted the enforcing of more rigorous measures, and the sacrifice of some new and more opulent classes in society.

Amidst such an unstable and ruinous system, how is the *colonial empire* of Britain to be maintained? The answer is obvious—it will speedily be dismembered, and England, in addition to the destruction of its freedom and its prosperity, will have to mourn the loss of its immense colonial possessions.

When the news of the defeat of the timber duties were received in Canada, the most extravagant rejoicings took place: Ministers were hung in effigy amidst universal bonfires, and the inhabitants fondly hoped that the insane measure of encouraging the industry of foreigners, instead of that of our own subjects, was for ever defeated. What their feelings now are, may be easily understood. They are penetrated with the most lively apprehensions, but by no means with the alarm prevalent in this country, because the remedy is easy; they have only to declare themselves independent, and the sway of the British multitude over them at least is at an end.

The taxes proposed by Ministers may convey a clear idea of the policy which will be imposed on our future government by the sovereign multitude. They proposed to tax Cape wine *ad internecionem*, and diminish the duties on French wines; and to destroy Canadian industry, by lowering the tax on Baltic timber. Such conduct would be inconceivable, if it were not that history informs us that, in all ages, those who rule by the multitude, are driven to similar measures to maintain their ascendency over them; and that the mob, for an immediate advantage to themselves, are always willing to sacrifice the interests of the remote dependencies of the empire. The mob of Paris, and of all the great towns in France, were clear for the law of the *maximum* in the price of provisions, though it brought immediate ruin on their country neighbours, and ultimate misery on themselves.

Three measures may be expected after the Reform Bill has come into operation; and which no wisdom or firmness, on the part either of government or the legislature, will be able to avert.

1. The duties on Baltic timber will be repealed. This measure will be warmly supported by the ten pound householders: To such men, the prospect of getting the best wood at half its present price, will be an invincible argument for such a measure. By this means Canada will be lost; and a colony possessing nearly a million of souls, taking off annually 50,000 emigrants, employing 400,000 tons of British shipping, and consuming L.2,500,000 of British manufactures, will be lost to the empire.

2. The protecting duties on East India sugar will be repealed, and the immediate emancipation of the negroes forced on the West India proprietors. By these means, either the flame of revolt will be spread among the slave population, and 130 millions of British capital perish in the flames

which have consumed St Domingo, and rendered that flourishing colony a desert, or the planters will throw themselves into the arms of the Americans. In either view, the West Indies, the great nursery of our seamen, will be for ever lost to England. The mother country, distracted with its own troubles, will be as unable to preserve its dominion over those distant possessions, as the French revolutionary government was to save the wreck of its once-flourishing West India colonies.

3. India, and the China trade, will be thrown open to the clamorous multitudes, who will seek in the Eastern world that subsistence which the passions of the demagogues have denied them in their own country. They will carry with them to the shores of the Ganges the fierce passions and unbending democracy of the mother state; and the airy fabric of our Indian empire, now upheld only by the steady rule of a stable and despotic government, will be overthrown. Fifty thousand men can never maintain their sway over one hundred millions, but by the firm hand of absolute power. The passions of a democracy will speedily tear that splendid, but unstable and flimsy empire, in pieces. The loss of all our colonies may be looked forward to as the inevitable result of the Reform Bill. How can it be otherwise with a measure which at once disfranchises all the colonial interests, which closes the door by which they have hitherto been represented?

Such extreme disasters will for certain produce one effect. All parties will become weary of distraction and suffering; the period, the inevitable period, will arrive, when the dominion of a firm hand will be required to stanch the wounds of the state. A Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Napoleon, will seize the sceptre, and military despotism close the drama of British reform. It will close it after years of anguish and suffering; after the empire has lost its colonies, and with them its naval supremacy; after unheard-of suffering has tamed our people, and the glories of the British name are closed for ever.

In the preceding view, melancholy and overcharged as it may appear to many, we have yet carefully omitted the darker, but not improbable, parts of the picture; we have not supposed a civil war in the empire; we have not supposed any guilty ambition or insane passions either in our government or legislature; we have presumed that they are to do every thing to stem the torrent after it was put in motion. In truth, that is the most probable course of events. It is not so much by the guilt of ambition, as the irresistible force of events, that great national catastrophes arise. Cromwell said, that no man rises so high as when he does not know where he is going; and the observation is true of the leaders in all popular movements. It is the pressure *from below* which pushes them forward; the fatal consequences of one irretrievable step, which precipitates nations, as well as individuals, into a career of guilt. The authors of the most terrible measures are, generally, not by nature worse than most other men; they are carried onward by the course of events, because they feel that to recede is impossible.

Already evident symptoms of this progress are appearing in this country. Ministers, because the Reform Bill has not advanced with greater rapidity, have already lost much of their popularity. The "idiotic gabble" of Sir James Mackintosh is ridiculed in The Examiner, because he has asserted in his history the eternal truth, that constitutions cannot be framed successfully but in a long course of time; the imbecility and weakness of administration is already the object of incessant obloquy from the radical press. This is just what we always predicted; the leaders of the movement are invariably the first to be discarded the moment they impose the least check on the passions of the people. Now is the last opportunity before finally surrendering the government to the multitude, when this fatal descent can be arrested; and no duty was ever discharged by men, so important as is now about to devolve on the British Peers, of standing between the people and the plague, and saving an infatuated nation from the consequences of its own madness.

AN AWFU' LEEIN'-LIKE STORY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"GUDE forgi'e us, Mr Sholto, is this you? Sic a fright as I got! What for are ye gaun staumrin' amang the dead fo'k's graves, at this time o' night?"

"Hark ye, Andrew, you are an honest man."

"Thank ye, sir."

"I think I can trust you with a hint; for, if I cannot trust you, I know of no other on whom I can depend. I was thinking of opening a grave to-night."

"If I war you, I wadna do that, Mr Sholto. Ay, ay! An' has your desperate fortune driven you to be a doctor, an' ye're gaun to study the mussels?"

"What is your opinion, Andrew, about my uncle's will—do you believe that he executed one in my favour?"

"Eh? What has that ado wi' howking up the dead? I ken he made a will in your favour, an' carried it very muckle in his pouch—the warst place that it could be deposited in; for you were wild, an' he was auld and cross—an' I fear he has brunt it, an' ye'll never be a plack the better o' a' his riches. Your cousin, Lord Archibald, has got it, and he'll keep it. But, L—— sauf us! What are ye gaun to howk up the dead for?"

"Why, Andrew, you may perhaps account it a foolish fancy; but a desperate man is often driven to desperate expedients. What would you think if my uncle had taken that will to the grave wi' him?"

"I wadna wonder a bit. But then there's this to consider,—How was he to get it to the grave wi' him? The coffin wasna made till after he was dead; an' wad it no rather pinch him to get haud o' the will, after that?"

"I have very powerful reasons for suspecting that my uncle's will has been deposited in his coffin by some interested person, or bribed person; else, what has become of it? It could scarcely have been burnt at this season, because there were no fires in the house, save that in the kitchen, where there would have been too many witnesses. But if his will was in his pocket, and his clothes in the room, it was an easy matter to slip the deed into the coffin. Now, Andrew, will you assist me in making the search?"

"The deil a bit, sir. I daurna; an' troth, I think your powerful reasons nae reasons at a'."

"I have other reasons than these, Andrew, which I'm not at liberty to tell."

"Then, if ye winna tell them, ye shall howk the dead out o' his grave yoursell, for me. The truth is, that I hae a particular aversion at dead fo'k; but I wad venture gayen far for a secret like that."

"What was your opinion of my father, Andrew?"

"He was a very honest, good-natured, simple man; but he had a fault —an' an unco bad ane, too."

"A fault? What do you mean, Andrew—what was it?"

"O, it was an ill fault, sir. He was useless. He never had the power to do a good turn either to himsell, or any other body."

"Do you think my father will be in heaven, Andrew?"

"Eh!—Hem! I cou'dna say. It is rather a kittle question, Mr Sholto. I hope he is, however; but wadna say ower far. Good-night, sir. I wadna open the grave, an I war you. It will maybe bring the law down on your head."

"Stop, stop, Andrew. I cannot do without your assistance, so I must tell you every thing. You know my father was an honest and a truthful man while on earth, and would not have told a lie, with his knowledge. Now, my father has appeared to me, and told me in plain and direct terms, that my rights are lying in that grave."

"Mr Sholto, I'm feared that your misfortunes have disarranged your mind—that's putten you a wee daft, as it war; or else you're telling me a fib, to induce me to assist you in an unlawful deed. Ye surely dinna pretend to say that your dead father really appeared to you in his bodily shape, and gae you this piece o' intelligence?"

"Again and again in his bodily shape has he appeared to me, and told me this. I saw him as plainly as I see you, and heard his words as distinctly as I hear yours."

"Alas, I fear the mind has been wandering. But even suppose it has, I can hardly blame you for making the attempt, for even an ideal hint frae a parent beyond the grave has an impression wi't. But they said your uncle was buried in an iron chest."

"So he was, but I have the key of it; for though not the lineal heir, I was the nearest-of-kin, and the burial-place is mine. So now, good Andrew, pray assist me; and if I succeed in procuring the rights to my uncle's property and riches, which you know should all have been mine, your reward shall be liberal."

"We'll do it in open day, then, an' I will assist you. The burial-ground is your ain, an' I dinna see how any body can hinder you to delve in it as muckle as you like; but as to assisting you in the howe o' the night, I fear my conscience wadna stand it."

"We will not be suffered to do it by day. The church officers would have us taken up for violating the sepulchres of the dead. And, moreover, I want to have it done most secretly, for fear of disappointment, for I have no doubt but that Lord Archibald knows very well where the deed is deposited. And now I have all the mattocks prepared, so, dear Andrew, let us proceed."

After much hesitation, and bargaining for an yearly salary, Andrew consented, and the two fell to work about nine o'clock on an October night. There was a tall iron railing round the cemetery, with pikes on the top as sharp as needles, and of this Sholto had the key, which likewise opened the iron chest in which the coffin was deposited, for Sholto's mother was sister to the deceased, and retained her right in that, without being able to realize any thing beside. The two adventurers, therefore, weened themselves quite safe from any surprise; and Andrew, being well accustomed to work with pick and spade, wrought away strenuously and successfully, while Sholto could make him but little help. But during all the time, Andew stipulated that Sholto himself was to search the coffin, for he said, that into contact with a dead man at the howe o' the night, for the saul o' him, he durst not come.

It was a laborious task, for the grave was deep, and until once the whole of the earth was cleared away, the lid of the iron chest could not be raised straight up so as to let the coffin out. They at last effected it: The lock was opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning against the side of the grave; and just while both their heads were down, as they were striving to unscrew the coffin-lid, the corpse within gave three or four sharp angry raps at the head of the coffin, right above the face.

"L—— sauf us! What was that?" cried Andrew.

"Was it not you?" returned the other.

"Na. It wasna me," rejoined the frighted menial, his whole frame and tongue becoming rigid with terror.

"Why, you ridiculous old bumpkin, do you mean to fright me away from the prize, now that it is so nearly attained; do not I know that it *was* you, and that it could be no one else?"

"As I live and breathe, and look up to Heaven, it *was not* me," said Andrew.

"Come, come, no more fooling. Begin and work—we shall be at our wit's end in a few seconds."

"I wish I were sure that I warna at mine, already. Come away—come away out o' this place, for the sake o' Heaven!"

"Why, fool, how is it possible my uncle can be alive in that chest till now, with all that iron and earth above him? But, say that he were, would we not be the most hard-hearted and inexcusable sinners, were we to go away and not let him out?"

"Let him out! d'ye say? L——, an he war to rise out there even now, I wad dee i' this spot. Maister Sholto—Maister Sholto! As I live an' breathe, (an' it's a' ane can ken,) I thought I heard him laughin'!"

"Laughing?"

"Ay—smirkin' a kind o' suppressed laugh at me."

"I cannot comprehend this. On my soul, I believe I heard some living sounds. Fall on and work, I beseech you."

But Andrew had dropped his mattock into the grave, and working was over with him for that night. He, however, began to stoop and grope for his screwdriver, while Sholto fell to the coffin again with eager but unpractised hands. At this juncture, while Andrew's head was down, and Sholto fumbling about the lid, the raps on the coffin-lid were repeated, accompanied by these words, in an angry tone,—

"Who's there? What do you want?"

Andrew roared out in bellowings so short, loud, and energetic, that they were enough to awaken the dead, and breasting up from the deep grave against the loose mould, it gave way with him, and he fell back flat into the grave. Rattle quoth the coffin, and that instant Andrew felt the weight of a giant above him, while a dead cold hand seized him by the throat, and a voice of terror uttered these ominous words close at his ear,—

"You —— villain, I have caught you!"

Andrew offered no resistance. He cried out as long as he had any voice, and when that failed him, he was passive, every joint of his body becoming as supple as a wet clout, and from thenceforward he was deprived of all sense or feeling, and knew not what the dead man was doing with him, whether he was dragging him into the coffin beside himself, or away to that dreadful place appointed for the habitation of wicked men; but, certes, he had a sort of half feeling that he was being dragged away to some place or other.

Andrew's next appearance must be taken from the description of others. It was in a sort of prison, or watch-house, in which there was a dim light, and a number of hideous figures stalking to and fro, but to none of them would Andrew utter a word. It was in vain that they asked questions at him, for his mind was not there; and he only stared about him with looks so wild, that he made the motley community bray out in laughter. The first words that he said, and that was long after his admission, were, "Where is he himsell;" meaning the devil, as some supposed, but perhaps with more probability the baron whom he had awakened from the dead, for he had supposed all that while that he was in hell.

Sholto was first examined, who stubbornly declined all explanation of his motives, and appeared in the deepest distress imaginable. But when Andrew was brought in before the judge, a most novel and ludicrous scene was enacted. Andrew was still deranged in his mind, and so completely deprived of judgment, that he seemed to entertain no idea in what place he was, or who he was among. He fixed long and terrified looks on his conductors alternately, and then towards other parts of the chamber, and at last, when he was addressed by the judge's clerk, his looks turned in that direction; but there was no speculation in his eyes—they were unstable and glaring, and, though looking with terrible eagerness, they beheld nothing distinctly, while to every question his answer was, "Eh? Aye. Where is he himsell?"

When they asked who he wanted, he said he wanted nobody—he only wished to learn what was become of him. This, after long winding about, turned out to be the late baron whom he was enquiring after; Andrew being impressed with the firm belief, that the old rascal had banged from the coffin in a great rage, and seized him by the throat. When at last they brought Andrew to answer, his narration certainly was the most strange and incoherent ever delivered in a court. It appears there had been no impressions left on his mind, but the late scene of the grave, and the wonderful fact of the old baron having been still alive. I shall insert a few of the questions and answers here, *verbatim*, for the amusement of the curious in legal proceedings.

"What were your motives for violating the sanctuary of the dead?"

"I had nae motives for't, sir—nane at a'. I gaed because Mr Sholto ordered me to gang, an' sair, sair against my will."

"Then, of course, he would reveal to you what his motives were?"

"Aye; but let him speak for himsell. He certainly had motives o' nae ordinar kind, now when I think on't."

"Then, as an honest man, declare what these were."

"There, sir, ye hae touched me i' the quick, for an honest man I will be. Why then, sir, an your father's ghost had come back frae the dead, an' tauld you in plain terms that they had buried your brother alive, what would you have done?"

"Misbelieved the ghost, certainly, and left the dead to their repose. Or if I had opened the tomb, I would have done it at noonday, before witnesses."

"There you would have been right, sir. It's the very thing I advised."

"But this is a most untangible inference of yours, Andrew; I have nothing from it. Do you pretend to say and affirm, that Mr Sholto's father appeared to him, and told him that the baron was buried alive?"

"That he did! An' tauld him nae mair than the truth either, whilk I fand to my experience."

"Consider what you are saying, sir, and where you are saying it. You are raving, or beside yourself. You do not pretend to say, that you found the old gentleman alive below the earth till now?"

"That I do! We fand him alive wi' a vengeance, an' as mad as a March hare at being disturbit."

Here the court burst into laughter, and the judge said, "I can make nothing of this fellow, who seems quite beside himself. What hold can be laid on such asseverations as these? But as little can I divine for what purpose the tomb was violated."

"D'ye no believe what I say, sir," cried Andrew, fiercely; "d'ye no believe that we fand the auld gentleman leevin'? If ye dinna believe't, I'll swear't. We fand him leevin' an' life-like; an' though he was aye cross an' ill natured a' his life, I never saw him as mad as he was yestreen. O, a perfect dragon! Rap, rap, on the inside o' the coffin lid! 'Wha's there? What d'ye want wi' me, d——d rascals?' O, a perfect viper! He was an angry man afore, but death has put him clean mad. When he heard that I was trying to make my escape, he dang the coffin lid a' in flinters, bang'd up, an' got haud o' my fit, an' back he gart me come like a clout into the howe o' the grave. Then on aboon me he gets, swearin' like a trooper, an' wi' a hand as cauld as death he grippit me by the thrapple, an' soon took the hale power out o' my body. Then he took me on his back ae while, an' draggit me by the neck anither, for a hunder miles, till he brought me here; an, if ye dinna believe me, he is here some gate to answer for himsell."

At the incoherence of this story all the people stared at one another, convinced that Andrew was raving; till Lord Archibald requested the clerk to ask Andrew if he heard nothing anent a lost will, that was the cause of the grave having been opened.

"A will!" said Andrew, like one awakening out of a sleep. "What's your will, sir? What was I saying? I rather doubt my wits are gane a grazing the night, an' I wish ye wadna speir ony mair at me, for fear I be nae correct."

The judge acquiesced in the reasonableness of the demand, and dismissed him. He and Sholto were remanded to prison, and being confined together, they were miserable comforters to each other. Mr Sholto was in utter despair at the loss of the will, when, as he said, he was assured it was within his grasp; and as the grave gate and iron-chest were all left wide open, and Lord Archibald manifestly knowing the circumstances of the case, his chance was for ever lost, and he was left a beggar for life.

"O, dear Mr Sholto, ye maunna lay it sae sair to heart," said Andrew. "It was maybe a' delusion thegither. A ghaist's word's nae muckle to trust, for naebody kens whether he has had the information frae a good spirit or an evil ane, an' a' depends on that. Where was it you met the old gentleman?"

"I thought it was on the green at St Andrew's, and his look was so fraught with"——

"Ye *thought* it was on the green at St Andrew's? An' was it no there, then?"

"It was in a night vision that I saw and spoke with him, old fool."

"A night vision? Whew! I wadna gie a doit for't, man. Od, if I had kend it had been naething but a dream, ye should hae cuttit out my twa lugs ere I had engaged in it. If I war to tell you sic dreams as I hae had! A mere delusion and a whim of an eeritated mind. An' then, for aught I ken, we'll baith be hanged for it."

"Hung for it! We have committed no delinquency whatever, and they cannot touch a hair of our heads, or a penny of our purses. The whole is Lord Archibald's doing, watchers and all, which might well convince you of the truth of my information."

"The hale of it is beyond my comprehension; but, maist of a', how the auld rascal should still hae been leevin! What think you o' that, Mr Sholto? He maun surely hae been a deevil, for nae earthly creature could hae subsistit five minutes in sic circumstances."

"I cannot yet fathom the noises from the grave, but am convinced they could have been nothing supernatural. I was seized by three strong men outside the iron gate."

"Aye, but I was seized by the old baron himself. He split the coffin lid up through the middle, an' banged up in sic a rage, that I was nae mair in his hands than a rabbit atween the jaws of a fox."

This being a new piece of intelligence to Sholto, he listened with admiration, but at the same time laughed till the tears ran over his cheeks at the ludicrous conviction and seriousness of Andrew; so we shall leave them to reason out this important matter, and proceed to the other incidents of this eventful night.

"Our Shepherd has often lee'd terribly to us, but nothing to this." It is, nevertheless, beloved reader, literally true, and happened on this wise.

Lord Archibald knew that the late baron had made a will in favour of his sister's profligate son; but he knew also that that will was not registered, and that there was nothing but the bare deed itself that stood between him and the whole of the baron's disposable property. He had, therefore, studied every mean to get possession of that deed, and had brought things to a train by which he hoped to succeed, when all at once the baron was cut off suddenly by one of those paralytic shocks so common of late years, and died in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Lord Archibald had then no other resource than to send a female dependant of his, a Miss Aymers, on whose knavish acuteness he had full reliance—having experienced it to his cost—with a grand recommendation as a fit person for laying out and decorating the dead. Her services were readily accepted, and the baron having died in his elbowchair, and Miss Aymers gotten her cue, she instantly got hold of the will, and concealed it in her bosom. But Mr Sholto's mother arriving with an official person, they locked the door, put seals on the bureau and drawers, and read a warrant for searching every person present before one of them left the room. Thus circumstanced, Miss Aymers had no other shift than to slip the deed into the coffin, among the wood shavings with which it was filled. She hardly hoped to succeed, but so quick was her motion, and so natural and simple her demeanour, that no eye beheld her. The old lady being particularly jealous of her, as suspecting whence she came, stripped her naked, and searched her with her own hands, but found nothing.

Miss Aymers returned to her protector with the news of her success, but he lay on a bed of nettles till the funeral was over; and even then, though no will was found, and he fell heir to all the heritable property, he felt ill at ease, and set a private watch over the burial-place night and day, on pretence of some fears that his old relative's body might be exhumed.

A considerable time elapsed, and there having been no appearance of any person meddling with the tomb, Lord Archibald had given his watcher orders to discontinue his attendance on such a day; but before that day came, he was astounded at hearing that Sholto had been seen prying narrowly about the tomb, opening the iron door, surveying the grave, and then looking all about as if to discover some place of concealment; and finally, that he had conveyed mattocks by night, and concealed them artfully within the iron railing.

Lord Archibald was then sure that all was not as it should be, and took his mistress severely to task for betraying his secret. She denied it, first with tears, and afterwards with rage, and they parted in the worst of terms; for he naturally supposed that no other could have divulged the secret but herself, and her infidelity cut him to the heart, and in particular her having betrayed his guilt to such a low blackguard as he accounted his cousin Sholto to be.

The night following the discovery of the mattocks, Lord Archibald placed a watch of four men, all at equal distances around the tomb, with long speaking trumpets, with which they could whisper to one another; and the men had orders, if any attempt was made to exhume the body, that they were to suffer them to proceed until they came to the inner bier, or wooden coffin, but by no means to suffer the aggressors to open that, but to seize them and convey them to prison. The men executed their orders to a tittle; but not being able to see from behind the railing, the precise moment that they came to the inner coffin, one of them crept in at the door, and round behind the heap of mould, where, setting by his head, quite unperceived, he watched all their motions, and heard every word that passed. Then when they began to unscrew the coffin lid, from some waggish impulse he gave a sharp rap with his trumpet on the coffin; and afterwards as they were again beginning to proceed, he thrust the mouth of his trumpet as deep down into the grave at the head of the coffin as he could, and speaking from amongst the mould, he demanded, "Who's there? What do you want?"

This was too much even for the bold and determined heart of Sholto to stand; he sprang from the grave, and was instantly seized by three strong men, pinioned, and conveyed to prison. Honest Andrew was seized lying in the depths of the grave as described, and knew nothing about Mr Sholto's seizure, nor indeed about any thing save that he had been seized by the dead man, his old master, who had with a supernatural strength dragged him away to prison.

No sooner were the aggressors fairly lodged in the jail, than Lord Archibald dispatched two watchers to keep nigh to the open grave till day, but neither to touch aught themselves, or suffer the least intrusion. The men went well armed; but strange to say, at their very first entrance within the churchyard, they perceived something approaching them. The morning was excessively dark, but straight from the open grave there ascended a tall, pale, ghost-like figure, covered with pale light, and from which issued a smell of brimstone perfectly suffocating. The men's senses were totally benumbed. In language quite inarticulate, they challenged it, charging it to stop and speak, but it came gliding on towards them. They fired a pistol at it, but it came gliding on. They could stand it no longer, but turning, they fled with precipitation—the ghost pursuing them till they took refuge in a tavern. After fortifying their hearts well with spirits, and loading their pistols anew, they sallied forth once more before the break of day, but saw nothing; and before the sun-rising, great numbers of the citizens had arrived, the word having spread overnight from the council-chamber, or rather the watch-house. But the two guards suffered no person to come within the iron railing, until the arrival of Lord Archibald, with the church officers, and other official people; when, to the utter consternation of all who had heard Andrew's extraordinary narrative before the judge of the night, it was found that the lid of the coffin was splintered in two, lying loose above, and the corpse up and away, grave-clothes and altogether. There was nothing left but the wood shavings, and a part of them were lying in the line from the grave to the gate, which the dead man had shaken from him in his struggle with Andrew. So the multitude said, and so they thought, for what else could they think, as the watchman who deceived Andrew, and seized him in the grave, thought proper to keep his experiment a secret, in order to frighten and astonish the people the more. Indeed, there was none that made a greater stir about it than himself. In consequence of all this, the bruit got abroad that Mr Sholto Douglas and his humble friend, Andrew Cranston, had gone forth by night to take the body of the late baron from the tomb, in order to ask him some questions about a will, they having had intimation that he was buried alive; but that, on their opening up his snug iron chest, he got into such a rage that he cursed and swore at them; and when they would not desist, he split the coffin with his fist, sprung out and seized Andrew by the throat, grooffling him in the grave. 'That he then took him away, and pushed him into the watch-house, where he left him to justice, and ran off and hid himself, for fear that they might bury him alive again.

Andrew made oath to the truth of this, so it could not be contradicted. Philosophers winked and shook the head; tradesmen, at first hearing it, scratched their elbows, hotched and laughed; but, by degrees, as the facts came out, one by one, the pupils of their eyes were enlarged, and they generally exclaimed that the like of it never was heard of in any land. Such was the story that got abroad, and has continued as a traditionary story to this day; and it is so good a story, and so perfectly ridiculous, that it is a pity either to add to or diminish it. But we story-tellers, in our eagerness to trace the real course of natural events, often spoil the story, both to ourselves and others. And as I know more about it, I am obliged to tell the truth.

In the meantime, Lord Archibald was chagrined, beyond measure, at the loss of the will, not doubting that it was fallen into the hands of his opponent; for though it was manifest that he and Andrew had not got it; yet who else could have removed it, as well as the body, save some one in his interest? He soon began to suspect Miss Aymers, the only person alive possessed of the secret; and grievously did he repent his accusation of her, and the parting with her on such bad terms, knowing that the revenge of an insulted mistress was beyond calculation. The first thing, therefore, that he did, was to go and implore her forgiveness, and a renewal of their former confidence; but she spurned him from her in the highest disdain, refusing all intercourse with him for ever.

This being the last blow to Lord Archibald's hopes of retaining either the estate or his reputation, he waited on Mr Sholto, and astonished him by a proposal to halve his uncle's estate with him, stating, that his conscience had checked him for keeping possession of the whole, being convinced that his late uncle had intended leaving him a part. Sholto expressed the utmost gratitude for his relation's generous resolve, saying he never thought to be so much beholden to man. But Sholto was still more astonished when he insisted on the transfer being made immediately, and the residue being secured to himself, by the signature of Sholto, the nearest blood relation of the deceased.

Sholto could not understand this, but made no objections to the arrangement. However, men of business could not be had on the instant, and the transaction was postponed to a future day. The estate was parted by arbiters, and every thing was arranged for the final transaction to the satisfaction of all parties; when one morning, just as Sholto was setting out for the ratification of the treaty, a modest sly-looking young man called, and requested to speak with Mr Sholto before he went away. "Well, what is it, sir? A message from Mr Marginer I suppose?"

"No, sir, it is a message from a very different personage. Pray, do you know what has become of your uncle the baron?"

"What do you mean by such a question? Why, I know that he died and was buried, and that his body was nefariously and most unaccountably taken from the tomb."

"Are you sure of that, sir?"

"As sure as ocular demonstration and reason can make me."

"Well, sir, I have only to tell you, that you are mistaken. Is it not possible, think you, that the dead can live again?"

"Yes, at the Resurrection, but not till then. I know that the souls of the dead live in unknown and unexplored regions, but the body of my uncle saw corruption, and cannot live again till the last day."

"Well, sir, I understand there is something that you should have had of him, and of which you have been deprived, not through any intention of his. What will you give me, and I will instantly bring you to the speech of him?"

"Stranger, you are either mocking me, or you are mad. I would not go to the speech of him to be king of the realm. Would you make another Saul of me, and take me to speak to demons in human shape?"

"I am quite serious, Mr Sholto; for a proper remuneration I will take you to the speech of him; and, moreover, I will ensure to you the document from his own hand, that will ensure your right and title to the whole of his estate, heritable and personal."

"No, no, I will have nothing to do with either you or him; I will venture upon no experiment so revolting. Bring me the document yourself, and your reward shall be liberal. Then I shall believe you, but at present your proposal is to me incomprehensible."

"I again assure you, that I am perfectly serious. And as no man alive can procure you that document save myself, give me a bond on his estate for five thousand pounds, and the will shall be yours. Only you are to come or send, and receive it from his own hand, and see him once more face to face. Some word may accompany it, which is unmeet for me to hear. I pray you go. It is requisite you should. Only I must first have a bond of you for five thousand pounds, and the property is yours."

"Why that I would not grudge, for I have this day to sign away five times that sum to secure the rest. Take my man with you. Bring me the will, and your request shall be granted." He rung the bell, and Andrew entered. "Andrew, this gentleman knows, it appears, where my dead uncle is lying concealed. He wants to send the will, and some particular word to me. Will you be so good as to go with the man and fetch both?"

"Gang yoursell, Mr Sholto; for me, I wadna gang for the hale warld. The moment that he clappit his een on me, he wad flee at my thrapple, an' doun wi' me, an' than take me by the neck owor his shouther, an' aff to the watch-house prison wi' me; I kend aye he was up an' leevin. But his maun surely be an unearthly unnatural kind of life. Where is the auld villain?"

"Where God will. Go with me, and you shall see him, and receive the deed signed and sealed from his own hand. It is a pity to throw away such a fortune through mere cowardice."

"It is that. Shall I meet him in fair daylight, and in company?"

"I shall go with you, if you desire it; no other may."

"Aye, we maun hae another ane, for he has mair nor the strength o' twa men sin' he dee'd. Let me hae twa stout fallows wi' me, an' I'll venture, for my master's sake an' my ain. I never was frightit in open daylight yet."

Away went Andrew on his perilous expedition, while Sholto kept out of the way, and did not go to ratify the grievous bargain with Lord Archibald, until he saw what would be the issue of this mad adventure. One messenger arrived after another for him, but he was nowhere to be found. And although he suspected the stranger's message to be all a trick, in order to play off some foolery upon him, for which reason he kept aloof, yet at times there was a seriousness in the young man's manner, that left an impression of his sincerity.

In the course of two hours Andrew returned, so changed in every feature, that no person could have known him. His eyes were open, and would not wink, and his mouth wide open, while the power to shut it remained not with him. But he held the will firm grasped in his hand, signed and sealed, and all correct. He was supported by the stranger, who also appeared greatly agitated. Sholto signed the bond cheerfully, which was in due time honoured—took possession of the baron's whole property without opposition, and Lord Archibald retired to Switzerland.

But now for the unparalleled recovery of this famous document; and though there never was a more lying-like story than the one told by Andrew Cranston, he yet brought substantial proofs with him of its correctness. And it is believed, that, barring a little exaggeration of his own prowess, it is mostly conformable to truth. We must have the relation in Andrew's own words.

"We had nae sooner left our house, than the chap turn'd thoughtfu' an' gae ower speaking, an' I jealoused he was turnin' frightit, an' that some awfu' an' tremendous encounter lay afore us. Still it was daylight, an' I thought it couldna be waur that time than it had been afore in the graves; sae on I ventured. We ca'd at a doctor o' physic's shop for an assistant. The lad was sweer sweer to gang, an' made many objections that I couldna hear; but I thought I heard them speak about 'blinding his een,' sae I laid my lugs i' my neck, an' said naething. Weel, on, on, on we gangs, till we came fornent the head o' the Kirk Wynd, when the chap turns to me wi' a pale face an' a quiverin' lip, an' he says to me, 'Andrew Cranston,' says he, 'ye maun allow us to tie up your een' here, (eyes I believe he ca'd them, but that's a' ane.) 'What for that, an' it be your will, sir,' says I. 'Why, the poor old baron has got such a fright at being buried alive,' said he, 'that no other impression haunts his spirit but that of being buried alive again. And if you were to find out the place of his concealment, it would put him so mad, that all attempts to recover the will would prove ineffectual.'

"'He's a queer chap,' said I, 'for a madder man I never saw than he was when wakened out o' the grave; an' wha wad think he wad be sae terrified to gang into it again? Gudeness guide us, is he just like other leevin' mortal men, after lying sae lang i' the grave?'

"'Why, he is both a living man and a dead man, Andrew; or rather, he is neither a living man nor a dead one, but something between them. You have a strange sight to see—a dead body inhabited by a living spirit.'

"'I dinna care suppose ye do tie up my een,' says I, 'an' be sure ye dinna tak the bandage off again till we come back to this bit, or else I *will* find out the place where he is.' Accordingly, they tied up my een that I coudna see a stime, an' we turns hereaway and thereaway, I kendna where, till at length ae lock gangs wi' a great jangle, an' then another lock gangs wi' a great jangle, an' then I began to find a damp dead smell, waur than a grave. Mercy on us! where are we gaun now, thinks I to mysell, and began rather to draw back. 'I'll not gang ane other step,' says I, 'till I see where I am.'

"It was an unlucky saying, for that moment the rascal slipped the bandage off my een, an' where I was I never ken to this day, an' never will ken till the day of judgment. There were dead skeletons standing a' around me, wi' no ae pickin' o' flesh on their banes. Their een were a' out, an' naething but holes where their noses an' mouths should hae been. My flesh turned cauld, and my blood fruze in my heart, an' I hadna power to advance a step. 'Come on, come on, Andrew,' says the chap, for there was nane but ane wi' me then. 'Come on. See, he's up here.'

"I lookit as weel as I was able, an' there in truth I saw the Baron at the upper end of that frightsome place, standing a fearsome sight indeed. He had a white winding-sheet about him, and his face was as white as the sheet. Een, lips, an' cheeks, were a' o' the same dead wan colour. He was still nothing but a corpse—a cauld, lifeless corpse—but yet he held up the will in his right, and began a speaking to me in a dead man's voice. My heart could stand nae mair. The chap pushed me forret—and I shot backward—till seeing that I was coming in contac wi' this miraculous leevin' corpse—I faintit—faintit clean away; but I heard aye his awsome voice soundin' i' the lugs o' my soul, though my body was nae better nor that of a dead man.

"Weel I can tell you nae mair; for when I came to mysell, I was lying in another house, an' some doctors standin' round me wi' their lances an' knives in their hands, glowrin' like chaps catched in an ill turn; an' I'm aye convinced to this day, that they were either gaun to mak' a skeleton o' me, or a leevin' corpse. However, I brought hame the will safe in my neive, that has made my master a man. I bought it dear first an' last, but hae nae reason to rue what I did."

Now this story is true, but again needs explanation. But is it not a pity to explain away so good and so ridiculous a story, which was most solemnly believed by the principal actor? All that I choose to tell you is this: The young man who received the L.5000 was a surgeon and apothecary; the betrothed sweetheart, and shortly afterwards the husband, of Miss Sally Aymers, who, it will be remembered, was an offended girl of great shrewdness and activity. This is the main cue to the story; and after this, if any gentleman in Britain or her colonies (I except Ireland) will explain to me perfectly, how every circumstance was effected, I shall be in his debt for the best bowl of whisky-toddy ever was drunk. And if any lady do it, I shall be in hers for a song.

SIR H. PARNELL ON FINANCIAL REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"Sir,

Sir Henry Parnell is now a part of the Ministry, the Board of Trade is in the hands of a zealous believer in his opinions, and his official brethren have given proof that in various essentials they regard him as a leader. His book on Financial Reform may be in some measure deemed an exposition of the policy which will be generally acted on by the existing Cabinet, and this gives it an importance to which it has no claim on intrinsic merit. I am in consequence led to bestow on it some remarks, the more especially, because, while it professes to treat on financial matters, the leading part relates to things wholly different. Under the pretence of lightening the burden of taxation, its great object is to subject commercial law to sweeping change, and establish another new system of trade.

I say another new system; for Sir Henry opposes himself decidedly to that of Mr Huskisson. The latter and his friends always represented that their system was to be one of protection—was at least to give protection equal to the difference between British and foreign taxation. Sir Henry, however, deems it to be quite as bad as the old prohibitory one, and will tolerate no protection in either law or duty; he will levy trifling duties on foreign goods for the sake of revenue, but for no other object.

Of course, he naturally pronounces that Mr Huskisson's free trade measures have not been in the least injurious, and that the unexampled distress which has so long sat on the community, is only one of the occasional fits which are unavoidable. As his theory makes this in him a matter of necessity, his proofs must not pass without notice.

These proofs are,—Extracts from writers of former times, shewing that they represented the country to be irrecoverably sinking; they are worthless, because the present circumstances of the country are wholly different from what they were in former periods,—Extracts from the newspapers of last year, stating that trade was reviving amidst a few manufacturing interests: it was published by these papers and known to all, that the revival was principally produced by the revolutionary movements on the continent which transferred an immense mass of business from continental merchants and manufacturers to British ones; but this fact, shewing that it flowed from an accidental and temporary cause, is carefully suppressed by Sir Henry. At the time when he wrote, agriculture and other interests were in the greatest suffering. The revival has had little effect in raising general wages from the famine point to which they had fallen; it is now vanishing, and under it the great body of the community has never tasted prosperity; but, on the contrary, the landowners have been compelled to reduce largely their rents. Sir Henry pronounces that the arguments and conclusions of those who charge free trade with being injurious, are "quite worthless." On what does he ground this oracular decision? He gives extracts from official documents to shew that the free-trade system has had little effect in admitting foreign goods. It might have been expected that in common fairness his extracts would have extended to all the commodities affected by the system; but instead of this, he leaves many important ones unnoticed. All men know that the changes in the navigation and corn laws, the enlarged use of foreign salted provisions, cordage, sails, &c. by the colonies and shipping, the reduction of duties on foreign seeds, skins, lead, &c., and the loss of bounties to the fisheries, &c., were as much a part of the free-trade system, as the admission of foreign silks and gloves. Nevertheless, on its effects here, Sir Henry's extracts are totally silent; not a line does he offer to prove that there has been no material import of foreign corn, &c. Agriculture, on which, according to some high authorities, half the population depends, and which cannot be distressed without involving the other half in suffering, has notoriously been most deeply injured by the system; and he does not even attempt to demonstrate the contrary.

He states—"The great increase in the quantity of raw silk imported, proves that the depressed state of the silk trade in 1829 was wholly owing to over-production. Whatever doubt may have been felt on this point, is now completely removed by the present revival of the trade, notwithstanding that the importation of foreign silk goods is still going on." Does he disclose what the import of raw silk was in 1829? No. In that year it fell off about fifty per cent, yet the trade was in great suffering until the middle of 1830. In both years the import of foreign silks was very large. We are therefore to believe that, because the trade revived when business in France was suspended by the revolution, this import had not the least share in increasing the stock of silks in the market!*

Touching gloves, Sir Henry says—"As all kid gloves manufactured in England are made with foreign skins, and as none but kid gloves are imported, the great increase which has taken place of late in the quantity of kid skins imported, shews that the depression of the glove trade was also owing to over production." In 1827, 865,176,—in 1828, 1,203,109, and in 1829, 865,157 pairs of foreign gloves were imported; we are, however, to believe that they did not in the least enlarge the supply of gloves, solely because there was an increase in the import of skins!

It is known to all, that when foreign silks and gloves were admitted, the British manufacturers were compelled to make a very large reduction of price, as the only means of saving their trade; that this reduction was made chiefly through the sacrifice of their profits and wages, and that it filled the silk trade with insolvency. It is equally well known, that in these trades, and various others, the import of foreign goods has only been prevented by the most injurious sacrifice of profits and wages; and, of course, that such sacrifice has been produced by the free-trade system. What has the community been ascribing its distress to? Principally bad profits and wages: the master has complained that he could not obtain remunerating prices, and the labourer, that, by working over-hours, he could not earn bread for his family. Nevertheless, Sir Henry does not deign to say a word on the effects of the system in these matters; his argument really is—it has caused no material import of foreign goods; *ergo*, it has done no injury, although it has produced the very things which overwhelm you with distress.

That individual cannot be a very competent financier, who never enquires what effect his measures will have on profits and wages—the only sources from which revenue can be drawn.

After saying what we have quoted, Sir Henry delivers himself of this astounding extract—"So that, on the whole, it may be stated, in the most unqualified language, that it is a false inference to draw from the distress which did prevail some time ago in these manufactures, that the alteration of the laws in 1825 was instrumental in producing it." Without uttering a single syllable, even in the way of assertion, to shew that the alteration did not produce stagnation and fall of prices, which involved the two trades in loss and distress; and did not bind them to prices which would not yield other than distress profits and wages, he pronounces the indisputable fact, that it did so, to be a false inference. It may be stated in the most unqualified language, that Sir H. Parnell is about the last of living men who ought to charge others with false inference.

While he oracularly puts forth the assumption in the teeth of all proof, that a system, which has deeply distressed more than half the community, has done no injury; he holds the taxes to be almost equally guiltless. The fact that far more than the existing ones were paid with great ease a few years ago, compels us to believe that the taxes have not been in themselves a cause of suffering; but we are constrained by Sir Henry's doctrines to think that they have been made an instrument in producing it. He very truly observes that the pressure of taxes ought to be estimated with reference to "the amount of the national income, *consisting of the incomes of all the classes of the community out of which the taxes are paid.*" It necessarily follows, that variations in this income may make the same amount of taxes at one time light, and at another intolerable in its pressure—that a diminution of it must be equal to a proportionate increase of taxes. Of course, without proof that the incomes of all the classes of the community out of which the taxes are paid have sustained no decline, his assumption that taxes cause little injury, is destroyed by his own doctrine.

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* The silk trade has been again for some time, and still is, in great depression.

What would form such proof? Evidence shewing that rents, farming, manufacturing, and trading profits, and wages of all descriptions, have not been reduced. Not a tittle of such evidence does he give; from the official account of the import of some articles, and the consumption of others, he tortures a vague assumption, that general income has largely increased. To shew how thoroughly worthless it is, we need only state, that, notwithstanding the increase which has taken place in the import of cotton, wool, and silk, in the last seventeen years, profits and wages have in the same period fallen very greatly in the cotton, woollen, and silk trades. Now whatever may have been the increase of population, the comparative pressure of taxes must be estimated by the difference of income to the individual; if the capitalist have only half the profit he had six or seven years ago, and the workmen have only half the wages, the pressure of taxes has really been very greatly increased. All men know that in the last few years, rents, farming, and other profits, general wages—in a word, "the incomes of all the classes of the community out of which the taxes are paid"—have been reduced far more in proportion than taxes; therefore the pressure of the latter has been much augmented. Nevertheless, he says, "The annual income of the people, even after the payment of their taxes, is probably greater at the present time than at any former period of our history!"

The following are Sir Henry's opinions. Only certain of the taxes, amounting to about eleven millions, are seriously injurious, and they are so merely from being erroneously levied: if they were raised as the remaining thirty-nine millions are, "the whole revenue would be paid without any serious injury." Much of the evil charged on taxes, is really produced by "monopolies and protections." By the corn law, the protecting duties on East Indian and foreign sugar, the East India Company's tea monopoly, and the protecting duties on timber in favour of the shipowners and Canada merchants, "L.17,000,000 a-year are taken from the pockets of the people, just as if corn, sugar, tea, and timber were taxed to that amount, and the produce paid into the Exchequer. The system of monopoly and protection affects almost every branch of industry, and imposes, by increasing prices, many more millions of charge on the public than these L.17,000,000, all which press on the resources of the country, exactly in the same way as a similar amount of increased prices arising from taxation, and thus make the taxes appear to be much more burdensome than they really are."

On what does Sir Henry found the distinction he draws between the eleven and the thirty-nine millions of taxes? Perhaps the former press more heavily on general income than the latter? No; they are injurious because they do not, like the rest, press on income. He says, "If taxes fall on industry—that is, on raw materials, on manufactures, or on trade—they raise prices; by raising prices they diminish the consumption of the productions of industry, and thus diminish the employment of capital and labour, and check the accumulation of new capital. But if taxes fall on persons not in business, who have incomes derived from rents, tithes, dividends on stock, interest on mortgages, salaries under government, and other such incomes, (of necessity wages must be here included,) industry is but little injured by these taxes, in comparison to what it is by those taxes before mentioned; and the country may go on paying them, without any great impediment to its becoming richer and richer. It may be true, that each individual who pays a tax of this kind, will spend less on the productions of industry; but as, in point of fact, what he pays is transferred by government in various ways to other individuals, the money paid for the tax is still expended on such productions. So that before a correct opinion of the actual effects of taxation can be formed, it is necessary to examine, and make a distinction between the portion of taxes which falls on industry, and that which does not."

"With respect to the evils which the taxes occasion, the true state of the case is, that certain of them which fall on raw materials, manufactures, and trade, and others which are carried to excess on some of the principal articles of consumption, (together producing a net revenue of about L.11,000,000,) are as injurious as it is possible for taxes to be; but that the rest of the taxes, which produce about L.39,000,000, are paid, for the most part, voluntarily, and out of the surplus of the incomes of individuals over and above what is requisite for purchasing the necessaries of life; and although these taxes produce many inconveniences and vexations, they are not oppressive and destructive in the way they are commonly supposed to be." Sir Henry states farther, that L.27,500,000 of the revenue in 1827, was levied on articles of luxury, "not used by the labouring class but to a limited amount; this revenue is paid by the wealthier classes, and the duties have little influence on wages and profits, and consequently on national industry."

It is somewhat amazing, that, after speaking thus, he says in another part of his work—"The makers of the laws have contrived to throw the great burden of taxation, first, by their selection of the taxes imposed, and secondly, by their selection of the taxes repealed, from off their shoulders upon the industrious classes; so that out of the L.50,000,000 of annual revenue, not more than L.6,000,000 falls upon the property of landlords." This, which has for its object to strike a blow at landowners, might be safely left to the refutation he bestows on it himself; but I will observe, with regard to the taxes imposed, direct ones have been intended to fall the most heavily on wealthy landowners, who at this moment pay several which scarcely reach the rest of the community. The industrious classes are to a great extent exempted from direct taxes. Touching indirect ones, every commodity, more especially consumed by the rich, is, on his own doctrines, taxed to the utmost point which consumption will sanction; nay, he maintains that foreign spirits, French wines, &c., are taxed far too much. Turning to taxes repealed—who repealed that on property? In reality, Sir Henry's political brethren, and I suspect he aided them, although I have not the means at hand of ascertaining how he voted. Almost every other has been repealed for the express purpose of benefiting the industrious classes in one way or another. While he censures the repeal of the beer duties, he is compelled to confess it took place for this purpose. In almost every important reduction of taxes which has been made, his own doctrines have been acted upon, and his party and himself have warmly concurred.

Of course, his scheme is, to abolish or transfer the obnoxious eleven millions of taxes, and destroy all monopolies and protections. In the first place, let us compare these taxes with such as he spares on the ground of innocence. They are the duties on hemp, barilla, thrown silk, timber, bricks and tiles, paper, glass, soap, starch, foreign spirits, and tobacco. We do not name the repealed ones on coals, &c. And some of his innoxious ones are, the duties on malt, hops, sugar, port wine, tea, coffee, &c.

Malt is just as much a raw material as barilla, thrown silk, or any other of his raw materials; and it pays almost as much duty as them all. The duty on it must have as much effect in raising price and diminishing consumption as any other; but he says it is not too high. Does this inconsistency arise from his animosity towards the landed interest?

He decides that taxes on raw articles and manufactures are injurious, because they raise prices, and thereby reduce consumption and employment for capital and labour. Now it is a leading principle with him and his brethren, that all imported goods must be really paid for with manufactures; if, therefore, taxes on sugar, port, coffee, &c., reduce, as on his doctrine they must, the consumption of these articles, they must, necessarily, equally reduce the consumption of the manufactures given in payment for them. It inevitably follows that these taxes are quite as injurious, as his eleven millions of condemned ones.

To better his case Sir Henry intimates, that taxes on materials "produce an evil of the greatest magnitude," by increasing the cost of production, and lessening the means of competition in the export trade. This is unpardonable, because he knows it has been the system of this country to allow, in drawback, the duty contained in the cost of exported goods.

On his own doctrines, therefore, nearly thirty millions of his thirty-nine innocent ones, are just as injurious as the eleven he is hostile to. It is Sir Henry who thus refutes himself, but I shall carry refutation a little farther.

Let us glance in detail, at his objections to the duties he censures. The duty of L.4. 13s. 4d. per ton on hemp is injurious, because it raises the prices of "sails, cordage, and those kinds of linen which are in general demand; and by thus diminishing the consumption of them, it diminishes the employment of capital and labour." The duty received on hemp, in 1827, was something more than L.104,000; and will any man in his senses believe that this trifling sum, spread over all the trades which use hemp, could affect prices so as to injure consumption? It has been abundantly proved by the fruits of relieving hats, leather, &c., from duty, that the abolition of this on hemp would scarcely be felt by the consumer.

The duty on barilla, which "is used in large quantities in making soap, raises the prices of the materials of several manufactures." This duty, perhaps, amounts to L.45,000, or L.50,000 per annum, and its removal would not reach the consumer. "It was originally and avowedly imposed as a protection of the manufacture of kelp, for the exclusive benefit of a few families in Scotland." It was lately stated in Parliament, that these "few families" comprehend many thousand souls, and also, that a great number of Irish souls were dependent on the manufacture.

"If thrown silk were free of duty, the price would be reduced by the amount of the duty; for our own throwsters, in order to secure a sale for their silk, would *be obliged* to introduce such improvements as would enable them to go into competition with free foreign thrown silks. If they could not make such improvements, and lower their prices, *then the silk manufacturers would be supplied with foreign silks*:"—that is, the greater part of the capital, and almost half the labour employed in the silk trade, would be destroyed, and rendered idle.

"The duty on timber affects and injures industry in a great variety of ways, in consequence of its being so much used in ships, buildings, machinery, &c." "It would appear as if it were an indispensable preliminary to securing a permanently successful competition with foreign ship-builders, to admit timber to be imported free of all duty." Sir Henry, however, contents himself with recommending such a change of duty as would render it impossible for American timber to be "imported and sold with profit." The leading shipowners possess infinitely more talent and knowledge of their own business than Sir H. Parnell, and they aver, that the change he proposes, would injure them far more on the one hand, than benefit them on the other. When Ministers disclosed their intention of altering the duty, the agents for the sale of Baltic timber immediately demanded a large advance of price; and there is no doubt that they would obtain a considerable permanent advance, should they gain the colonial part of the trade. It may be confidently assumed, that colonial timber, by enlarging supply and keeping down price, makes the difference of duty in its favour almost a nominal matter to the community. Sir Henry's objection, however, to the timber duty, is —it injures industry. There is always an excess of ships, houses, factories, machinery, &c.; and that is not the least reason for believing that the total repeal of the duty would make in them the smallest increase.

The duty on common bricks and tiles, is something less than 6s. per thousand, and few people will think that its abolition would have any effect in carrying still further the excess of building.

His remark that the duties on tallow and soap are "exceedingly injurious to manufactures," may be disposed of by the remark, that the very few manufactures affected by them make no complaint. The duty on foreign tallow is only 3s. 2d. per cwt., and it can have little effect on the general price, because tallow is to so great an extent produced at home.

Let us now look at his obnoxious duties on manufactures. If that on paper subject the manufacturer to vexatious regulations, I have nothing to do with them; the matter before me is their effect on consumption. Looking at the cheapness and uses of paper, there is no ground for believing that exempting it from duty would materially increase its consumption: it is evident that the latter in warehouses, shops, counting-houses, &c. would be to a great extent what it is, if the price were reduced one half. Sir Henry says,—"The greatest evil of all is, the high price of books which it (the duty) gives rise to." This is something worse than assumption; the duty is so far from making books dear, that it does not affect the price of many, and it only adds a trifle to that of others, so far as regards the consumer.

Touching glass, he says,—"The taking off the duties would lead to an unlimited extension of this manufacture." What is his evidence? The use of a great number of articles now confined to the richer classes "would become universal among the lower orders." What articles? He only deigns to name plate glasses! If the latter were only about sixpence per lb. cheaper, every house in the United Kingdom—Ireland, of course, included—would be furnished with them! It is manifest that the consumption of glass in windows, bottles, and the articles used by the upper and middle classes, would not be increased by the repeal of the whole duty; and that it would rise very little amidst the lower orders if the price were reduced one half. The duty is returned upon, yet he gravely asserts it prevents, exportation!

I say nothing in favour of the duty on soap.

On the whole, then, the hemp duty falls to a large extent where consumption is not affected by a trifling difference of price, and its abolition would scarcely reach the consumer where the contrary is the case—the abolition of the barilla duty would take employment from a very large portion of capital and labour, without cheapening manufactures sufficiently to promote consumption—the abolition of the duty on thrown silk might, on Sir Henry's admission, destroy some millions of capital, and deprive perhaps 200,000 souls of employment; and foreign thrown silk would certainly be considerably raised, if the manufacturers had to depend solely on it; therefore silks would be little cheapened to the consumer—the timber duty falls principally where it cannot affect consumption, and in other quarters its repeal would not reach the consumer; a vast portion of the consumers would, on their own declarations, be grievously injured in their power to consume by the repeal—the duty on bricks and tiles falls where it manifestly little affects consumption—and it is evident that, to an enormous extent, the consumption of paper and glass would not be enlarged by giving them exemption from duty. It will be observed that not one of these duties materially affects the lower classes of consumers; if some of them make linens, silks, and glass a fraction dearer, there are cottons, earthenware, &c. as substitutes. It is certain that the abolition of duty would raise several of these articles abroad, and in consequence the benefit would be in a great measure monopolized by foreigners. The price of tallow, for example, must be mainly governed by its production at home; therefore the repeal of the duty would be little more than an addition to the price of the foreign produce.

Sir Henry decides that the repeal of the duties on ashes and barilla, glass, paper, hemp, thrown silk, coals, and in part soap, amounting to L.3,000,000, would lead to "an immense extension of all these trades, and the employment of some hundred thousand more workmen, and also a much larger amount of capital." Now, a financier ought to know that, at the best, the repeal of any duty cannot add much more than its amount, and the interest of the capital employed by it, to consumption. Assuming, then, that the L.3,000,000 were wholly expended in additional consumption, and that half the sum were paid for labour, it would employ about 60,000 workmen at 10s. per week each. He owns that it might destroy the employment of the silk throwsters, and it would have the same effect to the people employed in manufacturing kelp: thus while 60,000 people might gain employment on the one hand, great part of 300,000 would lose it on the other. But, unhappily for him, Sir Henry's other doctrines will not allow that the repeal of these duties would raise consumption. He says they raise prices; and it follows that they are really paid by consumers, and, of course, in a large degree by people whose income arises from rents, tithes, dividends, &c. As he holds that taxing these people does no injury to general consumption, because the state expends the money on it which they otherwise would expend; it must be true that the repeal would merely transfer expenditure from the state to individuals, and would yield very little benefit to such consumption. As to capital, every pretender to financial knowledge ought to be aware, that duties form a great source of employment to it; for example, a tobacco manufacturer requires L.10,000 for doing that business which he could do with L.1000, if his article were free from duty. The abolition of the duties would diminish employment for capital. Putting this out of sight, the silk throwsters and kelp manufacturers employ perhaps six or eight millions of capital—double or treble the amount of these duties, and the repeal would destroy much of it, and probably transfer the employment of the rest to foreign capital.

Now let the repeal of these duties be contrasted with that of some of his innoxious ones. Looking at sugar and tea, they rank almost next to bread as necessaries with all classes of the community. Sugar or treacle is used by the very poor who cannot afford to buy shambles' meat or even bread, and not an article can be named which is in more universal use. The duties on these commodities really fall on the consumers, and the fact that a vast portion of the latter would use twice the quantity they do if they had the means, sufficiently proves how far they govern consumption. Their repeal would injure no part of the community. It is certain that if sugar were freed from duty, an enormous additional quantity would be consumed, and that this quantity would be paid for with the productions of industry. Thus then stands the contrast. If Sir Henry's injurious duties were repealed, the benefit would be chiefly confined to producers, importers, foreigners, and the wealthier classes—to a very large extent it could not raise the consumption of the articles on which the duties rest, or reach the consumer—in a great measure it would be the gain of one part of the community, though the loss of another—it would destroy far more employment than it would create—the mass of the population could derive no advantage from it—and it would practically transfer taxes from the foreign to the British subject. If his innoxious ones were repealed, the benefit would go chiefly to consumers—it would greatly increase consumption—it would injure none, and be universally advantageous—it would make great additions to employment—and it would be especially beneficial to the mass of the community.

Sir Henry is the most unfortunate of mortals in his illustrations. He lauds the Wellington Ministry for abolishing the duty on leather, but is hugely wroth with it for doing the same with that on ale instead of those we have named. It is asserted on all hands that the removal of duty has not cheapened leather goods, and of course it cannot have increased consumption. Beer is far more generally a necessary than tobacco, and the duty on it was most unjust, because it was levied only on the poorer classes. He says, with ignorance perfectly astonishing—" by far the greater part of the people of England, and all the people of Ireland and

Scotland, derive no advantage from the repeal." The error is too glaring to need correction from us. "Upon closely examining," he states, "the probable effects of the repealing of the duty on beer, none can be found which at all approach in general usefulness those consequences which would certainly have sprung from the repealing of the duties just mentioned;" (those on thrown silk, barillas, &c.) What are the certain effects which have flowed from experiment? An increase of malt and hop duty, going far towards replacing to the revenue the lost beer one; a mighty increase of employment to British and Foreign growers and carriers of barley, hop-growers, maltsters, brewers, manufacturers of glass and pewter, cork-cutters, ale-dealers, &c.; and a large increase to the comforts—I might almost say the necessaries—of the body of the community. All this stands on the favourable side, without a single item on the other. Nevertheless he gravely assures us that the repeal of the leather duty was a wise proceeding; and that the repeal of the beer one was "a great error," and will yield no benefit compared with such an abolition of duties, as manifestly would be almost a dead loss to the revenue, and would create infinitely more injury on the one hand than gain on the other.

We will now look at Sir Henry's injurious taxes on luxuries. In that guilty spirit of prejudice which actuates them throughout, the economists admit scarcely any thing to be a necessary save corn; sugar, tea, shoes, and even linen shirts, they class amidst luxuries. As the poor can about as easily find a substitute for bread, as they can for tea and sugar or treacle, the latter have as much right to be ranked amidst necessaries as the former.

He pronounces that some of the customs duties "are so high that the effect is in some cases to *diminish the revenue*, and in all to create smuggling—and farther, to greatly diminish the importation of the articles on which they fall, to diminish the demand for, and the exportation of, our own manufactures." On this ground he calls them "exceedingly injurious."

To shew the worthlessness of the official doctrine so often put forth, that the state of the revenue will not allow reduction of taxes, Sir Henry observes—"there is no difficulty in proving by reference to experience, that a diminution of taxation is not necessarily followed by a diminution of revenue." If experience would only furnish the comfortable proof, we might abolish every duty and tax without reducing the revenue; but unhappily its evidence is of a contrary character.

Sir Henry's first example of the evil of excessive duties relates to those on brandy and geneva. The consumption of them was greater in the four years preceding 1807, when the duty was 14s. a gallon, (W. M.) than it was in the four following 1814, when the duty was 18s. 10d. a gallon, (W. M.) He assigns no reason for the diminution save the increase of duty. Now it happens that on an average of the three years preceding 1812, when the duty had not been raised, the consumption had declined nearly one-fourth, as compared with his first average of four years; and this shews that other causes as well as duty operated to produce the decline.

For several years before the close of the war foreign spirits were almost driven out of consumption, not by duty, but by the difficulties which the war threw in the way of obtaining them: and in this term English gin raised itself by improvement, from universal dislike, into general favour. When they were again admitted by peace, they had to encounter this formidable competitor, and soon after they had to encounter another, equally formidable, in the shape of whisky. These causes of their reduced consumption, our financier does not notice. Nevertheless, the use of brandy and geneva has greatly increased since 1818, and is double what it was for some time before.

Brandy, geneva, rum, whisky, and gin, are only varieties of the same article; and the duty on the two former is less a revenue, than a protecting one: Its leading object is to promote the consumption of domestic and colonial spirits. Every one knows that it makes no difference to the revenue, if that which causes a decline in one article, produce an equal increase in another. In another part of his work, Sir Henry confesses that the increase in domestic spirits has very far outweighed the decline in foreign; therefore, the high duty on the latter must have been harmless. He proposes that the duty on brandy and geneva shall be made the same as that on British spirits, allowing 1s. 6d. per gallon to gin, so long as the corn law may endure. It is very clear that the main effect of this would be—the substitution of foreign spirits for British in consumption.

Sir Henry says, it is a matter of indifference to the revenue, whether it be collected on foreign or home-made spirits:—Also, "If more brandy, and rum, and less British spirits, should be consumed, more British goods would be exported to pay for the brandy and rum; and there would be a smaller demand for corn, and consequently the public would have an advantage, by its becoming cheaper." He speaks thus of rum, immediately after declaring that the high duty on brandy and hollands was imposed to promote its consumption; and when his proposal would, on the whole, rather lessen than enlarge its means of competing with domestic spirits, it cannot now maintain its ground against whisky in England.

His plan, on his own admissions, would drive an enormous quantity of domestic and colonial spirits out of consumption, and greatly diminish the consumption of corn, the employment for industry amidst colonists, distillers, rectifiers, and corn growers, and their means of paying taxes. As to his assertion that more goods would be exported, it is enough to say, that the brandy would be bought of a country which rigidly excludes our manufactures, and the geneva of another which acts, as far as possible, on the same policy. The dogma of Sir Henry and his brethren, that foreign goods must, of necessity, be paid for with manufactures, is below notice. It is refuted by official documents, and if it be true, it must be equally so, that nothing can alter the state of the exchanges. They might as well assert that Brighton cannot buy goods of London, without paying for them with its manufactures. The producers of domestic and colonial spirits take all kinds of the productions of native industry in payment; those of foreign spirits would take scarcely any, therefore exports would lose from the change. He does not, as we understand him, state distinctly what the new duty ought to be, but he says, it should be sufficiently low, to prevent smuggling, and also it should be raised on whisky in Scotland and Ireland. The matter then stands thus:—Sir Henry proposes what he confesses would grievously injure a mighty portion of the community, and reduce its means of paying taxes—cause a dead loss of L.1,500,000 to the revenue, and raise spirits to the people of Scotland and Ireland. His great objects are, benefit to the revenue!!! and the prevention of smuggling. With regard to the latter, it is manifest from what he says of raising the duty in Scotland and Ireland, that he would leave it sufficiently high to employ the smuggler, and increase smuggling prodigiously, if the Preventive Service should be abolished!

The next of his excessive duties is that on tobacco. He would reduce the duty on it to 1s. per lb., solely to prevent smuggling. After such reduction, the smuggler would gain in a single hogshead of tobacco a profit of perhaps L.70 on L.24; and it would produce abundance of smuggling without the Preventive Service. But, in such case, he says the duty should be still farther reduced. Well, he owns the first reduction would cause a loss of L.1,500,000 to the revenue; and, of course, the second would raise it to nearly L.2,000,000; after this, the Preventive Service would be as necessary as ever, if the duty on foreign spirits should not be reduced to almost nothing.

Another of his excessive duties is that on French wine. It injures consumption, and its reduction might lead to a less restricted trade with France. With regard to the former, such wine is only one variety among many of the same commodity, and the chief effect of the duty must be, to cause other wines to be used instead of it. Sir Henry's prejudices appear here in a ludicrous manner; he says—"As England need no longer be bound by the Methuen treaty, the duty on French wines should be lowered below that on stronger wines, so as to allow the former to be purchased at more moderate prices." In this he actually proposes the monstrous injustice of making duty the lightest on the highest quality, imposing twice as much *ad valorem* duty on port and sherry as on French wines, and exempting the rich in a great degree from the duty paid by the less wealthy. He perpetrates this outrage on his own principles, to cause the perpetration of another, viz. the preventing of the people from going to the cheapest and best market for their wines. Portugal can undersell France, therefore the latter shall have a bounty from the taxes of England—the community shall be forced by heavy duty to consume bad claret instead of wholesome port—discriminating duties are baleful when they favour the wine and timber of your own colonies, but they are beneficial when they favour the wine of a foreign nation, which rigorously excludes your manufactures! The leading object of this sage scheme, is to substitute the inferior wine—for the better qualities could not be sufficiently cheapened by the total abolition of duty—of a country which, to the utmost point, will not take goods in payment, for the good wine of another country which will give our manufactures a monopoly of its market. But there is the less restricted trade to gain. Well, reduce the duty on brandy and wine as he proposes, and what temptation will France have to abandon her prohibitions? None. To induce her to abandon them, our master of finance destroys the only things which can make it her interest to do so.

Brandy, Geneva, tobacco, and French wines, are really luxuries; with the exception of tobacco, they are little used by the body of the community, and the use of it is by no means general amidst the latter; and Sir Henry, on the whole, would make them very little cheaper than the equally good articles consumed in lieu of them. As he is so excessively anxious to reduce the taxes on such luxuries, let us look at what he says of commodities which are much less luxuries than necessaries to the mass of the population.

Tea is a necessary at two of the daily meals of man, woman, and child—poor and rich. He says—"Although there appear to be some very strong reasons in favour of reducing the duty on tea, as this article is not smuggled, it is not advisable to make any change until the monopoly of the East India Company be got rid of; for however low the duty might be reduced, it does not follow that the price would fall, because the Company have the power of keeping it up, by limiting at their pleasure the quantity imported and sold. He pronounces, that the monopoly makes tea, exclusive of duty, twice as dear as it ought to be, and therefore concludes, "it is not impossible but that tea would bear a duty of 100 per cent, if the trade in it were free and the price lowered."

He asserts tea is not smuggled—it is, to a very large extent. Putting this aside, he admits it is greatly adulterated; and is not adulteration quite as destructive to revenue and morals as smuggling? Farther, smuggled spirits and tobacco are not more injurious to health than those on which duty is paid; but adulterated tea is highly so. On this point, there is therefore much greater cause to reduce duty on tea, than there is to reduce it on spirits and tobacco.

His insinuation against the East India Company only shews the violence of his prejudices. Who can believe, that if 1s. or 1s. 6d. were taken from the duty on tea, the Company would add the sum to the price?

Thus, the duty of 100 per cent on this universal necessary is to remain, even though the monopoly be abolished, in disregard of poisonous adulteration, and consequent loss of revenue and consumption, present and future.

Sugar is still more a necessary; it is used at all the daily meals of all classes. Saying nothing of its nutritious nature, it is of the first value in converting fruits and other articles into food—in increasing food, touching both variety and quantity. Sir Henry says the duty, which he estimates at 100 per cent, is not too high. Wherefore? Because he asserts consumption has risen concurrently with duty. To shew how worthless his unfair selections from official documents in proof are, we will observe that the consumption of sugar was greater in the twelve years which preceded 1812, than in the twelve following ones; and that in the four which preceded 1830, it was stationary. It is his doctrine that—"In no instance is an increase of duty followed by an equal increase of revenue;" and this is precisely the same as asserting, that in every case increase of duty diminishes consumption; nevertheless, in the teeth of it, he virtually avers that the consumption of sugar has not been injured by the doubling of its duty.

Sir Henry's great objection to the high duties on foreign spirits, tobacco, and French wines, is that they injure consumption; now, it so happens, that for a considerable number of years, the consumption of these ticles has increased as much in Britain as that of sugar; and it inevitably follows, that consumption in them has not been more injured by their duties, than it has been in sugar by the duty on the latter. The reduction he proposes touching them would evidently, in spirits and wine, only transfer consumption from one variety of a commodity to another, without materially raising that of the whole; but a proportionate reduction of the sugar duty would add very greatly to consumption. On the latter point, we must call Sir Henry as a witness; he states—if foreign and East India sugar were admitted at the duty paid by that of the West India colonies, and the latter were allowed to refine, such a reduction of price would be the consequence, as would add about one-seventh to consumption. Mr Huskisson represented the monopoly enjoyed by these colonies to be of little benefit to them, because they were compelled to take the prices obtained by foreign producers of sugar; and the same is taught by Sir Henry's brethren; of course, the fall of price could only be small. Suppose we take it at 3s. per cwt., this is one-eighth of the duty. He proposes that foreign spirits and tobacco shall be relieved from two-thirds of their duty; let us therefore enquire what similar treatment of sugar would produce. If a reduction of 3s. per cwt. would add, as he says, 500,000 cwt. to consumption, one of 16s. would add more than 2,500,000 cwts.—would raise consumption from 3,600,000 to 6,100,000 cwt. We speak solely on Sir Henry's data; yet he maintains that the sugar duty is not so high as to injure consumption, and that it was "a great error," to reduce the duty 3s. per cwt. in the last session.

He confesses his reduction on spirits and tobacco would cause a dead loss to the revenue of L 3,000,000; were the sugar duty reduced to two-thirds, the loss to the revenue, allowing for the increase of consumption, would be much less. While his reduction would be scarcely felt by the mass of the community, that on sugar would be universally beneficial.

What ships would carry the additional quantity of sugar? British ones solely. What would be given in payment for it? The productions of native industry. Who would receive the profit on it? British subjects. The benefits to industry and trade would be at least one hundred times greater than those which would flow from the reduction on spirits and tobacco.

I will now notice one of the most amazing assumptions ever put forth by mortal prejudice and frailty. Sir Henry finds that the consumption of malt has been stationary for the last forty years. It might be expected an individual who holds that increase of duty invariably lessens consumption, would charge this on the heavy duties imposed on malt and beer. He, however, in relentless demolition of his own doctrine, wholly exonerates these duties, and throws the blame on the excise regulations. Perhaps the latter would not suffer people to drink more than a certain quantity of beer, or they would not permit brewers to brew more, or they prohibited maltsters from making more than a certain portion of malt? No such thing,—they placed no limits on drinking, brewing, and malting. How then, in the name of wonder, did they keep the consumption of malt stationary? They vexed and injured the maltster. Well, this could not diminish consumption, if he still made as much malt as he could sell. But they added a trifle to the price of malt. This, at any rate, could not injure consumption, if the heavy duties did not. Alas! as Sir Henry offers no other solution, I can only reply farther by the assumption, that people, in pity for the poor maltster, and indignation against the exciseman, must have scorned to enlarge their potations of beer and ale; if these drinking times be not over much in favour of my assumption, I cannot help it.

It so happens that the repeal of the duty on malt liquor has at once produced a very great increase in the consumption of malt in spite of the regulations: There is too much reason to suspect it has had such operation from sheer malice against Sir Henry, for condemning it.

This is not the only awkward and unpleasant part of the matter to our Financier. If the malt and beer duties had no share in keeping the consumption of malt stationary, it inevitably follows that the duties on foreign spirits and tobacco have no share in injuring their consumption, particularly as the latter has risen considerably in late years. The comparative amount of duties is nothing, for he tells us it is when they injure consumption that they are injurious. In this malt affair, Sir Henry heroically cuts to pieces, in lofty disdain of giving quarter, all his arguments and conclusions for proving that duties on foreign spirits, tobacco, French wines, barilla, glass, &c. &c. are so excessive as to diminish consumption.

Even this is not all. He praises Lord Goderich, as the first Minister who reduced true principles to practice. Now this Minister declared that by doing it, he made the colonies integral parts of the empire; of course we are to believe that Jamaica and Canada are in reality as much integral parts of the empire as Kent and Middlesex. Sugar and malt are materials of manufactures, and also manufactures; they are as much so as barilla, thrown silk, glass, and soap; and the producers of sugar are to be the deemed a part of the community. If in lie[illegible]uties on them be not injurious to ively an[illegible]stry and trade, his reasoning to such luxur[illegible]at duties on other materials says of comm[illegible]factures are so injurious, is less luxuries tha[illegible] overthrown by himself. mass of the popula[illegible] Henry warmly censures Tea is a necessary[illegible] soap for being in- [illegible] The pound of hard soap pays a duty of 8d., and its shop price is now 7d.—the pound of sugar pays a duty of 2½d., and its price is 5d. and 6d., excepting the best quality—the ounce of tea, such as is consumed by the labouring orders, pays a duty of about 1½d., and its price is 3d. or 4d. I shall not err greatly if I state the weekly consumption of a labourer's family to be one pound of soap, two pounds of sugar, and three ounces of tea. It follows that this labourer pays a tax weekly, on soap, of 3d.; on sugar, of 5d.; and on tea of 4d. or 5d.; and it follows in addition, that the reduction of half the duty on sugar or tea would benefit him nearly as much as that of the whole soap duty. We need not say that soap is much less a necessary than sugar and tea. Sir Henry utterly destroys his doctrine that the duty on the first article is injurious to the poor, by assuming that those on the two latter are not so.

Thus, while he is anxious to abolish duties on such luxuries as we have described brandy, &c. to be, he is equally anxious to retain them on articles which are, in a great measure, necessaries, although their abolition on these articles would yield incalculably more benefit of every kind, than it would yield on the luxuries.

I must observe, that Sir Henry's proofs in support of his doctrine, that increase and decrease of duty must lessen and enlarge consumption, display great unfairness. I have already shewn, that in accounting for the decline in the consumption of foreign spirits, he takes no notice of the effects of war and the improved quality of domestic spirits. In accounting for that of tobacco in Ireland, he says nothing of the tobacco grown there. In accounting for that in glass, and various other articles, he makes no mention of the operation of national distress on the means of consuming, or the changes of custom. In several cases he obtains, by an unjust selection of years, a result very different from that which a just selection would have given. Sir Henry's evidence, that the revenue drawn from an article may increase after the duty on it is reduced, is of no value; because the reduction cannot, in any case, add as much to consumption as will produce its own amount of revenue. Suppose that the price of an article consists of duty to the extent of two-thirds, and that L.2,000,000 of the duty are taken off; if the community expend the whole in consuming an additional quantity of the article, only two-thirds of it can go into the Exchequer. There will be a gain to industry on the one hand, but on the other there will be some increase of price, and the loss of government expenditure. The great increase in the consumption of spirits, has been in a large degree caused by the transfer of the consumption of other things to them; the habit of drinking has been produced by their cheapness, and the habitual drinker confines to them, as far as possible, his expenditure. Sir Henry gives an extract from the Edinburgh Review, which states, that if a commodity be kept from the reach of the lower classes by high duty, the removal of the latter may give it a great consumption among them. This is true; but if they do not pay the high duty, its abolition can add little to their means of consuming, therefore they can only consume the commodity through a transfer of consumption. Suppose that the price of port wine consisted chiefly of duty; if the latter were taken off, these classes would be great consumers of the wine; but as they now consume none, they could only be so by consuming less of other things. The increase in the consumption of spirits has greatly reduced that of other commodities. The revenue is not benefited, if it gain on one article by losing on another.

Sir Henry's doctrine is, that duties injure consumption, by raising prices to the consumer; it follows, then, that their abolition cannot benefit it, if it do not reduce prices. Of course, before abolishing any duty, it is essential to ascertain, 1. Who the real consumers are; and, 2. Whether it will reduce price to them.

The real consumers of wine and cotton are, not the merchants and manufacturers, but those who drink wine and wear wrought cottons; in like manner, the real consumers of timber, bricks, and tiles, are not the builders and owners of ships and houses, but those who last consume goods on which freight is paid, and pay rents. If the abolition of the duties on timber, bricks, and tiles, will not reduce freights so far as to reduce the price of goods to the community at large, or enlarge the employment of shipping in other ways, or diminish rents, the cost of wooden implements; it will not increase consumption, because it will not reduce prices to the real consumers. It may add something to the profits of shipowners, the proprietors of buildings and building-ground, &c.

Now Sir Henry gives an interminable list of articles, the custom duties on which are all to be swept away in a mass, because the articles are used in manufactures. A glance may convince any man that the abolition, in most cases, would not yield the least benefit to the real consumer. From the official account of the revenue produced by the articles in 1827, I will give a few extracts:—

Cork, with a duty of 8s. per cwt., produced nearly L.21,000. The real consumers of it are those who drink wine, bottled ale, and porter, medicine, &c.; and would they buy these cheaper, if such duty were abolished?

Mahogany, with a duty of 50s. per ton, produced nearly L.70,000; and would furniture made from it be cheaper, if such duty were abolished?

Human hair, with a duty of 1s. per lb. produced nearly L.3000; and would articles made from it be cheaper by the abolition of the duty?

Hides, with a duty of 4s. 8d. dry, and 2s. 4d. wet, per cwt., produced L.26,000; and would the articles made from them be cheapened by the abolition of such a duty?

Indigo, with a duty of 3d. on British, and 4d. on foreign, per lb., produced L.31,000; and would the abolition of the duty cheapen goods dyed with it?

Seeds of all kinds, with various duties, produced nearly L.167,000; and would their exemption from duty cheapen clover, vegetables, mustard, &c?

Raw silk, with a duty of 1d. per lb., produced nearly L.16,000; a[illegible] would the removal of such a d[illegible] cheapen wrought silks? [illegible]

Tallow, with a duty of 3[illegible] he cwt., produced nearly L.[illegible] scarcely would the abolition [illegible] livelihood. cheapen candles a[illegible] he must take

Foreign raw cotton, with a duty of from one farthing to a halfpenny per lb., produced above L.382,000; and would the removal of this duty cheapen wrought cottons?

Wool, with a duty of from ½ to 1d. per lb., produced L.106,000; and would woollens be cheapened by the abolition of this duty?

Quicksilver, with a duty of 6d. per lb., produced nearly L.5000—rags, with one of 5s. per ton, produced L.2,000—saltpetre, with one of 6d. per cwt., produced L.1000—and slates, with various ones, produced L.89,000; would the abolition of these duties lower prices and house rent to the real consumers?

These are fair specimens of the whole. In most cases, the duty forms such a trifling part in the price of the manufactured goods into the composition of which each article enters, that its abolition would not enable the retailer to reduce his prices. In many, the article is produced at home, and the removal of import duty would have no effect on its price worthy of notice. The general abolition of the duties might cause the manufacturer and wholesale dealer to make a small reduction of price, but not one which would enable the retailer to reduce his. In very many cases, it would only cause foreign producers to raise in proportion their prices; but, generally, it would not cheapen manufactured goods to the real consumers.

Sir Henry says, it would enable our manufacturers to take two or three per cent less for their goods abroad. If it really would take so much from the cost of production, the manufacturer, wholesale dealer, and retailer, have commonly each his profit on a manufactured article; and should they divide three per cent among them, would the retailer reduce his price by being enabled to buy one per cent cheaper? But in many cases the duty does not amount to more than one, or even a half per cent, in the price of the wrought commodity. He represents that our manufacturers, by being enabled to [illegible] so much cheaper, might gain [illegible] kets abroad from foreign compe- [illegible] If they would make this re- [illegible] in their prices, could not [illegible] competitors reduce theirs [illegible] wages, or some raw able market would alone reduce wages, &c., to these foreigners.

The whole of these duties amounted in 1827, exclusive of that on coals, which has properly been abolished, to more than L.3,300,000. This includes the timber duties. With regard to the latter, the shipowners declare that abolition would greatly reduce their ability to consume timber, and I have already shewn that it could scarcely reach the real consumers. [illegible] ng the rest, it is manifest [illegible] e real consumers would draw hardly any reduction of prices from their abolition.

The duty on bricks and tiles, starch, glass, and paper, produces L.1,700,000; it is evident that the abolition would have little effect on price to the real consumer, and would yield trifling benefit to consumption.

Sir Henry owns that his proposed reduction of the duty on foreign spirits and tobacco would cause a loss to the revenue of L.3,000,000. As it would make spirits dearer in Scotland and Ireland, and do little more in England than cause one kind to be used instead of another; moreover, as it would lessen the means of consumption to a large part of the community; it could add little to the general consumption of spirits. It might raise much that of tobacco.

Our Financier then would abolish duties to the amount of L.8,000,000, in order to increase consumption, when it is matter of demonstration that the abolition on the whole could scarcely reach the real consumer, and would add nothing to consumption worthy of notice. Although it might increase the profits of one part of the community, it would lessen in a greater degree those of the other; therefore the balance on them would be against consumption. Assuming that the inhabitants of the colonies practically form a part of the community, an enormous part of the latter's trade in producing, manufacturing, and carrying, would be transferred by the abolition to foreign countries. Through this, and the ability given them to raise their prices, foreigners would monopolize the chief part of the benefit. To a vast part of the population of this empire, the abolition would be equivalent to the imposition of a grievous amount of new taxes. What real difference is there between compelling the farmer to pay L.20 per annum in additional taxes, and taking the same sum from him by reducing the price of his corn?

As the abolition would add nothing of moment to consumption, it would cause a dead loss of about £8,000,000 to the revenue.—Can this sum be spared? No, replies Sir Henry; but to cover it, there will be savings; the Preventive Service can be abolished.

Many of your readers are old enough to know from experience, that when the duty on spirits and tobacco was about as low as he proposes to make it, smuggled spirits, tobacco, and tea, abounded more than they now do. To prevent smuggling, the Preventive Service must be preserved, or the duty, on not only spirits and tobacco, but tea and some other articles, must be reduced to almost nothing. If, therefore, this service be abolished, additional duties, amounting to perhaps thrice the sum it costs, must be abolished also, or the revenue must lose more than such sum through smuggling. No saving can be found here.

Then, says our Financier, much new revenue could be gained by permitting machinery to be exported at a moderate duty. What would machinery be exported to do? To enable foreign countries to manufacture for themselves, instead of buying of us; this is certain, because the kinds of it not wanted solely for such purpose, have now freedom of export. Sir Henry holds, that what we have to fear most in respect of trade and finances, is the increase of manufacturing in other countries. As the export of machinery would have no other object than to promote such increase, it is clear, on his own doctrine, that it would produce to the revenue much more loss than gain.

Then there is retrenchment. At the best, it can only yield a trifle.

And Sir Henry says, there must be new taxes, and, especially, an income tax. The other measures would self-evidently cause an additional loss of revenue; therefore, at the best, his abolition of L.8,000,000 of old taxes would render it necessary to levy the same amount of new ones. If our Financier would only cheapen goods on the one hand as much as he would reduce the incomes of those who buy them on the other, he would at any rate inflict no loss on consumers, although he would bestow on them no profit; but unhappily he does something infinitely worse. He cheapens scarcely any thing of moment to real consumers, and still he claps on them L.8,000,000 of new taxes. This is not all; he causes a very great dead loss of income to a vast portion of the community, consisting of the corn-growers, shipowners, distillers, &c. &c. by abolishing old taxes, and then he heaps on it a *huge load* of new ones. If his plan would transfer the burden of taxation from the poorer classes to the more wealthy ones, much might be said in its favour; but it will not. On the one hand, he does not cheapen any article of consequence to the poorer classes, saving tobacco; and on the other, he in various callings deprives them of employment, or compels their employers to reduce largely their inadequate wages.

Let us now glance at that part of Sir Henry's scheme which relates to the abolition of the corn, and all other protecting laws. He intimates, that this would be in effect almost equal to the repeal of all actual taxes, which brilliant discovery he compasses by means of the assumption—these laws raise prices, the advance is so much loss to the community at large, and is only a gain to a comparatively few individuals.

I need not waste time in proving, that from price profits and wages are drawn; a reduction of it by improvement, or repeal of duty, will not injure them; but that advised by Sir Henry, is to be made solely, saving what may flow from accident, by a reduction of profits and wages. The assertion of him and his brethren, that, with regard to the corn law, the loss will fall exclusively on [illegible] landowner, is completely at vari[illegible] with all reason and experience. [illegible] free agency of the farmer is, he [illegible] give the rent demanded by [illegible] lord, or abandon the only business he knows; and, in consequence, he often gives it when it will scarcely allow him the poorest livelihood. That of the labourer is, he must take such wages as his employer will give him. The landowner has the farmer and labourer at his mercy, and in all cases he compels them to bear their full share of any loss caused by a fall of prices.

As compensation to the landowners, Sir Henry recommends, 1st, The abolition of poor-rates for able-bodied labourers. This would be so much loss to the working classes of all descriptions; with the existing excess of labour, it could not fail of causing them much farther loss by a reduction of wages; and therefore it would do great injury to the landowners in its effects on the consumption and prices of agricultural produce. 2d, He advises the commutation of tithes, and granting of long leases; but these are to be the means of forcing production on the better soils, by additional capital and labour, and making corn still cheaper than the abolition of the law would do. Such forced production is equal, in respect of cost, to the culture of inferior land; therefore with very low prices it could only be resorted to with proportionally low rents. If rents be, as the economists state, governed by prices, his compensation would, on his own grounds, considerably lower them; and, in addition, he intimates that it might put inferior land out of cultivation.

In manufactures, the loss would of necessity fall principally on the labouring ranks. Improvements are of casual parentage, and should linen manufacturers, &c. have to reduce their prices, they would be compelled to throw it in a great measure on wages, or abandon their trade.

With regard to the protecting duties, and restrictions affecting the colonial and shipping interests, Sir Henry advises their abolition, partly for the express purpose of admitting foreign manufactures into the colonies, giving carrying to foreign ships, and reducing freights. He owns it might do some injury to manufactures, and this would, of course, reach [illegible] working classes as well as their [illegible]oyers. The West India colonies, [illegible] represents, are to find compensa[illegible]e reduced prices of salted [illegible] lumber, &c.; but this will [illegible] towards covering the [illegible] sustain in their own [illegible]ll do nothing in the way of balancing their loss of sale, which must flow from the consumption of foreign sugar and spirits. Then it will inflict great injury on other colonies. The shipowners are not only to reduce their freights, but to lose a vast portion of their trade, both colonial and foreign: the carriage of Canadian timber, a large part of the carriage to and from the West Indies, and the benefits yielded by the enumerated articles, are to be taken from them. The petty gain to them, on the one hand, will be worthless in the scale against the gigantic loss on the other. Here, too, heavy injury must fall on the labouring orders.

On the doctrines of Sir Henry, profits and wages are not, and cannot be, higher in the protected interests, than they are in others: they would, especially wages, be very greatly reduced in the former, and, on the same doctrines, they would fall in an equal degree in the latter. If it be true, that they cannot be permanently higher in one trade than another, it must be equally so, that a reduction of them in the agricultural, and various other parts of the community, must extend itself through the whole.

It is from all this very apparent, that the abolition of protections, and the subsidiary measures advocated by Sir Henry, would throw very heavy loss on, not "the few," but the body of the population. The labouring classes in general would lose much more from the reduction of wages, parish-relief, and employment, than they would gain from the cheapening of corn. If they could even commonly keep in employment, they would, at the best, be bound to far lower wages than they now obtain. With them, the small and middling tradesmen would, of necessity, suffer deeply. I need not say more, to shew that "the few" alone would be the gainers, and that "the many"—those who are called "the consumers"—would, in effect, have their taxes much more than doubled, and the prices of what they buy greatly raised.

It is a leading object with Sir Henry to promote the accumulation of public wealth or capital. This point may be the most correctly judged of by looking at the great interests of the empire severally, instead of the whole community indiscriminately. These interests form the sources of accumulation. When agriculture is prosperous, its savings are of vast amount, and they are more generally diffused through society, more regular in their operation, more widely employed in assisting small and middling capitalists, and less liable to cause excess of money or goods, than those of any other interest: to a large extent they form a fund in the hands of town and country bankers for the support of manufactures and trade. Agriculture, in regard to both landowner and farmer's price and extent of production, is to be stripped by Sir Henry's schemes of the means of accumulation. A glance at the number of mercantile houses engaged in the colonial trade, and the amount of British capital vested in the colonies on mortgage, &c. will shew that the colonial interests form a mighty source of accumulation. This source is to be confessedly greatly reduced in regard to both price and production. The shipping interest has been a gigantic source of accumulation, and it also is to be much cut down in profit and employment. Various manufacturing interests are avowedly to have their powers of accumulating reduced in the same manner. The wages of the working orders form the great source of accumulation to small and middling tradesmen; and it is to sustain very large diminution. Where is the evidence to prove that other interests and parts of the community will have their power to amass capital proportionally augmented? There is none, and it is manifest that the community as a whole must lose an immense portion of such power.

Another point connected with this must be noticed. Sir Henry's plan, as he intimates, is to take L.12,500,000 from the incomes of landowners: assuming that this sum is the interest of capital at 3 per cent, the plan must at once annihilate about L.400,000,000 of capital belonging to the owners of land. The capital of farmers must be destroyed in proportion to the fall in the price of corn; and that of colonial proprietors, shipowners, &c. must sustain very large diminution. Thus his measures for promoting the accumulation, must at once destroy several hundred millions of capital.

It is somewhat incomprehensible that he never takes into calculation the loss his schemes are to inflict on different parts of the community. If, as he admits, his reduction of duty on foreign spirits might cause them to be used instead of British ones; the spirits consumed, and not only them, but the corn and other articles from which they are extracted, would be produced by foreign, instead of British, capital and industry. Could even the British find employment in fabricating goods to buy the foreign spirits with, this would be only a transfer, but not an increase of employment. He however speaks as though the employment provided by the goods exported to buy the foreign spirits with would be wholly *additional*, created by the reduction. If the latter should compel the corn-growers to produce less corn and take lower prices, it would at any rate greatly reduce their means of consumption; but this he does not notice. At the best, the silk throwsters and kelp manufacturers could only retain their trade, without protecting duty, by very greatly reducing their wages; and their means of consumption would necessarily be much reduced by it; farther, the abolition of the duty would be the loss of so much revenue to the country: these matters, however, he does not deign to take into account. But would his schemes do no more than make what his brethren call a transfer of employment? Suppose that this country should, instead of throwing silk at home, buy thrown silk abroad, and that this would add to the value of its imports L.8,000,000; would this enable it to add L.8,000,000 to its exports? Suppose that it should produce less corn to the value of L.10,000,000, and buy it abroad; would this enable it to swell its exports with an additional value of L.10,000,000? If it would, this inevitably follows:—Should Englar
annually buy abroad, instead of
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tal, and 5,000,000 of her inhabitants, this alone would give to the world at large NEW, ADDITIONAL *employment for L.*200,000,000 *of capital, and* 5,000,000 *of souls.* This, we say, inevitably follows, because while it is self-evident that other nations would gain the additional employment, the Economists insist that England would lose none, but would merely make a transfer within herself, which would even give her an increase. Cannot every one see that it is utterly impossible—that the doctrine on which Sir Henry rests is as self-evidently false and impossible as any Popish legend or Arabian night's tale; and that the transfer would be like that of a family's custom from shop to shop, a transfer of employment from England to other nations, in which what they would gain she would lose?

But he displays something more indefensible than this. Heavy duties on malt and beer do no harm, but on paper and glass they are highly injurious,—on sugar and tea they do not reduce consumption, but on foreign spirits and soap they reduce it greatly—the consumption of sugar is not injured by the duty, yet it would be largely raised by a trifling reduction of the price—a discriminating duty to favour the wine, timber, and other productions of our own colonies is pernicious, but one to favour the productions of one foreign nation against those of another by sacrifice of revenue would be beneficial—to force by duty our own inferior articles into consumption instead of the better ones of foreigners, is foolish and mischievous; but to force in the same way the bad wines of France into consumption, instead of the good ones of Portugal and Spain, would be wise and advantageous—bounties and protecting duties are a source of loss when given to our own capital and industry; but they would be one of gain if given to those of France—duties which scarcely reach the real consumer do mighty injury to consumption; but those which fall chiefly on him do it no harm—these opinions can hardly have any other parent than prejudice. Farther, every duty which presses directly or otherwise on foreigners is to be abolished or reduced, no matter what evil it may inflict on his Majesty's subjects—all duties which press on the landed, colonial, and shipping interests are to be preserved, unless their abolition would benefit foreigners, and all which protect these interests are to be abolished—and a change is to be made in taxation, which directly and virtually will increase enormously the taxes of the most distressed part of the population for the benefit of the other. It is charity to ascribe all this to nothing worse than prejudice, yet Sir Henry like his brethren intimates, that all who differ from him are interested and prejudiced.

I have said that his opinions are of importance, because there is danger that they will be reduced to practice by government. Let all who have property to lose be on their guard, and let them remember that they can only save it by hearty union.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

A BYSTANDER.

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT POETRY.

Ours is a poetical age; but has it produced one Great Poem? Not one. If you think it has, you will perhaps favour us with the name of the author and his work. But haply you may first demand of us what we mean by a Great Poem? If you do, we shan't answer you; for we deal not in reasonings, but in assertions. Reasonings are apt to be tedious and unsatisfactory; assertions are short—and if correct—which ours always are—they carry their own demonstration along with them—neatly folded up—and all that you have to do is to allow them to evolve themselves at their leisure in the light of truth, till they appear before you like "bright consummate flowers," which it is pleasant to gaze on, and profitable to gather. From the commencement of our career we have flourished on assertions, while most of our contemporaries have "faded, languished, grown dim, and died," on demonstrations. We learned this great secret from the observation and meditation of half a century; and applying to literature the philosophy of life, we have become immortal. In vain would you search through nearly twenty decades of Maga for one specimen of an argument above an inch long; whereas in every page the most astounding assertions stare you in the face, till you are out of countenance, and shut your eyes in the sudden and insupportable effulgence of the naked truth—only to open them again with gifted vision on a wider revelation of earth and heaven.

We therefore repeat our assertion—that ours is a poetical age, but that it has not produced one Great Poem. Just look at them for a moment. There is the Pleasures of Memory—an elegant, graceful, beautiful, pensive, and pathetic poem, which it does one's eyes good to gaze on—one's ears good to listen to—one's very fingers good to touch, so smooth is the versification and the wire-wove paper. Never will the Pleasures of Memory be forgotten till the world is in its dotage. But is it a Great Poem? About as much so as an ant or a mole-hill, prettily grass-grown and leaf-strewn, is a mountain purple with heather and golden with woods. It is a symmetrical erection—in the shape of a cone—and the apex points heavenwards; but 'tis not a sky-piercer. You take it at a hop—and pursue your journey. Yet it endures. For the rains and the dews, and the airs and the sunshine, love the fairy knoll, and there it greens and blossoms delicately and delightfully, half a work of art and half a work of nature.

Then, there is the poetry of Crabbe. We hear it is not popular. If so, then neither is human life. For of all our living poets, he has most skilfully "woven the web and woven the woof" of all his compositions with the materials of human life—homespun indeed—but though often coarse, always strong—and though set to plain patterns, yet not unfrequently exceeding fine is the old weaver's workmanship. Aye—hold up the product of his loom between your eye and the light, and it glows and glimmers like the peacock's back or the breast of the rainbow. Sometimes it seems to be but of the "hodden grey;" when sunbeam or shadow smites it, and lo! it is burnished like the regal purple. But did the Borough-monger ever produce a Great Poem? You might as well ask if he built St Paul's.

Breathes not the man with a more poetical temperament than Bowles. No wonder that his eyes "love all they look on," for they possess the sacred gift of beautifying creation, by shedding over it the charm of melancholy. "Pleasant but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past"—is the text we should choose were we about to preach on his genius. No vain repinings, no idle regrets, does his spirit ever breathe over the still receding Past. But time-sanctified are all the shews that arise before his pensive imagination—and the common light of day, once gone, in his poetry seems to shine as if it had all been dying sunset or moonlight, or the new-born dawn. His human sensibilities are so fine as to be in themselves poetical; and his poetical aspirations so delicate as to be felt always human. Hence his Sonnets have been dear to poets—

having in them “ more than meets the ear”—spiritual breathings that hang around the words like light around fair flowers; and hence, too, have they been beloved by all natural hearts who, having not the “ faculty divine,” have yet the “ vision” —that is, the power of seeing and of hearing the sights and the sounds which genius alone can awaken, bringing them from afar, out of the dust and dimness of evanishment. But has Bowles written a Great Poem? If he has, then, as he loves us, let him forthwith publish it in Maga.

What shall we say of the Pleasures of Hope? That the harp from which that music breathed, was an Æolian harp placed in the window of a high hall, to catch airs from heaven, when heaven was glad, as well she might be with such moon and such stars, and streamering half the region with a magnificent aurora borealis. Now the music deepens into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn—and now it dies away elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. Vague, indefinite, uncertain, dream-like, and visionary all; but never else than beautiful; and ever and anon, we know not why, sublime. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream. Is it not even so? As for Gertrude of Wyoming, we love her as if she were our own only daughter—filling our life with bliss, and then leaving it desolate. Even now we see her ghost gliding through those giant woods! As for Lochiel's Warning, there was heard the voice of the Last of the Seers. The Second Sight is now extinguished in the Highland glooms—the Lament wails no more,

> “ That man may not hide what God would reveal ! ’

Never saw we a ship till Campbell indited “ Ye mariners of England.” Sheer hulks before our eyes were all ships till that strain arose—but ever since in our imagination have they brightened the roaring ocean. And dare we say, after that, that Campbell has never written a Great Poem? Yes—in the face even of the Metropolitan.

It was said by the Edinburgh Review, that none but maudlin milliners and sentimental ensigns supposed that James Montgomery was a poet. Then is Maga a maudlin milliner—and Christopher North a sentimental ensign. We once called Montgomery a Moravian; and though he assures us that we were mistaken, yet having made an assertion, we always stick to it, and therefore he must remain a Moravian, if not in his own belief, yet in our imagination. Of all religious sects, the Moravians are the most simple-minded, pure-hearted, and high-souled —and these qualities shine serenely in the Pelican Island. In earnestness and fervour, that poem is by few or none excelled; it is embalmed in sincerity, and therefore shall fade not away, neither shall it moulder—not even although exposed to the air, and blow the air ever so rudely through time's mutations. Not that it is a mummy. Say rather a fair form laid asleep in immortality—its face wearing, day and night, summer and winter, look at it when you will, a saintly—a celestial smile. That is a true image; but is the Pelican Island a Great Poem? We pause not for a reply.

Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches—and one of them, “ beautiful exceedingly,” with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever heard the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailingly along the mossy greensward, when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glows wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. That is a fanciful, perhaps foolish form of expression, employed at present to signify song-writing. Now, of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True, that Robert Burns has indited several songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he—and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived all his life long in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low—and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in "auld clay-bigging" as in marble palace. Burns too often wrote like a rude, unpolished boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are glorious. Both are national poets—and who shall say that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely, without offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns, while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in almost all the power of art, he is infinitely superior to his illustrious rival? Of Llallah Rookh and the Loves of the Angels, we defy you to read a page without admiration; but the question recurs, and it is easily answered, we need not say in the negative, did Moore ever write a Great Poem?

Let us make a tour of the Lakes. Rydal Mount! Wordsworth! The Bard! Here is the man who has devoted his whole life to poetry. It is his profession. He is a poet just as his brother is a clergyman. He is the Head of the Lake School, just as his brother is Master of Trinity. Nothing in this life and in this world has he had to do, beneath sun, moon, and stars, but

> "To murmur by the living brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

What has been the result? Five volumes (oh! why not five more?) of poetry as beautiful as ever charmed the ears of Pan and of Apollo. The earth—the middle air—the sky—the heaven—the heart, mind, and soul of man—are "the haunt and main region of his song." In describing external nature as she is, no poet perhaps has excelled Wordsworth—not even Thomson—in embuing her and making her pregnant with spiritualities, till the mighty mother teems with "beauty far more beauteous" than she had ever rejoiced in till he held communion with her—therein lies his own especial glory, and therein the immortal evidences of the might of his creative imagination. All men at times "muse on nature with a poet's eye,"—but Wordsworth ever—and his soul has grown religious from worship. Every rock is an altar—every grove a shrine. We fear that there will be sectarians even in this Natural Religion till the end of time But he is the High Priest of Nature—or, to use his own words, or nearly so, he is the High Priest "in the metropolitan temple built by Nature in the heart of mighty poets." But has he—even he—ever written a Great Poem? If he has—it is not the Excursion. Nay—the Excursion is not a Poem. It is a series of Poems, all swimming in the light of poetry, some of them sweet and simple, some elegant and graceful, some beautiful and most lovely, some of "strength and state," some majestic, some magnificent, some sublime. But though it has an opening, it has no beginning; you can discover the middle only by the numerals on the page; and the most serious apprehensions have been very generally entertained that it has no end. While Pedlar, Poet, and Solitary breathe the vital air, may the Excursion, stop where it will, be renewed; and as in its present shape it comprehends but a Three Days' Walk, we have but to think of an Excursion of three weeks, three months, or three years, to feel the difference between a Great and a Long Poem. Then the life of man is not always limited to the term of threescore and ten years! What a Journal might it prove at last! Poetry in profusion till the land overflowed; but whether in one volume, as now, or in fifty, in future, not a Great Poem—nay, not a Poem at all—nor ever to be so esteemed, till the principles on which Great Poets build the lofty rhyme are exploded, and the very names of Art and Science smothered and lost in the bosom of Nature, from which they arose.

Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, provided only he be alive and hears, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and subjected for a few minutes to the etherial influence of that wonderful man's monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a Poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose, but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun. You may have seen perhaps rocks suddenly so glorified by sunlight with colours manifold, that the bees seek them deluded by the show of flowers. The sun, you know, does not always shew his orb even in the daytime—and people are often ignorant of his place in the firmament. But he keeps shining away at his leisure, as you would know were he to suffer eclipse. Perhaps he—the sun—is at no other time a more delightful luminary, than when he is pleased to dispense his influence through a general haze, or mist—softening all the day till meridian is almost like the afternoon, and the grove, anticipating gloaming, bursts into "dance and minstrelsy" ere the god go down into the sea. Clouds too become him well—whether thin and fleecy and braided, or piled up all round about him castlewise and cathedral-fashion, to say nothing of temples and other metropolitan structures; nor is it reasonable to find fault with him, when, as naked as the hour he was born, "he flames on the forehead of the morning sky." The grandeur too of his appearance on setting has become quite proverbial. Now in all this he resembles Coleridge. It is easy to talk—not very difficult to speechify—hard to speak; but to "discourse" is a gift rarely bestowed by Heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its commonplaces, and you and your wife imagine yourself Adam and Eve listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the Garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for awhile, than you would a river that "imposes silence with a stilly sound." Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop too curiously to enquire; but you do something better, you feel the whole just like any other divine music. And 'tis your own fault if you do not

> "A wiser and a better man arise to-morrow's morn."

Reason is said to be one faculty, and Imagination another—but there cannot be a grosser mistake; they are one and indivisible; only in most cases, like man and wife, they live like cat and dog, in mutual worrying, or haply sue for a divorce; whereas in the case of Coleridge they are one spirit as well as one flesh, and keep billing and cooing in a perpetual honey-moon. Then his mind is learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans; and though we have heard simpletons say that he knows nothing of science, we have heard him on chemistry puzzle Sir Humphrey Davy—and prove to our entire satisfaction, that Leibnitz and Newton, though good men, were but indifferent astronomers. Besides, he thinks nothing of inventing a new science, with a complete nomenclature, in a twinkling—and should you seem sluggish of apprehension, he endows you with an additional sense or two, over and above the usual seven, till you are no longer at a loss, be it even to scent the music of fragrance, or to hear the smell of a balmy piece of poetry. All the faculties, both of soul and sense, seem amicably to interchange their functions and their provinces; and you fear not that the dream may dissolve, convinced that you are in a future state of permanent enjoyment. Nor are we now using any exaggeration; for if you will but think how unutterably dull are all the ordinary sayings and doings of this life, spent as it is with ordinary people, you may imagine how, in sweet delirium, you may be robbed of yourself by a seraphic tongue that has fed since first it lisped on "honey-dews," and by lips that have "breathed the air of Paradise," and learned a seraphic language, which all the while that it is English, is as grand as Greek, and as soft as Italian. We only know this, that Coleridge is the alchymist that in his crucible melts down hours to moments—and lo! diamonds sprinkled on a plate of gold.

What a world would this be were all its inhabitants to fiddle like Paganini, ride like Ducrow, discourse like Coleridge, and do every thing else in a style of equal perfection! But, pray, how does the man write poetry with a pen upon paper, who thus is perpetually pouring it from his inspired lips? Read the Ancient Mariner, the Nightingale, and Genevieve. In the first, you shudder at the superstition of the sea—in the second, you slumber in the melodies of the woods—in the third, earth is like heaven;—for you are made to feel that

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his holy flame!"

Has Coleridge, then, ever written a Great Poem? No; for besides the Regions of the fair, the wild and the wonderful, there is another, up to which his wing might soar; for the plumes are strong as soft. But why should he who loveth to take "the wings of a dove that he may flee away" to the bosom of beauty, though there never for a moment to be at rest—why should he, like an eagle, soar into the storms that roll above this visible diurnal sphere in peals of perpetual thunder?

Wordsworth, somewhere or other, remonstrates, rather angrily, with the Public, against her obstinate ignorance shewn in persisting to put into one class himself, Coleridge, and Southey, as birds of a feather, that not only flock together but warble the same sort of song. But he elsewhere tells us that he and Coleridge hold the same principles in the Art Poetical, and among his Lyrical Ballads he admitted the three finest compositions of his illustrious Compeer. The Public therefore is not to blame in taking him at his word, even if she had discerned no family likeness in their genius. Southey certainly resembles Wordsworth less than Coleridge does—but he lives at Keswick, which is but some dozen miles from Rydal, and perhaps with an unphilosophical though pensive Public that link of connexion should be allowed to be sufficient, even were there no other less patent and material than the Macadamized turnpike road. But true it is and of verity, that Southey, among our living Poets, stands aloof and "alone in his glory." For he alone of them all has adventured to illustrate, in Poems of magnitude, the different characters, customs, and manners of nations. Joan of Ark is an English and French story—Thalaba an Arabian one—Kehama is Indian—Madoc Welsh and American—and Roderic Spanish and Moorish; nor would it be easy to say (setting aside the first, which was a very youthful work) in which of these noble Poems Mr Southey has most successfully performed an achievement entirely beyond the power of any but the highest genius. In Madoc, and especially in Roderic, he has relied on the truth of nature—as it is seen in the history of great national transactions and events. In Thalaba and in Kehama, though in them too he has brought to bear an almost boundless lore, he follows the leading of Fancy and Imagination, and walks in a world of wonders. Seldom, if ever, has one and the same Poet exhibited such power in such different kinds of Poetry, in Truth a Master, and in Fiction a Magician. Of all these Poems the conception and the execution are original; in much faulty and imperfect both; but bearing throughout the impress of highest genius; and breathing a moral charm, in the midst of the wildest and sometimes even extravagant imaginings, that shall preserve them for ever from oblivion, and embalm them in the spirit of love and of delight. Fairy Tales—or tales of witchcraft and enchantment, seldom stir the holiest and deepest feelings of the heart; but Thalaba and Kehama do so; "the still sad music of humanity" is ever with us among all most wonderful and wild; and among all the spells, and charms, and talismans that are seen working strange effects before our eyes, the strongest of them all are ever felt to be Piety and Virtue. What exquisite pictures of domestic affection and bliss! what sanctity and devotion! Meek as a child is Innocence in Southey's poetry, but mightier than any giant. How

> "Like a spirit, still and bright,
> With something of an angel light,"

matron or maid, mother or daughter—in joy or sorrow—as they appear before us, doing or suffering, "beautiful and dutiful," with Faith, Hope, and Charity their guardian angels, nor Fear ever once crossing their path! We feel in perusing such pictures—"Purity! thy name is woman!" and are not these Great Poems? We are silent. But should you answer "yes," from us, in our present mood, you shall receive no contradiction.

The transition always seems to us, we scarcely know why, as natural as delightful from Southey to Scott. We intend some happy hour or other to draw parallel characters of these two chiefs, not exactly after the manner of Plutarch. For the present let it suffice—for nothing can be more sketchy than this outline of an article—that we suggest to you that they alone of all the poets of the day have produced poems in which are pictured and narrated, epicly, national characters, and events, and actions, and catastrophes. Southey has heroically invaded foreign countries as heroically

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say whether in his poetry or in his prose the brightest—and the past became the present. We know now the character of our own people as it shewed itself in war and peace, in palace, castle, hall, hut, hovel, and shieling, through centuries of advancing civilisation, from the time when Edinburgh was first ycleped Auld Reekie, down to the period when the bright idea first occurred to her inhabitants to call her the Modern Athens. This he has effected by means of about one hundred volumes, each exhibiting to the life about thirty characters, and each character not only an individual in himself or herself, but the representative—so we offer to prove if you be sceptical—of a distinct class or order of human beings, from the Monarch to the Mendicant, from the Queen to the Gipsy—as for example, from the Bruce to Sir Richard Moniplies, from Mary Stuart to Meg Merrilies. We shall never say that Scott is Shakspeare; but we shall say that he has conceived and created—you know the meaning of these words—a far greater number of characters—of real living flesh-and-blood human beings—and that more naturally, truly, and consistently, than Shakspeare; who was sometimes transcendently great in pictures of the passions—but out of their range, which surely does not comprehend all rational being—was—nay, do not threaten to murder us—a confused and irregular delineator of human life. All the world believed that Sir Walter had not only exhausted his own genius in his poetry, but that he had exhausted all the matter of Scottish life—he and Burns together—and that no more ground unturned up lay on this side of the Tweed. Perhaps he thought so too for awhile—and shared in the general and natural delusion. But one morning before breakfast it occurred to him, that in all his poetry he had done little or nothing—though more for Scotland than any other of her poets—or perhaps than all put together—and that it would not be much amiss to commence a New Series of Inventions. Hence the Prose Tales—Novels—and Romances—not yet at an end—fresh floods of light pouring all over Scotland—and occasionally illumining England, France, and

Germany, and even Palestine—whatever land had been ennobled by Scottish enterprise, genius, valour, and virtue. Now, we beg leave to decline answering our own question—has he ever written a Great Poem? We do not care one straw whether he has or not; for he has done this—he has exhibited human life in a greater variety of forms and lights, all definite and distinct, than any other man whose name has reached our ears—and therefore, without fear or trembling, we tell the world to its face, that he is, out of all sight, the greatest genius of the age, not forgetting Goethe, the Devil, and Dr Faustus.

"What? Scott a greater genius than Byron!" Yes—beyond compare. Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide, imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with a master's might. We speak of the external world—of nature and of art. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early poems he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it; and even in the first two cantos of Childe Harold he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his lukewarmness; but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear; and proved himself a poet. But in the third canto, "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and he "babbled o' green fields," floods and mountains. Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a cento—his model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited therefore to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional, or verbal; but all the descriptions are conceived in the spirit of Wordsworth, coloured by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being—and that so entirely, that had the Excursion and Lyrical Ballads never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third canto of Childe Harold. His soul, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the Bard of Nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own—and even described it after his own fashion; but a far mightier master in that domain was his instructor and guide—nor in his noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to the beauty and sublimity of those inspired passages, which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination. With all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled his soul; and thus "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," do almost entirely compose the fourth canto, which is worth, ten times o'er, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep; and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The two first cantos are frequently cold, cumbrous, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and these far from being of first-rate excellence, they are found wofully wanting in imagination. Many passages are but the baldest prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos,—and so was the friend, not Mr Hobhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they "made a prodigious sensation," but bitter-bad stuff has often done that; while often unheeded or unheard has been an angel's voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos no better than themselves, then had the whole four in good time been most certainly damned. But, fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed; and proceed he did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing, with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoil riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked, and her wondrous son. Is Childe Harold, then, a Great Poem? What! with one half of it little above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original either in conception or execution, and the remainder glorious? As for his tales—the Giaour, Corsair, Lara, Bride of Abydos, Siege of Corinth, and so forth—they are all spirited, energetic, and passionate performances—sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified—but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that range a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and over many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of cleverness—and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect. Many of these hints will doubtless appear impertinent and heterodox: but we would not advise any hostile critic in any periodical work to attempt to prove them so; for if he do, he may count upon the crutch.

There are not a few other praiseworthy poets adorning this age, of whom it would be far from unpleasant to speak; but we appear to have proved our point that the age has not produced a single Great Poem. It is, however, as we said before, a most poetical age; and were we to gather together all the poetry it has produced, and fling it into one heap, what an Olympus!

Just take a moment's glance at the period that elapsed between Pope and Cowper, and, mercy on us! what a period of drought and sterility! Versification flourished, and all else decayed. Among the crowd, of fancy there was a little—of feeling less—and of imagination none—while intellect was so feeble it could hardly crawl. Among the honoured, Collins was a poet, and his name was Fine Ear. But feeling his own weakness, he took refuge in abstractions—and hid himself in the shadowy twilight which they afford. Filmy visions floated before his half-shut eye—and they were beautiful; but unsubstantial all, and owning remotest kindred with the flesh-and-blood creatures of this our living world. He loved to dream of superstitions and enchantments; but he was not a sublime Seer. His Ode—as it is absurdly called—on the Superstitions of the Highlands, is uninspired by the fears that beset fancy, and but an elegant and eloquent narration of sights and sounds that, had they been seen and heard aright, would have wailed in rueful and ghastly strains, curdling the blood. "The Passions" is an unimpassioned Series of Portraits—from which Reynolds or Lawrence might have painted graceful pictures. But he calls "no spirits from the vasty deep." Now Passions are spirits, and the human heart is a "vasty deep;" and therefore Collins's Ode on the Passions is but a poor performance. But he had a soul finely strung to the obscure pathetic—and it often yields melancholy murmurs by moonlight "when the high woods are still," which spell-like sadden the imagination, making the night pensive. Gray, again, had no pathos. His famous Elegy pleases and elevates the mind, for the feelings and thoughts flow naturally, and the language and versification are elegant in the extreme—scholarlike without being pedantic—in the best sense classical—and free from flaws, like "a gem of purest ray serene." Then, the subject is of universal and eternal interest. It is, therefore, an immortal Elegy—and "Its Curfew tolls" will, we fear, continue to be the pest and plague of all rising generations, till the Schoolmaster now abroad be dead. As to his Odes—with fine passages—they are but cold and clumsy concerns. Their day is over. We ourselves love to read them for the sake of the mere sound, which is rushing and river-like, and sometimes we think we hear the sea—sullen afar off—or near at hand, in a high tide, and dashing rejoicingly among the rocks. He was a skilful artist—but no Pindar—though he describes grandly the Theban eagle. Mason had more poetry in him than Gray—but he threw it away on unhappy, at least unfit subjects, and he always wrought after a model. All his writings—except a few beautiful lines in his English Garden, which one meets with now and then in quotation, without knowing whence they come—are forgotten now by all the world—except by a few old parsons not yet died out;

but his name will survive. A sad case! Tom Warton was one of the finest fellows that ever breathed—and the Gods had made him poetical, but not a poet. He loved poetry dearly—and he wrote its history well; that book being a mine. He loved nature dearly too; and some beautiful sonnets did he indite about the Isis, and the Charwell, and the rural scenery about Oxford, and Oxford's self—she who is worthy of an immortal song. In short, Collins, Gray, and Warton, were three such men as one will not often meet with on a summer's-day. But had they genius sufficient to glorify an era? No—no—no.

To what era, pray, did Thomson belong—and to what era Cowper? To none. Thomson had no precursor—and till Cowper no follower. He effulged all at once sunlike—like Scotland's storm-loving, mist-enamoured sun, which till you have seen on a day of thunder, you cannot be said ever to have seen the sun. Cowper followed Thomson merely in time. We should have had the Task, even had we never had the Seasons. These two were "Heralds of a mighty train issuing;" add them, then, to the worthies of our own age,—and they belong to it,—and all the rest of the poetry of the modern world—to which add that of the ancient—if multiplied by ten in quantity—and by twenty in quality—would not so variously, so vigorously, so magnificently, so beautifully, and so truly image the form and pressure, the life and spirit of the mother of us all—Nature. Are then the Seasons and the Task Great Poems? Yes.—Why? We shall tell you in two separate articles. But we presume you do not need to be told that that poem must be great, which was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year, and to shew that all its Seasons were but the varied God? The idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete, that some six thousand years having elapsed between the creation of the world and of that poem, some sixty thousand, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another equally great, on a subject external to the mind, equally magnificent. We farther presume, that you hold sacred the Hearth. Now, in the Task, the Hearth is the heart of the poem, just as it is of a happy house. No other poem is so full of domestic happiness—humble and high; none is so breathed over by the spirit of the Christian religion.

We have not forgotten an order of poets, peculiar, we believe, to our own enlightened land—a high order of poets sprung from the lower orders of the people—and not only sprung from them, but bred as well as born in "the huts where poor men lie," and glorifying their condition by the light of song. Such glory belongs—we believe—exclusively to this country and to this age. Mr Southey, who in his own high genius and fame is never insensible to the virtues of his fellow-men, however humble and obscure the sphere in which they may move, has written a volume—and a most interesting one—on the poets of this class in other ages of our literature. Nor shall we presume to gainsay one of his benevolent words. But this we do say, that all the verse-writers of whom he there treats, and all the verse-writers of the same sort of whom he does not treat, that ever existed on the face of the earth, shrink up into a lean and shrivelled bundle of dry leaves or sticks, compared with these Five—Burns, Hogg, Cunninghame, Bloomfield, and Clare. It must be a celestial soil—the soil of this Britain—which sends up such products—and we must not complain of the clime beneath which they grow to such stately height, and bear such glorious fruitage. The spirit of domestic life must be sound and strong—the natural knowledge of good and evil must be high—the religion true—the laws just—and the government, on the whole, good, methinks, that have all conspired to educate these children of genius, whose souls Nature has framed of the finer clay.

Such men seem to us more clearly and certainly men of genius, than many who, under different circumstances, may have effected far higher achievements. For though they enjoyed in their condition ineffable blessings to dilate their spirits, and touch them with all tenderest thoughts, it is not easy to imagine the deadening or degrading influences to which by their condition they were inevitably exposed, and which keep down the heaven-aspiring flame of genius, or extinguish it wholly, or hold it smouldering under all sorts of rubbish. Only look at the attempts in verse of the common run of clodhoppers. Buy a few ballads from the wall or stall—and you groan to think that you have been born—such is the mess of mire, mud, and filth which often, without the slightest intention of brutality, those rural, city, or suburban bards of the lower orders prepare for boys, and virgins, and matrons, who all devour it greedily, without suspicion of its being a foul and fetid stir-about of grossness and obscenity. Strange, as true, that even in that mural minstrelsy, occasionally occurs a phrase or line, and even stanza, sweet and simple, and to nature true; but consider them in the light of poetry read, recited, and sung by the people, and you might well be appalled and disgusted by the revelation therein made of the coarse, gross, and beastly tastes, feelings and thoughts of the lower orders. And yet in the midst of all the popularity of such productions, the best of Burns' poems, his Cottar's Saturday Night, and most delicate of his songs, are still more popular, and read by the same classes with a still greater eagerness of delight! Into this mystery we shall not now enquire; but we mention it now merely to shew how divine a thing true genius is, which, burning within the bosoms of a few favourite sons of nature, guards them from all this pollution, lifts them up above it all, purifies their whole being, and without consuming their family affections or friendships, or making them unhappy with their lot, and disgusted with all about them, reveals to them all that is fair and bright and beautiful in feeling and in imagination, makes them very poets indeed, and should fortune favour, and chance and accident, gains for them wide over the world, living and dead, the glory of a poet's name.

From all such evil influences incident to their condition—and we are now speaking but of the evil—The Five emerged; and first in beauty and in brightness—Burns. Our dearly beloved Thomas Carlyle is reported to have said at the dinner lately given to Allan Cunninghame in Dumfries, that Burns was not only one of the greatest of poets, but likewise of philosophers. We hope not. What he did may be told in one short sentence. His genius purified and ennobled in his imagination and in his heart the character and condition of the Scottish peasantry—and reflected them, ideally true to nature, in the living waters of Song. That is what he did; but to do that, did not require the highest powers of the poet and the philosopher. Nay, had he marvellously possessed them, he never would have written a single line of the poetry of the late Robert Burns. Thank Heaven for not having made him such a man—but merely the Ayrshire Ploughman. He was called into existence for a certain work, for the fulness of time was come—but he was neither a Shakspeare, nor a Scott, nor a Goethe; and therefore he rejoiced in writing the Saturday Night, and the Twa Dogs, and The Holy Fair, and O' a' the Airts the Wund doth blaw, and eke the Vision. But forbid it, all ye Gracious Powers! that we should quarrel with Thomas Carlyle—and that, too, for calling Robert Burns one of the greatest of poets and philosophers.

If he were, then so is the Ettrick Shepherd. The truth ought always to be spoken; and therefore we say that in fancy and in imagination James Hogg—in spite of his name and his teeth—is superior to Robert Burns, and why not? The Forest is a better schoolroom than ever Burns studied in; and it once overflowed with poetical traditions. But comparisons are always odious; and the great glory of James is, that he is as unlike Robert as ever one poet was unlike another, as we once shewed in an article many years ago, which we modestly believe exhausted the subject, and left nothing valuable to be said about the genius of either bard. So have we written of Allan Cunninghame—though of him we purpose to write again—for while as a poet he is well worthy to be one of the Three—he must be spoken of properly—out of poetry—as a man of great talents in literature.

The Five, then, belong to this age; and that is a glory, as we said, peculiar to itself; for they alone deserve the name of Poets, of all the aspirants belonging to the people—born and bred among them—and singing of their condition. No inconsiderable talent and ingenuity some others similarly circumstanced in youth or all life long have exhibited; but as to poetry, properly so called, it was not in them; they did nothing worthy of remembrance—and they are all forgotten for ever.

But there is another glory belonging to this age, and almost to this age alone of our Poetry—the glory of Female Genius. We have heard and seen it seriously argued whether or not women are equal to men; as if there could be a moment's doubt in any mind unbesotted by sex, that they are infinitely superior; not in understanding, thank Heaven, nor perhaps even in intellect, but in all other impulses of soul and sense that dignify and adorn human beings, and make them worthy of living on this delightful earth. Men for the most part are such worthless wretches, that we wonder how women condescend to allow the world to be carried on; and we attribute that phenomenon solely to the hallowed yearnings of maternal affection, which breathes as strongly in maid as in matron, and may be beautifully seen in the child fondling its doll in its blissful bosom. Philoprogenitiveness! But not to pursue that interesting speculation, suffice it for the present to say, that so far from having no souls, a whim of Mahomet's, who thought but of their bodies, women are the sole spiritual beings that walk the earth not unseen; they alone, without pursuing a complicated and scientific system of deception and hypocrisy, are privileged from on high to write poetry. We—men we mean—may assume a virtue, though we have it not, and appear to be inspired by the divine afflatus. Nay, we sometimes—often—are truly so inspired, and write like Gods. A few of us—not we—are subject to fits, and in them utter oracles. But the truth is too glaring to be denied, that all male rational creatures are in the long run vile, corrupt, and polluted; and that the best man that ever died in his bed within the arms of his distracted wife, is wickeder far than the worst woman that was ever iniquitously hanged for murdering what was called her poor husband, who in all cases righteously deserved his fate. Purity of mind is incompatible with manhood; and a monk is a monster—so is every Fellow of a College—and every Roman Catholic Priest, from Father O'Leary to Dr Doyle. Confessions, indeed! Why, had Joseph himself confessed all he had ever felt and thought—for we acquit him of any flagrant faux-pas—to Potiphar's wife, she would have frowned him from her presence in all the chaste dignity of virtuous indignation, and so far from tearing off the hem of his garment, would not have touched it for the whole world. But all women—till men by marriage, or by something, if that be possible, worse even than marriage, reduce them nearly to their own level—are pure as dew-drops or moonbeams, and know not the meaning of evil. Their genius conjectures it; and in that there is no sin. But their genius loves best to image forth good, for 'tis the blessing of their lives, its power and its glory; and hence, when they write poetry, it is *religion*, sweet, soft, solemn, and divine.

Observe, however—to prevent all mistakes—that we speak but of British women—and of British women of the present age. Of the German Fair Sex we know little or nothing; but daresay that the Baroness la Motte Fouqué is a worthy woman, and as vapid as the Baron. Neither make we any allusion to Madame Genlis, or other illustrious Lemans of the French school, who charitably adopted their own natural daughters, while other less pious ladies, who had become mothers without being wives, sent theirs to Foundling Hospitals. We restrict ourselves to the Maids and Matrons of this Island—and of this Age—and as it is of genius that we speak,—we name the names of Joanna Baillie, Mrs Tighe, Felicia Hemans, Lucy Eliza Landon, and the Lovely Norton—while we pronounce several other sweet-sounding Christian surnames in whispering under-tones of affection, almost as inaudible as the sound of the growing of grass on a dewy evening.

Corinna and Sappho must have

been women of transcendent genius so to move Greece. For though the Greek character was most impressible and combustible, it was so only to the finest finger and fire. In that delightful land dunces were all dumb. Where genius alone spoke and sung poetry, how hard to excel! Corinna and Sappho did excel—the one conquering Pindar—and the other all the world but Phaon.

But our own Joanna has been visited with a still loftier inspiration. She has created tragedies which Sophocles—or Euripides—nay, even Æschylus himself would have feared, in competition for the immortal garland. Plays on the Passions! "How absurd!" said one philosophical writer. "This will never do!" It has done—perfectly. What, pray, is the aim of all tragedy? The Stagyrite has told us—to purify the passions by pity and terror. They ventilate and cleanse the soul—till its atmosphere is like that of a calm, bright summer day. All plays, therefore, must be on the Passions. And all that Joanna intended—and it was a great intention greatly effected—was in her series of dramas to steady her purposes by ever keeping one mighty end in view, of which the perpetual perception could not fail to make all the means harmonious, and therefore majestic. One passion was, therefore, constituted sovereign of the soul in each glorious tragedy—sovereign sometimes by divine right—sometimes an usurper—generally a tyrant. In De Monfort we behold the horrid reign of Hate. But in his sister—the seraphic sway of Love. Darkness and light sometimes opposed in sublime contrast—and sometimes the light swallowing up the darkness—or "smoothing its raven down till it smiles." Finally, all is black as night and the grave—for the light, unextinguished, glides and gleams away into some far-off world of peace. Count Basil! A woman only could have imagined that divine drama. How different the love Basil feels for Victoria from Antony's for Cleopatra! Pure, deep, high as the heaven and the sea. Yet on it we see him borne away to shame, destruction, and death. It is indeed his ruling passion. But the day before he saw her face—his ruling passion was the love of glory. And the hour he died by his own hand was troubled into madness by many passions; for are they not all mysteriously linked together, sometimes a dreadful brotherhood?

We must really not much longer delay our long-projected panegyric on the genius of our Lady-poets. Let them be assured, that the Old Man loves them all, as they would wish to be loved; and that he would not "let even the winds of heaven visit their faces too roughly." Not too roughly; but long may the winds of heaven visit them freely and boldly, for there is health and beauty in the breeze;—and as for the sunshine and the moonshine, may they let fall their lights and their shadows unobstructed on countenances "instinct with spirit," whether dim in pensiveness or radiant with joy—still in all expression "beautiful exceedingly," for it alone deserves the name, the Beauty of the Soul.

Well may our land be proud of such women. None such ever before adorned her poetical annals. Glance over that most interesting volume, "Specimens of British Poetesses," by that amiable and ingenious man, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, and what effulgence begins to break towards the close of the eighteenth century! For hundreds of years the genius of English women had ever and anon been shining forth in song; but faint, though fair, was the lustre, and struggling, imprisoned in clouds. Some of the sweet singers of those days bring tears to our eyes by their simple pathos,—for their poetry breathes of their own sorrows, and shews that they were but too familiar with grief. But their strains are mere melodies "sweetly played in tune." The deeper harmonies of poetry seem to have been beyond their reach. The range of their power was limited. Anne, Countess of Winchelsea—Catherine Phillips, known by the name of Orinda—and Mrs Anne Killegrew, who, Dryden says, was made an angel, "in the last promotion to the skies"—shewed, as they sang on earth, that they were all worthy to sing in Heaven. But what were their hymns to those that are now warbled around us from many sister spirits, pure in their lives as they, but brighter far in their genius, and more fortunate in its nurture! Poetry from female lips was then half a wonder and half a reproach. But now 'tis no longer rare—not even the highest—yes, the highest—for Innocence and Purity are of the highest hierarchies; and the thoughts and feelings they inspire, though breathed in words and tones, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," are yet lofty as the stars, and humble too as the flowers beneath our feet.

And now we are upon the verge of another era of Poetry, when the throne was occupied by Dryden, and then by Pope—searching still for a Great Poem. Did either of them ever write one? No—never. Sir Walter says finely of glorious John,

> "And Dryden, in immortal strain,
> Had raised the Table Round again,
> But that a ribald King and Court
> Bade him play on to make them sport,
> The world defrauded of the high design,
> Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

But why, we ask, did Dryden suffer a ribald king and court to debase and degrade his immortal strain? Because he was poor. But could he not have died of cold, thirst, and hunger—in a state of starvation? Have not millions of men and women done so, rather than sacrifice their conscience? And shall we grant to a great poet that indulgence which many a humble hind would have flung with scorn in our teeth, and rather than have availed himself of it, faced the fagot, or the halter, or the stake set within the sea-flood? But it is satisfactory to know that Dryden, though still glorious John, was not a Great Poet. His soul, we know, was insensible to the pathetic and the sublime—else had his genius held fast its integrity—been ribald to no ribald—and indignantly kicked to the devil both court and king. Pope, again, with the common frailties of humanity, was a pure, pompous little fellow of a poet—and played on his own harp with fine taste, and great execution. We doubt, indeed, if such a finished style has ever been heard since, from any of the King Apollo's musicians. His versification sounds monotonous only to ears of leather. That his poetry has no passion is the creed of critics "of Cambyses' vein;" as for Imagination, we shall continue till such time as that faculty has been distinguished from Fancy, to see it shining in the Rape of the Lock, with a lambent lustre; if high intellect be not dominant in his Epistles and his Essay on Man, we advise you to look for it in Keates, or Barry Cornwall; and could a man, whose heart was not heroic, have given us another Iliad, which may be read with transport, even after Homer's?

In Johnson's Lives of the Poetasters, may be spied with a microcosm, a variety of small fry, wriggling about in the waters of Helicon, which the creatures at last contrive so to muddy, that they elude observation, even through that microscopic instrument; and in Chalmers's edition of the British Poets, the productions of people are inserted, who must, when alive, have been almost too stupid for the ordinary run of social life. Some folks are born, it is proverbially said, with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle. The expression is strongly obstetrical; and of difficult delivery. But what is more perplexing still, some are born poets, whom the world persists in thinking prosers—and some are born prosers, and live and die in complete possession of all the faculties essential to the support of that character, whom the world, or the world's counsellors and guides, the critics, insist upon dubbing poets, wreathing their brows with laurels, and consigning them to immortal fame. Some of them—persons not destitute of common sense—such as the Sprats, the Dukes, the Pomfrets, and the Yaldens—must have been themselves much astonished at such procedure on the part of the public—while others have exclaimed, like their kindred, "See! how we apples swim!" In former ages, this fortunate and unfortunate breed flourished in England—nor are they yet extinct. The dunces are not yet dead—and occasionally the empty skull gets a leaf of laurel. But to do *our* poetasters justice—many of them are in a degree poetical, and really write verses very prettily indeed—in a style seldom sufficiently felicitous to shield them from a certain share of contempt from their contemporaries, but often superior to the very highest and most successful efforts of many who, in former times, were asked to sup in taverns as persons of wit. A first-rate poetaster of this age would have been almost a second-rate poet of other ages we could mention—provided he had written as well then as he does now; but there comes the rub, for he owes the little power he now possesses and flourishes in, to a sort of convulsion communicated to him by the electricity of poetical genius flashing night and day all over the horizon; whereas had he lived then, when the atmosphere was not so fully charged, ten, nay, twenty to one, he had vegetated quietly like other plants, and faded away without a single struggle of inspiration.

We have not yet, it would seem, found the object of our search—a Great Poem. Let us extend our quest into the Elizabethan age. We are at once sucked into the theatre. With the whole drama of that age we are conversant and familiar; but whether we understand it or not, is another question. It aspires to give representations of Human Life in all its infinite varieties, and inconsistencies, and conflicts, and turmoils produced by the Passions. Time and space are not suffered to interpose their unities between the Poet and his vast design, who, provided he can satisfy the souls of the spectators by the pageant of their own passions moving across the stage, may exhibit there whatever he wills from life, death, or the grave. 'Tis a sublime conception—and sometimes has given rise to sublime performance; but in our opinion, has been death to the drama—in all hands—but in those of Shakspeare. Great as was the genius of many of the dramatists of that age, not one of them has produced a Great Tragedy. A Great Tragedy indeed! What! without harmony or proportion in the plan—with all puzzling perplexities, and inextricable entanglements in the plot—and with disgust and horror in the catastrophe? As for the characters—male and female—saw ye ever such a set of swaggerers and rantipoles as they often are, in one act—Methodist preachers, and demure young women at a love-feast in another—absolute heroes and heroines of high calibre in a third—and so on, changing and shifting name and nature, according to the laws of the Romantic Drama forsooth—but in hideous violation of the laws of nature—till the curtain falls, over a heap of bodies huddled together without regard to age or sex, as if they had been overtaken in liquor, and were all dead-drunk! We admit that there is gross exaggeration in the picture. But there is always truth in a tolerable caricature—and this is one of a tragedy of Webster, Ford, or Massinger.

It is satisfactory to know that the good sense, and good feeling, and good taste of the people of England will not submit to be belaboured by editors and critics into admiration of such enormities. The Old English Drama lies buried in the dust with all its tragedies. Never more will they disfigure the stage. Scholars read them, and often with delight, admiration, and wonder. For genius is a strange spirit, and has begotten strange children on the body of the Tragic Muse. In the closet it is pleasant to peruse the countenances, at once divine, human, and brutal, of the incomprehensible monsters—to scan their forms, powerful though mishapen—to watch their movements, vigorous though distorted—and to hold up one's hands in amazement on hearing them not seldom discourse most excellent music. But we should shudder to see them on the stage enacting the parts of men and women—and massacre the manager. All has been done for the least deformed of the tragedies of the Old English Drama that humanity could do, enlightened by the Christian religion; but Nature has risen up to vindicate herself against such misrepresentations as they afford; and sometimes finds it all she can do to stomach Shakspeare.

But the monstrosities we have mentioned are not the worst to be found in almost every scene of the said Old English Drama. Others there are that, till civilized Christendom fall back into barbarous Heathendom, must for ever be unendurable to human ears, whether long or short—we mean the obscenities. That sin is banished for ever from our literature. The poet who might dare to commit it, would be immediately hooted out of society, and sent to roost in barns among the owls. But the Old English Drama is stuffed with ineffable pollutions; and full of passages that the lowest prostitute would be ashamed to read aloud in the stews. Therefore, let them rot. We have not seen that volume of the Family Dramatists which contains Massinger. But if made fit for female reading, his plays must be mutilated and mangled out of all likeness to the original wholes. But to free them even from the grossest impurities, without destroying their very life, is impossible; and it would be far better to make a selection of fine passages, after the manner of Lamb's specimens—but with a severer eye—than to attempt in vain to preserve their character as plays, and at the same time to expunge all that is too disgusting, perhaps, to be dangerous to boys and virgins. Full-grown men may read what they choose—perhaps without suffering from it; but the modesty of the young clear eye must not be profaned—and we cannot, for our own part, imagine a *Family* Old English Dramatist.

And here again bursts upon us the glory of the Greek Drama. The Athenians were as wicked, as licentious, as polluted, and much more so, we hope, than ever were the Englishers; but they debased not with their gross vices their glorious tragedies. Nature in her higher moods alone, and most majestic aspects, trode their stage. Buffoons, and ribalds, and zanies, and "rude indecent clowns," were confined to comedies; and even there they too were idealized, and resembled not the obscene samples that so often sicken us in the midst of "the acting of a dreadful thing" in our theatres. They knew that "with other ministrations, thou, O Nature!" teachest thy handmaid Art to soothe the souls of thy congregated children —congregated to behold her noble goings-on, and to rise up and depart elevated by the transcendent pageant. The Tragic Muse was in those days a Priestess—tragedies were religious ceremonies—for all the ancestral stories they celebrated were under consecration—the spirit of the ages of heroes and demigods descended over the vast amphitheatre; and thus were Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, the guardians of the national character, which, we all know, was, in spite of all it suffered under, high indeed, and for ever passionately enamoured of all the forms of greatness.

Forgive us—spirit of Shakspeare! that seem'st to animate that high-brow'd bust—if indeed we have offer'd any show of irreverence to thy name and nature—for now, in the noiselessness of midnight, to our awed but loving hearts do both appear divine! Forgive us—we beseech thee—that on going to bed—which we are just about to do—we may be able to compose ourselves to sleep—and dream of Miranda and Imogen, and Desdemona and Cordelia. Father revered of that holy family! by the blue light in the eyes of Innocence we beseech thee to forgive us!—Ha! what old ghost art thou—clothed in the weeds of more than mortal misery—mad, mad, mad—come and gone—was it Lear?

We have found, then—it seems—at last—the object of our search—a Great Poem—aye—four Great Poems—Lear—Hamlet—Othello—Macbeth. And was the revealer of those high mysteries in his youth a deer-stealer in the parks of Warwickshire, a linkboy in London streets? And died he in his grand climacteric in a dimmish sort of a middle-sized tenement on Stratford-on-Avon, of a surfeit from an over-dose of home-brewed humming ale! Such is the tradition.

Had we a daughter—an only daughter—we should wish her to be

> "Like heavenly Una with her milk-white
> lamb."

In that one line has Wordsworth done an unappreciable service to Spenser. He has improved upon a picture in the Fairy Queen—making "the beauty still more beauteous," by a single touch of a pencil dipped in moonlight—or in sunlight tender as Luna's smiles. Through Spenser's many nine-lined stanzas the lovely lady glides along the wild—and our eyes follow in delight the sinless wanderer. In Wordsworth's one single celestial line we behold her but for a moment of time, and a point of space—an immortal idea at one gaze occupying the spirit.

And is not the Fairy Queen a Great

Poem? Like the Excursion, it is at all events a long one—"slow to begin, and never ending." That fire was a fortunate one in which so many books of it were burnt. If no such fortunate fire ever took place, then let us trust that the moths drillingly devoured the manuscript—and that 'tis all safe. Purgatorial pains—unless indeed they should prove eternal—are insufficient punishment for the impious man who invented Allegory. If you have got any thing to say, sir, out with it—in one or other of the many forms of speech employed naturally by creatures to whom God has given the gift of "discourse of reason." But as you hope to be saved, (and remember your soul is immortal,) beware of misspending your life in perversely attempting to make shadow light and light shadow. Wonderful analogies there are among all created things—material and immaterial—and millions so fine that Poets alone discern them—and sometimes succeed in shewing them in words. Most spiritual region of poetry—and to be visited at rare times and seasons—nor long there ought bard to abide. For a few moments let the veil of Allegory be drawn before the face of truth, that the light of its beauty may shine through it with a softened charm—dim and drear—like the moon gradually obscuring in its own halo on a dewy night. Such air-woven veil of Allegory is no human invention. The soul brought it with her when

"Trailing clouds of glory she did come
From heaven which is her home."

Sometimes, now and then, in moods strange and high—obey the bidding of the soul—and allegorize; but live not all life-long in an Allegory—even as Spenser did—Spenser the divine—for lo, and behold! he with all his heavenly genius—and brighter visions never met mortal eyes than his—what is he but a "dreamer among men," and what may save that wondrous poem from the doom of the dust?

To this conclusion must we come at last—that in the English language there is but one Great Poem. What! said you not that Lear, and Hamlet, and Othello, and Macbeth, were all Great Poems? We did—but therein we erred—for all the four have undergone—in the hands of their creator—disfiguration. There is—we repeat it—but one Great Poem alone in our tongue—Paradise Lost. So go—and

"Gaze on that mighty Orb of Song,
The Divine Milton."

"Fluxit—Domine!" The sand in the hourglass is still. "To-morrow for severer thought"—as old Crewe has it at the conclusion of his Lewesdon-Hill—but now for bed—as he was then "for breakfast"—yet not till we have said our prayers. Let no man hope to sleep soundly—for many nights on end—who forgets that knees were given—along with many other purposes—for genuflection—and that among all mankind is the natural posture of thanksgiving. *Eugete et valete, amicæ! formosissimæ!*

ON THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE WHIG ADMINISTRATION.

No. I.—Belgium.

With such rapidity do events, both domestic and foreign, now succeed each other, that before we are well aware of what is doing at home, our external policy has undergone a total alteration. A reforming administration, not content with new-modelling our internal government, have seized the first opportunity of changing our external relations: while all eyes were fixed on the destruction of our ancient institutions, they have at once abandoned the oldest allies, and relinquished the most fixed principles of British policy. With one hand they have repudiated the glories of Salamanca and Vittoria, with the other, surrendered the trophies of Blenheim and Waterloo.

We do not believe that Ministers either intend to do, or are aware that they are doing, these things. We give Earl Grey full credit for the sincerity of his declaration, that no man in the British dominions is more anxious to uphold the national honour, and maintain the national interests, than he is. What we assert is, that the passion for innovation has blinded our rulers to the consequences of their actions; and want of due consideration precipitated them into measures as fatal to the future liberties of Europe, as the Reform Bill promises to be to the freedom of this country.

The uniform policy of England since the Treaty of Westphalia moulded the powers, and the preponderance of France fixed the policy of Europe, has been, to support the Low Countries, on the one hand, and Portugal on the other, against the ambition of that powerful state. Lightly as in a moment of political passion we may speak of the wisdom of our ancestors, this system was neither based in unfounded jealousy, nor unreasonable apprehension. Experience has proved, in every age, that France, unless strictly coerced, is too powerful for any of the adjoining states; and that the moment she acquires a decided preponderance in Europe, her resources are directed with unceasing hostility against this country. It is only, therefore, by coercing the ambition of that country while yet in its cradle, by raising up against it a barrier which in its infantine state cannot be passed, that the storm can be averted from our own shores, and Europe saved from the necessity of contending for its independence, not with France alone, but with France aided by the strength of all the conquered states in its vicinity.

Without referring to other examples of this important truth, it is sufficient to refer to the wars of Marlborough and the French Revolution. The barrier towns in the Netherlands hardly existed in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and the consequence was, that in a single campaign, that ambitious monarch overrun the Netherlands, crossed the Rhine, and but for a series of accidents, and most intrepid conduct on the part of the Dutch, would have carried the French standards to Amsterdam, and established the empire of the Grand Nation one hundred and twenty years before the days of Napoleon. There immediately succeeded the usual features of French ambition: Franche Compte, Lorrain, and Alsace were united to the monarchy: the treaty with Spain gave to the Grande Monarque the absolute disposal of the resources in the Peninsula, and the conquest of the Low Countries put its powerful armies in possession of a salient angle, from which they threatened all the divided and exposed states of the German Empire.

Europe then perceived its danger; an alliance of Austria, Britain, and Holland was formed to oppose a barrier to the ambition of France, and after a long contest, and various vicissitudes of fortune, the French were driven back, the Low Countries recovered, and the barrier of fortified towns erected, which for an hundred years restrained the domineering power of that ambitious state within its natural limits.

But what a prodigious exertion of strength and talent was required to effect this alteration! The genius of Marlborough, the sword of Eugene, were exerted year after year in the mighty undertaking; the victories of Blenheim and Ramilies, of Oudenard and Malplaquet; the sieges of Mons and Tournay; of Lisle and Landrecy; an unconquerable hero, and a quarter of a century of combats were required for its accomplishments. Had the barrier of Flemish towns existed in 1682, the French armies would never have been enabled to pass the frontier, and the imminent peril to European independence, the enormous expenditure of British wealth, the formation of the national debt prevented.

The great barrier of fortified towns which was erected after the Treaty of Utrecht, proved a bridle in the mouth of France, which restrained its ambition for nearly a century. The longest peace which had subsisted in Europe for two hundred years, followed its formation. From 1714 till 1739, a period of five-and-twenty years, England was at peace with France. All the subsequent efforts of French ambition were shattered against that formidable barrier; and though the genius of Marshal Saxe for a time penetrated through the Low Countries, the line was restored by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, and Europe still preserved, for half a century more, from the inroads of its most redoubtable enemy.

At length, in an evil hour, the Emperor Joseph, dazzled by the marriage of Marie Antoinette with the King of France, misled by the revolutionary fervour of the time, disgusted with the expense of maintaining so costly a barrier, doubtful of the fidelity of the Belgian garrisons who held the fortresses, resolved upon their demolition. "Europe," says General Jomini, "beheld with astonishment that celebrated barrier, erected at so vast an expense, the theatre of so much glory, conquered at so immense an expenditure of blood and treasure, so necessary to the liberties of Europe, sacrificed to the dreams of philanthropy, or the calculations of an ill-judged economy!"* The fatal consequences were not at the time anticipated; the mandate of destruction went forth, and the plough soon moved over the site of the ramparts which had been defended by the heroism of Boufflers, or formed by the genius of Vauban.

It was not long before Austria bitterly repented this act of folly. The French Revolution arose: the Prussian armies were repulsed from Champaigne, and Dumourier, flushed with victory, advanced to the conquest of the Netherlands. Then were seen the fatal consequences of the destruction of the barrier fortresses. The forces which fought at Jemappes did not, on either side, exceed 30,000 men; the loss of the vanquished did not amount to 3000 men; yet, this inconsiderable victory gave the whole Netherlands to France. An army which would hardly have been adequate to the siege of one of the barrier towns,—a victory which would not have advanced it five miles through that iron frontier,—at once delivered over the whole of those rich provinces to the republicans: a territory won by Marlborough and Eugene by inches, gained after ten campaigns, purchased by the lives of hundreds of thousands of men, was overrun in a few weeks by an army which would not have formed a wing of their vast array.

The Austrians now took the alarm—they reinforced the troops under Cobourg, and the battle of Nerwinde, in spring 1793, restored to their empire the whole Netherlands, and had wellnigh proved fatal to France. The forces arrayed on either side on this occasion did not exceed 40,000 men; the loss of the vanquished Republicans was only 4000 men! yet this inconsiderable battle again delivered over the whole Low Countries to new masters. "The retreating French," says Jomini, "in an open country, without mountains or great rivers, *bereft of its fortresses*, could make no head against the advancing columns of the Austrians, even though hardly superior in numbers. The destruction of the barrier towns then proved as fatal to the Republicans as the year before it had done to the Imperial forces."

Again the fortune of war brought the Allies to the French frontier.

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* Guerres de la Revolution, ii. p. 236.

England joined the coalition, a vast army was formed, the Republicans were defeated at Famars, the camp of Cæsar stormed, and the invasion of the Republic was attempted—what, then, saved France from destruction in that hour of extremest peril, when Lyons and Toulon were in arms against the Convention, when a devouring flame, emanating from La Vendee, consumed the western provinces, and 120,000 victorious troops were ready to pour in on the northern frontier? Not the valour of her armies, for they had been repeatedly defeated, and were shut up n fortified camps, unable to keep the field: not the great Republican levies, for they were not ordered for three months afterwards, and did not appear in arms till the following spring: not revolutionary ardour, for it had been weighed in the balance and found awanting—what protected them was the *triple line of their undestroyed fortresses*. It was this iron barrier which broke all the efforts of the coalition: within its ramparts the undisciplined levies, unable to keep the field, were securely disciplined; and beneath its walls the vast army of the invaders was compelled to linger, till the efforts of the Convention for the armament of the interior had produced an unconquerable force.

The Allies have been severely censured, after the capture of Valenciennes, for dividing their forces, and proceeding, the one-half to the siege of Dunkirk, the other to that of Quesnoy. But, admitting that they erred in pursuing separate objects, the siege of some of the frontier fortresses was unavoidable; for no invading force, unless it consists of the enormous masses which, in 1814, were precipitated on France, could venture to penetrate into that country, leaving an unsubdued line of fortresses behind them. Whatever fortresses they had besieged, the result would have been the same, because the time spent in their reduction must have given leisure to the Convention to complete the vast armaments in the interior, and overwhelm the invaders in the next campaign with an irresistible superiority of force.

The Allies succeeded in reducing the principal frontier fortresses of France; Quesnoy, Conde, Valenciennes, and Landrecy, were successively taken; but the time lost in reducing them in spring 1794, proved the salvation of the Republic. The immense levies ordered by the Convention in September, 1793, were, during the following winter, equipped and disciplined, and the French armies, during the course of the following campaigns, at length acquired a decisive numerical superiority over those of the Allies. The battle of Fleurus was fought, and though the action was nearly drawn, and the loss of the Imperialists did not exceed 5000 men, yet, as they fell back on the following day, all the immense advantages of a victory accrued to the Republicans. Flanders, again bereft of its frontier towns, fell a prey to the invaders; the French armies advanced to Amsterdam, and the frontiers of the Republic were permanently advanced to the Rhine.

The consequences of this great event are sufficiently known. Austria, Prussia, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, successively were subdued by the conqueror; Russia itself maintained a doubtful contest on the Niemen, and the whole forces of Europe were speedily arrayed in fierce hostility against this country. But for the unparalleled victory of Trafalgar, the unconquerable firmness of Wellington, and the matchless constancy of Russia, there was an end of the British empire—a wonderful and unprecedented combination, which may not occur again for a thousand years, and on the recurrence of which no future statesman can possibly calculate!

Taught by these disasters, the European powers resolved to oppose anew to French ambition the barrier which had been erected by the genius of Marlborough, and which the experience of eighty years had proved to be so effectual. The triumphs of Wellington had again given the Allies the command of Flanders, and there they resolved to erect the floodgates, which might restrain the torrent, before it had precipitated itself with resistless violence over Europe. The barrier fortresses, insanely destroyed by Joseph, were again erected; and a bridle imposed on French ambition, which might restrain it to its original limits, and prevent it from again arming one-half of Europe for the subjugation of the other. The consequences have again demonstrated the wisdom of the measure: France, thrown back upon its natural limits, ceased to have the power of agitating Europe; and the barrier fortresses proved as effectual a bulwark to the adjoining states, as they did after they were first purchased by the conquests of Marlborough. Five millions sterling, principally British treasure, was expended on the reconstruction of this essential security to European freedom, under the direction of Wellington; and what has been the consequence? Sixteen years of profound peace, undisturbed by Gallic aggression. The only two long periods of repose which Europe has had for two centuries, have been those which immediately followed the first formation and reconstruction of the barrier line.

The circumstances which render a line of fortresses in Flanders indispensable to the liberties of Europe are three. 1. The existence of an extensive and formidable line within the French frontier; consisting of Dunkirk, Lille, Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Landrecy, Maubeuge, Cambray, &c., which not only have in every age proved an almost invincible defence against foreign aggression, but given to an invading French force a *base for their hostile operations*, which increases to a very great degree their chances of success. 2. The flat and defenceless nature of the Flemish plains, destitute alike of forests, mountains, or defensible rivers, and affording no rallying point whatever to a retreating army. 3. The immense importance, in a political point of view, of these opulent provinces—not only capable of yielding inexhaustible supplies of wealth and warlike stores, but giving to their possessors the command of an advanced post in the centre of Europe, strongly fortified, and almost impregnable to an invasion from the eastward, from whence they threaten with destruction all the Germanic states.

The Archduke Charles, whose military abilities are so well known to Europe, was the first who pointed out, in an accurate and conclusive manner, the immense advantages which the French fortresses give to the armies of that nation, not only in a war of defence, but of *aggression;* and the fatal source of weakness which the want of such a barrier of frontier towns has always proved to the German armies, alike in defensive and offensive contests.* When the thing is once stated, it becomes obvious to the meanest capacity. Within the numerous and strong fortresses of French Flanders, the stores, magazines, and equipments of an invading army are securely lodged; its parks of artillery, trains of pontoons, siege equipage, and caissons, rapidly issue from their walls, and put an invading army at once in a condition to pursue, with celerity and confidence, an early success. If they are victorious, they can advance without hesitation, into the enemy's territory, secure of drawing all the necessary supplies from the impregnable base in their rear. If they meet with a check, they have it always in their power to fall back on their own fortresses, without the risk of sustaining any serious loss in magazines, artillery, or military stores, in the course of their retreat. Should the hostile army invade their territory, it speedily finds itself entangled within a line of fortresses which cannot be passed without exposing the invaders, if their force is not of overwhelming magnitude, to certain destruction, nor reduced but by numerous sieges, and the consumption of several campaigns. In this way the possession of a strong line of frontier fortresses is of equal importance to an invading and a defending army; and the want of it is the great cause both of the failure of wars of aggression, and the difficulty of maintaining a defensive contest.

Napoleon's wars afford decisive evidence of the truth of these principles. When, in 1796, he had defeated the Piedmontese government by the triumphs commencing at Montenotte, he immediately exacted from them the surrender of Coni, Alexandria, and the citadel of Turin, the keys of the Sardinian monarchy. From this base he carried on a suc-

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Strategie, vol. i. 274.

cessful war of invasion, till he was met by the great fortress of Mantua. And of such importance was this single fortress to the Austrian monarchy, that it enabled them to withstand the destruction of three powerful armies, and above 100,000 men. And during its gallant defence, time was given to assemble no less than four successive armies for the protection of the state. No sooner, however, was Mantua taken, than the fate of the war was rapidly decided; from the secure base of that great fortress, Peschiera, and other smaller forts, the invading army rapidly followed up the career of success. In vain was the Archduke Charles, the victor of Jourdan, summoned from the Rhine with his victorious battalions, to stem the torrent. The Alps could not withstand the conqueror whom the bastions of Mantua had so long arrested, and, within a few weeks, the Austrian monarchy, destitute now of any fortified towns, was reduced to sue for an ignominious peace.

The first use made by the same consummate master of the military art of his victory at Marengo, was to enforce the surrender of Mantua, Coni, Alexandria, and Turin, before he would agree to an armistice: and the consequence of the loss of these fortresses was, that Austria, though the war was still in Piedmont, far from the hereditary frontiers of the empire, was compelled to submit to the disastrous treaty of Luneville.

In the next war, Napoleon attacked Austria on the side where no fortresses exist for its defence; and where, in consequence of their want, the vulnerable quarter has always been found for the monarchy.* In the valley of the Danube, a disaster is irreparable; no frontier towns exist to cover the heart of the state; and a single defeat brings the conqueror to the gates of Vienna. There it was, accordingly, that both in 1805 and 1809, he inflicted such disastrous wounds on that great military power, and so rapidly brought to a conclusion a contest, which, in former years, had been so long protracted. No frontier fortresses existed to check the advance of the conqueror, or afford an asylum to the broken battalions of the vanquished. A single defeat on the frontier brought the invader to the heart of the empire; and a second disaster there compelled the conclusion of peace.

What led to the disaster of Napoleon in Russia? Not the severity of the cold, for that was greater in 1794, when the republican armies in Holland were pursuing an uninterrupted career of success; not the conflagration of Moscow, for ample towns remained in its vicinity for the cantonment of the whole army; but the fatal advance into an enemy's country, without any adequate *base of fortresses,* to nourish the war during the advance, and protect its retreat in case of disaster. That great commander, better aware than any man alive, of the value of fortified towns, was led to forget it in consequence of the intoxication produced by a long career of success, and he lost his crown in consequence. What would have been the fate of the war had Riga, Smolensko, Witepsk, and other places, been formed into vast *places d'armes,* for the base of future operations; and the advance into the interior of the empire postponed till the following season, when the fine weather had returned, and the army was protected from disaster, by their secure places in its rear?

The formation of a line of frontier fortresses, therefore, is at once the rich protection to an empire in defence, and the only secure foundation for a hostile enterprise against its enemies. And of all countries in the world, the Low Countries are those which most require such a protection; both because they are immediately in contact with the great military monarchy of France, in the very quarter where its fortresses are the strongest, and where the genius of Vauban had formed such a formidable base for future conquest; and because the flat open nature of the country renders it totally impossible for a defeated army, without such support, to oppose any effectual resistance to the advance of its opponents.

The late campaigns in Flanders

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* Archduke Charles, i. 280

have completely demonstrated these truths. During the wars of Eugene and Marlborough, French Flanders was the most difficult country in Europe to conquer; it cost more to gain fifty miles in that country than to subdue a vast monarchy in any other part of Europe. Its formidable line of fortresses was the cause of this difficulty. Marlborough was severely censured at the time for attacking France in that quarter; for taking the bull by the horns, as the newspapers of the time expressed it. This only proves how little they knew, and how much he knew, of the military art. He attacked France in Flanders, because the conquest of the kingdom was effected by little and little among its strong bulwarks; because the invading army was exposed to none of the peril which attends an advance into an enemy's country, without any adequate support, while conquest, once achieved, was in no danger of being lost; and because the frontier towns, when once acquired, were a base for future operations, which would, in a single campaign, have prostrated the French monarchy. He took the bull by the horns, because it is by doing so that it can be most easily thrown down. The event proved the truth of his views. No sooner was the barrier completely broken through by the reduction of Landrecy, than the French felt their weakness, and the Grande Monarque was compelled to accept an ignominious peace. But for the removal of Marlborough, and the secession of the English, Paris would have, in the next campaign, seen the British standards within its walls, and the triumphs of 1815 been anticipated by an hundred years.

After the destruction of the barrier towns by Joseph, Flanders, as we have seen, was never capable, either in the hands of the Republicans, or the Austrians, of opposing any sort of resistance to a victorious army. A single defeat, even of the most inconsiderable kind, always led to the subjugation of the whole of Belgium. When Napoleon and Wellington measured swords there, the result was the same. On occasion of the sudden return of the French Emperor, there was not time to arm or equip the French fortresses, and those of Belgium were still in the dismantled state in which they had been left by Joseph; and thus the towns on both sides were without the means of defence. The consequence was, that a single decisive defeat overthrew the French empire; and there can be as little doubt that as great a disaster sustained by the allies, would have at once re-established the empire of the Great Nation.

What renders the maintenance of a great line of barrier fortresses in Flanders of such vital importance to Europe is, that when once the French standards are advanced to the Rhine, they are not only in possession of a line which enables them to bid defiance to all ordinary attacks, but of a base from which offensive operations against either Prussia, Austria, or the smaller Germanic States, can with ease and security be undertaken. The possession of the great line of fortresses from the Alps to the ocean, embracing Huningen, New Brissach, Sar Louis, Strasbourg, Mayence, Luxembourg, Antwerp, Maestricht, &c., enables them with ease and safety to advance their armies into any of the adjoining States. It brings up the great arsenals of France close to the enemy's frontier. No corresponding fortresses exist on the other side of the Rhine; the invading force can meet with no effectual check till it arrives at the Prussian or Austrian monarchies; that is, till it has organized one half of Europe against the other.

The reason of this immense superiority of the fortresses on the French over those on the German side of the Rhine is, that a rich, compact, and powerful monarchy exists on the one side, and on the other a succession of little states, possessed of no military strength, actuated by no common interest, and generally divided among each other. From Basle to Antwerp, all on the French side obeys one master, acknowledges one interest, is actuated by one national feeling; but on the German, all is division, distraction, and weakness. The States of Baden, Hesse d'Armstadt, Swabia, Frankfort, Bavaria, Saxony, Cologne, and Westphalia, are not only all divided among each other, but totally incapable either of maintaining costly fortresses, or keeping on foot a powerful military force. Great part of the country is in the hands of little potentates, whose revenues and territory do not exceed those of the Dukes of Northumberland or Buccleuch. From these little electors nothing efficient in the way of resisting French aggression can be expected. But the immense advantage of the French in advancing from their great line of Rhenish fortresses into Germany always has been, that they get at once into an opulent country, perfectly capable of maintaining war, abounding in resources for a victorious army, but incapable, by reason of its divided state, and want of fortresses, of opposing any effectual resistance to the invaders. Thus, the *elan* of conquest, the enthusiasm arising from success, is at once communicated to the French troops; they make a successful irruption into the small and feeble states adjoining their own frontier, and one half of Germany is conquered before they arrive at any states capable of arresting their course. Then begins the system of making war support war; the victorious army lives, is paid, is nourished, with the resources of the conquered states, and before it approaches the serious conquest with Austria or Prussia, it has organized one half of Germany into open hostility with the remainder. Napoleon clearly saw this immense advantage; he early organized the Confederation of the Rhine as the outwork of French ambition; and the whole force with which he vanquished Austria at Abensberg, and great part of that which conquered at Jena, was drawn from the territories on the right bank of the Rhine.

It is, therefore, a matter of vital importance to the independence of Europe, that some means should exist of arresting France *before it comes to the Rhine;* and of preventing that great military power from making the fortresses on that river the base of offensive operations against the rest of Europe. Experience has proved, that as soon as it acquires that line it becomes irresistible. The reason is obvious. Germany has no better defence against an invader possessed of the fortresses on the Rhine, than France had against Marlborough when he had taken all the frontier towns of Flanders. Nay, it has much less; for Louis XIV. could still have opposed to the Allies the resources of an united and powerful monarchy, whereas Germany, in the first instance, can only present a succession of weak and divided principalities.

The central, compact, situation of France gives it additional advantages of the most decisive kind, in a contest with the European powers. Having the advantage of unity of action and government, they can at any time draw troops rapidly from one frontier to augment the army on the other, long before the Germans, acting on a wider circle, and dependent on separate cabinets, can bring the corresponding forces to support the menaced points. Nor is there any risk in so doing; for the fortresses on all the frontiers render it impossible that any serious impression can be made on the weakened part, before reinforcements are brought up from some other quarter; while the advantage of a preponderating force thus suddenly thrown into one part of the field of action, generally proves decisive of the campaign. This great advantage was repeatedly and strikingly exemplified during the early revolutionary wars. The conquest of Toulon enabled Carnot instantly to move a force into Roussillon, which speedily rendered the French victorious in that quarter. The prisoners taken in Mayence and Valenciennes during the same campaign, and liberated on their parole, were of essential service to the republic at Lyons and La Vendee. The reverse on the Upper Rhine, at Kaysurlauterre, in 1794, was speedily compensated by a detachment of 10,000 men from the army in Savoy. And the battle of Fleurus, and conquest of the Low Countries, were the immediate consequence of the detachment of Jourdan, with 40,000 men, from the army of the Meuse to Flanders, which gave the republicans on the Sambre a decisive superiority over Prince Cobourg; which the Allies, acting on an exterior circle, and depending on disunited cabinets, had no means of compensating.

These considerations prove the importance, nay, the absolute necessity, of opposing to France some effectual barrier in the Low Countries, and preventing it from assuming that menacing position, in the centre of Europe, which their possession gave them during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. If the line of the Rhine be once acquired by the French, it requires years of combats, and oceans of blood, to drive them from it; while they have it, the liberty of no European state can for a moment be depended on. The advance to the Niemen or Vienna may take place in a single campaign, and England find itself compelled to face an alliance of enemies from Cadiz to the Baltic.

It was, therefore, a measure of the very greatest wisdom in the Congress of Vienna to establish the kingdom of the Netherlands, possessing a rich territory, and 6,000,000 of inhabitants, as a check to France, in that vital quarter, to European freedom; and to engage Prussia to support it by the possession of important provinces also on the left bank of the Rhine. These kingdoms united, and backed, as it was supposed they would be, in the event of any serious danger, by the power of England, would, it was thought, be able to oppose an effectual barrier to the ambition of France; and thus the great problem of European policy seemed to be solved, that of giving the German States a firm and solid foundation so near France, as to prevent any measures of aggression from that ambitious state. This was the only arrangement made by the Congress of Vienna, which has met with universal approbation; and indeed the evils of French domination had been too recently and severely experienced, to admit of any doubt as to the propriety of the arrangement.

To secure this object, however, it was indispensable that the famous line of barrier fortresses should be restored; because without that, Belgium, single-handed, would be exposed to the weight of French ambition, before the distant powers interested in its support could bring up their forces to its relief. If we consider that the French armies, issuing from the all but impregnable fortresses of its northern frontier, can in three days be at Brussels; and that months must elapse before the Austrian or Prussian forces can reach that city, it is evident that Belgium, on the first burst of European hostilities, must be exposed to destruction, unless such a barrier is given to it as requires a succession of regular sieges for their reduction. The moment this was done, the independence of the Netherlands, and the liberties of Europe, were secure; because, if an invading army once gets entangled in a line of fortresses, ample time is afforded to distant states to advance to the succour of the menaced point.

This was accordingly done; the barrier fortresses were reconstructed, under the superintendence of the Duke of Wellington, by a most lavish expenditure of British wealth; and France was reduced to the condition in which she was in 1789. Strong in her own invincible frontier, she was now deprived of the means of making them the base of attack on the German states; because if she ventured into Belgium, she encountered a line of fortified towns as numerous and as strong as her own—and if she broke into Germany, the fortified posts in the Netherlands constituted *an advanced position*, from whence the northern powers of England and Prussia might threaten her frontier fortresses, and draw back her armies to the defence of their own country. Situated as the Belgian fortresses were, they thus constituted a security to all Europe, and protected Vienna as completely by their threatening vicinity to the French capital, as they did Berlin, by blocking up the direct road to that metropolis.

It is in this view that the possession of the Flemish barrier is of such vital importance to the liberties of Europe, and that no such security can be obtained by a similar line of defence on the Rhine or elsewhere in Germany. Its value consists in *its proximity* to the French capital, and in the consequent impossibility of that power making any serious irruption into Germany, while so formidable a base for offensive operations exists in the hands of its enemies, *so near its own capital.* All the French conquests in Europe, accordingly, have begun with the subjugation of Flanders; and none of their enterprises ever produced any serious impression, but such as were founded on the previous occupation of the line of the Rhine. The invasion from other quarters was a matter of comparatively little importance, but the reduction of the Flemish towns of Valenciennes, Quesnoy, and Landrecy, was a source of excessive solicitude to the French Convention; and if duly followed up, would have terminated the Revolutionary wars just twenty years before the capture of Paris. The extreme anxiety which France has always shewn for the advance of its frontier to the Rhine, shews the sense its inhabitants entertain of the importance of this barrier to Europe. They are perfectly aware that, as long as it is in the hands of the Allies, foreign conquest on their part must be always extremely difficult, and, if the advantage thus given be duly improved by their enemies, *totally impossible*. They are desirous to get to the Rhine, because they know that, having gained that advance, the subsequent subjugation of Europe is a matter of comparative ease.

But how shortsighted are the conclusions of human foresight! Hardly had Europe begun duly to appreciate the immense advantages of the reconstruction of the barrier fortresses in the Netherlands—hardly had its good effects been experienced by the unbroken peace which had subsisted since their formation, when they are *voluntarily destroyed* by the very powers who had waded through oceans of blood to construct them! A revolution succeeds in Paris; the contagion spreads to Brussels; a reforming administration succeeds in this country, and they resolve to destroy great part of that very barrier which Marlborough had won, and Wellington regained, the fruits of Blenheim and Waterloo, of Ramilies and Vittoria; the want of which had first opened the floodgates of conquest to the revolutionary armies, and the reconstruction of which, at a cost to this country of eight hundred millions, had proved an effectual barrier to French ambition!

What period do they select for this voluntary abdication of the most substantial fruits of a war from which England has suffered so much, for this opening the gates of Europe to French ambition? The moment when France, in the fervour of a new Revolution, was regaining the redoubtable energy of 1793; when, to the democratic ambition of that memorable period, was superadded the recollection of Napoleon's triumphs and the talent of Napoleon's generals; when Marshal Soult had organized 500,000 men, under all that remained of the officers of the grand army; when a vast force was ready to pour into Flanders, and resume the march of Dumourier and Pichegru, and efface the lion of the field of Waterloo!

Under whose auspices is this unparalleled work of destruction begun? Under the sanction of the very men who had seen the consequences of the ruin of that important line of fortresses by the infatuated policy of Joseph in 1787; who had seen the Low Countries overrun by Dumourier, and annexed to France by Pichegru, solely in consequence of their annihilation; who had watched the progress of French ambition, from the time that it won this vantage-ground, till it reached the Kremlin; who had repeatedly, during that terrible conflict, counselled peace with France, as the only means of saving England from destruction!

What were the powers which the European monarchies in general, and England in particular, enjoyed at the period when this demolition was agreed to, for the preservation of these fortresses? Powers the most indubitable, and means of enforcing them the most effectual. Their destruction was agreed to by the very states who had advanced the funds for their erection, and possessed an unquestionable right to insist for their preservation; for whose protection this costly barrier had been reconstructed, and by whose troops they at first were garrisoned; at the time when the settlement of the Belgian affairs was the subject of consideration by the five great powers, and a congress was actually sitting in London for their definitive arrangement! Their destruction was agreed to by a British Ministry at the very time that a monarch was setting out from London for the throne of Brussels, and when any conditions they chose to annex would have been gladly agreed to by the half-British sovereign elected to fill it!

When these things are calmly considered by posterity; when they read that England voluntarily relinquished what it had cost it so much to gain; that the gates of Europe were thrown open to French ambition at the very time when the perilous and fiery state of that country required that they should be closed with more than ordinary care; that the men who did this were those who had themselves witnessed the fatal consequences of a similar proceeding on the part of the Emperor Joseph, only forty years before;—that all this was done, without a murmur throughout England, or a feeling of regret, at abandoning at once their oldest allies, their most favourite objects of ambition, or their most useful trophies; it may safely be anticipated that their surprise will be equalled only by their indignation.

It is in vain to say, that these fortresses are too costly for Belgium, disunited from Holland. It is not the barrier of the Netherlands which was there constructed, *but the barrier of Europe.* If Belgium could not maintain the line alone, the burden should have been shared by the states who participated in the security which it afforded: England, Prussia and Austria, who contributed to its formation, for whose joint behoof it was constructed, should have contributed to its maintenance. If the Belgian troops could not be trusted, the imperial garrisons should have been charged with their defence. Belgium should have been made a part of the Germanic confederation. France should have been made to feel that if she invaded one village in the Netherlands, 300,000 armed men would speedily be on the Rhine. It is by such a measure, and such a measure alone, that this important but inconsiderable state could be enabled to maintain its ground against its warlike and restless neighbour; that a state of four millions, the advanced guard of Germany, could be saved from the grasp of one of thirty-three millions. To set down Belgium with a divided population, with its democratic party strongly inclined to an union with France, *without a barrier line of fortresses,* within a hundred and eighty miles of Paris, is to place the lamb before the wolf to be devoured.

It is most extraordinary to see how the same absurdities are committed age after age by nations, just as the same vices are committed generation after generation by individuals. Joseph assigned as his reason for dismantling the fortresses of Flanders, that they were "too expensive to be upheld, and that he could not rely on the fidelity of the Flemish garrisons after the contagion of the first French revolution had reached the Low Countries."* He in consequence dismantled them. Flanders was instantly overrun by France. Revolutionary energy was in consequence of that success converted into military passion, and every monarchy in Europe was successively overturned from the impetus thus communicated to French ambition, and the vantage-ground thus gained by French ability. With infinite difficulty, after a war of twenty years duration, and the expenditure of 800 millions, England regains the barrier, and perfect security to Europe is the consequence. A second French Revolution occurs, Belgium is again convulsed by the democratic fever, and Earl Grey again declares that they must be demolished, "because their maintenance is too expensive, and the fidelity of the Belgian garrisons is doubtful." The same statesman who had witnessed the march of Pichegru and Dumourier, throws open the gates of Flanders to Marshal Soult! *Videte quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!*

It won't do to say, that Prussia and Austria, who are more interested than we are in the preservation of the barrier, have consented to its demolition. We can judge of consequences as well as the Austrians: the history of Eugene and Marlborough, of Pichegru and Wellington, is as familiar to us as to the statesmen on the continent. Because they have been guilty of an absurdity, is that any reason why we should be the same? because they repeat a former error, is that an excuse for our falling into the same mistake? This is not the first occasion, on which the shortsighted or niggardly policy of those very powers has blinded them to the consequences of their actions, and brought unheard of disasters on Europe. Because the Emperor Francis renews the fatal policy of the Emperor Joseph, is that an excuse for our forgetting the consequences of the first disastrous act? Because Prussia, intent on the *first* Polish insurrection, withdrew in 1794 from the first contest with France, and, in consequence, suffered a power to grow up, which repaid its retirement by the battle of Jena and the treaty of Tilsit, is that any reason why, on the breaking out of a *second* Polish war, we should follow its bad example? Because Prussia looked on, with sullen apathy, while Austria and Russia fought the last battle of European freedom on the field of Austerlitz, is that a sufficient ground for our adopting a similar course? Because Austria refused to move when Prussia fearlessly advanced to Jena, or the balance of fate hung even between Alexander and Napoleon after the carnage of Eylaw, is that any excuse for our blindly attaching ourselves to the policy of such shortsighted potentates?

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* Jomini, i. 237.

But, in truth, it is quite clear that England has been the prime mover in this enormous error, and that it is because England consented to the demolition of the fortresses, that Prussia and Austria deemed it unavailing to make any opposition. In truth, there is no state to which the maintenance of the barrier is of such importance as Great Britain, because there is none which is so immediately and vitally threatened by its demolition. Antwerp is far nearer London than it is either to Berlin or Vienna: the hatred at England more deeply rooted in France, than either that at Austria or Prussia. The immense importance attached by Napoleon to the possession of the Low Countries; the vast efforts which he made for the construction of a naval depot at Antwerp, proves what, in his estimation, was the point from whence the naval supremacy of England could be successfully assailed. It is never to be forgotten, that the only naval disasters of England proceeded from the Belgian shores; that it was Van Tromp who affixed a broom to his mast-head to sweep the Channel, when the English navy was crowding into its harbours; that it was from Dutch ports that the fleet issued which fired the English guardships in the Medway, and made the citizens of London tremble for their capital; and that, in the last war, no such worthy antagonists of English valour were to be found, as those which De Winter led from the Texel. A long and weary march awaits the French armies on the Rhine, before they reach the centre of Austrian or Prussian power; how many rivers to be passed—how many mountains crossed—how many armies encountered; but in twelve hours they may reach the coasts of Kent or Essex from Dunkirk or Ostend; and the same wind which confines the English fleet in their harbours, may waft to the centre of British greatness the concentrated armies of the half of Europe. When England sees the whole powers of Europe, from the Pyrenees to the Texel, arrayed in fierce hostility against this country; when, with diminished resources, probably without the strength derived from her colonial empire, she is driven to fight for her independence on the shores of Kent, or on the German ocean—then she will recollect what she owes to those who, at the same time that they deprived her of her internal strength and probably in the end her colonial possessions, by exciting the democratic passions of the people, demolished the barrier she had won by the triumph of Waterloo, and left the road open for the French battalions to resume their threatening position on the Dutch shores.

But rapid as are the changes we have been contemplating, others still more appalling are in the hand of fate. Hardly was the mandate for the destruction of the Belgian fortresses issued from London, when new events succeed: the French are called in by Leopold I. to aid them in their contest with the Dutch: fifty thousand men have already crossed the frontier: before this they have probably passed the plain of Waterloo; and a British fleet is perhaps about to unite with the French army in wresting Antwerp from the House of Orange. We shall perhaps see the standard of England unite with the Eagles of France in combating its oldest allies; the plain of Waterloo may behold the English battalions, united with the French, crushing the Dutch and Prussian forces; and the tricolour flag, amidst the cannon of the French army and the British navy, re-hoisted on the walls of Antwerp.

It is not time yet to enquire into the causes of these stupendous events;

the necessary papers have not yet been laid before the public, and the peculiar share which our government had in the transaction cannot with certainty be ascertained. We shall revert to the all-important subject, big with the future fate of England, in our next number; in the meantime certain points appear to be fixed in the long pending negotiation between Belgium and Holland, from which the general character of the transaction may be gathered.

1. When the Belgian revolution broke out, and the King of Holland, in consequence of the failure of the attack on Brussels, was unable to resume his authority over Belgium, the five great powers assumed to themselves the office of mediators and arbiters to settle the affairs of the Netherlands, and prevent their leading to a general war in Europe. The King of Holland was, by threats of instant war, forced to submit to their arbitration. In this proceeding there was, to say the least, a very violent stretch, and such powerful states should have been, in an especial manner, careful that they committed no injustice in the course of their forcible mediation.

2. The five powers recognised, it would appear, the right of the King of Holland to Limburg and Luxembourg, but they *insisted on his accepting compensation* for that part of his dominions. They could not have done otherwise, for Luxembourg is the hereditary property of the house of Nassau, and Limburg part of the old Seven United Provinces. The King of Holland has now *refused to do so*, in other words, he refused to accede to the *partition of his admitted dominions.*

3. The crown was given to Leopold, and the integrity of his territories, including Limburg and Luxembourg, guaranteed by the five powers *before* they knew whether or not the Dutch would agree to their cession to the Belgians. Leopold set off for Brussels while as yet the extent of his dominions was *unfixed*, before the answer of the King of Holland to that project for dismembering his territories had been received.

4. The Dutch, determined not to admit this partition of their territory, resolve to resist, and invade the Belgian dominions; Leopold invokes the aid of the French, and Soult gives orders to 50,000 men to follow the footsteps of Pichegru, amidst the acclamations of the populace, who foresee in this event the restoration of the Rhenish frontier, and the revival of the triumphs of the great nation.

5. What step England has taken, or is about to take in this coalition, for the partition of its oldest ally, or forwarding of the French standards to the Scheldt, is not yet apparent, but one thing is clear, that without being confident of the concurrence of the British Cabinet the French Government would never have ventured on such a step; and that if once they regain the Rhine, their arms, or, what is the same thing, their paramount influence, will never, but by another convulsion in Europe similar to that which occurred in 1814, be brought to recede from that menacing line.

Thus a general war is threatened in Europe, for no other purpose but to *dismember the kingdom of the Netherlands,* which the five powers had guaranteed to their sovereign; and establish a revolutionary power, the outwork of France, on the Belgian plains.

What right had the great powers to compel King William to part with Limburg or Luxembourg? What right had they to debar him from endeavouring to regain his dominion over the revolted inhabitants of Belgium? What right had they to declare that any act of hostility committed by him against the revolutionary forces of Belgium would be considered by them as a declaration of war against themselves? Evidently the same right which the parties to the partition of Poland had to effect the division of that unhappy kingdom—the right of the strongest, the title flowing from the possession of absolute and resistless power.

Admitting that the guarantee which the great powers gave to the dominions of the King of the Netherlands did not call upon them to interfere in the disputes between him and his subjects, the question remains, did it authorize or justify them in *debarring him from interfering;* in permitting the revolted subjects to elect a new king, and declaring war against him *because he attempts to preserve his kingdom* from a farther partition at the command of the allied powers.

Ireland revolts from England, and the British forces are repulsed in an attempt to regain possession of Dublin; immediately the four great powers declare that the contest must cease, and that they will consider any act of hostility committed by England against Ireland as a declaration of war against themselves. Overawed by so formidable a coalition, the English desist from hostilities; negotiations are conducted at Paris, and the high and resistless mediating powers insist that Ireland shall be separated from England, and that in addition the British government shall accept a *compensation for Ireland and Scotland*, which shall be annexed to the nascent Irish kingdom. Indignant at such atrocious proceedings, the English have recourse to arms to prevent the partition of their territory, and instantly the newly elected King of Ireland invokes the aid of the French government, and a hundred thousand men are immediately transported to Ireland to aid him in beating down the efforts of England. Divested of diplomatic phraseology, this is precisely the case which has now occurred in the Low Countries.

We exclaim, and history will never cease to exclaim, against the partition of Poland; and our sympathies are strongly excited in favour of a gallant people struggling to preserve their national independence. But what will history say to the partition of the Netherlands, by the very sovereigns who had erected that kingdom, in violation of their solemn guarantee for its integrity? What shall we say to England permitting France to invade and crush its ancient allies the Dutch, because they were bravely struggling to regain those dominions which the honour of England was pledged to maintain for them?

It won't do to wrap up this flagrant instance of allied oppression under the fine words that the Belgian question was complicated; that the peace of Europe was at stake; that Holland could not regain Belgium, or such diplomatic evasions. The question which posterity will ask is, What right had the allies to prevent King William from striving *to regain his dominions?* and what title had they to compel him to accept a compensation for an important territory, to which they *admitted his right?* Till a satisfactory answer is given to these questions, the voice of ages will class this usurpation with the partition of Poland; and history will record that, in betraying its oldest allies, and abandoning the trophies of Waterloo, England surrendered not only its public faith, but, in the end, its national independence.

There was one occasion, and but one, in which, for a few years, the arms of England were united with those of France in an attack on the United Provinces. During the corrupt and disgraceful reign of Charles II., the Leopards of England and the Lilies of France, joined in a crusade against Dutch independence. The arbitrary government of Charles coalesced with the despotic Ministers of Louis XIV. to break down that last hold of civil liberty. The ancestor of the present King William gloriously resisted the disgraceful union; and England expiated, by the triumphs of Marlborough, the foul blot on her national character. The events of the present time demonstrate, that there are passions as fatal to national interests, as blinding to the sense of national honour, as those which made the Ministers of Charles II. swerve from the policy of their ancestors, and that the passion for innovation may produce alliances as extraordinary, and lead to acts of usurpation as violent, as those which flow from the cabinets of Kings.

In making these observations we disclaim imputing any improper or unworthy motives to Administration; we do not say they act from any motive unworthy of a British cabinet: what we say is, that the passion for innovation has blinded their judgment as well as that of a great part of our people.

It is of no importance whether the Flemish fortresses are occupied by French or Belgian troops; whether the French have stipulated to retire after they have chastised the King of Holland, or have made no such agreement. In either view the effect will be the same; substantially and really, if not formally, French power and influence will be advanced to the Rhine, and the equilibrium of Europe destroyed. Belgium will be *the outwork of France;* the second-born of the revolutionary monarchies will inseparably depend on its elder sister. Opposed in its infancy to Prussia, Austria, and Holland, it will depend for its existence on its alliance with France. England has contrived, by its unjust severity towards Holland, to throw Belgium, with all its magnificent fortresses and opulent territory, for ever into the arms of the ancient enemy of European freedom. Leopold I. will be to Louis Philip what Jerome, or the Rhenish Confederation, was to Napoleon, if his dominions are not swallowed up by that ambitious power. The resources, the wealth, the power of his kingdom, will be as effectually at the command of the cabinet of the Tuileries, as if it formed part of the soil of France.

The time will come when the passions and illusions which have produced these extraordinary events will be no more. Interest and reason will at length restore the ancient divisions of France and England, whatever may be the government which ultimately obtains in both countries. The march of intellect will not alter these relations; Republican France will be as much an object of jealousy to Republican England, as ever was the ambition of Louis XIV. or the power of Napoleon. The time will come when the ruling power in France, by whatever name it is called, will direct the forces of that powerful state, then advanced to the Rhine, against this country; when the rivalry of five hundred years will be revived, and the never to be forgiven triumph of Waterloo avenged. Then will England feel the want of that *firm* ally, which she would have found in the King of the Netherlands; then will she feel what it was to yield up Belgium to French domination; then will she discover what she has lost in the eyes of the world, what is her national security when the barrier of Marlborough and Wellington was abandoned.

To support Poland against Russia, and the Netherlands against France, is the clear and obvious policy of all the other European powers. To prevent Russia from advancing to the Vistula, and France to the Rhine, is equally the part of a real friend to freedom. The establishment of either of these powers on these rivers is fatal to the independence of the intermediate states, and leaves only one field of conflict between equally despotic masters. The principles of justice are here clearly in unison with the dictates of policy; to do so is to support the weak against the strong, and prevent national independence from being sacrificed at the shrine of military ambition. We have done the reverse of both; we have suffered Russia to bring, it is to be feared, irresistible forces to the Vistula, and ourselves aided in bringing the French standards to the Rhine! The first was perhaps beyond our power to prevent; the second was mainly owing to our instrumentality, and could not have occurred without our consent. The two most deplorable events to European freedom are taking place at the same time. Despotic power is crushing the efforts of independence in the east, while democratic ambition is commencing its career of tyrannic conquest in the west. Declining to stem the first, we actually support the last; and that at a time when the language of freedom is in every mouth, and the principles of justice are said to rule the regenerated empire of the country.

We have no doubt that the French Government have pledged themselves to withdraw their troops after the independence of Belgium is secured: we have as little, that Louis Philip is at present sincere in that declaration, and that our Government have given faith to these assurances, and would not have sanctioned the march of the French troops on any other condition. All that does not in the least alter the nature of the case, or furnish any excuse for the great error which we have committed. Still the facts remain that the French armies are advanced to the Rhine; that Belgium is placed under their grasp; that it is made the outwork of the revolutionary system. The barrier of Europe is not only lost, but it is *placed in the enemy's hands.* Who can foresee that in the numerous chances of war likely to follow that event, an excuse will not remain for their permanently garrisoning their allies' fortresses? That a *subsidiary force* will not be stationed at Brussels, giving to the cabinet of Versailles the complete command of the Netherlands? Who can answer for it, that the French troops, having regained this darling object of their ambition, will retire at the mandate of their sovereign? That they will not fraternize with the *braves Belges*, and declare with the National Convention in the time of Dumourier, "that treaties made with despots can never bind the free and enfranchised people of Belgium? Who can guarantee for three months the existence of Louis Philip's government, or the observance of the treaties which he may have made? Who can be assured that the soldiers who in a moment violated their oaths to Charles X. will not as summarily dispossess the present monarch, and trample under their feet the treaties of a Bourbon prince? Is it any excuse for a governor who opens the gates of a fortress to an unruly body of armed men, that *they promised* not to spoil or slay the garrison? England should know that the French soldiers are in a state of ebullition and excitement, which it requires all the address of the French king to repress; and that if they ever take the bit into their mouths, on the favourite project of re-annexing Belgium to the Great Nation, it is highly improbable that he will be able to keep his seat, if he strives to check them. Herein, therefore, lies the enormous fault of our present policy—that we have opened the gates of Belgium to revolutionary soldiers, long panting for the possession of that country, at the moment of their greatest excitement; that we have permitted the possession of the Low Countries to the very power which has most severely felt their loss, and at a time when its authority over its own armies was least established; and intrusted the maintenance of European independence, not to the barrier of Marlborough and Wellington, not to the terror of Vittoria or Waterloo, but to the good faith of an ambitious army, whose standards were still stained by an act of treason.

The events of the war, short as it has hitherto been, have completely demonstrated the impolicy of our interference in behalf of the revolutionary state in Belgium. The Belgians have been totally defeated in two battles; nothing but the rapid advance of the French saved Brussels from falling into the hands of its former master. The braggadocios of the Belgian revolt have all fled without firing a shot; a nation of four millions of men has confessed its inability to contend for a month with one of two. But for our interference, and French celerity, the King of the Netherlands would ere this have solved the "Belgian Question" in the most effectual of all ways, by stifling the absurd and groundless revolt in his dominions, and Belgium, reunited to Holland, instead of being the advanced post of revolutionary France, would have been the barrier of European freedom.

The grand error which our Government committed, and for which no sort of defence has or can be offered, is, that they let Leopold accept the crown, and take possession of his dominions, *before their boundaries were fixed;* and that they guaranteed to him, in conjunction with France, part of the old Dutch provinces, including Maestricht, of vital importance to Holland, and part of the old inheritance of the house of Nassau, including the noble fortress of Luxembourg, of vital importance to Prussia, when they *did not* know that the King of Holland would surrender these important parts of his dominions. By so doing, they necessarily threw the apple of discord between him and these two powers, and gave to France the long-wished for opportunity of regaining its hold of Belgium, not only when England had tied itself not to resist, but when it was bound to aid their advance! Leopold, of course, must henceforth be the vassal of France, and all his strength thrown into the scale of the revolutionary system. A greater error never was committed by any diplomatists, and its consequences, whether present or ultimate, cannot fail to be disastrous; for experience will prove a *third* time, since the two lessons already received are not sufficient, that France, having the control of Belgium, is too strong for Europe; and that the vantage-ground, now inconsiderately abandoned, must be regained at as great an expenditure of blood and treasure as it was originally acquired.

OPINIONS OF AN AMERICAN REPUBLICAN,* AND OF A BRITISH WHIG† ON THE BILL.

We have considered the Question of Reform under all its aspects—most of them repulsive—and some of them formidable; nor, as far as we have seen, have any of our arguments against the measure met with any but the most impotent efforts at refutation. We have hewed down all the billmen who rashly ventured to oppose us, in all directions, with our Lochaber-axes; while the wretched survivors, crying craven, have shrieked on their knees for quarter never granted, or, as we have gone trampling over them prone on the dust, have pretended to be dead.

Now none of their ragged regiments will shew fight at all, but keep moving from position to position, without firing a shot—their colours, however, flying all the while—the tricolour no less—and their instrumental bands playing most unmartial music, to the tune of *Ca ira*. All this pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, is somewhat provoking to our vanguard, who would fain have a brush at their rear, which looks so bulky, that it must surely be fortified against the prick of bayonet by filed newspapers, purchased at trade price from liberal publishers, who, in these days, sport Patriots, without duly considering who is at last to pay the pipers. But vain such shields to save their overtaken posteriors from the lead or steel of our rifles, that easily penetrate the thickest moniplies—and bite to the hip-bone, till the radicals roar again in ludicrous agonies. Such is the usual style in which we dissolve political unions.

The cuckoo cry of the Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill—is no longer heard in the land. About the middle of April, the voice of that bird is heard among our braes; in a month or so, it begins to stammer in its simple song, and by midsummer the foolish gowk has flown to another clime. But though the gowks are gone, you still see flying about the titlings. But hedge-sparrows are not worth powder and shot, so let them flutter about the bushes.

The Reformers deny that there has been "a reaction." But will they deny that they are laughed at by many millions of the people of Britain? Blind and deaf as most of them long tried to be—winking and shutting their eyes—and allowing the wax to accumulate in their ears—have they the face to declare, that they do not now see and hear the shouts of scorn by which they are on all sides assailed? Their sense of the absurd must be indeed obtuse if they do not feel their condition; for are they not all by the ears, kicking and cuffing one and another, rugging hair, and pulling noses, and calling names, and numbers of them absolutely *greeting?* The loud crow has been subdued into a low chuckle—the low chuckle has dwindled into a peevish pip—and the peevish pip itself evaporated in a ghastly gape, that seems to have lost its bill. The poultry is beginning to moult—is sadly out of feather—and had better go to roost.

At first all Reformers shook hands like brothers, and swore by the Bill eternal friendship. Ye Gods! how they did gabble. The quacking of the Great Glasgow Gander himself was drowned in the general chorus that shook the Dubs. Up on its tiptoes rose the entire Goosery—flap went every wing—wriggled every doup—and at once outstretched was every long neck, a-hiss and awry across the common. The borough-mongers were alarmed—as well they might be—for the air was whitened with a fearful shower of feathers. They quailed at the cry of these sons of freedom; for every goose seemed a swan—and the yellow gosling to the eyes of fear was undistinguishable from the whitey-brown Gander. But a truce to ornithological illustration.

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[*] nerican Review for July 1831.

[†] Plan of Reform. By Lieut. Col. Matthew Stewart. Edinburgh,

We beg the Reformers to recover their tempers. Should they carry on much longer at this rate, we shall have them cutting each other's throats.

> "Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell!"

In mere worldly prudence they should remember the bundle of sticks. True, most of the said sticks are rather rottenish; and though they were millions—what is their strength to that of the bole of the old Oak-Tree—of the British Constitution? Taken in dozens—scores—hundreds—or even thousands—a man of moderate muscle breaks them across his knee with all the ease in the world. Single sticks snap if you but touch them with your little finger.

Few Reformers are gentlemen. Those few at the social and festal board sink the Bill. The million—wherever sections of them chance to be—open in full cry—regardless what may be the political opinions even of the good men at whose feasts they are permitted to sit. They deserve to be shewn the door. But your Anti-reformer being a Tory, is of course a gentleman—and at table—without compromising his conscience—behaves courteously even to your Radical. Were the Bill to pass, the manners of the nation would be as bad, or even worse than its morals—and all mild men would emigrate to America.

The Reformers have been at their wit's end—for some weeks—with rage—because the Opposition have chosen to discuss—clause by clause—the demerits of the Bill. Grant that their conduct has been frivolous and vexatious; yet, why not make allowance for the "fond reluctant amorous delay," of men who are never more to be members of Parliament? Niggards! to deny to us a few more last gasps! Were we assured, beyond all mistake, that all the Whigs in the House were on the eve of dissolution, we should cheerfully let them expire in the most protracted agonies. That known sentiment, "hurry no man's cattle," would breathe in music from our benign lips, and when all was over, then "let the dead bury the dead." Whereas the Whigs grudge the Tories a few weeks' respite—and would fain order them all off, not only pinioned, but gagged, to immediate execution. Monsters!

But pray, how happens it that every other day, during these discussions, thus protracted by a factious and fractious Opposition, ever and anon starteth up some Reformer, to propose his improvement upon the Bill, that erewhile was so perfect? But for us, poor dying creatures, it would have been huddled over with all its hideous anomalies—and an end at once put to the new constitution. The Reformers owe us an unliquidateable debt of gratitude. Yet see how despitefully they use us—but for whose unwearied patriotism, they and their children had for ever been slaves.

We said—a little way back—should the Bill pass. What Bill? Which of the many Bills that have lately been before Parliament? The Ministry, like jugglers, have been playing at cup and balls. They lay a bill on the table, and tell you to look at it—and at its provisions. Down goes the cup to keep it warm; up goes the cup to let it cool—and the Reformers themselves cannot trust their eyes, when they see the green cloth as bare as the palm of their hand. The Bill has vanished bodily—or perhaps there is lying in its stead a scarecrow of a schedule—the handiwork of an accomplished mountebank.

We never use hard words—unwilling to insult, and resolute not to be insulted, without instant application of the point of the pen to the offending member. But the Reformers are not so mealy-mouthed, and for some time past have been rudely calling the Ministers fools and knaves. We can with difficulty bring ourselves to think them so; and hope that several of their acts, which at present certainly do seem both foolish and knavish, may prove susceptible of some sort of palliating explanation and apology. Thus their apparently base and unprincipled attempt to sacrifice their assistant, Mr Gregson, without whom they could not have drawn a bill even to be dishonoured, and must have been long ere now declared bankrupt, may possibly be placed in a different light before they are all dead, and buried, and forgotten. So may their attempt—seemingly still worse—in spite of his remonstrances—to destroy nine-tenths of the ten-pound voters—to nip that constituency *in the "morn and liquid dew of youth,"* when contagious blastments are most imminent. As to the matter of the division of counties, we pointed out the necessary consequences of that operation months ago—and so—if we mistake not—virtually did Sir John Walsh. The Reformers cannot stomach it—for it seemeth unto their dazzled optics, that his Majesty's Ministers are taking from the people with one hand what they are giving them with the other—and that is a kind of "jukery-pawkery" not relished by John Bull.

Pray—what of all this procedure on the part of his Ministry—is the opinion of the King? We have that of the people—but loyal subjects like us cannot be happy without that of our Modern Alfred. It seemeth now that nobody approves of the Bill. It is abused piecemeal, or in the "tottle of the whole," on all hands, and by all tongues. His Majesty is now mute—and therefore, we presume, hostile; the Ministry is divided on some of the most important clauses—on some the Opposition vote with Ministers to stultify the whole measure—the Press is growling like a bear with a sore head—and the people are getting savage in penny pamphlets and farthing Political Unions. How stand the Lords? Why—like crocodiles—with their hands in their breeches pockets. But will they pass the Bill? Not surely till they have digested it. But will they digest it? Not surely till they have swallowed it. But will they swallow it? Why the deuce should they swallow what nobody else can bolt? But will they try to gulp it? Perhaps they may, if you will lay it before the Peers on a plate. But the Bill is lost—and nobody knows where to find it. It must be recovered — prepared—cooked—dished—and set on the table before the Lords. The Lords have then surely an equal right with the Commons to decide whether or no it be edible—and if they dislike its taste, "with sputtering noise to reject it." In the Commons, the Bill has been so modified and transmogrified, that its own father—whoever he may be—cannot know it. In the Lords, it may be rightfully subjected to similar treatment. What shape it may assume after going through such farther parliamentary *process, it will be interesting to observe.* But it can hardly turn out a greater curiosity.

Was it originally an aristocratical or a democratical Bill? Which of the two is it now? And which of the two will it be at last? The Marquis of Cleveland no doubt conceits that it is aristocratical. The President of the Dirty Shirt trusts not; and in Cockayne there is a chuckle heard, because it is considered nuts to the Canaille.

Admit all this variety of opinion in our own country, what is thought of the Bill abroad? What thinks Jonathan? Here is the July number of that most able periodical, the North American Review. And here is a most able article entitled the Prospect of Reform in Europe—written not by a fierce but a firm republican. A few words about it.

This enlightened American is a genuine patriot—and therefore loves—honours—and would fight and die for the liberties—the laws—and institutions of his native land. He believes them all to be founded in justice—takes it for granted that they are—and hardly thinks it worth his while—on his own side of the water—to explain the principles of his political creed, which is that of all true Americans. A hereditary monarchy—a hereditary nobility—an established church—the law of primogeniture — are all pernicious—and can be defended only on the same grounds as all other antiquated, unequal, and abusive corporate monopolies. These make up—he says—the arbitrary Aristocratic System; and those who support it, and who are far more numerous than those benefited by it, are the aristocratic party. The liberal party—he says—are those who are of a contrary opinion on all these points. A mighty war is now about to be carried on all over Europe between these two parties—a war of opinion—which he cannot doubt will terminate—however remote the period—and however bloody the interval — in favour of the liberals, and in the utter destruction of all aristocratical governments.

This is plain speaking and single dealing, and therefore we admire it. Into the philosophy of our Transatlantic brother's political faith we shall not now enquire. But what is *his* opinion of our Plan of Reform? *The opinion of him, an outspoken, stanch, and sincere republican?*

In the first place, he is too enlightened a person not to know well that there is not now in the world another such constitution as the British. We do not mean that he thinks it a good one—it is, he thinks, bad. But he knows it is unique; and therefore the prospect of Reform in Britain is different, before his eyes, from the prospect of reform in any other kingdom of Europe. In Britain, he admits that the question of reform is the most difficult in practice that can be imagined—requiring for its happy solution the utmost wisdom and calmness—for that it is no less than the question of discarding the one system and introducing the other—a point on which there are as many opinions as there are independent thinkers. It is likely, he thinks, to be agitated on fields of battle, and by infuriated armies. But though, generally speaking, there are, he adds, the friends and enemies of reform, divided into the two great parties of which he has spoken, not a small portion of the aristocratic party are willing to abandon a little to save the rest; and some of the liberal party agree to bate something by way of concession, rather than wade through blood for the whole, with the risk of gaining nothing. The action and reaction of these feelings for several generations in England, has produced that compromise which is called the Constitution, which contains something of the aristocratic, and something of the democratic principle. This, he says well, renders the question of reform singularly complicated in Britain; and authorizes each party to maintain, that its favourite principle is the principle of the constitution.

In the course of the struggle which this writer thinks he sees impending, dynasties will very likely be set up and expelled—kings voted in and voted out—republics proclaimed and crushed—governments will dissolve into anarchies—and anarchies ripen, or rot into military despotisms, and these vicissitudes will fill up generations.

Our friend is a gloomy—may he prove a false prophet. But he speaks solemnly; and he gives reasons for *the faith that is in him worthy the consideration of all those who hope better things for the future destinies* of England. He seeks not to disguise his opinion, that those States are in danger of the greatest changes which are organized—as that of Britain is—on a mixed principle. For the doctrine of checks and balances may be harmless in a quiet time, and in the undisturbed action of the machine; but when by some disturbing force the equilibrium is destroyed, one principle must prevail to the subversion of the other.

According to this view, he holds that, in the present state of the world, the two simplest governments are greatly the safest, and least likely to be affected by the convulsions of the times—those of Russia and the United States. The former he thinks safe, for there does not appear to be any considerable number of persons desirous of change, or disaffected to the present order of things—consequently, there is no antagonist principle. The government of his own country, of a totally different character, he thinks is safe for the same reason. Whatever local discontents may have been created by individual measures, the number is exceedingly small of those who wish for a stronger or a weaker government. On the other hand, he considers the condition of England as highly critical, since it has long been her boast that she has a mixed constitution. One thing, he says, is certain—that a pure representative government (by pure, he means equal) cannot exist when two of the great estates of the realm are hereditary. In her constitution, therefore, he looks forward to an inevitable and great change. Of this great change, France has already gone through many stages. Either the extremity of the old abuses, or the ardent temper of the French people, or some unexplained fatality, pushed the first movements of reform into the wildest excesses of revolution; and from that the State swung back to a military despotism. The surface of the waters has since been broken and tost, and the men and things moving on it have been strangely driven about, and seemingly without a course. But the under-current, he believes, sets deep and strong towards a republic. He has no doubt that the present state of things is provisional—that the people who, through their deputies, have chosen Louis Philip, will choose his successor—and probably for a limited period. For is it likely, he asks with much animation, that that prince will be permitted to transmit his crown to his son, who has been compelled to obliterate the emblems of his family from the seal of state? Or is the chief magistracy of the country so much more of a trifle than the *fleur-de-lis*, that the King, who is obliged to abandon the one, can keep the other? Nor is the state of things, he thinks, widely different in England. True, that the temperament of the people is less mercurial than that of the French—but the popular feeling is not less intense. But for the unequal division of property in England, he thinks the monarchy might pass into an elective government without a convulsion—but that the extreme inequality of fortunes gives an ominous character to the contest which he believes is about to ensue. There are too many who have nothing to lose—one party contends for the preservation of privileges too vast to be resigned; the other contends—so he says—for life. It is the unyielding ambition of those who have all, against the utter recklessness of those who have nothing, at stake. And in this condition of things, what is the Plan of Reform proposed by the Ministers of England? To what influence was granted, he asks, Catholic Emancipation? To that of the fear of physical force. And certainly it was so—though of the meaning of the word Fear, different explanations were given—as might have been expected—by Peel and Wellington. Taught by that concession how powerful they are, will the people, asks he, be more or less loyal to the antiquated parts of the constitution? What then—again recurs the question—what is this plan of Reform in Parliament? It is, says the honest American Republican—it is what it has been declared to be by the most eminent of those who have opposed it in Parliament—a Revolution. It is a great change, carrying within itself a pledge of farther change. The indignant disclaimer of his Britannic Majesty's Ministers, Jonathan treats with as sovereign contempt as Christopher. He, like us, loves to call things by their right names—and this Reform is Revolution.

Let us see how he makes good his assertion.

The Plan of Reform was contrasted by Mr Macauley—borrowing from Mr Canning—with the Rule-of-Three System of the United States. That system he and others declared to be unfit for England, however well adapted for America But this writer argues, that the event will prove that, should the Bill pass, nothing short of the Rule-of-Three Plan will satisfy the people of England. But what is the Rule-of-Three Plan? He thus instructs us:—

It is simply this: That if 40,000 inhabitants choose one representative, 80,000 shall choose two. Now, he requests that it may be observed, that it is not at present a question, whether the present system of representation in Great Britain works, or does not work, as well as the American, or any other; but whether a great change in the actual system, called a Reform, which begins by wholly disfranchising sixty boroughs, *because* their population is under 2000, and deprives of half their franchise forty-seven boroughs more, (we speak not of schedules, more particularly as they now stand,) whose population is under 4000—can stop there? No man in his senses, and out of England, would hesitate one moment to answer the question in the negative. It is not pretended—as he remarks—that these sixty boroughs are more corrupt than others—nor denied that they have, on an average, sent a fair proportion of the ablest and most eminent Members to Parliament. It is not pretended that their corporate franchise is not as good and valid as any other right in the kingdom which rests on tradition and prescription. It is simply assumed as a principle, that no community possessed of less than 4000 shall send more than one. The American Republican wishes to know, whether this is not, *thus far*, the Rule-of-Three System acknowledged to be just, by being adopted?

But once adopted—what can possibly prevent its leading much farther? That consequence is inevitable from the establishment of the principle. What reason can be given (do give him one, for we cannot) to satisfy the inhabitants of some of the popular towns having no representative at all, and to which it is not proposed to give any? Look at Lord John Russell's amendments. Is not one of them that every town of a population over 10,000 shall have a member? Is not that a farther concession made on the Rule-of-Three principle? But the Ministry having been thus obliged to make it, will the people of England, the North American Reviewer asks, be contented with the contrast between the old boroughs under 4000 sending one member, and the new boroughs over 10,000 sending no more? They are not all fools.

To all such questions—*on the present system*—the answer—says the American—is ready; on the proposed system, there can be none. As things are, it is answered at once—the British Constitution does not propose a geographical representation—it fixed certain boroughs, some large and some small, possessed of the right of sending a member to Parliament, for a long period of years, some of them from time immemorial—the system in practice operates well, and it does not profess to be founded on the Rule-of-Three.

What say the Reformers in reply to that? Why they say that the system does not work well—that the House of Commons has lost the respect of the people—that it is an abuse which cannot be longer borne—that boroughs of less than two thousand should not send representatives, although they have done it by a prescription as old as any title in the kingdom—and that it is an equal abuse that boroughs of between 2000 and 4000 should send more than one member.

Be it so—replies the American. But in that case, cannot all the unrepresented towns in the kingdom, whose population exceeds 2000, say, that if you discard tradition, and go upon reasonableness and fitness, our right is as good as that of the represented boroughs? *Surely they can, and will.*

The necessity of farther reform, he argues, will be made more apparent, as soon as the application of the new and uniform system of suffrage shall take place. Will Leeds, and Manchester, and Liverpool submit to be represented by the same number of members as the old boroughs, whose population is ever so little over 4000? *Surely not. Those who suffer by the imperfect application of the Rule-of-Three system—that is, the majority of the people—will clamour to have it carried through, and they will have reason and justice on their side.* The Reviewer adds, that Mr Canning and the Anti-reformers could answer them, but Lord John Russell cannot. The vice of the proposed system is, that it is the Rule-of-Three plan, with a blunder in working the question. The moderate Reformers—and Lord John Russel and the rest, all began with calling themselves so—sin, then, quoth the acute American, at once against the genius of the British Constitution (he does not greatly admire it, but knows what it is) and the four rules of arithmetic. They can stand neither upon Lord Coke nor Cocker; the *jus parliamentarium*, nor the multiplication table.

We have not thus given our American brother's views on the proposed reform as at all original. We have ourselves, and many others besides us, enforced them in other words in more than one article. But we are bigots, and Tories—wedded to the system of all old abuses—and our opinion is of little worth. Hear, then, ye Whigs, and give ear, O ye Radicals, to a compatriot of Washington and Franklin!

But our bold-spoken Republican does not stop here. He pursues the scheme into other results, which to him seem inevitable, and which he would be the last to deplore—as ultimately they would, according to his creed, prove the greatest of blessings. What are some of those results? Extinction of the monarchy—of the House of Lords—and of the Established Church.

When these institutions are subjected to the test of the political metaphysics, which decide that no borough of less than 2000 inhabitants shall retain the practice of choosing members, how, asks the American Reviewer, can they stand? The right of Old Sarum to send members to Parliament, is assuredly as ancient as the House of Lords. Old Sarum was a city before the Peers of England were a House of Parliament. The whole Parliament of England once sat within the walls of that ancient city, now to be deprived of the franchise which it has enjoyed for so many centuries. It is true, he adds, that Old Sarum, now reduced to a wheat-field, enclosed by a mound, is a very different thing from what it was when it was first summoned by the king's writ to send burgesses to Parliament. *But is it more changed than the House of Lords is changed from its original character and composition?* No. The contrast of the present with the ancient condition of Old Sarum, is not greater than the contrast of the present with the ancient character of the English Peerage. It is but a few years ago since this very Lord John Russell (who, we beg, will re-purchase his historical works from us, now that there is no demand for snuff-paper) declared in Parliament, that the right of Old Sarum to send members to Parliament was as sacred as that of his own illustrious house to its titles and estate. So many others will think, ere long; and how sacred that is, needs not now to be told to zealous Radical Reformers. While, then, you disfranchise Old Sarum, says Jonathan to John, because it is a theoretical absurdity that an individual nobleman should, as its proprietor, return two members to Parliament, how can you defend the still more stupendous absurdity that some three or four hundred noble individuals, neither richer nor more enlightened than as many thousands in the community around them, should actually compose one entire House of Legislation, independent of the people and the Crown, and transmit this great franchise to their posterity?—Aye, that question, already put a hundred times, and in a hundred frowning forms, by the Examiner and other formidable root-and-branch men, should the Bill pass, or any thing like the Bill, may soon be put, not in words, but in blows, not at the point of the pen, but of the sword, by fiercer Republicans than any now breathing undisturbed in the prosperous land beyond the Atlantic. We differ *toto cœlo* from the Examiner, and the North American Review, on almost all great political questions involving the principles of human happiness and improvement, —that is, in their application to England; but we believe, or rather know, that in their two heads is a *larger quantity of sound, firm brain,* than in the noddles of hundreds and thousands of ninnies now yelping for Reform in fear or hope of Revolution, or in utter ignorance of the meaning of the watchword, which, being a monosyllable, (Bill,) they are able to articulate.

But there has been a great clamour for Reform—there is none against the House of Lords. All is hush—you hear not the angry voice of the people—the *vox Dei.* Yes—we do hear it—a low, sullen, savage growl—ere long, if things go on thus, to be a yell, as of the red men of the woods leaping out of covert with their tomahawks upon a sleeping horde. Is a majority of the people of England, asks the American, numerically taken, friendly to an hereditary house of legislation? We hope they are. But what then? There may be much indifference where there is no enmity—and the favour in which that House is held by many may be lukewarm. How can it be otherwise? People do not passionately regard such institutions. They approve of them—and wish them well; and many, no doubt, would struggle to uphold them, if they were seen to be in jeopardy. But hate is nimble and active—plotting and persevering—sleepless, or pursues its object in dreams.

Recollect the manner—quoth our American—in which the axe was laid at the root of the House of Lords in the time of Cromwell. We know—says he—that the statesmen who bring forward the present measure do not propose to destroy the peerage; but will the like forbearance be observed by the agitators, whom that measure will bring into Parliament, and by the people, whom that measure will instruct in their strength, and animate in their zeal?

The Reviewer concludes with some strong sentences about the fate of the Crown and the Church. They are, he says, the traditionary institutions of England. But it is not two centuries since the great usurper heaved them from their foundations. Now he holds that, by the Bill, the conservative principle of the whole British Constitution will be destroyed. Even he, as a Republican, does not think—as our reformers do—that the British Constitution is doomed to irremediable abuse—to the forced toleration *of any and every existing evil. But he thinks that the only principle of* reform which is consistent with its preservation, is the temperate correction of practical evils, by specific remedies applied to the individual case—that general and theoretic remedies are inadmissible; for that it would be far better at once to destroy the monarchy, which, of course, he, being an honest Republican, thinks a flagrant abuse.

He finishes the discussion of this part of his general subject—which is, Reform in Europe—with two important reflections. First, that if this plan prevail, the ancient system will be in fact acknowledged to be abusive, and the Reform will be the constitution—a new constitution resting on a totally new principle—to wit, that no institution shall be allowed to continue in England, however ancient the prescription on which it rests, that cannot be justified to reason. And what is right reason? Often hard to say. Will such a principle—once admitted and acted on, not only as paramount but sole—stop at the present measure of Reform in the House of Commons? Secondly, he remarks, that in calculating the progress of Reform in England, it is certain that it will be governed by powerful influences exterior to England—and independent of her control. A narrow channel divides her from a country whose institutions were as ancient, and, till they fell, were believed to be as solid, as those of England. In the progress of forty years of tremendous revolution and fearful vicissitudes, France has reached a system greatly exceeding the English in its popular character, and is verging towards one still more completely popular. Nobody believes that the peerage there will have a long existence. But international sympathy is powerful over national fates. The institution that falls before reform in one country, will it stand fast in another, before the same power proceeding on the *vires acquirit eundo* principle?

Such is a *precis* or abridgement of the opinions of an enlightened Republican on the Plan of Reform—a voice from America.

Turn we now to the opinions, on the same subject, of an enlightened British Whig—worthy son of an *illustrious sire—of no less a man than Dugald Stewart. Nobody will* accuse or suspect him of being hostile to a liberal creed or system of political philosophy—nobody who reads his two pamphlets, which together would form a large octavo volume, will doubt his talents—nobody who knows what the course of his life has been, will deny that his opportunities of becoming acquainted with the actual working of constitutions, have been excellent—nor will any body who knows any thing of the man himself, refuse to give him the praise of incorruptible integrity and brightest honour. Let us direct attention, then, to some of his opinions—and, as in the case of our American friend, as much as possible in his own elegant language. Let us select from about 500 full and pregnant pages, as many passages as our limited article will hold, and present them to the public in an abridgement. On a future occasion, we hope to be able to return to these admirable pamphlets. Whigs scorn, we know, to be enlightened by Tories, and thence their ignorance; but Tories draw light from all urns that contain it, and thence their illumination.

Colonel Stewart starts with the celebrated aphorism of Lord Bacon, that all innovations in the government of nations, should be effected in imitation of those silent and imperceptible permutations, which result from the continued and insensible accommodation of institutions to the changes which arise in the circumstances of the communities to which they belong. And the object of both pamphlets may be said to be, to prove and illustrate its application to all changes in the representation of the people—to shew, that the imitation should extend to the careful and scrupulous adaptation of the alterations to the changes which society is undergoing, or has undergone.

Very different from this are, in his belief, the measures contemplated by those who call themselves Reformers of any class and description: For, try them by the test of established rules of political wisdom, and none of them will stand the trial. What are some of these established rules? That, in order to establish a thing to be an abuse, it is not enough to shew that an actual usage is a deviation from the original purport of the institution; it must be shewn to be the immediate and active source of evil existing or contingent;—that there is no panacea in politics any more than in medicine—no remedy that is equally applicable to all abuses, and therefore the remedy proposed for each must be specific;—that such is the unavoidable imperfection of all human affairs, that there is hardly any unmixed good, and least of all in the arbitrary and conventional institutions of men—so that, after an abuse has been pointed out, it must be shewn that it is not the necessary and inseparable concomitant of some advantage which more than compensates its injurious influence;—that it must be shewn that the proposed remedy is not a mere experiment, and that it will be adequate to the removal of the evil, or, at all events, presents a very strong probability of being useful;—that it must be shewn that it is not operative in more ways than one—and that it will neither do more, or go farther than can be calculated on, or bring any evil along with it as bad or worse than that which it is intended to correct. If, indeed, he well says, a proposed measure of reform will stand a scrutiny by such criteria as these, it may, it would seem, be safely acted on. The gradual and successive correction of abuses, by such a process of examination as this, is among the highest and most important objects to which the legislative wisdom of a people can be directed—for it is, in fact, assisting nature, and accelerating the salutary process of innovation which time effects.

Tried by such rules as these, alas, for the schemes of our Reformers! There is no indication of the previous abuses, which they profess their ability to rectify—but a remodelling of the constitution of Parliament is represented as the certain cure of all. Neither is it possible to ascertain the connexion between the defects which they aim at destroying, and the advantages with which many of them are allied. The changes to be introduced into the formation of Parliament—about the precise nature of which, we see now that hardly any two of them are agreed—is a pure and most hazardous experiment on the principles of government, which can neither be shewn to be adequate to the remedy of the evils of the times, nor reduced to any calculation as to the nature or limits of its operation. Viewed in the only light in which it can be viewed, and reasoned about as a direct measure of reform, it must be taken as the proposed remedy for the defects, real or supposed, in the deliberative and legislative organs of the state; and the effect would be—so all its most zealous friends, except an unintelligible few, desire and believe—to bring the direction of the public councils and public affairs much more under the influence of the lower classes of society; and by so doing, to produce, not a reform of abuses, but a clearing away of all the obstacles to innovation, and a breaking down of all the bulwarks which the existing order of society affords to the constitution to which it has given rise. Such an operation on the government of a country, Colonel Stewart says, is not reform, but tantamount to a revolution—and a revolution, not in aid of the provisions of nature, but tending directly to their subversion.

What is the nice problem to be solved in the formation of its institutions, in as far as government is subservient to the pursuit of the public prosperity and welfare? Why, to concentrate in the deliberate portion of the State all the intelligence of the community—to secure to it the guidance of the national councils, and to keep it steadily in its object to the furtherance of the general weal. Without entering into an enumeration of the various devices that have been resorted to for this purpose, has it ever yet been denied—(if so by whom?)—that none have ever been found more efficacious in practice than those which the institutions of this country provide? Where else has there been the same identification in the sources of the prosperity of the whole community—such facilities and motives to the diffusion of knowledge—and a representation, in the composition of which are so consulted all orders and interests of the state? Nowhere else—nor has any educated Reformer ever ventured, *in express terms, to say so, even when addressing the uneducated* agape round the hustings.

But many evils are endured by the people of Britain. Many. But in order to justify changes in any degree, such as those now proposed to be introduced, does Colonel Stewart speak paradoxically, when he says, that it should be clearly shewn that the existing institutions are responsible for, and have been, the sources of the evils which the people endure? But these evils, he says—and every honest man who gives his honesty fair play, knows, if he does not say the same thing—these evils, resolving themselves almost entirely into the pressure of the times, and the stagnation of industry, are the result, not of the institutions, but of the policy which has been pursued. The history of that policy is itself, he maintains, a remarkable proof of the utter inexpediency of giving farther weight to the popular voice in the direction of affairs. For we are now paying the penalty of a war policy, and expenditure of unexampled extravagance; but the very extravagance of the expenditure circulated large sums among the people, and produced all the appearance of unusual prosperity; and the multitude, who are incapable of looking to distant consequences, and who judge always by their experience of the immediate effects, upheld the views of those at the head of affairs, at last almost by universal acclamation. So far, therefore, he adds, from its being the fact that the popular voice is of no avail in the direction of the public concerns, there is not an instance in which it has been long, and steadily, and decidedly exerted, that it has not prevailed in the end over every other interest in the State. It is unnecessary for us to say, that our politics are, in many points of importance, not those of Colonel Stewart; but to all that he has here said, in as far as bears upon the argument in hand, we give our most unhesitating and unqualified assent—and trust, with him, that the people of England will be wiser than lend their countenance to any hazardous experiments upon government under the name of reform, knowing, as they must do, and have been often taught by bitter *experience, the extreme liability of all numerous bodies of men to sudden* impulse, and the manner in which deliberation becomes difficult in proportion to the number of those by whom questions are to be discussed, and some approximation to a common opinion formed by their combined reflection.

Colonel Stewart has a pride—as well he may—in quoting the philosophy of his father, now never quoted by the Whigs, for its whole spirit—mild, because meditative—and calm, because profound—is adverse to their reckless and shallow schemes of government. That great man has beautifully said, "The nature and spirit of a government, as it is actually exercised at a particular period, cannot always be collected; perhaps it can seldom be collected from an examination of written laws, or of the established forms of a constitution. These may continue the same for a long course of ages, while the government may be modified in its exercise, to a great extent, by gradual and indescribable alterations in the ideas, manners, and character of the people, or by a change in the relations which the different orders in the community bear to each other. In every country whatever, besides the established laws, the political state of the public is affected by an infinite variety of circumstances, of which no words can convey a conception, and which are to be collected only from actual observation." And never, says his enlightened son, was this remark, as to the operation of society itself upon government, its evident effects on its own institutions, and on the direction of its affairs, more strikingly displayed, than in our own country. Never in any other country did such operation result from the combined influence of so many causes, so complicated or so difficult to trace and to assign. It is scarcely too much to say, that there is hardly an interest, however trifling—or active principle, however imperceptible—that does not, in the end, produce some effect on our national councils. Only consider, for a moment, the immense contribution of light, of intelligence, of experience, which society itself is daily and hourly affording in aid of the legislative wisdom of Parliament!

Only consider for a moment the prodigious influence which public opinion has acquired in shaping the result of its deliberations, not only by carrying that of its members along with it, but in the expression of a wish which they find themselves compelled to respect. From the unrestricted nature of social intercourse, what multitudes of persons who have no vote in either of the legislative bodies, are constantly throwing out ideas in conversation, and contributing to fashion the judgment which is ultimately to be pronounced on public questions by those who have! There is besides hardly any great practical question which occurs with respect to public affairs, in which many individuals are not directly consulted by leading members among their opponents, or directly brought before one of the Houses of Parliament to undergo an examination on subjects with which they are known to be conversant. And, above all, from the freedom of the press, and the prevailing activity of the human intellect, a vast supply of thought, and of fact, and of suggestion, is constantly thrown out as a contribution to useful knowledge, or to stimulate the reflection of others. From similar causes, the controlling influence of the general opinion comes to be as efficient as its power of direction; insomuch, that there is hardly any question on which the public voice continues to be sufficiently, pertinaciously, and generally pronounced, that it does not overcome all opposition in its effects on government. Colonel Stewart confesses that he cannot see in what respect a greater popular influence on the direction of affairs could be desirable.

If such be the influence of the prevailing voice beyond the walls of the senate and the council chamber on the determination of questions within, surely, says this judicious friend of the people, surely every precaution should be taken to insure its going on good grounds, before it becomes too imperative to be resisted; and that it should be long and decidedly, as well as loudly pronounced, before it is acknowledged to be the voice of the nation. The instability and mutability of opinion among the mul- [illegible] and among all assemblies of the people, has been the remark of all writers and speakers in every free state of antiquity, where their opinions exerted any influence. But that is not all—for the ignorance and want of discrimination of the great bulk of mankind, their poverty of idea, and their little familiarity in the habits of thinking with such subjects, disables them from perceiving the total inadequacy of the expedients proposed to the purposes they are intended to answer; or how far the changes recommended fall short of the excellence they are represented to possess. If a measure has but a portion of good, or the semblance of good, it passes with them for perfection. In delicate questions of government, of civil right, and of legislation, they are as little capable of giving a judgment, as they are of relishing the beauties, or detecting the defects, of the nobler productions of the painter or the sculptor. But he adds—Unfortunately among us every person thinks himself *qualified to judge* of the most difficult and abstract questions connected with the structure and operation of human society, because every man is entitled *to form an opinion* on all public affairs. But, in his mind, and in that of all wise men, this rashness and presumption of ignorance is one of the strongest reasons for keeping the deliberative function of the state sufficiently clear of its influence, to prevent it from taking the guidance of the nation, and either forcing the legislature on pernicious measures, or thwarting and perverting every line of policy, the ultimate result of which it cannot foresee. In his opinion, the views of the Reformers evidently lead to that effect; to render the members of the Commons' House of Parliament more amenable to their constituents, and, by giving to the lower classes of society a larger share in the privilege of nomination, to reduce them to a complete dependence on the people.

After some other excellent observations, and ingenious and philosophical explanations, Colonel Stewart, who loves the people far better than those who are now pandering to their appetencies, says, that one would suppose, from the language of the Reformers, that some inconvenience, some injurious disability, or some degrading distinction was affixed to certain classes of the population which at present regulate the exercise of the elective franchise. But there is no present advantage to be made of this privilege, unless the clamourers for reform actually want to make money of their more extended right of suffrage, and to come into the market to sell their votes. It is, then, a perfectly unprofitable right to those who possess it. The law—he truly says—excludes no class of men; it merely limits the exercise of a particular function to men placed in certain circumstances, in which it is open to all to place themselves; and very many opulent persons (probably thyself, reader) neither possess the privilege, nor care to acquire it.

But, then, think of the present shocking state of corruption. Colonel Stewart does think of it, and is sorry for it; but how is it to be cured? Why, by what else but an increase of knowledge and virtue. But it is, he says, for the Reformers to shew that there would be less corruption in elections, by exposing to its influence a much larger mass of poverty, and more wisdom in the legislature, by bringing both its formation and measures more under the direction of a much larger proportion of ignorance.

Colonel Stewart still holds to that faith in which his great father instructed him—which, when the Edinburgh Review was in "its high and palmy state," Mr Jeffrey often eloquently expounded, but which he and all his brother Reformers have now pretended to abjure. We allude to the only sound and true constitutional doctrine concerning the influence of the House of Peers. Colonel Stewart shews that while the real power of the nobility, as a separate class in the state, has declined since the feudal times—the consequence of wealth, of talent, and of official situation, the frequency of intermarriages with the commonalty, and, above all, the great increase of numbers, has brought them much more on a level, in public estimation, in point of dignity, with the rest of the population, and blended their interests in a much greater degree with those of the rest of the nation. From this decrease in the power of the House of Lords, and the multiplication of the ties which connect its members with the Commons, the consequence has been, that whatever influence individuals of the Upper House may possess, is exerted in determining the return of members for the Lower. Circumstances have thus very happily come to exert a compensating effect, in preserving, in some degree, the operation of the effective principles of the constitution, by partially violating its theoretical forms. By this means, the nobility come to be represented, along with the other interests of the nation, in the House which has concentrated the whole power of the state, according to the personal influence of its members with the community—by individuals of their own families, or by friends; and from no source, in the history of the nations, have men of better talents, or of more earnest zeal for liberty, been drawn. This consequence has an effect in two ways in harmonizing the operation of the constitution. First of all, it tends to preserve the importance of the Upper House, and to give additional authority to their decisions, as manifesting the opinion of many influential men; and secondly, it breaks the collision between the Houses when they come to differ in opinion, by enabling the voice of the Upper in some degree to operate in modifying the voices of the Lower, and by neutralizing the feeling of hostility which on such occasions might arise, by infusing a proportion of elements likely to be of the same opinion in both. This weight of influence, and this approximation of interests between the two Houses of Legislature, is essentially necessary to the functions they have to perform, as the deliberative body, in such a constitution, and state of society as ours. Were they to be reduced to the condition of a mere council, to advise the best measures for the common good, without any means to render their resolutions obligatory on the community, they would either lose all power, or the resolutions of the two Houses would be at frequent variance. In this way, the views of the Reformers would ruin the legislation of the country altogether. The measure which they would apply to the Commons' House of Parliament, would destroy the consequence of the Lords, and render it perfectly nugatory as a means of subjecting the proceedings of the Lower Chamber to a revision; and the Commons, while it was freed entirely from their check, would be reduced to the condition of a mere organ, to carry into effect the sovereign will of the most ignorant and precipitate part of the community. When both the lights of the nation had been thus put out, it would not be long before such calamities and confusion were brought on the country, as would effectually sicken the people with their advisers; and the nation would probably be disposed to cry out, with Samson, "O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, this once, that I may be at once avenged of these Philistines for my two eyes!"

All this is here strongly put; but by and by Colonel Stewart rises into a higher strain; and when he is speaking of the education of the people, in relation to the proposed plans of reform, we could almost believe that we were listening to his father. We have almost all along been using Colonel Stewart's words; but here there must be neither alteration nor abridgement—nor yet small type.

"Of those who receive the blessings of a liberal education, there are few who are capable of arriving at original truth for themselves, and not a much greater number who are competent to examine, to any satisfactory purpose, the real evidence for those views which they have taken up from others. The influence of parental authority,—the weight with which the precepts of our early instructors were clothed,—and the contagious effect of prevailing opinions, which leads men to consider every additional supporter of the
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situde, and among all ass best instruction which the state of society in which they live can afford; the still greater number of those whose occupation, in the active pursuits of life, precludes them from that patient and systematical reflection indispensable for such investigations; it will be evident, that although this principle of human nature may occasionally prolong error, that, as error will pass away and the truth remain, a provision has wisely been made for the communication to the mass of the population of the best lights which the human understan dinghas acquired, and the final generalization of the fruits of knowledge. Sceptics may assert that a state of philosophical doubt and indecision, as to all conclusions, is the most advantageous state of the human intellect; but the real philosopher will find, I apprehend, in the irksome and restless dissatisfaction of his unsettled thoughts, only a spur to more profound enquiry, and to the great bulk of mankind, who have neither leisure, nor capacity, nor vigour of mind, to clear up their difficulties for themselves, such a state of uncertainty is ruinous to their principles, and the fertile source of the most reckless and criminal excesses. I certainly would be one of the very last persons to say any thing that would discredit the attempts that have been so successfully made of late years for the diffusion of education and of knowledge. But it is rarely that many well-meaning and sensible persons concur in an opinion, (however erroneous to the extent to which their fears induce them to push it,) without having some shew of reason in their error. Even as it is, the advantages which society has derived from the education of the lower orders, far outweigh the evils it has produced; but there can be no doubt that the first effects of tillage to the human mind is, in a certain degree, to unsettle its opinions, and to shake it loose from many ideas which it had been accustomed to respect as truth, and to give it a tendency to question many others. The simple and sublime truths of morality and religion, which are instilled into the mind in infancy and early youth, amid the scenes of untroubled domestic happiness, the endearments of parental affection, and the enjoy-

ments of home, come to be associated with all the errors with which they were first united, and as, (as has been often remarked,) 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' it often happens that, in weak minds, which rest satisfied with a superficial enquiry, as they came together, together they go; it being rashly inferred, when it is found that much that the understanding has been taught to receive as gospel will not stand the test of enquiry, that all they have received on the faith of others has been merely an imposition on their credulity. The evils of this description, inseparable from the first breaking in of the light on the understandings of a people, may be considerable, but should certainly not deter the friends of humanity from pursuing their pious endeavours; it cannot be doubted, that, as man becomes a more intellectual and rational being, he will become also a more moral and better member of society. The important inference it should suggest is, that, as education is rendered more general, it should be rendered also more judicious; and that, as it is manifestly impossible to educate a nation of philosophers, capable of new-founding their opinions for themselves, on a sound deduction of conclusions from their natural evidence, that sufficient care should be taken not to set them afloat without a compass on a boundless sea of speculation, by emancipating them from the influence of all those truths which, in infancy, they have been accustomed to revere.

"In matters of mere belief, which affect only the happiness of the individual, such evils may be left to their natural cure; but, unfortunately, such a state of dissatisfaction, with its existing opinions in the public mind, is apt to be productive of more practical consequences, and, as has been remarked by a writer, (speaking of the fanaticism which prevailed in the days of Cromwell,)—'As religious zeal was the cause of one revolution, so the prevalence of irreligion would one day be the source of another;' I leave it to the judgment of the discerning, whether there are not symptoms in the state of the times of the possibility of such a result.

"While the minds of the half-educated are in this state of intellectual ferment and undirected activity, is it wise, is it safe to attempt to bring the legislative and governing power of the state so completely under the immediate controul of the popular impulse, as it would be, were the views of the reformers to be reduced to practice? In all times, and in all states, there have been found men *cupidi rerum novarum*—anxious for change, some from discontent—some from a restless spirit of enterprise that will be doing—some from the pressure of intolerable evils—and some from an impatience of insignificance and the hope of rising to importance amid the troubles of the times. These are the spirits ever ready to ignite the combustible matter of a state; and no better preparation for a general flame can be imagined, than the unsettling the minds of men on all that they have been accustomed to respect in the constitution of their country, and then throwing into their hands a power which it is in vain afterwards to attempt to control. 'Il faut prendre les temps quand les eaux sont basses pour travailler aux digues;'—and the waters are at the present moment neither low nor tranquil; and if we attempt now to disturb the bulwarks of the constitution, by altering their shape, while the tide is high and its current strong, it will burst the barrier at the first breach, and sweep all that industry and knowledge has done in irresistible ruin before it.

"The passing events in other countries present a powerful motive to the friends of social order, and of rational liberty, to be contented with the measure of good, which is certainly and safely within their power. The great and enlightened kingdom of France is labouring to procure for herself what we possess; and the extreme difficulty which she finds in adjusting her institutions to her state of society, and the evident want of harmony with which the various constitutions have worked, might teach us a salutary lesson of the infinite value of forms capable of giving a steady direction to the national councils;—while they insure to every man all the freedom of thought and of action that the most sanguine friend of liberty could desire,—while they possess, in a most amazing degree, a power of adaptation to the vicissitudes in the social system—and while they contain within themselves the means of speedy and effectual correction to any evil resulting from their own defective operation, of which the community may ever have any just reason to complain. The people of France had just, and weighty, and sufficient grounds to run every risk to refound their government on substantial principles of civil right,—to establish a right to exercise the sovereign power of the state of their own creation, —to determine its operations by specific limits, and to furnish, for the example of future generations, a salutary warning of the punishment to be inflicted for the most flagrant violations of established conditions, and the most daring outrages on national liberty. In every form of government, those who administer it must be trusted with power, and if they are not to exercise it under the responsibility of the heaviest penalty, when they employ it to subvert the public freedom, no scheme of liberty can be possible in the world. If the late ministers of France are not in the present age the objects of the indignation which they deserve, it is fit at least that they should be made a terror to the ages that are to come; and if France hesitates to do her duty to mankind in this respect, we may say to her with the poet,

> ‘ Nec tua et sontem tantummodo sæcula norint,
> Perpetuæ crimen posteritatis eris.’

There the attempt on the rights of the community by their rulers was wanton, unprovoked, and uncalled for. In this country, the discontent with the existing state of the government is nearly equally causeless. The people feel their own power, and are impatient to shew it. They suffer severely from the pressure of the times, and are justly discontented; and they present, therefore, materials of the most alarming description for the purposes of excitement; but the evils of which they really have to complain, can only be cured by cool and deliberate reflection, and by a firm and steady government; and they are hastening to produce a state of things in which the voice of reason will be heard no more, and where the rudder of the state will be rendered powerless in the strongest and most skilful hands. The remedy for the evils of the country, it cannot be too often urged, is not to be found in a change in the mechanism of government, but of the measures which the government ought to adopt.”

Colonel Stewart then proceeds, after much able disquisition on the natural sources of power in a community, to consider the effects likely to be produced on the connexion of the legislature with the population, by the change which the measure would occasion in the character and quality of the elective body. He observes, that a representative government may derive its support, either by connecting itself respectively with each individual of a large numerical majority of the people, or by connecting itself with those leading and influential persons who carry along with them, from steady general causes, a large portion of the community. In the first case, each person acts independently of his neighbour; in the other, masses of individuals act together, from the influence of the natural associating principles by which they are combined. In so far as a government adopts the former of these views, it tends towards a republic. In so far as it adopts the latter, it derives its support from the natural principles of government. In every form of society there are individuals who, from a variety of causes, are enabled to exercise a powerful sway over many others—great capitalists—or company of capitalists—great landholders—great bankers or monied men—aspiring and hopeful politicians—and many other classes of persons, who all possess powerful sources of influence in the community. In proportion as the number and consequence of such classes increase in a nation, the less will it be fit to exist as a republic, or to have a government formed upon its principles. The genius of the English constitution has in all times hitherto recognised these permanent sources of natural power; and has most happily adopted the forms of government to give them effect, by the very circumstances of their having been moulded and bent into shape by the successive agency of these operative causes themselves.

Colonel Stewart believes, that while the provisions of the measure act in a very limited degree in increasing numerically its points of direct contact with the population, they will weaken and deteriorate all those ties which have hitherto rendered the people amenable to the steady direction of permanent natural causes of influence, and abandon altogether the hold of government over what is left of them, as the basis of its controlling power with the community. The measure rests the *power* of government entirely on the support of the people; and he cannot see by what means it is to maintain its sway over the aristocracy, if it is not on all occasions to hold up in terror to them (*as in the present instance*) the consequences to be apprehended from the unbridled fury of the populace. Most unworthy, indeed, he calmly says, would it be of the legislature to give way *to the complaints of the people,* unless they were founded in reason, and could be complied with without injury to the essential interest and wellbeing of the nation, a point of which the people cannot be judges. The influence, for example, of the nomination of members, involves questions of great nicety and difficulty, and certainly should not have been decided in compliance with the complaints of the people, if the case was not most perfectly made out that it was itself an evil pernicious to the constitution. That it was so, the Reformers have completely failed to shew; and in default of argument have had recourse to the unworthy expedient of intimidation, by holding out the *necessity* of yielding to the prevailing clamour, to prevent the people from being irritated into violence. The principle of the measure, he says, is that of pleasing the people by an obedience to their demands, and the principle once adopted, seems to lay the government prostrate at their feet.

We have had incessantly dinned into our ears, during these last few months, the phrase of "restoring the lost confidence of the people in their representatives." That phrase, says Colonel Stewart, may mean something, or it may mean nothing. If it implies merely that the people, smarting under the weight of taxation, and the pressure of the times, and consequently discontented with their own situation, and with the government, to which they ascribe their suffering, will be soothed into a temporary satisfaction with the legislature by its compliance with their wishes, as to a measure which they have been long and carefully taught to consider as the remedy for their ills, it probably amounts to a pretty accurate statement of the facts of the case; but were this the only ground on which the framers of the Bill relied for the attainment of their object, it would be found perfectly nugatory; for there is no standing still in a process of this description. The measure can remove none of the real causes of the distress of the times; that has been admitted a thousand times by the ablest of the Reformers themselves; similar discontents and irritation will again arise, and a similar emollient again be repeated, till there would be left no semblance of a constitution or of a government. If it be intended again, to intimate, by the restoration of the confidence of the people in the legislature, that the promoters of the present measure of Reform have had in view the introduction of a closer connexion with their representatives and the aristocracy, the assertion is made in the face of all truth. For, by destroying all permanent personal influence in the return of members, and extending the elective franchise indiscriminately to all householders paying a rent of L.10, and to L.10 copyholders in the counties, and L.50 leaseholders, the relation between the government and the population has been completely changed. The only source of support to which the government can now trust, is that of the approbation of the elective body thus constituted, and the selection of the policy of the country is thus in a great measure transferred from the legislature, instead of its proper deliberative character, invested with that of the executive agent of the people.

Colonel Stewart considers, with great ability, the effect which this measure of reform will produce on the nature of those great interests which ought of their own accord, in a great degree, to shape for the common benefit the course of the policy of the government. Among other important effects, he adverts to the great independence which it professedly aims at introducing in the exercise of the elective right by each individual, an independence necessarily weakening the effect produced by the great classes of interests in the mass, and powerfully tending, therefore, to dissolve the influence of all the natural sources of authority, and of national wellbeing. The class of people to whom the measure will chiefly extend the right of franchise, will be, he says, the master workmen, retailers, and shopkeepers. Would that among them were not included multitudes of persons of a very different character—as we have shewn from statistical documents whose accuracy cannot be impugned, and by insolent ignorance alone has ever been denied. A body of such small capitalists will thus be most potent indeed—who, though certainly feeling very sensibly the consequences resulting from the fluctuations in the state of the country, are so far removed from the causes of such changes themselves, and are so incapable of discovering their first impressions on the great springs of national prosperity, that neither their experience of the evil, nor their inferences from it, are, generally speaking, of any use as an index to the direction of public affairs. Never did any man utter more important truths in fewer words than Colonel Stewart has done in these calm sentences. He has drawn the true character and condition of a constituency, of which to utter one syllable in disparagement, was, in the debates in Parliament, thought by the Reformers sufficient cause to exclude any speaker from the ranks of rationality, and to stamp him an imbecile. But Colonel Stewart, and they who think with him on this mighty question, know better, and love better the true interests of their fellow-subjects, whom Providence has placed in a humble condition, than the Reformers. He declares that if the representative system wanted reform in any particular more than another, the desideratum was to find means of giving a more decided influence to the interests of Operative Industry on the mechanism of government. This great interest—in spite of the insolent slang of those multitudinous incarnations of superhuman stupidity, Political Unions—the interest of by far the most numerous portion of the population, the present measure will deprive of all their legitimate influence.

By the present scheme, four-fifths of the members of the community are completely excluded from the direct influence of the elective right; and the great question, therefore, is, as to the change produced in the relation of the community to the elective body, who are thus to be empowered to exercise the right in the common behalf. The numerical increase in the body, although of little importance, in so far as it adds to the direct points of contact between the members of the government and the people (for what is the greatest supposable number of the voters to the twenty-two millions ?) is of immense effect on the character of the elective body itself. Let us not say—Colonel Stewart says it not—that the corporate bodies of towns, or the privileges of election conferred in many cases on burgesses, were always provided on just principles; but he and we do maintain, that an elective body of that description, though susceptible of great improvement, was much better calculated, with all its defects, to afford *an adequate representation of the people* than that which the measure substitutes for it. Colonel Stewart says rightly, that the magistrates or burgesses of the towns, if not the *most* leading and influential individuals in the place, were at least men of some consideration and substance; each of whom necessarily connected himself with many individuals of every class and description of the population, and who formed (if not the best) a pretty fair species of jury, to decide on the behalf of the borough the fitness of the representative. According to the proposed plan, the individual consequence of each of these men is no greater than that of any other person who pays a rent of L.10; their consequence with the representative is no greater; their power in insuring an election, it is professedly the object of the measure to destroy. But the connexion of a rent-payer of L.10 a-year with the poorer classes amounts to nothing—and thus, while by far the greater part of the inhabitants of towns are excluded from the right of franchise, the principles which might have secured them an *adequate representation,* are entirely cut off from all operation either on the people or the government. It narrows, in fact, the constitution, in so far as it goes, to about a fifth part of the population, and leaves all the rest of the community without any (legitimate) means of affecting the legislative organs of the state. But how, adds this able writer with great animation—how an *artificial* limitation of the principles of the constitution, where there is no *natural* power on the part of those who are to exercise the function of constituting the legislature, to create a right to make laws binding on the whole community whose interests theirs do not involve, is to operate in such times as the present, it is for the framers of the measure to explain. Universal suffrage would be an evil, and a dangerous innovation on the constitution, but it would be a less evil in point of injustice, and perhaps not more dangerous as to immediate consequences, than this. Much wretched nonsense has been vented by the Reformers—mostly the shallowest of men—about the power and the stake in the country, possessed by the classes whom the bill would make the constituency. They take it for granted that every person enjoying such a stake (all persons inhabiting a L.10 a-year house), would necessarily be actuated by a sufficient motive in resisting all tendency to turbulence and change. To do so is his interest. But this able writer most truly observes, that the interest of a constituent of the government, in its support, will be proof only against such motives for its subversion or alteration, as shall not open to him an expectation of privileges more important than those which the system confers; and the influence of the possessor of a stake in the country, as a motive to the preservation of order, will be effectual, so long only as it may be possible to exclude from his anticipations the prospect of bettering his condition by the hazards of change. But both these motives will certainly cease to operate as steady, actuating principles of conduct, long before we descend so low in society as the classes of people who inhabit houses of L.10 yearly rent. On the eve of revolution or civil convulsion, it is not the members of the community who are at the very bottom of the scale, who look forward with ambitious hopes to place themselves in the enviable situations which they see occupied by those who have previously been most favoured by fortune. The great mass of the lower orders, when they think they cannot change much for the worse, and, consequently, have little to risk but the casualties of the law, are in general actuated, in their speculations of amelioration, merely by some vague anticipations of bettering their condition, or of alleviating the pressure of evils which they feel, or which they fancy they suffer. But it is those who already possess a certain pre-eminence over them, and who already enjoy some consequence in their own estimation, who imagine that in pulling down all that is really exalted, and subverting the order of society, they will still retain, with respect to their co-operators, the relative situation which they already possess, and be borne on the waves of popular commotion, to the proudest stations of society. It is, then, those alone who are decidedly in possession of the advantages which a state of society yields, who will find in the motive of property an actuating principle, to resist whatever shall appear likely to place these advantages in jeopardy.

These reflections are, we think, profoundly true, and prove how philosophically Colonel Stewart has considered, not only the character of society, but the nature of the human mind. But supposing that their stake in the country was such as to afford a sufficient security to government for the steady support of every man, included in the present elective body, he reminds us that the elective body will not amount to a fifth part of the whole population; and that by thus drawing this strong line of demarcation between those who are considered the upholders of government, and those against whom it is upheld, the one part of the community is, as it were, arrayed against the other, with fearful numerical odds against the class to whom the support of the social system is confessedly confided by the principles of this new order of things.

The measure, then, will benefit no order—but injure all. Colonel Stewart would have the interests of the very humblest attended to as well as those of the very highest; but the interest of both will, he thinks, be destroyed by the Bill. He is the champion of the cause of the poor—of the rich, and of the noble. And therefore he prefers the present system to that proposed, because by its principles, if an adequate representation is not afforded for all the various orders and interests of society, it comes so near it that it will be difficult to adjust them so well by any positive estimate and artificial contrivance for giving them a more exact relative effect. He has shewn how by the bill the cottager, the operative manufacturer, and artisan will have no *legitimate* influence on the representation—and he gives his reasons for fearing that the measure, though it will not indeed destroy at once the existing aristocracy, will materially change its political nature—will qualify and professedly diminish its influence on public affairs, and with the community will render men indifferent to the part they act in a cause in which they will speedily find themselves ciphers—will in time destroy the Upper House of the legislature entirely as a field of public exertion, and convert it into a useless and tawdry ornament of the state. As the influence of this aristocracy declines, the influence of wealth, encouraged by the operation given to it by the provisions of the present Bill, will necessarily gain ground in the nation, and will contribute by its rise to change, in a great measure, the national character. For in a country possessing the sources of opulence to such an extent as this country does, there must always be an aristocracy very far removed from the mass of the people by a vast superiority in point of fortune. Destroy the present aristocracy, and another aristocracy would speedily arise.

The whole question, in this respect, is as to the political character of that aristocracy. Abolish the present, recruited as it is from among the numbers of those who have immortalised their names by the most splendid achievements by sea and land recorded in history—of those who have bled for the freedom or defence of the country—of those who have risen to eminence at the bar and in the senate—and which perpetuates the memory of all that has been most illustrious in the public walks of life—and leave the void to be supplied by the operation of those causes which rear up another from the influence of wealth, and the glory of our national character will be "shorn of its beams." The practical and political use—Colonel Stewart farther very finely says—resulting to the community from all the proud distinctions which it confers on the body of the aristocracy which it recognises, is the tendency of such an institution to fan the fire of youthful genius, and to stimulate men to an honourable ambition to acquire the same eminence, by deserving it at the hands of their country. In this country, if the frame of society is not absolutely perfect on either side of the question in this respect—it yet fetters no man to his station—opposes no obstacle to his advancement—and affords facilities, by the aid of which merit seldom fails to attain some degree of consideration. Among the aristocracy there are men who neither fear, nor have occasion to fear, the juxtaposition, or the competition of the most distinguished of those who spring from the class of life beneath them—men who possess a nobility of nature which no patents can confer—who delight in acknowledging a sympathetic affinity with merit wherever they find it—and who are always ready to stretch forth a helping hand to its advancement, when it deserves their regard. But, he adds, there is an aristocracy, when untempered by such elements, apt to be actuated by very different feelings, and whose jealousy of merit, while it is rising, can only be equalled by the baseness of their servility to it, when it is up; and that is the pure and unadulterated aristocracy of wealth, who view the influence of merit as a distinct and hostile pretension, in which they have no share, and who think it a sufficient motive of enmity to any man if he belongs to this obnoxious class.

Colonel Stewart thus sums up most of his important opinions in a masterly peroration.

"I have traced the nature of this representation through these ancient precedents, for although the *wisdom* of our ancestors,—the maxims of rude and remote ages,—are of little authority, yet the practical experience of many centuries is of great value: 'Recte enim,' as Lord Bacon has remarked, 'recte enim veritas temporis filia dicitur non auctoritatis.' And it must be evident that the object of the government has always been,

"1*st*, To collect together a sufficient body (five or six hundred) of the most competent and responsible from among the upper classes of society, invested with full powers, as the representatives of the whole nation,—to examine, deliberate upon, and decide for, and on the behalf, of the whole community, the merits of all public questions;—an expedient the most fortunate for the wise direction of the national councils that has ever been suggested by the wit of man or the influence of circumstances, in the history of commonwealths.

"2*dly*, That this national council, like every other part of the constitution, of which it is the basis, is for the behoof and on the part of the whole, and of every party of the community, and is as much bound to watch over the happiness and interests of the poorest classes as of the most opulent,—is as much bound to redress the wrongs of the peasant as of the peer,—and is as much bound to maintain the rights of the humblest members of the nation as of the prince.

"3*dly*, That it is, accordingly, the duty of such men, honestly, conscientiously, and fairly to give the nation the benefit of their best and most dispassionate judgment, after due investigation, on all cases submitted for debate and deliberation, without regard to popular clamour or the opinions of their constituents; but, as Lord Coke expresses it, 'to be constant, stout, inflexible, and not to be bowed and turned from the right and publike good, by feare, favour, promises, rewards.'

"4*thly*, That the duty of this national assembly is to manage the public concerns,—to devote their attention to the great questions of general interest, and not to manage or superintend or provide for the local interests of the particular communities of the counties or great cities, farther than they constitute cases falling under the former description, and bearing directly on the great interests of the nation.

"5*thly*, That the office of the King and of the Lords in the constitution, as parts of the great deliberative assembly of the nation, the High Court of Parliament (as contradistinguished from the executive functions of the government) is merely to contribute an additional means of caution and of direction to the resolutions of this great representation of the whole population, without whose supplies the power of government cannot subsist,—without whose approbation no measure can be put in effect, or no regulation pass into a law,—and against whose continued and general concurrence no opposition can long be made.

"In all these respects, the provisions of the present Bill are a manifest departure from the principles of the constitution; in the *first* place, both by the operation of the measure, and on the principle which has been avowedly and professedly acted upon, in the efforts of its promoters to carry it. The members will be virtually deprived of their full powers, and forestalled in the right of deliberation, by denouncing every man to his constituents as unfit and unworthy to represent them, who will not give a previous pledge to act in a manner consonant to their pre-determinations. Such a representative may go to Parliament to weigh evidence, and to listen to speeches, but he is, in fact, the mere spokesman of another body out of doors; for neither fact nor argument are to be permitted to shake his vote. It would be every way as reasonable to allow no man to enter a jury-box who was not pledged to hang the prisoner. The operation of the Bill in this respect, in altering the constitution, will be, (in so far as it is effectual,) to leave the deliberation and decision of all questions to the several elective bodies, each of which is to discuss the measure, and form its own opinion, and the representative sent to Parliament as their proxy, to state the determination to which each has come. The decision of all questions will in this manner be transferred to the people, and their opinions collected on the principle of the *Comitia Curiata* of Rome,—every elective body voting as one of the *Curiæ*. And here let me remark, that the prevalence of an opinion, were it universal throughout the nation, is no argument for its solidity. People are much more apt to be united, and speedily united, in favour of error than in favour of truth. Prejudice is manifold and contagious — truth is single, and but slowly to be propagated, as the state of the world evinces— and the cause is evident. In the one case, the appeal is made to the will, through the medium of the passions and the imagination, motives which precipitate the mind to sudden assent, and to which the ignorant and unthinking are peculiarly susceptible. In the other, to reason and judgment, motives by which the mind is only to be slowly influenced, as it may be possible to produce *conviction*,—and to which but few are accessible, 'at magnum certe discrimen inter rebus civilibus mutatio etiam in melius respecta est, ob perturbationem; cum civilia, auctoritate, consensu, fama et opinione, non demonstratione nitantur.'

"In the *second* respect, the Bill will alter entirely the character of the elective body. And instead of the electors exercising the right on behalf of the whole community, the part of the population possessed of property will exercise the right in their own behalf, to the exclusion of those who have none—a part of the population opposed in point of interest to those who are left out of the system, and therefore unfit to be intrusted with the exercise of their privilege;—the portion of the population which subsists on rent and the profits of capital, in contradistinction to the much more numerous class which subsist by the wages of labour. The previous constitution of the elective body was subject to no such objection. It was composed of a mixture of all classes; and if not a perfectly fair mixture, or constituted on the best principles, it gave effect to the influence of many classes who, though not subsisting themselves by the wages of labour, were powerfully interested in promoting the welfare of this part of the community, and in holding the balance between them and their employers.

"In the *third* case, as the Bill (as shewn in the first instance) will alter the deliberative character of the Parliament, so it will alter in the same manner the nature of the functions which the constitution has assigned to each member. Instead of going to Parliament as the counsellor of the King, to advise the executive government, and to answer only for the support and adherence of the people to such measures as his deliberate judgment approves, he will be sent there to vote under the dictation of his constituents, whose opinions will be formed in clubs, and lodges, and tumultuous meetings of the people. The constitution requires the community to find five or six hundred men to exercise the deliberative function in their behalf—men who are to be considered wiser, more educated, more deeply and sensibly interested in the public welfare than the *average* of the nation can be supposed to be, and who are to give the merits of every question a thorough scrutiny, and to do the best they can for the public with respect to it. The right of deciding the fitness of these representatives, the electors of each borough and county exercise (as I have shewn) for the whole nation, and there the function which the constitution assigns them ceases. The member, *when returned*, is no longer the delegate of the body of his constituents, but the representative of the commonalty of England —invested with his aliquot part of their whole power. But if the elective body are to superadd to this, their constitutional office, a right of superintendence and censorship, not as to the purity of public conduct, but as to the wisdom of the decisions formed by their respective representatives, which the constitution does not give—and to declare that no man shall be returned who does not previously forestall his vote — or, reelected, who incurs their displeasure by his views of policy—to what end is freedom of opinion and liberty of debate so vigilantly secured to the great council of the nation, if they are by the people themselves to be *thus taken away? He alone is entitled to the name of a patriot*—he alone evinces public virtue—he alone is the real friend of his country and of the people—he alone is fit to be their representative, who, disdaining the adulation of their flattery, and despising their threats, stands firm to the well-founded conclusions to which his reason has led him, and tells them, disregardless of all personal consequences, what it is in his honest opinion for their interest to do. That an individual may differ from his constituents in opinion, in some respects, is no reason for not electing him, if they are satisfied that he is a wise, and honest, and cautious man. It is by the collision of opinions that the truth is elicited, and if a majority of individuals of one way of thinking are to be insured by any possible means before cases of doubtful expediency are discussed, it is to little purpose to send men to Parliament to clear such difficulties up.

"*Lastly*, the operation of the Bill will be, by identifying the representative with his constituents,—extinguishing all or the greater part of those elective bodies who had either feeble local interests or none,—and conferring the privilege on the great mercantile towns, where the local interests are likely to be the uppermost consideration in every man's mind—to introduce a principle like that of an *Amphictyonic* council into the constitution. The members representing the local interests will be ready to concur in passing every measure that tends to promote the particular interests of any one place, that the private interests of their own constituents may be, when an opportunity occurs, in like manner, consulted—a motive from which it is essential that the determinations of the great council of the nation should be kept perfectly free; for there is no promoting any particular interest but at the expense of that fair competition on which the promotion of the public interest in such cases depends.

"If the principles of the Bill were good for any thing, they are good for a great deal more than its provisions effect. If it is wise to abandon the present system of representation, and *to act upon the principle of distributing* the members to the several parts and towns of the kingdom according to the local population, or local wealth, or the local capacity to contribute to the public burdens,—then, undoubtedly, the more completely and perfectly this view was carried into effect, the more unexceptionable would be the Bill. Reduce the number of members returned by England, and give the other parts of the empire, Ireland and Scotland, their fair share. If it is wise *to extend the basis of the elective body*, as it is called,—the extension is perfectly inadequate. It destroys the character of the elective body as a part acting for, and exercising the rights of, the whole; and does not restore to the people what was held in trust for them. If it was wise to assign the representation to towns according to a scale of population,—then it would necessarily be better to take the population returns of the kingdom, and give the borough members at once to those places that stood first in point of numbers on the list. If it is to be represented as so imperative a public duty in every man to abstain from influencing the votes for candidates by any prospect of advantage, or by the use of his right of property,—then let the government that aims at such reform begin by setting the example, in cases where the scruples in men's minds may be of deeper consequence than in the choice of a candidate.—Let government trust to reason and argument to secure a majority; let no attempt be made to debauch men's minds by the allurements of a peerage, or the honour and emoluments of office; let no man be displaced from his situation for the delivering of a conscientious opinion,—or denounced as unfit to represent the people because he had the honesty to oppose at once the folly of the government and the infatuation of the multitude. If we are to have a reform of abuses, let it be thorough and complete, fair and universal;—but let us not have the sources of all personal influence, by which the power of the Minister may be tempered, broken down, that government may acquire an arbitrary right of employing unopposed the whole power of the Crown to domineer over the opinions of men,—and enjoy an undisputed monopoly in political corruption. If government lay down such principles as those which they have put forth as the basis on which the government is to be established, it is absurd to suppose that things can rest where they have left them. Their own views, their own arguments, in as far as they carry any weight with them, lead to much greater changes; and the country will never be satisfied till it obtains them."

Colonel Stewart concludes his second pamphlet with some eloquent passages, expressive of the most indignant reprobation of the means by which the measure has been supported—means, he says, hardly less exceptionable than the measure itself, or less a departure from the principles of the constitution; for the freedom of opinion which the constitution requires that every member should exercise, has been completely violated by attempts to forestall these opinions, and by subjecting members to a species of political catechism, to bind them down to an engagement to support popular measures; and finally, the extraordinary spectacle has been exhibited of an appeal from the wisdom of the British Parliament to the voice of a suffering and excited people, on the most momentous and difficult question which has been agitated since the Revolution. If a regular principle of an appeal to the people is to be recognised in the constitution, he thinks it would be much better to organize some species of *Comitia*, by which their decision might be ascertained, than to render it necessary to dissolve Parliament till such time as a set of representatives, sufficiently subservient to their wishes, could be found.

Much and oft have we been told by the Reformers to look at the signs of the times—and we have looked at them with all our eyes. But what, says Colonel Stewart, is the good of the study of signs, if it be not combined with the study of causes? and surely he is a sorry statesman who is to have his measures prescribed by his fears of a storm every time that he hears the murmurings of faction, or who makes any other use of the symptoms of the state of affairs, than to direct his attention to those principles by which the course of events may be swayed, or to the precautions to be taken successfully for evils that may be inevitable. In order to render political foresight and wisdom possible or of any avail, those principles by which Providence has obviously intended that the improvement of the world should be effected, must be kept free from all contamination, from dark and secret attempts to organize society by other means, or to control the natural course of events.

We have thus done what we proposed to do—we have given an abstract, abridgement, or *precis*, of the deliberate and matured opinions on the Plan of Reform by which this country is to be regenerated, of an enlightened American Republican and of an enlightened British Whig. With regard to America, we have reason to know that these opinions are universal—that all men there of any reflection at all are unanimous in pronouncing that the Bill is death to the British Constitution. And to the honour of our Transatlantic brethren, let it be said, that millions lament that such an evil should befall—such a calamity to the civilized world. They love their own institutions, and are justly proud of them; but they know well that none resembling them could exist happily in Britain. Therefore they look to a dreadful breaking-up of those old establishments, under the shelter of which have grown and been guarded the liberties of their "father-land"—and they see distraction and misery in the gloom of the future. Indeed, but one opinion on this question prevails all over Europe as well as America. But let us end as we began, in a cheerful spirit. The Ministers themselves have for a month or two been massacring the measure—nor have the Opposition by any means been idle—but have with great alacrity lent their assistance to the process of strangulation. We begin absolutely to pity the Bill. We feel the tears rushing in—for its death-throes are frightful—but we hope to preserve our composure at the funeral. Nor in due time shall we refuse to write its epitaph.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS HEMANS.

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven?—What dreams are *thine?*
  Fair child, fair gladsome child!
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
  And bounding footstep wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
  Can wear, my Bird! to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er
  Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright
  With long, long summer days!
I see its lilies gleam in light,
  Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,
  Seeking where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
  Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,
  Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
  Is Heaven in dream of thine?

"Oh! where the living waters flow
  Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer *here*, shall know
  The exile-thirst no more!

"The burden of the stranger's heart
  Which here unknown I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
  With my first wakening there.

"And borne on eagle-wings afar,
  Free thought shall claim its dower
From every sphere, from every star,
  Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft sad eye
  Of spiritual gleam!
Tell me of those bright realms on high,
  How doth thy deep heart dream?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
  On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast lov'd in silent woe,
  Say, what is Heaven to *thee?*

"Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
  May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where from the past, no gloom is shed
  O'er the heart's chosen bower:

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound;
  And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
  Farewell, Belov'd! farewell!"

TO A BUTTERFLY NEAR A TOMB.

BY MRS HEMANS.

I stood where the lip of Song lay low,
Where the dust was heavy on Beauty's brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
While Song and Love in my own soul wrought;
Though each unwhisper'd, each dimm'd with fear,
Each but a banish'd spirit here.

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the Sunshine, young Butterfly!
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wing,
No burden of inborn suffering!

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and mine.

Mine, with its hidden mysterious things,
Of Love and Grief, its unsounded springs,
And quick thoughts, wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question Eternity!

Thine, on its reckless and glancing way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the Sunshine, thou wing'd and free,
One moment—*one* moment—I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of Hope deferr'd.

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined;
But I—as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of *my* soul seem'd Infinity!

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy joyous race,
Thou, even *Thou*, on those airy wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou, that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly *Thou* shinest mid flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. LVIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.
PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]
C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*Buchanan Lodge.* TIME—*Seven o' Clock.*

Claret—the Standard, Post, Albion, Bull, Age, Alfred, &c., and various New Books on the Table.

TICKLER.

As for Mr Bulwer, laying the most hackneyed common-places out of view, the majestic features, elegant mien, intense loves, and indomitable nerves which *his* heroes share with ten thousand Belvilles and Delvilles—these air-drawn personages are nothing, if not coxcombical. Who can think, with common patience, of his endless chatter about their tapering fingers, their " feet small to a fault," their velvet robes-de-chambre, and the violet damask curtains of their dressing-rooms?

NORTH.

Horrid puppyism!—These books, however, all contain detached scenes of interest and power, both serious and comic—they are all written with ease and vigour, and abound in sentences and expressions which speak the man of observation and reflection—they convey the impression of an ardent, ambitious, energetic mind, and of an elegant taste in letters. It is very true, that these things are not enough to constitute a good novelist; I will even admit that the good parts of what he has as yet written would have been more acceptable if presented piecemeal, in the shape of magazine articles; but still I can see no reason to doubt, that if Mr Bulwer will give himself fair play—if he will condescend to bestow more thought, before he begins his book, on what it is to be—to consider that the materials which might do well for a single volume may all but evaporate into thin air when diffused over the surface of three—to write more slowly than he has hitherto done—and to correct (which hitherto he does not seem to have done at all) before he publishes—he may win a permanent place——

TICKLER.

His politics——

NORTH.

His politics I care nothing about; Politics, truly!—The general tone of his morality is of a cast rather above what has of late been common among writers of his order—many beautiful and generous sentiments are unaffectedly introduced in his pages, and it would afford me very sincere gratification to find him doing more justice to himself.

TICKLER.

God knows, there are warning examples enough. Had gash John Galt, now, instead of spinning out one hasty trio after another, until "panting *Puff* toils after him in vain," proceeded as he began, leisurely condensing, in brief, compact tales, "the harvest of a quiet eye," who can doubt that by this time the Ayrshire Legatees, the Annals of the Parish, and the Provost, would have been considered as the mere prolusions and inceptive experiments of his fancy, instead of remaining, after the lapse of ten years, the only ones among his novels that can be regarded with any approach to satisfaction by those who estimate his capacity as it deserves? His historical romances in the higher vein are already as dead as if no Waverleys and Old Mortalities had ever called them into the mockery of life; and of his comic novels, in three volumes, although each contains obviously the elements of a capital single volume, there is probably not one that has ever been read through a second time.

NORTH.

Considered as a novel, perhaps the last that I have seen, Lawrie Todd, is the least worthy of him; yet it would be impossible to praise too highly the exquisitely quaint humour of various conceptions, the gems of shrewd sarcastic philosophy which here and there shine out in its narrative, or the dramatic beauty of various fragments of its dialogue. To see such things so thrown away is to me melancholy. No doubt that particular book will have very extensive success in the market, because of the valuable practical suggestions to persons emigrating to America; but I certainly must regret that such materials should have been, comparatively speaking, sacrificed.

TICKLER.

Confound haste and hurry! What else can account for Theodore Hooke's position? Who that has read his "Sayings and Doings," and, above all, his "Maxwell," can doubt, that had he given himself time for consideration and correction, we should have been hailing him, ere now, *nem. con.*, as another Smollett, if not another Le Sage? Had he, instead of embroidering his humour upon textures of fable, as weakly transparent as ever issued from the loom of Minerva Lane, taken the trouble to elaborate the warp ere he set about weaving the woof—which last could never have been any trouble to him at all—upon what principle can any man doubt that he might have produced at least one novel entitled to be ranked with the highest? Surely sheer headlong haste alone—the desire, cost what it may, to fill a certain number of pages within a given time—could ever have tempted such a writer, one whose perceptions of the ludicrous have such lightning quickness, into tampering with such materials as make up, without exception, his serious, and above all, his pathetic scenes. Those solemn common-places produce the same painful sense of incongruous absurdity which attends the admixture of melo-dramatic sentimentalities in a broad farce at the Haymarket. Loves and tears, and grand passions, and midnight hags, and German suicides, alongside—*parietibus nullis*—of his excellency the Governor-General, and Mr Godfrey Moss! What would one say to Julia de Roubigné, spun thread about in the same web with Humphrey Clinker?

NORTH.

I agree with you, and I sincerely hope this novel-improvisatore will pause ere it is too late, and attempt something really worthy of his imagination. But as it is, such is the richness of the *vis comica* showered over these careless extravaganzas, that unless he himself throws them into the shade by subsequent performances, I venture to say they have a better chance of being remembered a hundred years hence than any contemporary productions of their class—except only those of the two great lights of Scotland and Ireland—"jamdudum adscripta Camœnis."

TICKLER.

I would also except Miss Susan Ferrier. Her novels, no doubt, have many defects—their plots are poor—their episodes disproportionate—and the characters too often caricatures: but they are all thick set with such specimens of sagacity, such happy traits of nature, such flashes of genuine satire, such easy humour, sterling good sense, and, above all—God only knows where she picked it up—mature and perfect knowledge of the world, that I think we may safely anticipate for them a different fate from what awaits even the cleverest of *juvenile* novels.

NORTH.

They are the works of a very clever woman, sir, and they have one feature of true and very melancholy interest, quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful gleams of their half savage chivalry; but a humbler and sadder scene—the age of lucre-banished clans—of chieftains dwindled into imitation-squires—and of chiefs content to barter the recollections of a thousand years for a few gaudy seasons of Almack's and Crockford's—the euthanasia of kilted aldermen and steam-boat *pibrochs* was reserved for Miss Ferrier.

TICKLER.

She, in general, fails almost as egregiously as Hooke does, in the pathetic; but in her last piece there is one scene of this description, worthy of either Sterne or Goldsmith. I mean where the young man, supposed to have been lost at sea, revisits, after a lapse of time, the precincts of his home, watching, unseen, in the twilight, the occupations and bearings of the different members of the family, and resolving, under the influence of most generous feeling, to keep the secret of his preservation.

NORTH.

I remember it well; and you might bestow the same kind of praise on the whole character of *Molly Macauley*. It is a picture of humble, kind-hearted, thorough-going devotion, and long-suffering, indefatigable gentleness, of which, perhaps, no sinner of our gender could have adequately filled up the outline. Miss Ferrier appears habitually in the light of a somewhat hard satirist; but there is always a fund of romance at the bottom of every true woman's heart. Who has tried to stifle and suppress that element more carefully and pertinaciously—and yet who has drawn, in spite of herself, more genuine tears than the authoress of Simple Susan?

TICKLER.

Aye, who indeed! But *she's* up to any thing.

NORTH.

It is perhaps a safe general rule to seek, elsewhere than in the pathetic, the main sustaining texture of the fictitious narrative of large dimensions. Even Clarissa Harlowe has sunk under the weight of her eight volumes. But it is not the less true, that no skill has ever succeeded—perhaps genius, using the word in its higher sense, has never tried—to fix prevailing interest in the novel, any more than in the drama, on any character destitute of some touches of the softer kind.

TICKLER.

This spark, Bulwer, and the other lads we have been talking over, appear all to have been of that way of thinking. They have all made the substratum worldly, and endeavoured to inlay it with fragments of the pathetic.

NORTH.

Yes—and they have failed, in my humble opinion, in producing the desired effect—not from want of talent, but from want of previous meditation. You must prepare some depth of soil before you plant noble seeds. If one or two shoot up amidst a vegetation, the general character of which bespeaks them uncongenial, the idea of artifice is at once suggested, and not a whit less painfully than when gaudy patches of colour, such as would be at home in a conservatory, are met with "under the shade of venerable boughs."

TICKLER.

Witness Theodore Hooke's blarney pathetics on the one hand, and the muddy merriment of the German novelists of the present time and their English imitators, on the other.

NORTH.

The true master is he who pitches his main key neither on mirth nor on sadness, but on the calm contemplativeness of good sense; from that he may descend, on occasion, without degradation, and rise without the appearance of painful effort, to say nothing of rash presumption. But is not this, in all cases, πολλης πειρας τελευταιον επιγεννημα;

TICKLER.

Aye—and is it not here that the secret of the proverbial ill success of juvenile novelists lies? Their own minds are as yet too much under the sway of their emotions, whether grave or gay, to have had leisure for analyzing them to their roots, and observing in what relations, as well as forms, nature means them to be developed.

NORTH.

It asks a short apprenticeship to imitate the most brilliant parterre; but half a lifetime of herbalism to be able to produce a tolerable fac-simile of a single square yard of mountain turf.

TICKLER.

That's well said, Christopher.

NORTH.

Why, I'm no Johnson, I allow, but I can now and then turn out a tolerably rounded pebble. Thank God, I have never had a Boswell.

TICKLER.

You seem to have bestowed much consideration on novel-writing. Why have you never tried it?

NORTH.

Wait a little. You shall see what you shall see.

TICKLER.

Yours, I presume, will be a ten-years' job—a real elaborate masterpiece.

NORTH.

Why, sir, I consider it as a cursedly difficult line. In fact, it has often struck me that something like what has been said of the Italian language, that there is none of which a passable command may be attained so easily, and none in which real mastery asks more unwearied application, might be applied to this same craft of novel-writing. I have my doubts if even the drama demands, on the whole, either greater natural talents, or more deliberate study of the world, or more systematic investigation of the principles of art, than this form of composition, in which every unfledged stripling pours out, now-a-days, the rawnesses of his petulance, in such haste and levity, and with such pitiable ignorance or contemptible neglect of its objects and rules.

TICKLER.

I am happy to observe you so rarely meddle with the stuff in old Maga—certainly to notice the thousand-and-one abortions of this class, which are ushered into the world every season with "puffs preliminary," unparalleled in any preceding period for impudence and mendacity, would be an unpardonable waste of time and paper.

NORTH.

Yes, truly. If any adult creatures believe, on the authority of a newspaper paragraph, that a "wholly new view of fashionable life, in some of its most guarded circles," is about to burst on the eyes of mankind from the pages of "Almack's," or "The Exclusives," or "The Spring in Town," or "A Week on the Steyne," or "Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks," or "Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of 1830," or "The Premier," or "The King's Secret," what the deuce can I or any other compassionate Christian do to help them out of their delusion? If they know any thing at all about novel-publishers and newspaper-columns, they are well aware that the latter are open to whatever the former choose to indite of and concerning the wares in which they deal, upon terms precisely similar to those on which professed advertisements are admitted; and if, Mr Tickler, not ignorant of this undisputed fact, they will still persist in putting a whit more credence in the editorial "we," so prostituted, than in an auctioneer's blazon about his Titians and Corregios, why, what remedy can be looked for?

TICKLER.

Only one—the ruin of the circulating libraries—a consummation which, I am told, a very few more seasons of perseverance in the existing system as to these matters must produce.

NORTH.

Explain yourself, and pass the decanters.

TICKLER.

To buy all or most of the gaudy duodecimos of the season is what not the wildest devourer of such fare ever dreams of—few private individuals think of buying any of them. But there are hundreds and thousands who lend to the "paid paragraphs" such a measure of credence as renders them impatient to see each successive abomination as soon as it quits the manufactory; and the keeper of the library is in fact obliged to procure, at the first moment, dozens and scores, in some cases even hundreds, of copies of a book, which announced, forsooth, as containing the quintessence of a distinguished life's experience, illuminated by the brilliant touches of a masterly pen, has every chance, ere three weeks elapse, to be condemned on all hands as the equally ignorant and stupid galimatias of some malevolent schoolboy—or, perhaps, the sickly trash of some half-forgotten anecdote, served up with a sauce meant to be *piquante*, of vicious sentimentality, by some worn-out *divorcée*. Another production of the same order, trumpeted with equal effrontery, and for the moment with equal success, has next its run, and then, like the former, sinks into mere lumber on the unhappy non-circulator's shelves, and so on.

NORTH.

Uno avulso non deficit alter *Aeneus*—

TICKLER.

The number of establishments thus impoverished within these few years would, I was assured, if one could procure an accurate estimate, astound even persons conversant with the details of the bookselling business in its more respectable branches; and the proprietors of those which have as yet stood the drain, and hold out, from obvious motives, no public ensign of displeasure or alarm, do not hesitate, I was also assured, to confess in private that, if the system goes on much longer, the best of them must yield in their turn. Already they have made some rather vigorous efforts to emancipate themselves from the wheel to which profligate cunning has bound them; and on one recent occasion an exposure, which at least ought to have been decisive, was very narrowly escaped.

NORTH.

What was this?

TICKLER.

The story will amuse you. Not contented with the usual machinery of the newspapers, the publisher of a certain forthcoming "fashionable novel" of last season, ventured to send round his clerk to the different circulating libraries, with a distinct intimation from himself, that it was the work of—her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester!! The number of copies ordered was, of course, altogether unusual. The first ten pages satisfied every one—they were exquisitely vulgar in diction, and the substance something even worse. The parties taken in plucked up spirit, and the result had like to have been serious.

NORTH.

What brass!

TICKLER.

I believe it turned out that the real author of the filth was an Unitarian teacher somewhere in Lancashire.

NORTH.

I am afraid you are quite right, that the chief blame in this mystery of iniquity lies at the door of the publishers; but it is only fair to remember the candid admission of Le Sage, that "un libraire et un auteur sont deux espèces de filoux qui ne peuvent l'un sans l'autre attraper l'argent du public." I have been reading the "*Valise Trouvée*," this morning, and was amused with Le Sage's account of a trick exactly like those of our own time in this line, and superior, in his opinion, "aux tours les plus ingénieux de Guzman d'Alfarache."

TICKLER.

The world is the same—and will continue to be so. Several persons well connected, and one or two of considerable standing personally in society, have unquestionably permitted themselves to wink at and share in the lucre of these recent deceptions—and "*Cui prodest damnum, fecit.*"

NORTH.

Why, that such transactions have left a stain upon names which the world had been accustomed to respect, is, I fear, notorious. I for a while listened to certain humiliating rumours with incredulous contempt—but time passed on—disclosure succeeded disclosure.

TICKLER.

One can't, however, doubt that the public have been eager, and therefore culpable dupes. But for the wide prevalence of more than one base feeling in the general mind, such deceptions most assuredly could never have been found enlisting in their train some, at least, of these gentlemen. Does this vile hankering after the fruits of real or supposed *espionage* among the circles of what is called fashionable life—this dirty curiosity for minute details of what passes in the interior of "exclusive" saloons—this prurient appetite for malicious anecdotes and voluptuous descriptions, mixed up with thinly veiled corruptions and travesties of noble and distinguished names—does this overgorged and yet insatiable appetite merit no epithet worse than *vulgar?* It unquestionably co-exists with a more open arraignment of all aristocratical privileges and pretensions than ever before formed a marking feature in the habitual language and conversation of any considerable portion of English society—and, I must say, I think it very possible, that, in other days, the two things may be laid together very little to the credit of contemporary good faith.

NORTH.

Peutêtre.

TICKLER.

Peutêtre?—Frivolous and flimsy as these works are, sir, they will be pointed to hereafter, as indicating a prevalent tone of thought and feeling not more mean than malignant,—a slave-like admiration of external distinctions, miserably inconsistent with a rational appreciation either of the blessings which all orders of society owe to the establishment of lawful gradations of ranks, or of the beautiful arrangement by which our own forefathers secured to genius and virtue, in whatever walk of life developed, the possibility of attaining to the highest—but consistent enough with shortsighted jealousy and impatient envy, a crouching rancour, and all the craft of venom.

NORTH.

Your opinion is mine. And surely, surely, nothing but the extravagance with which this gross public appetite enabled booksellers to pay for "Tales of Fashionable Life," written by denizens of Grub Street, could ever have tempted persons, really familiar in any sort with the habits and manners of the people whose movements illustrate the columns of the Morning Post, to enter upon this particular species of novel.

TICKLER.

Certainly not,—but, though a few such persons have recently done so, the staple supply of the market continues to come from the original manufacturers, on whose department they have intruded. So completely, indeed, had the *Siröists* taken possession of the public ear, that the others found themselves obliged to give in to an established taste, and to limit their ambition to doing better than their predecessors, what, but for such predecessors, they would never have dreamt of doing at all.

NORTH.

It is impossible to account otherwise for the eternally recurring elaborate descriptions of fine dresses, fine furniture, fine dinners, and fine equipages, which burden every chapter even of such of these fashionable novels as intrinsic evidence of a better sort traces to the pens of persons of distinction. When a man is continually reminding you that he eats his mess with a silver spoon, one may be tolerably sure that he was born to a wooden one; and the crawling vulgarity that could alone have set up details of this order, as a necessary, nay, a primary feature—that speaks for itself.

TICKLER.

It is as if butlers and fiddlers had taken in hand to depict what it was their business to serve.

NORTH.

The eye is essentially incompetent, and the *point de vue* hopelessly false. These are precisely the last circumstances on which it would have occurred naturally to even the silliest of the *porphyrogeniti* to dilate.

TICKLER.

Exactly so;—but how are foreigners to see through all this? These same novels have been most widely circulated, not only in this country, but on the continent of Europe—indeed, our literature is now almost universally studied there—and every book that acquires any degree of popularity here is sure to be translated forthwith into at least the two most extensive languages—and, in the United States, editions on editions even of the worst of them appear to have been called for. They are thus read by thousands and tens of thousands who have no chance whatever of comparing the manners which they represent with those actually prevailing in England; and are criticised in innumerable journals, more especially in America, as furnishing *data* of undoubted authenticity whereon to form a grave estimate of the moral and social condition of our upper classes. I really can't help suspecting that in this way, far more than in any other, the vogue of these lucubrations has been productive of serious evil. In short, I do and must ascribe, in no slight degree, to this circumstance, the almost universal zeal with which foreign journalists, even of the highest class, have of late been echoing those false and fiendish libels of our Utilitarian *doctrinaires*, which, until of late, had moved among ourselves hardly any deeper feeling than a contemptuous ridicule—those long scorned and neglected diatribes, which uniformly and systematically describe the British nation as oppressed and ground to the dust by the tyranny and exactions of a small, compact *caste* of rapacious *aristocrats*—animated by feelings and principles entirely selfish and peculiar—in their personal habits as effeminately profligate as the old courtiers of the *Domus Aurea* or the *Œil-de-bœuf*—and but adding insult to injury by controlling every branch of government and legislation for the purposes of their own gratification, through an impudent mock-machinery of free institutions.

NORTH.

Perhaps one might also trace a considerable reaction of the foreign opinions, thus fraudulently influenced, in the general tone of our own periodical miscellanies. There can be no doubt that that tone has undergone a most remarkable change, in reference to many of the most important subjects that fall within their province, within these few years. Unquestionably, with a scanty handful of exceptions, even the *soi-disant* Tory press of recent times has been advocating, at least by innuendo and insinuation, political doctrines which, but four or five years ago, were hardly avowed except by the most audacious of the mob-worshippers.

TICKLER.

There may have been something of this too—but, after all, it must be owned, that such consequences could never have flowed from the circulation of pictures of manners altogether false and unfounded. No, sir, in the very worst of these delineations there has, unhappily, been a *substratum* of truth; perhaps the very darkest of them have failed in rendering complete justice to the moral and political profligacy of one circle of the British aristocracy. But the mischief and the misery is, that principles, feelings, and manners, the prevalence of which in that particular circle could never be denied, have been passed on the easy credence of ignorant foreigners and multitudes equally unobservant as unreflective at home, as common to the upper classes in this country as a body—whence, in great measure, at least according to the best of my belief and conviction, that wide-spread prejudice against the aristocracy, that real and rooted hostility to the established distinctions of ranks among us, which I see around me.

NORTH.

And in which the shortsighted ambition of an English party has found, and has not feared to employ, a too efficient lever of revengeful ambition.

TICKLER.

The heads of that party are themselves aristocrats—nay, "Pharisees of the Pharisees;" they belong, most of them, to the very highest and haughtiest houses in the empire. How then to reconcile their personal position, their habitual prejudices and connexions, and modes of life and conversation, with their deliberate instrumentality in helping on that principle against which, if further strengthened, their own boasted "order" could no more stand than could a Chinese pagoda against an American hurricane!

NORTH.

Here, indeed, is a difficulty which, were history silent, unassisted reason might confess it impossible to solve. But history is not silent. In how dense and impenetrable a shallowness of mist vanity can cover the precipice towards which overreaching ambition spurns its victim!—that, sir, is an old tale, that may very likely be new again. Have you read that masterly sketch of the downfall of Athens and Rome in the last Quarterly? It is a splendid performance, and every word of it God's truth.

TICKLER.

Yes, indeed.

NORTH.

Gospel every line, sir. Never yet was any ancient government overthrown from within, otherwise than through the exertions of persons who, upon all rational principles of action, should have been among the steadiest of its upholders. A party of the Roman nobility enabled the lower orders to weaken and degrade the upper, until, after a brief interval of anarchy, all orders were happy to take refuge from each other's violence in a despotism —"mutuo metu odioque cuncta turbata et fessa in unum cessere." Let Segur tell how it was in France—let him explain the delusion under which so many of the glittering grand seigneurs of his day walked merrily to their doom—the mad conceit which prevented them from perceiving that they were in a false position when they at once echoed the "liberalism" of their enemies, and hoped to retain, nay, to improve, the luxurious eminence to which they had been born. "Gracchi ante Syllam;"—there were Mirabeaus before there were Dantons—and of all the French nobility can we name more than one—if indeed *one*—that ultimately profited by the Revolution, to which so many hundreds of them contributed—and which, had they understood their interests, and acted as a body, could never have been?

TICKLER.

Thus it is, you see, whatever we begin with, we are sure to end in politics. But it's the same with every body, and every thing. The bottle's out.

NORTH (*rings.*)

Another bottle of the same.—Well, well, let's come back to your London budget.

TICKLER.

Why, I think I gave you quite enough of that last time—of the House of Commons at any rate.

NORTH.

I was much amused with your sketches; when inspired by the Genius of Disgust, you are rather a dab at that sort of *scraping*—but on the whole, 'tis pretty clear you came away with quite a different sort of feeling from Lord Byron's, when he said he could not conceive of himself as being a bit more frightened to speak *there*, than before any other possible synod of five hundred human souls—Methodists in a barn, Mussulmen in a mosque—or Jack-tars and their Dollys in the pit at Portsmouth.

TICKLER.

And a pretty judge he was of all, or any one of these questions—I like the coolness of his notion, that it was quite certain he could have spoken to purpose either in barn, or mosque, or the other place of worship you alluded to. His attempts in the House of Lords were wretched pieces of puerile puppyism, one and all of them, by every account; and I take it the audience there are a deuced deal more like the congregations he chatters about, than any St Stephen's is in the custom of producing.

NORTH.

More distinguished for Christianity, for gravity, or for bravery?—for which? or for all?

TICKLER.

For all of these things, my dear, and for tolerance too, which must have been more for Lord Byron's behoof when he uttered that glib smart oratiuncle, which Tommy Moore is evidently ashamed to insert in his Omnigatherum. No, no, Christopher—laugh who will at the Collective Wisdom, but let no man, who has never tried the trick, make light of the Collective Taste.

Nescis, heu, nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ;
Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
Majores nusquam ronchi, juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.

NORTH.

Please to interpret your Hebrew.

TICKLER.

Depend upon't, Don Juan was quite out,
When at the Commons he turn'd up his snout;
I never heard such marrow-freezing mirth,
As they have ready for a *Blunder's* birth—
And there's more mercy in your sea-wolf's horn,
Than when a bit of *Blackguard* wakes their scorn.

NORTH.

And M. P. on the whole's a brute more knowing
Than Turk, or Whitfieldite, or Jack-*cum*-blowing.

TICKLER.

Ay—but still, how to account for the absolute effect of the compound, that, I confess, is quite beyond me. I look round and perceive, certainly, a rather shabby, and perhaps, on the whole, dull-looking congregation of the children of Adam. Here and there one catches a dancing eyeball, no doubt, but the general aspect is, if any thing, inert. Whence, then, the unquestioned result—that never yet was so sharp, so delicate, so exquisite a critic, as the Amalgam? Whence, above all, comes it that in no age have there been above half-a-dozen even tolerable performers, out of an assembly thus imbued to an almost miraculous extent with the sense of what performance rhetorical ought to be?

NORTH.

Why, I can't understand the puzzle. If you come to this, I should like to know in what age there have been more than half a dozen great hands in any one given department of human exertion. I should like to know upon what principle you see nothing wonderful in the fact that there should be, at this moment, in Great Britain at the very utmost six poets (and only two in the rest of the world, Goethe and Beranger)—certainly not above six philosophers—certainly not six physicians worthy of the name—certainly nothing like six preachers whom any human creature would wish to hear twice—most assuredly not six lawyers whom either of us would fee—nor six painters to whose productions a sane man would give house-room—probably not three sculptors to whom either you or I would sit for our busts, or in case of untimely death, wish a grateful nation to intrust our monumental statues—nay, to come lower down, not six tailors whose coats we could wear—not six shoemakers to whose tender mercies we would submit our corns—not six cutlers capable of turning out a really sweet razor—I say, I am at a loss to understand upon what principle you sit undisturbed amidst all this prevalence of paucity in the various departments of poetry, science, predication, law, physic, painting, sculpture, sneidericks, sabligaculicks, and tonsoricks—and yet stare, and of your staring find no end, because the orators of St Stephen's are seldom more numerous than the sages of Greece, or the wonders of the world.

TICKLER.

How, then, do you account for the practical acumen of the congregated blunts?

NORTH.

Just as I do for many other queer things in this world of men, women, and consequently children—upon the principle of animal magnetism. When a multitude of human beings are gathered together in one place, the effluvia of the more energetic two or three dozen gives tone to the atmosphere—and your Coal-heaver or Caddie in the gallery appreciates a Kemble in Cato because there is a Ballantyne in the side-box—and Grizzy, puir lassie, whose head on Saturday at e'en was much on a par with her mopstick's, has on Sunday at noon a soul not unworthy of the ministrations of a Chalmers, simply because the pew before her holds my dear Adelaide ——, and in the same field with a L'Amy hardly shall even a Sir Frizzle Pumpkin be a coward—or a Lord Nugent be a ponderous, while he has to inhale ever and anon, *nolens volens*, the vital air that has passed the minute before through the lungs of a Canning.

TICKLER.

At this rate, if we had a House of Commons consisting of six hundred clever fellows, interspersed with only some fifty fools, the fifty might really be converted into very rational animals. Nay, in a House altogether made up of Peels, Crokers, Hardinges, Inglises, Holmeses, Vyvyans, Mahons, Porchesters, Dawsons, Jeffreys, Mackintoshes, Shiels, Macauleys, and Stanleys, and dotted with one single stray Booby, the solitary dunderhead might, ere long, undergo so essential a modification, that your Althorpe should be capable, not only of understanding a speech, but of making one.

NORTH.

Quite possible. But you are too fond of extreme cases.

TICKLER.

You open a curious view of more things than one. If you are right, it must certainly be true, as the Apostle Paul says, that evil communications corrupt good manners.

NORTH.

I know of no author whose observations display more talent and sagacity than that Apostle's, and I heartily wish preachers of the Gospel in general would endeavour to make themselves as well acquainted with men and women, over and above Greek and Hebrew, as he seems to have been. This text, however, is Menander's, not St Paul's—and by the by, I wonder how the Presbytery of Glasgow, with St Paul quoting that quizzical writer before them, could entertain that overture of Lapslie's against our friend John Galt's novels—But there can be no doubt of the fact—you may depend on it that neither character nor intellect can ever be proof against an atmosphere vilely compounded. I have my doubts whether Lucretia would have come forth with a tithe of her mental purity from a midnight ball-room stuck full of Messalinas; or whether Lord Bacon himself could have penned the worst page either of his Organon or his Essays, after attending a sederunt of his Majesty's present cabinet. I feel the thing myself—I have done so, indeed, through life. What a pair of twaddlers we should both of us have been by this time, had we dined this blessed day in company with a committee of Geordie Brodie's Union?—and yet it's but nine hours, man, by the clock—and behold, we have barely drawn our third cork! Here's to you.

TICKLER.

Well done, Albertus Magnus! This is really a first-rate bin. Heavens! what would I have given for a cool long-necker of this stuff now and then during some of these *sudorific* speeches of late, as Alderman Wood calls them! Nothing surprises me so much as the physical endurance of modern British senators.

NORTH.

Why, I've always been of old Sheridan's opinion, that cold punch ought to be allowed in the House of Commons. The Speaker and the Clerks, and perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms, had as well stick to lemonade; but surely, surely, the actual gladiators should have wherewithal to stimulate as well as moisten the clay. And then what good humour—what truly Christian charity—what inoffensive fun—what calm discourse of reason! How easily and pleasantly would the evenings pass in—as Unimore hath it,—

"In the perpetual absence of all storms!"

Why, the sittings of St Stephen's would, in fact, be sublimed into so many *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

TICKLER.

Long corks are certainly no friends to long speeches—and perhaps we might ourselves accept of seats in the House, if it were thus really and truly made a Reformed one. Hitherto I have always considered that no independent gentleman, destitute of sinister views, could submit to the concern, without bringing some suspicion on his intellects.

NORTH.

It never was any thing better than a purgatory of a place—and but for Bellamy's, it must have been a perfect hell upon earth. In my day, to tell the truth, I seldom left the kitchen except when I knew some crack chiel was on his legs. The beef-steaks and mutton-chops there used to be prime; —and certainly a cool bottle of claret never tasted better than when interposed between two hot jammings in the conventicle below. Does not all this go on as it used to do?

TICKLER.

Ah! the high and palmy state of wine-bibbery is now among the *fuits*—there—elsewhere—indeed everywhere, I think, except *here*. My dear North, as poor Hermand used to say in his latter days, "I believe we shall be left alone in the world, drinking claret!" Bellamy's is, I grieve to say, a deserted place now-a-days. The members all dine before they go down at some of their clubs in St James's Street or Pall Mall, where, it must be owned, they have airier apartments, and shorter bills. The young hands are mostly milksops, and when they go up stairs at all, call for tea or soda-water; nothing redeems them except their occasional halt in the smoking-room. As for the dear old kitchen, I did not observe a single pretty face among the handmaidens, and the only man that appeared to be decently regular in his attentions to the cold round on the side-table, and the tumbler thereafter, was our trusty crony of the days of yore, honest Maule of Panmure. I hope they will make an earl of him for his pains at the approaching re-coronation—I say *re*—for, you know, William the Fourth has already, after the fashion of Napoleon the First, placed the diadem on his own head.

NORTH.

A mere oversight—and alluded to in the Quarterly in a spirit and style which, all things considered, I do not hesitate to pronounce hellish.

TICKLER.

My dear Christopher, if every body had your temper, this would after all be but a milk-and-water world. A congregation of Norths would, according to your own theory, have magnetically mollified a Swift into a Fénélon.

NORTH.

I have often heard that I am too good-natured for this state of existence. But these things can't be helped. I fancied a dose of you might do something for me—but you see how it is—

"The elements were gently mingled."

TICKLER.

And this is the ruling spirit of the Ebonian!

> "'Tis He who thus endowed us with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To innocent delights and gentle scenes.
> This is the ruthless Christopher—this is he
> Whom of every man in ink would wish to be."

NORTH.

Don't murder Wordsworth. Here's his head on my new snuffbox.

> "Can I forget what charms did once adorn
> My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,
> And rose and lily for the Sabbath morn;
> The Sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;
> The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;
> My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
> The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
> The swans that, when I sought the water-side,
> From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride?"

TICKLER.

I know of no match for you, but one—good, old, simple, worthy, straightforward, unsuspicious, single-hearted, heavenly-minded, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord. You two should be driven in a curricle——

NORTH.

By WHOM?

TICKLER.

"Oh no! we never mention him."

NORTH.

Name—Name.

TICKLER.

> ——— He, above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower.

NORTH.

Thank ye—Well, I don't doubt Talleyrand among the Whigs has been almost as much at home as Kit North among the Cockneys.

TICKLER.

I can suppose it. You have met?

NORTH.

Not since 1786—The Abbé de Perigord was then a fascinating young gentleman. I supped with him two or three times at Madame de Sillery's —He was very fond of Pamela, and very agreeable to every body. How has he borne the tear and wear of years, and oaths, and protocols?

TICKLER.

Why, I saw little change, all things considered, since I was in Paris during the days of Le Citoyen Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la Republique une et indivisible. The coat he came to the levee with was, indeed, I could almost swear, the identical one I saw him in at Bony's grand military *fête* in honour of the death of Washington—an old blue *habit galloné*, to wit, with the hip buttons about a foot lower down than is the fashion in these degenerate days, and wide enough to have embraced another devout ex-bishop of equal girth, without pinching. His lameness has, of course, become more troublesome and apparent; he stoops somewhat—considerably indeed—and his hair, which he still wears in the ancient cut, grand redundant flowing curls gathered half-way down the backbone in a black ribbon à la Richelieu, has turned as white as driven snow, or even as Queen Caroline's reputation; but otherwise the man remains much *in statu quo*—the brow smooth and unwrinkled as in the first candid dawn of its juvenile innocence—the eye—the large, open, clear, blue eye, not a whit less calm, gentle, serene, and apostolic—the original mild, soft, paternal smile on the good Father in God's pale lips—the complexion of the same cold, fixed, colourless, passionless purity—the whole air now, as then, that of a human being refined and exalted by the unvaried exercise of faith, hope, charity, mercy, forgiveness, long-suffering, meekness, and all evangelical virtues, into a frame of mind so entirely seraphic, that one can hardly look at him without feeling as if some delicious old melancholy *miserere* were in progress, and this saint upon earth were waiting for the last note of the organ, to fold his thin transparent ivory fingers, and say, "Let us pray!"

NORTH.

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remôte from men, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

TICKLER.

The best possible inscription for the next print of St Charles Maurice. I shall suggest it to my friend Dr Dibdin, with a view to—"The Sunday Library."

NORTH.

By all means. But surely it is impossible not to agree with Buckingham, in Richard III.

"When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence:
So sweet is zealous contemplation."

What a pity that your Falcks, and Palmerstons, and Wessenbergs, and such like lewd cattle, should ever be suffered to interrupt and bother this "Christian prince"—

"When in no worldly suit would he be moved
To draw him from his pious exercise!"

TICKLER.

If the cogitations of so venerable a "palmer grey" were to be interrupted at all, I have occasionally been tempted to wish, that, in place of Lord Palmerston, the ungracious intrusion had fallen to the lot of some such person as that elegant nobleman's ancestor, Sir William Temple.

NORTH.

Why, Sir William seems to have regarded many subjects, France and Holland among others, with rather different optics; but the world is making progress, and we have the happiness to belong to an exceedingly enlightened and far-sighted generation, one of whose most precious luminaries is, I understand, the Viscount Palmerston.

TICKLER.

Undoubtedly—and a very handsome luminary, moreover, I assure you. I have not often met with a dandy of fifty worthy of holding the candle to him.

NORTH.

Physically? or Intellectually? or both?

TICKLER.

The *Physique*, taking the *lustra* of the *chandelle* (*qui vaut bien son jeu*) into account, appears blameless. He is a well-made, light-limbed, middle-sized man, with the spring of thirty in him, *hodie*, and a headpiece which, but for some considerable thinning of locks, and a certain frostification in progress among most elaborately tended whiskers of almost Berghamesque dimensions, might still, being copperplated, wake soft sighs in the fair reader of the *Forget-me-not*, "when the days of the years of her virginity are expired." As to the rest, I did not hear him speak; but from all I have read and heard, I am inclined to look on him as the ablest man in the cabinet after Brougham and Stanley. Great, no doubt, is the space between the two I have named, and very considerable may be the space between even the latter and lower of *them* and this Viscount; but I should be sorry, indeed, to have to measure the interval between him and any others of the cabinet, those of them at least that have their seats in the House of Commons.

NORTH.

I remember the last time I met with poor Canning, where he and I have spent so many happy days together, on the Queen of the Lakes, he spoke of Lord Palmerston in terms of considerable warmth. I think the expression was, "If I could only shake this puppy's luxurious habits, he might make a fair second-rater." George was always fond of nautical allusions. I shall never forget the bitterness with which, talking of Brougham on the same occasion, he called him "that damned four-decker of theirs."

TICKLER.

How little did he think in those days that that four-decker should ever call himself Admiral!

NORTH.

Aye, or live to see so many of the old fleet following *her*, with the tricolour at the mast-head!

TICKLER (*sings.*)

"O little did my mither think,
The day she cradled me,
What band I was to travel in—
Or the death that I should dee."

NORTH (*sings.*)

"My mither she was a gude auld wife,
Though ance she gaed astray,
And if she had seen what I should come to,
Her heart it had been wae."

TICKLER (*sings.*)

"At the auld ingle-side, her hand on the wheel,
The wee laddie at her knee,
That he e'er should gang rovin' wi' tinkler loons,
The thought wad hae blinded her ee."

NORTH (*sings.*)

"The thought would ha' blinded her ee,
For her heart it was in the right place,
And she took meikle tent o' me,
An' ca'd me a bairn o' grace."

TICKLER (*sings.*)

"She ca'd me a bairn o' grace—
But I've turned out a ne'erdoweel,
Oh! but this is an awfu' *place*,
And my master's the horned Deil."

NORTH.

I agree with Robert Burns that that's one of the most pathetic of all our old Scotch ditties—and really you have done your part well. Your opinion, on the whole, then, is, that Lord Palmerston has been Benevented, or Circumvented, or something of the sort, on some recent occasions.

TICKLER.

Me!—I could never have thought of insinuating any thing of the kind. The Lord forbid! If Palmerston heard you, he would think nothing of eating you up. I assure you he is a nobleman who entertains just and adequate notions of his own talents and importance in the world—Benevented indeed!

NORTH.

Heigho!—When I was in Muscovy, Mr Tickler, in the days of my youth, I saw a great deal of Count Alexis Orloff, (who indeed has mentioned me in one of his letters to that illustrious man, Sir John Sinclair, in terms so laudatory, that I almost blushed to read them,) and among other wonderful exhibitions of his gigantic strength that I witnessed, one was this: At the beginning of a field-day, he would walk up to the right-hand company of the Grenadier Guards, and selecting two of the most swaggering-looking of the Philistines, seize them simultaneously, each by the waistband of the breeches, and forthwith bring their two beautifully-powdered headpieces together, a foot or so above his own, with a gentle rat-tat-tat. He would then set the Adonises down again, to re-adjust their strut according to their fancy. The Empress, good soul, took a sort of pleasure in this, now.

TICKLER.

That was Chesmenski?—so called for some battle——?

NORTH.

For his sea victory over the Infidel at *Chesme*. By the way, what capital titles of this kind the Russians make—Sabalcanski—Sadounaski—and so forth. Your friend, the Imperturbable, has had honourable additions enough in his time, to be sure—but what would you say to Soapgreyski, or Palmerstonscoffski, eh?

TICKLER.

Or Lambtonbamski?—but, between ourselves, Christopher, the folk up yonder give the Premier himself very little either of the credit or the discredit of this Cabinet's proceedings. Lord Grey is, in fact, off the hooks.

NORTH.

In my private opinion he was always a humbug;—but it can't be age that has altered him for the worse, if he really has undergone such a mutation.

TICKLER.

I don't know. Years are like miles in walking, or glasses in drinking. What would be nothing to you, or old Circumvento, or Captain Barclay, might knock up another performer. It is certain that Lord Grey is no longer any thing like the man he was. Even the beautiful print, a flattering one of course, which adorns one of the cleverest and most captivating numbers of our excellent friend Jerdan's admirable Portrait Gallery, confesses something of the fact. He has a worn-out, wasted look, somehow; indeed, a more melancholy physiognomy I have not often seen on human shoulders—a truly pitiable mixture of the arrogant and the fretful, the peevish and the pompous.

NORTH.

I have had my eye on him, less or more, these five-and-forty years, and I know no public man of whose conduct, throughout that long period, one must trace so much to temper, so very little to principle. Considering that he has all along had his self-love at the helm, and how very seldom be has had the wind with him, it can surely be no great wonder that his aspect should by this time o' day have acquired a touch or two of the subacerb.

TICKLER.

I give him credit for more talent than you ever did; but, on the whole, I agree with you as to the moral branch of the question.

> " Dimidium donare Lino, quam credere totum,
> Qui mavult—mavult perdere dimidium."

NORTH.

Lord Grey has been a public man for near fifty years. Will you have the goodness to say in *what* he has ever shewn any thing worthy of being talked of as talent? You don't surely reckon such speaking as his for much?

TICKLER.

Why, nobody has a higher respect for really good speaking than I have, or a baser contempt for all speaking below the first-rate. In his earlier day he may have had many betters; but, as it is, he is now reckoned the first in that house, at least after the Chancellor, and I presume we must not say, even across a round table, that that can be *nothing*.

NORTH.

Reckoned indeed! What did you think yourself?

TICKLER.

As to that—pass the bottle—I am a poor, bigoted, old, provincial ultra-Tory in a pigtail, and my sentiments on such a subject must of course be unworthy of your attention. But if I were to be so very audacious as to speak the truth, I should say, that in figure, in feature, in countenance, in attitude, in gesture, in dignity of presence, in compass of voice, in energy of language, in every thing that goes to make up the outward form and shape of oratory, Lord Grey is surpassed far beyond the measurement of inches—yea, not a whit less conspicuously, to my mind, than he is in other particulars of a still higher order, I mean extent of knowledge, breadth of views, power of reasoning, soundness of principle, and honesty of purpose—by your own excellent friend, the Earl of Mansfield. By their fruits shall ye know them; read their last speeches;—or compare Lord Howick with Lord Stormont.

NORTH.

I think you said you were present the night of the Dissolution.

TICKLER.

I was, and Lord Mansfield, in his robes, thundering *aperto ore*, while this precious Premier and his colleagues sat quaking before him, presented, to my mind, a spectacle than which *Quousque tandem* could never have been more grand, imposing, sublime. The triumph of sincerity over craft, of patriotism over self-seeking, of pride over presumption, and, I will add, of genius over charlatanerie, was never more complete. The hand that drew Paul preaching at Athens might have found a study in that scene.

NORTH.

How did Brougham look?

TICKLER.

As pale as death, and as sulky as the devil, to be sure. But we must not mix him up with the Shallows. Well, it did me good to hear his voice again—'tis at this hour the same that we remember—Auld Edimbrae in every tone, as perfect as "Caller haddies!"—But, my eye! he makes a rum-looking Lord Chancellor!

NORTH.

Did ye forgather in private?

TICKLER.

Several times—once at Lord Eldon's, and another day, a regular jollification, at the Beefsteaks, besides sundry routs and *soirées* of all sorts. He was always delightful, quite the old man, full of mirth, and good-humour, quizzing Reform and Useful Knowledge, and Jeremy and Lord Johnny, and all the rest of the stuff of the day, and filling his glass to the brim, like an honest fellow—just as in the days of yore, man, with the Knight of Hawthornden, and Sandy Finlay.

NORTH.

Aye, aye.—I always said he would come to something. Lord! It seems but yesterday that I was first introduced to him at old Davie Willison's, when he was trotting about the printing-office, with the first proof-sheets of the Edinburgh Review!

TICKLER.

Clever fellows had much reason to complain of the old system, no question.

NORTH.

We shall see what he makes of it—'tis a pretty mess; and if somehow or other he do not help us after all, I don't very well see how we are ever to get out of it. God only knows what his real feelings and views may be.

TICKLER.

Aye—but that he has either love, or affection, or respect for any of his present accomplices, is what I shall not be in a hurry to believe. He always disliked and despised Lambton—and Grey, down to the last hour of extremest unavoidable necessity, did every thing he could to merit his abhorrence—he must have known as well as I, how the pokerly old impostor talked of his eeches in Yorkshire only this time twelvemonth—but, indeed, the whole ir, first and last, was transparent. Lord "Silver Po" has been his butt wenty years. Goderich, Palmerston, Grant, and Melbourne, were the ies of one who has too much sense to be of a forgiving disposition. a blown bladder—Althorpe a dult unredeemed—and I don't sup- of Don Carlos can be considered with very reverential feel- ver of The Excursion.

NORTH.

ubt, his own game, and we shall see how it turns up.

term
wonder
At the beg
of the Grena
of the Philistine
breeches, and forth
together, a foot or so
then set the Adonises d

TICKLER.

For my part, if we were to choose a President, he should have my vote sooner than any of the bunch.

NORTH.

The Lord Harry has more brains, I admit, than all the others put together.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes, and he has watered them with more toddy, and latterly claret, than would float the whole kit to perdition. And then he is the only one in the set that has none of the damned, stiff, idiotic trash of official dignity about him. I can tolerate any thing rather than that sort of gammon, for my part—but 'tis one of the old vices of the Whigs—and perhaps not the least of them.

NORTH.

Other people besides you are beginning to find this out. I think that's the last number of the New Monthly at your elbow—please reach it over. Aye, aye, here is the passage—now listen, Timothy, to this oracle of Liberalism—(*reads*)—"Lord Grey perhaps is not aware that the stateliness of his official manner alienates and offends many of those who support his Government in the House of Commons. Lord Grey seems to think that the Reform Bill is all-sufficient; that the framing of it is a merit which supersedes those conciliatory deferences without which no Minister can or ought to rule a free people and their representatives. The Reform Bill is certainly his sheet-anchor, and without it his Administration would have been wrecked by this time. But it is not enough for him to say, 'I am the Reform Minister, therefore your voices;' he should, if the word be admissible, *popularise* both himself and his Administration."

TICKLER.

There it is. Ha! ha! ha!

NORTH.

Hear the dog out—

"The composition and character of Lord Grey's Ministry are no earnest of its endurance. The chief members of it, without the excuses which may be made for the Premier, are charged with the same haughty negligence and reserve. This is a characteristic vice of the Whigs. It would appear as if, in making their party professions of identity with the people, they were afraid of being taken by the people at their word. They may with advantage take a lesson in this respect from the Tories, who, to do them justice, are more agreeable and unpretending in their intercourse and manners." So says the New Monthly Magazine, (according to the Edinburgh Review, "the very flower of periodical literature,") No. cxxviii. August 1, 1831, p. 160. What say you?

TICKLER.

I say the passage does credit to the flower periodical—and consider what he says about the agreeableness and unpretendingness of the Tories, as not a bit less applicable to us in all other branches of our literary conduct and demeanour, than in our official capacities. We are, in fact, delightful fellows—even the Radicals like us, to say nothing of respecting us, five hundred per cent above any of our rivals. None of your prim, prigmadainty, "thank God I am not as this publican" airs, among us! Aristocratical superfinery, Exclusiveness, Pelhamism, Almackism, all that species of abomination, whether in life public, or life private, in politics, in punchification, in love, or in letters, we leave entirely to the "friends of the people." Our motto, in fact, ought to be those two capital lines of the old Bilbilite—

"Bellus homo, et magnus, vis idem, Cotta videri;
Sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est."

Of all horrible monsters defend me from your democrat-dandy.

NORTH.

I think I can repeat a better thing of Mr Martial's on the same subject—'tis really quite wonderful how little the world has changed.—What signifies talking of Le Sage and a century ago?—Might not every word of this, now, have been written in Mayfair, anno domini 1831, just as well as in the *Suburra* regnante Divo Vespasiano?

Cotile, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.
  Audio: sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo?
Bellus homo est flexos qui digerit ordine crines,
  Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet:
Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat;
  Qui movet in varios brachia volsa modos;
Inter fœmineas tota qui luce cathedras
  Desidet, atque aliqua semper in aure sonat;
Qui legit hinc illinc missas, scribitque tabellas;
  Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti:
Qui scit quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit:
  Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.
Quid narras? hoc est, hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus:
  Res prætricosa est, Cotile, bellus homo."

TICKLER.

How perfect—every thing down to National Melodies, and three-cornered billets, and the Colonel's grandam, and the genuine liberal's horror of coming in contact with a fellow-creature whose coat was not cut by Baron Stultze—"Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti!"—the picture of the Whig philanthropist is complete. Thank Heaven! we never had many of this order of cattle among us, and most of them have taken this opportunity of leaving us.

NORTH.

Dandy brither, part in peace!

TICKLER.

I wish to God Lord "Bluster" could hear you.

NORTH.

Undoubtedly, if he and Lord King could be prevailed on to pair off *sine die* into the shades of private enjoyment, the two great parties would be delivered of their two most annoying excrescences. But how long, after all, will Brougham's new style of Jobation be tolerated among these good-natured nobles of ours?—Surely, surely, the blacking-man in the Commons is a mere flea-bite to the effect of *him* in that china shop!

TICKLER.

No question of that—Plunkett did something to break the ice; but he has indeed introduced to their lordships' personal consideration, in the most ample manner, the scope and capacity of a system of rhetoric as unlike what they had ever been used to before, as the boundings of the bolero are to the skimmifications of the quadrille. The worst of it is, that after all, neither talent nor pluck of the very first order are requisite to enable a man to make a pretty fairish display in that line, if he can but once bring himself to try it—and example is catching, and some day or other the joke may really be taken up in earnest—and as my noble and *ci-devant* learned compotator on the woolsack may perhaps be aware, his past life, and even some parts of his conduct and procedure in his present high capacity, might be turned to tolerable account, in hands neither quite so nervous as his own, nor quite so nimble as poor Canning's.

NORTH.

I agree with you in entertaining a sincere admiration for Brougham's abilities; and though I have never had much intercourse with him in private life, can well understand your having a sort of liking for him too, but somehow, "it does so happen," as Canning used to say,—it does so happen, that I never think of his history and position, without feeling a sort of cloud come over my mind's eye. Depend upon it, that's not a man destined to end smoothly. He can't stop where he is, and whether he's to soar or to sink the deponent knoweth not.

TICKLER.

Castlereagh went mad, and died miserably—Canning touched the verge of madness, and the cord snapt. He is tasking both intellect and temper to a pitch far beyond either of them.

NORTH.

It were time he should reflect!

TICKLER.

Yes, truly. Here he is administering, at an hour's notice, the highest judicial office in the world, with just as much knowledge of equity law as a very clever man may be expected to have picked up insensibly, fortuitously, indistinctly, and in short worthlessly, of the proper business of a most difficult profession *toto cœlo* different from his own.

NORTH.

As much, for example, as John Hope may know of lithotomy, or Dr Abercromby of Craig *De Feudis.*

TICKLER.

Even so, and this in the presence of a bar grown grey at the feet of time-honoured John of Newcastle.

NORTH.

Why, when one reflects on the hundred and forty millions of property actually depending on the knowledge, judgment, diligence, and patience of the Chancellor of England, several things that have happened in our day are almost enough to make a poor simple body start.

TICKLER.

Then there is the cockpit, where the decisions of all the courts of Hindoo law, and Persian law, and Cingalese, and Malay, and Dutch, and Spanish law, and the old French law, and Code Napoleon law, and the Danish law, established throughout our Eastern empire, the Cape, the Mauritius, the Canadas, the West Indian Islands, and Demerara, have to be overhauled. Then there is the overhauling of English, Irish, and Scotch appeals in the Lords—the latter part, however, being of all his business what he is most up to.

NORTH.

Aye, and then we have what few Chancellors, even of those that had not their own proper business to learn, were ever much used to dabble in—the actual tear and wear of party politics—the stroke-oar of vituperation—the near wheel of sarcasm—the burden intolerable of bolstering up his own blockheads at all times and seasons with one shoulder, while he has to shew the other a cold one rather, with equal promptitude and alacrity, whenever it is desirable to squabash their antagonists.

TICKLER.

If we add to this the severe duty of dining out and giving dinners to Ministers and diplomats; likewise, the imperious necessity of being visible at every levee, and drawingroom, and at every dancing disjune, ball, hop, rout, or assembly given or held by a great lord or lady of the right side—moreover, of being audible at every meeting about the abolishment of chimney-sweeps, and the emancipation of Blacky, and the persecution of Professor Pattison—*necnon,* the simplification of common law, and the rectification of equity procedure—*necnon,* the keeping of the Chancery lunatics—*necnon,* the keeping of the conscience of King William the Fourth—*necnon,* the newspapers—*necnon,* the editing of Paley's Natural Theology in company with Charles Bell—furthermore, the writing of Friendly Advice to the Peers in pamphlets, and eke the reviewing of the said pamphlets in the Edinburgh Review; and finally, the building of a back-jam to Brougham-Hall—to say nothing of receiving and bamming all the deputations of all the congregations of confusion-mongers, and reading and answering all the communications of all the quacks that think they have hit upon inventions of momentous importance, whether in law or literature, or pneumatology, or geology, or astronomy, or gastronomy, or ribbon-weaving, or timber-cleaving, or brass, or gas, or codification, or church-reformation—when one takes all these concerns in at one comprehensive glance through space and matter, I think it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, God bless him, *satagit rerum suarum*—in fact that he has a deuced deal more to do than ever bothered the brains of the immortal Walter Shandy.

NORTH.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E tutò alterius sævum spectare laborem.

I don't say that we are likely to look on quite *e tuto*—but at all events we may hope to see the upshot.

TICKLER.

Some accursed blow-up?—some hideous irresistible, irremediable smash?—some fierce, horrid, simultaneous rush of a thousand insulted, trampled principles and practices, all bursting with volcanic violence into a sudden roar of ruin and destruction?—fear, indignation, anger, hatred, scorn, pride, contempt, terror, all concentrated into one awful avenging Niagara?——

NORTH.

Or what say you to something in the opposite way? The hot galloping pulse of diseased excitement suddenly, somehow, subsides to a walk—a piece of clear cold ice is clapped by some invisible hand upon the burning temples—the mist disperses—the open serene light of day falls on the landscape—the crazy heights—the fearful chasms—the wide black abysses yawning here, there, and everywhere, are revealed in their nakedness—the bewildered somnambulist comes to himself—he pauses, trembles, and kneels——

TICKLER.

'Tis all, perhaps, on the cards.

NORTH.

It is my fixed opinion, that unless Brougham, in some way or other, calls a halt, and Peel and he somehow or other come together, no human power can avert a revolution from Old England. I don't allude particularly to this Reform Bill—that's but one link in the chain—and by revolution I mean nothing short of a complete upset, not merely of bishops, and lords, and kings, but of all law, and all property, and all social order—a chaos of dirt and blood—aye, and a more fearful one than even the French have waded through, if, indeed, their wading can yet be talked of as over.

TICKLER.

You look too gloomingly at every thing to-night. Pray, take three grains of blue pill at bedtime, and a Seidlitz in the morning. Do, that's a good fellow.

NORTH.

Gloomingly at every thing? Not a bit. I see things in as clear a daylight as ever blessed mortal vision; and I see them with unshrinking organs, and I consider them with unshaken mind. 'Tis as well to be prepared.

TICKLER.

What say you to the American funds?

NORTH.

I die in the last ditch, sir.

TICKLER.

By all means—but, *inter nos*, I have already put aside L.10,000 there, my cock, and, moreover, I have made conquest, as we Parliament-house lads say, of a small croft of some fifty thousand acres, about forty of them cleared, towards the Alleghany region. *Omne forti solum patria*—that is to say, if you knock my old friend John Bull on the head, I mean to take up with brother Jonathan—who, after all, is a very decent fellow, and, in my opinion, more likely to have peace and quiet under his own fig-tree, by and by, than any other gentleman of our acquaintance.

NORTH.

A prudent hedge—but somehow I can't bring myself to have any serious apprehensions as to my acres.

TICKLER.

You think they will stick for your time; and having no particular family that I am aware of, you probably look no farther: One cheerer more?

NORTH.

With all my heart, most upright and conscientious Laird of Southside!

TICKLER.

Come, don't let us quarrel, my dear; you shall, if the worst comes to the worst, have a chamber (not the prophet's one, however) in my Transatlantic mansion. I have already consulted Willie Burn about the plan, and we purpose astonishing the natives with the *façade* of "Mount What-then,"—whereof the lord and master desires little better than to say with the wise man of old—

"Hoc petit—esse sui nec magni ruris arator,
  Sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat,
Quisquam picta colit Spartani frigora saxi,
  Et matutinum portat ineptus *ave;*
Cui licet exuviis nemoris rurisque beato,
  Ante focum plenas explicuisse plagas?
Et piscem tremulâ salientem ducere setâ,
  Flavaque de rubro promere mella cado?
Pinguis inequales onerat cui villica mensas,
  Et sua non emptus præparat ova cinis?
Non amet hanc vitam, quisquis me non amet, opto;
  Vivat, et urbanis albus in officiis."

NORTH.

Being still a country gentleman, I may be permitted to solicit an interpretation, in the dialect of the Chaldee.

TICKLER.

What, off-hand?—Hang it, I wish we had Rabbi Theodore Ben-Hook at our elbow—But let's try—

Be mine, in Yankyland, some fair domain,
Snug house, trim garden, and decorous train;
A stream where trout and salmon may be found,
Pond stock'd with carp, and hills whose grouse abound;
'Gainst rainy days a library, and in't
A sofa, and Gil Blas, in large black print;
At six, two courses, exquisite though plain,
Dark nutty sherry, dry well-iced champagne;
A flask of sound Bourdeaux to clear my head,
Coffee, broil'd bone, hot punch—and so to bed.
Such, and so sad, were Exile's dreary scene—
Yet better, trust me, than the guillotine.

NORTH.

Very well indeed—pass the Bourdeaux.

TICKLER.

"Non amet hanc vitam, qusquis *me* non amet, aio;
Hæreat—et collum det, Torycida, tibi!"

Chaldaicé—

Stay if you will, and cut some airy jigs,
One morning to the plaudits of the Whigs;
Who, three weeks after, (witness Greece, Rome, France!)
Will try their genius at the selfsame dance.

Why, I could go on at this rate as easily as ever Dr Johnson did with his quizzifications of the Percy Reliques—

"I put my hat upon my head,
  And walk'd into the Strand,
And there I met another man
  With his hat in his hand."

NORTH.

Probatum est. And yours is the nobler metre, too—the true English heroic, in spite of William Wordsworth and all the Lakers. The landlord's bottle, Tickler.

TICKLER.

The hen, of course——the old fifteen?

NORTH (*rings.*)

Sir David, a magnum bonum of the green seal X. Y. Z. (*Enter Tappit*

Hen.)—Come, Timothy, you seem in wind to-night—tip us a song, old fellow.

TICKLER.

To be sure, dearest—Here goes.

AIR—*Not Far from Town.*

Who dares to say
That Albert Cay
Is not the king of wine?—
Whose bins inspire
Such generous fire,
When cordial Tories dine?

When soup and fish,
In lordly dish,
The opening banquet crown,
With curious lip
They slowly sip
His Sherry richly brown;

But when ragouts,
And savoury stews,
In central splendour reign,
His care unlocks
The Hock of Hocks,
And glory of Champagne.

To float their grouse,
One copious rouse
Of soft Burgundian dew
He next commends
To Virtue's friends—
Or, if they're thirsty, two.

Whate'er's their plan,
With Parmesan,
North—Wiltshire or Gruyere—
They call for Port?
Why, that's his *forte*:—
Yet *fortius* foams his Beer.

Admitting this
Sounds not amiss,
Yet still I must declare,
To me no treat
Seems quite complete,
Unless the *Quaigh* be there.

And sure I am,
Whatever Dram
Your bowels judge the best,
Bid Dantzic flow,
Or Curaçoa,
His Caulker stands the test;—

Whose drops discuss'd,
I hope and trust,
With Apostolic zeal,
Your kiss will greet
The old Lafitte,
That's stampt with Albert's seal.

Till morning glows
Make that your dose—
And toast the King of Wine,
Whose bins inspire
Celestial fire,
When cordial Tories dine.

NORTH.

Thank ye—*terque quaterque* your debtor—Here's to your Bacchus!

TICKLER.

Here's to the great Inspirer—Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!

NORTH.

Having thus got rid of our maidenhead, I crave a *bonâ fide* bumper to the worst used man in Europe, the King of the Netherlands!

TICKLER.

Libenter. God bless his Majesty, and may the worthy Dutch nation believe any thing, rather than that the real British nation consider the heroes of the protocols with a whit less contempt and indignation than themselves!

NORTH.

Amen! They are, of all the nations of Europe, the one most like ourselves in almost every thing that goes to make up the substance of a national character. Their language is the likest ours,—so are their manners, their pursuits, their morals, their religion, their political institutions, and their personal cleanliness. When we have been true to ourselves, we have always been true to them; and whenever we have deserted them, it has been amongst the worst symptoms of our rulers, preferring either French gold, or French flattery, to the interests of old England, and the respect of mankind. I cared little, comparatively, which course we might steer between the asinine bigots and the monkeyish liberals of Portugal, or even between the Turk and the Greek, (though the former, I opine, has been a right shabbily entreated gentleman in these days,) or between the Russian and the Polack, though I had always a *tendre* for the latter—but I own it does make my blood approach the boil to think that British statesmen of 1831, have been capable of desiring, or incapable enough to be humbugged into assisting in, the humiliation of the House of Orange, before the united tricolours of French and Belgian Jacobinism.

TICKLER.

You have heard Talleyrand's last?

NORTH.

Not I.

TICKLER.

"Nos troupes resteront dans la Belgique—ou ils ne resteront pas. S'ils ne restent pas, bon soir, M. Perier!—S'ils restent, au diable, Milor Grey!"

NORTH.

Well said, old sneck drawer!

TICKLER.

By the by, did I tell you that good thing of Croker's the other night? Lord Palmerston has scarcely been visible in the House of late—he came in on this occasion with the usual listless superfine air, and sitting down, and pulling his hat over his brows, began fumbling among the leaves of The Bill with some indications of curiosity. Our friend the ex-secretary tosses him a slip of paper across the table, with these words: "Dear P.—If you be looking for Holland, you will find it in Schedule A.

"Yours, affectionately,
"J. W. C."

NORTH.

Very good indeed—Croker all over.

TICKLER.

The fine Roman hand to a T.

NORTH.

Well, I don't know how long Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston, and that excellent consistent enemy of French ambition, my Lord Holland, may be able to parry off the thrusts rhetorical of the Aberdeens, and Orfords, and Valletorts, and Vyvyans—that may last a long while—but this I know, that every sound-hearted and clear-headed Englishman has an intimate conviction that, cloak it, wrap it, disguise it, deny it, forswear it as they may, the present government here is tarred with the same stick as the movement-faction in France, in Belgium, in Portugal, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy—the holy cause of insurrection all over the world is their hobby. They have a dirty sympathy, and all their friends that have courage to speak out exult and glory in the fact, with the anti-ecclesiastical and anti-monarchical principles, wherever, and under whatever form or shape developed; and we shall see the upshot ere long, nearer home than Mr Stanley anticipates.

TICKLER.

Holland House has but transferred its allegiance from Longwood to the Palais-Royal—but Palmerston was an *elève* of Percival.

NORTH.

Pooh! 'tis all pet and puppery with him. Some are old, pig-headed, and sulky—some middle-aged and stupid—some young, rash, and perhaps desperate from sheer excess of vanity—but no matter what the variety of motives—they appear to go on merrily together in the *magnum opus geminum* of revolutionizing Europe, and dissolving the British empire. Stanley will, however, be the first to find out what they are all really working to; and if he should bid them good by, they have not a leg to stand upon.

TICKLER.

Seeing all this so clearly, I am astonished that you continue to be so much in the mulligrubs anent the General Question. Why, man, we are, after all, a sensible, shrewd, sagacious sort of nation, and no conjurer that ever shifted a sovereign could succeed in persuading us long that even a red cap is a sufficient apology for total absence of brain. Let them go on. They are nearing the end of their tether, and may not improbably find it terminate in a loop.

NORTH.

I am not thinking about *them*. Who comes next?

TICKLER.

Deil-may-care—any change must be for the better; and, thank God! were their Bill passed to-morrow, they have, in the course of this Committee, and their protocols together, established the general sense of their own folly, imbecility, pert stupidity, smart ignorance, dull insolence, mean, shabby, quirky selfishness, booby duplicity, blustering cunning, grasping, cowardly greediness,—they have, I say, established the universal national perception, penetration, pity, and contempt of their true character and capacity as Parliamentmen and as Statesmen, in word and action, in omission and commission, on so broad a bottom of disgust, that, were their Bill passed to-morrow, and the House dissolved, as it of course must immediately be, there can be no doubt, whatever other pledges the new candidates might be called on to give, nine out of ten of them would be obliged to promise to concur in an address to the king to dismiss the most dishonest of bunglers, the most blundering of tricksters.

NORTH.

You talk as if you suspected the Peers of having profited by the FIENDLY ADVICE, and really got rid of their old mulish repugnance to the idea of cutting their own throats.

TICKLER.

Not at all. I was only putting the worst possible, or, I should rather say, imaginable case. A dissolution, produced by the passing of the Bill, would, whatever else it might do, unship these fellows. The dissolution that *will* come—the dissolution consequent on their being unshipt by the Lords, must be a more agreeable prospect to people of your kidney.

NORTH.

The Times and so forth still talk lustily of new creations on a large scale. *Nous verrons.*

TICKLER.

Ay, and some of the Whig Dons of the third and fourth orders here are, I observe, cocking their ears very prettily on the occasion. There has even been some chaffing about a couple of coronets among my old brethren the W.S.'s. This would be pleasant.

NORTH.

Won't you have the magic initials restored on the doorplate ?

TICKLER.

I shall consider; but to be serious, this plan is not the thing. As Brougham said of the White Doe of Rylstone, " This will never do." The Peerage has been already extended very considerably beyond the due limits—and the Peers themselves are abundantly aware of the fact—and, from all I can understand, significant enough hints have recently reached the proper quarter, that for every new peer created for such a purpose, the revolutionary cabinet might depend on losing at least two of the votes they were otherwise to count on among the old ones. Even Lord Radnor, I hear, has spoken out on this head—and both Lord Tavistock and Lord Titchfield have refused *point-blank* to go up. Nobody dreams that less than a clear addition of fifty would have the least chance of turning the scale in their favour; so you may set your heart at ease on this part of the play. The idea of that method of solving the knot is as dead as Julius Cæsar. As for the story about the neutrality of the Bishops, that was mere gammon. Neutrality indeed !—(*Sings.*)

" The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the shew should begin,
Derry down, down, down."

Howley neutral! Blomfield neutral ! Van-Mildert neutral! Philpotts neutral! —I like that.

NORTH.

If some of these gentlemen of the shovel-hat, particularly the last and ablest, would speak as well as vote, my Lord of Brougham might chance to meet his match, I calculate.

TICKLER.

Bide a wee. There's a braw time comin'. He's get his fairin' belyve. Here's to the new Bishop of Derry—the *Comte's Eveque !* Why the deuce don't they find some Archbishopric for Sidney Smith ?

NORTH.

That would be rather strong—but if I were Lord Anglesea, I am free to say, he should on the first opportunity be Dean of St Patrick's. That would carry a moral fitness on the face of it.

TICKLER.

And of course we should have the charges in rhyme—*exempli gratiâ.*—(*Sings.*)

" Reverend brethren, fish not, shoot not,
Reel not, quadrille not, fiddle not, flute not,
But of all things, it is my devoutest desire, sirs,
That the parson on Sunday should dine with the squire, sirs."

But I fear there's little chance of any very good thing for our ton of priest. Blue and Yellow won't make up, to that extent, for the want of a leetle squeeze of the *sangre azul.*

NORTH.

Would to God we had no worse things to speculate on, than the giving of Dr Jonathan Swift's deanery to the most humorous of extant Divines ! Sidney's a jewel in his way.

TICKLER.

To be serious—I agree with you, that it is time to be looking a little forward in good earnest. I have a respect, without bamming, for your sagacity ; indeed I have long suspected you of not being quite canny in the article of foresight, and you would do me a special kindness if you would untwist your legs, and sit up, and tell, *paucis verbis,* what you really do expect to come upon us,

NORTH.

I am no witch, but I hold to the opinion I have all along expressed, that this nonsense will either blow over entirely in the course of the next two or three months, or this nation will find itself in the full career of a worse than French revolution. My hope of the milder issue is daily strengthening—I am not sanguine as to the concern, by no means; but I think I do see considerable symptoms of a reaction. The excellent arguments in the Quarterly, and, I may add, in *the* Magazine, and the many really valuable pamphlets put forth on the same side, more especially Sir John Walsh's, Colonel Stewart's, and the anonymous "Observations" on Brougham's Advice, have not been in vain. The subject has been tossed about and twisted in every possible shape in these publications—the blood and marrow of every limb of the Whig abortion have been sucked out and analyzed, all its bones have been broken, and its inherent rottenness has been thoroughly exposed. As for the Ministers themselves, they have been entirely and hopelessly beaten, mauled, jellified, annihilated—by John Wilson Croker and his co-operatives; so much so, that wherever I go, in whatever company I mix, I can honestly say I never do now hear from Whig, Radical, or any other person, even a syllable in their defence. *They* are given up. Their food is the bread of contempt, and their drink is the waters of scorn. A feeling of mingled wonder and disgust is prevalent, even where but a few weeks ago they were worshipped as demigods.

TICKLER.

Of the five hundred at Sir Edward Knatchbull's dinner t'other day, 500 were *Kentish Yeomen*;—and that's but one fact out of fifty I could fling ye.

NORTH.

General discredit having thus, to all appearance, settled on their understandings and motives, I presume no one would be much surprised at any judgment that might fall on them. The better orders are indeed well prepared for some such catastrophe—and I *think* it is coming, and that speedily. But it is needless to disguise from ourselves the melancholy truth, that men who act upon no principle except that of self-interest, have, even under the most dreary of apparent circumstances, considerable advantages and resources; and if they do not go down at once, I am prepared to see them avoid, or rather procrastinate their doom, only in one way—I mean by hazarding some new appeal to the passions of the mob—in short, outheroding Herod, and tabling some bill, or doing some deed, so extravagantly atrocious, as to throw all that has been into the shade, and rousing anew the full tide of folly, frenzy, and ferocity, in their blasted favour.

TICKLER.

In which case the *descensus in avernum* would proceed at a locomotive rate.

NORTH.

Yes. We should see a constitutional assembly next winter—the Bishops unfrocked, the Peers unermined, the three per cents struck down to two (to begin with), the pensions abolished, and the corn law scattered to chaff—all within the course of the spring—and then, most probably, according to the old chant of Mother Skipton's doggerel—

> "A bloody summer, and no king."

TICKLER.

I doubt as to the blood. Who is enough in earnest to fight for any thing but property? And if a general attack upon property should really take place, where are the materials for any thing like a defence?

NORTH.

Why, I can easily suppose that—the present concern being got rid of—the agricultural population at large—excepting, of course, those counties in which the *illegal* system of the poor laws has had time to work its proper consequences on the mind of man, woman, and child—might very probably be stimulated to take the side of the conservators. In fact, there can be no doubt that such would be the case in Scotland and Wales universally; and I can't well question it would be about as generally so in the north of

England, where the gentry, as a class, have all along done their duty, and are liked and respected accordingly. We should have, then, the manufacturing mob on the one side, the farmers and peasantry, as a body, on the other. So far the match might perhaps be not unequal—the accumulation of the former in particular places making up, considerably at least, for their absolute inferiority of numbers. If so, the question would really be a simple one—Which side would the army take? And how they would be, depends of course mainly on the, in my opinion, altogether open point, whether the movement had, or had not, government patronage on its side. I don't, of course, mean the patronage of this government—that would be long over ere then.

TICKLER.

In so far as I know the *British* army, it might be counted on with great security.

NORTH.

We need not bother ourselves about the Irish—that affair would be in other hands before then.

TICKLER.

What if the army should be as disunited as the rest?

NORTH.

Possibly. And in that case we should indeed see campaigning. There never was such an army as OURS is at this moment since the battle of Pharsalia; and I see no reason to anticipate that, if it were divided, the upshot should be reached in less than the five long years it cost Cæsar and Pompey to decide their quarrel. There are, probably, among the regimental officers abundance of old Peninsulars, who would have no great objections to play for such stakes as they have read or heard of elsewhere. The worst of all is, that we should want now-a-days that strong, fervid feeling of religious obligation which did prevail among us in the days of Charles the First, and which, even in the midst of horrors, did continually operate as a check on all sides. Read the Memoirs of a Cavalier, or Mrs Hutchinson's, or Lady Fanshawe's, and consider for a moment what a dismal contrast, as to *details*, a seven years' term of modern civil war would be likely to present. I abhor the thought.

TICKLER.

It must be some comfort to you, that, according to your theory, Scotland here would escape.

NORTH.

We must not be too sure of that neither. I suspect we should have a fierce tussle even here, though comparatively a very brief one. Most probably our yeomanry—the finest fellows I do believe that ever were embodied in military corps since the world began, the most steady, honest, trustworthy, and kindhearted good men, I venture to say, that ever wore uniform—Our yeomanry would most probably put down any insurrection in this quarter in a month—but granting that, good God, what a month! It would be a horrid time, indeed, for old cocks like us, that could not mount and take a hand in the game. Only think of Glasgow, or dear Paisley, in the power of the rascals for a week—yea, for a day!

TICKLER.

Let's have a bowl, my dear Kit. (*Rings—enter Punch.*) Ay, this will do. Only think of the barricades of the Saltmarket—the *à la lanternes* of the Trongate—the Candleriggs—Balaam's Passage—Gibson's Wynd—the Dean's Brae—the dragonnades of the Drygate—the noyades of the Peat-Bog—the gallopades of the Green—the storm of the Stockwell—the *chevaux-de-frise* of Shettlestone—the bombarding of the Broomielaw—the gauberts, the steam-boats, the deacons—and the bailies, honest men—the provost—the ministers, and the professors, and the principal—and the Western Club, and the Maitland Club—and the elders o' the Ooter Kirk—and Colonel Hunter and the volunteers encamped out somewhere about Castlemilk, waiting for Sir Michael Stewart and Blythswood, and the Ayrshire yeomanry, and Captain Lockhart and the Douglas troop, and Sir John Hope, and Donald Horne, and the souters o' Selkirk, and so forth, to hazard an attack on the *tête-du-pont* of the Gorbals—bells tolling—mills blazing—drums beating—blackguards hurraing—women bawling—bairns squeeling—West India merchants' heads on the rails o' George's Square—the Arnswell running red wi' the blood of Bogles, and Stirlings, and Oswalds, and Dennistouns, and Dunwuddies, and Corbetts, and Monteiths, and all our dear old friends that we have taken so many comfortable bowls with in our time!

NORTH.

The poor Odontist!—he was weel awa' frae the evil to come!

TICKLER.

He lies snug beneath Dr Mitchell's Meeting-house, and the more shame that they did not lay him beside Captain Paton in the Ramshorn!

NORTH.

He was aye ower gude for them—Have they given him an Epitaph, by the by?

TICKLER.

Yes, and I think I can repeat it, though it is some time since I won his L.5, poor fellow! by inditing it.—Little did we think—it was one evening at Nelson's monument—The inimitable *Nasus Aduncus*, Cyril Thornton, was my competitor, with something about

" As clever a dentist
As ever was 'prenticed,
Till death's cunning claw
Extracted his jaw"—

but I, alas! as the executors agreed, took a more proper tone—*voila.*

SAPPY AND JOLLY, YET NOR SUMPH NOR SOT,
MILD, MIRTHFUL, MUSICAL, SHREWD, QUAINT, AND QUEER,
THE ODONTIST-BARD OF MILLER STREET, JAMES SCOTT,
ABSURD AND GENEROUS, QUIZZED AND WEPT, LIES HERE.

NORTH.

As Lord Erskine said to Dr Parr—" Sir, among many better reasons for wishing I may die before you, I have a selfish one—that you may write my Epitaph."

TICKLER.

Requiescat Odontistes! I obey the tingle of thy ladle.—Shan't we have out the old Shandrydan, now, and make a run to see the rescue of Ruglen? " Third Bulletin—Army of The West—Headquarters, Carmunnock," eh?

NORTH.

Don't be too sure that we shall have nothing to heat our fingers nearer home. What say you to a *sortie* before the Yeomanry can be assembled, and a rush upon Auld Reekie, to carry off the President and the Justice Clerk?

TICKLER.

What would Mr Waddell say? Tell it not in the Bill-chamber—let not this thing be heard of among the Macers.

NORTH.

Jeffrey must take the command—Cockburn, Ivory, Cunningham, and the rest, for lieutenants.

TICKLER (*sings.*)

AIR—*British Grenadiers.*

" Our troop contains some spoonies,
That shame their bonny nags,
And bump upon their saddles
Like to a miller's bags;
But these, our pride and glory,
Sit firm upon their rears;
In fact, they're more like Centaurs,
Than common cavaliers.
[illegible], the trot, trot, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of Jeffrey's cavaliers."

NORTH.

That's too bad of you. Well—what next?

TICKLER (*sings.*)

AIR—*Bonny Dundee.*

" He spurr'd to the foot of the high Castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke,
Let Mons Meg and her Maidens three volleys gar flee,
For the love o' the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee."

Come, *perge.*

NORTH (*sings.*)

" The Gordon he asks of him whither he goes—
Wheresoe'er shall guide me the Sprite of Montrose,
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

'Tis with you, sir.

TICKLER (*sings.*)

" The kettledrums clash'd, and the trumpets were blown,
He waved his proud arm, and the horsemen rode on,
Till o'er Ravelstone crags and on Clermiston lee,
Died away the wild war-note o' Jeffrey the wee!"

NORTH.

This boy will be the death of me. Oh! hoh! hoh!

TICKLER.

Is Christopher gone?—is the great North no more?

" Oh! when the volleying Weaver play'd
Against the bloody Depute's blade,
Why was not I beside him laid?
Enough—he fell in glory's rank.
Enough—he died with conquering Frank."

NORTH.

No subject is too sacred for your ridicule. Your spirit is intensely, incurably, and irredeemably diabolical. But I forget—ye are but a Crosscauseway soldier—ye never saw a real battle——

TICKLER.

Me! Lord forbid!

NORTH.

Old as ye are, and laugh as you may, I think you are like to see such things ere you die. Sir, I have seen them. Godlike in form and attitude, and almost in intellect—clear-sighted, rational, contemplative, eloquent—voluptuous, courteous, gentle, brave, upright, gallant, romantic—a prince among mortal things, but a little lower than the angels—once let his blood boil beneath the hot breath of trumpets, and Man is but the fiercest of the *feræ.*

TICKLER.

So I have heard—much the same in a fox chase.

NORTH.

War is the game, sir—life, honour, glory, are a grand stake. The air above is mad, and the earth staggers and reels, when the old original savage of the woods bursts splendidly horrible from amidst the snapt fetters of custom, and the pretty flimsy veils and mantlings of your civilisation are beat and trodden into mud and Lethe, and the beautiful wild-beast burns and pants for brotherly blood.

TICKLER.

" La Victoire marchera au pas de charge! L'aigle et les couleurs nationaux voleront du clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre Dame!"

NORTH.

You have repeated one of the finest sentences that ever came from the lips or the pen of the greatest orator of modern ages—Napoleon Bonaparte! What a flame of glory kindled him on such occasions—" Quarante siècles vous regardent du haut de ces Pyramides!"—" Qu'il soit dit de chacun—Il etoit dans cette grande bataille sous les murs de Moscow!" I wonder at nothing that these men did.

TICKLER.

" Up, Guards, and at them"—served the turn.

NORTH.

Yes, truly—what a fine story is that Sir Walter tells us in some of his notes about the grim old Douglas at Ancrum Moor! He was just about to charge, when a heron sprung up between and the English van. " Aha!" he cried, " would to God my gude grey hawk were here, *that we might a' yoke thegither!*"

TICKLER.

Well said, old Bell-the-Cat!—Ay, ay, 'tis that kind of *allocutio* that will always do the trick with us. None of your flowers of flummery here!

NORTH.

I trust our own old Plain Speaker has a campaign or two in him yet.

TICKLER.

Ay, barring accidents, a round dozen of them, if need be. He had been pulled down a little with the *grippe* when I saw him first; but before I left town, his cheeks had plumped out again, and he looked fit for any thing. His eye has lost nothing of its eagle brightness; he walks to this hour as straight as a ramrod; and his leg is as perfect as it could have been at thirty. He is to the fore yet, thank God—heart, soul, bone, and blood—but if it were otherwise, we have pretty cards in the pack.

NORTH.

Combermere—Hill—Kemp—all fine fellows, and in full vigour.

TICKLER.

Ay, and Murray and Hardinge, either of them well worth your three.

NORTH.

What a beautiful picture of the old cavalier is Sir George Murray. I know nothing like it in that style.

TICKLER.

Nor I, and Pickersgill's portrait, in this year's exhibition, does him as much justice, by Jupiter, as either Lawrence, or Vandyke, or Velasquez could have done. But somehow, Sir George appears to me to carry a certain tinge of languor about him—his eye is so gentle, calm, melancholy, pensive—I should doubt of there being quite enough stimulus.

NORTH.

No fears,—the first " clarion—clarion wild and shrill" would send the blood tumbling through him like another Garry. We have always had Platoffs and Bluchers among us enow, I warrant ye—but we have sometimes felt the want of a Gneisenau—and this soft-eyed hero appears to stand second to Wellington in the opinion of most of his compeers.

TICKLER.

He is a cock of the right feather to be sure, and speaks, by the by, as well as if he had never had another trade.

NORTH.

Peradventure better.

TICKLER.

However—I am no judge of such concerns, of course—but I strongly suspect if there were a war either at home or abroad, the army would expect to see Hardinge as far forward as any body but the Duke.

NORTH.

We shall have work for Murray here among ourselves. Scotland will look to *him* in the first instance.

" There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands there's chiefs in the North.
There are wild Dunniewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, ' *Hoich!* for the bonnet of bonny Dundee!' "

What a grand ballad that is! It haunts me like a spirit.

TICKLER.

'Tis a clever thing.

NORTH.

You heard Sir Henry Hardinge too?

TICKLER.

Several times; but never a set speech. He may not, perhaps, be exactly an orator, which, among other and better things, Nature certainly meant Murray to be; but he has complete command of clear, terse, nervous language—is quick as lightning at retort—has a full, masculine, sonorous voice—considerable dignity of action, too—and, above all, carries with him such an air of upright, manly single-mindedness, high noble feeling, and unaffected modesty, that, judging from the little I saw, I am not sure if any body in the House produces altogether a more powerful effect. His defence of Philpotts was a first-rate thing, and did that job as well as any Cicero could have come up to.

NORTH.

Why, that could not have been a difficult job—for the Bishop's justification of facts was clear as day. Sir Henry lost an arm, didn't he, at Waterloo?

TICKLER.

I don't know where it happened, but that, you know, is a mutilation which takes grace from no man. He is the perfect model of a soldier—a short, compact, firm, handsome figure, all buttoned up to the chin in blue and black, and a countenance which, though without the statuesque elegance of Bonaparte's, reminded me more of that in the extraordinary mass of brow, the large, deep-cut, grey, fiery eye, the solid contour of the jaw, the fall of the hair, and the whole style of complexion, than any other head I remember to have met with. This is one of our very first cards. If things go well, he must be a Secretary of State in the next Cabinet—if darkly, he must come down and raise the standard in Yorkshire—for that, I believe, is his calf-country.

NORTH.

A fine fellow you describe. Come, the bowl's near out—God save the King, and let's to bed.

TICKLER.

God save the King, say ye? Well, I'll try my hand.

AIR—*National Anthem.*

Whate'er thy creed may be,
Party, or pedigree,
I ask not what—
So heart and blood be free,
Each pulse confirms to thee
High honour's first decree,
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

Perish the caitiff base,
Who dares desert the place
Whereon he sat.
Why was't the old serpent fell,
But that he did rebel
'Gainst this grand oracle—
THOU SHALT NOT RAT?

Calcraft's mean soul also,
Shall hiss and stink below,
Be sure of that—
Wherefore the FIEND defy!
Turn not a walking lie!
Commit no Whiggery!
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

NORTH.

Not bad.—Come, Timotheus, 'tis well on to one o'clock, and this is a decent house, and we must e'en turn in. Tip me just one touch of the fiddle ere we go—you have never yet even attempted to give me a notion of this murderous Paganini.

TICKLER.

To hear is to obey. The violin is behind you there, in the corner.

GRAND OVERTURE—(*with the Pizzicato Movement.*)

SONATA MAESTOSA SENTIMENTALE.

NORTH.

Wonderful, incredible, sublime !—Worth twenty uxorcides !

TICKLER.

Now for a stave of the old order, with an accompaniment on the fourth string. Fill my glass with brandy—Here's to Douglas Cheape, George Joseph Bell, George Brodie, and all good fellows—Tory, Whig, and Radical ! Attend—(*sings.*)

AIR—*George Dempster.*

Pray for the soul
  Of Timothy Tickler,
For the church and the bowl
  A determinate stickler !

Born and bred in the land
  Where Fyne herrings they munch,
And a capital hand
  At concocting of punch ;

From that great bumper-school
  To Auld Reekie he came,
And drew in his stool
  To a desk in the same ;

But though W. S.,
  And ambitious to thrive,
Even his foes must confess,
  Cheated no man alive ;

Neither harried poor gentry
  Of house or of land,
Nor bolted the country
  With cash " in his hand ;"

But by early rising,
  And working late,
With smeddum surprising
  Improved his estate ;

Which to guard from the crew
  Of the Robespierres,
He was fugleman to
  Charlie Hope's volunteers ;

And, not fancying hell,
  Spite of infidel jeers,
Had a pew to himsell
  In the Old Grey-Freres.

Thus our friend did advance
  Past the middle of life,
Spurning Sautan and France,
  And eschewing a wife ;

Till he of the stuff,
  In a pair of old hose,
Had put by Quantum Suff.
  As we may suppose.

When halt and give o'er,
  Let the single-roll drop,
Took the plate frae the door,
  And shut up the shop.

After which, at full leisure,
  With cool cutting digs,
He consulted his pleasure
  In whanging at Whigs,

Whom considering as puts
  Ever bent on what's ill,
He so poked in the guts
  With the point of his quill,

That their whole generation,
  With trembling and fear,
And most rueful vexation,
  Eyed this Volunteer,

Where tall as a Steeple,
  And thin as a Shadow,
He towered o'er the people
  On the Links or The Meadow.

Yet among Tory lads
  Of the God-fearing breed,
Though as grey as their dads,
  He was welcome indeed:

Still maund'ring and hav'ring
  And refreshing the body
At Ambrose's Tavern
  With tumblers o' toddy;

Frae June to December,
  Frae December to June,
A more regular Member
  Was not in the toun;

For his powers peristaltic
  Were sure as a gun,
And though full as the Baltic,
  He headach had none.

This respectable course
  Did our Elder pursue,
Till the Raffs rose in force
  In the year thirty-two;

When, just after the King
  And his innocent Queen,
I'm assured the next thing
  For their damn'd Guillotine

Was the neckbone to smite
 Of this sober old sage,
Putting out the first light
 Of that scoundrelly age;

But, his years by that time
 Being eighty and three,
He, though still in the prime
 O' his punch-bibbing glee,

Not a word exclamavit
 At so hasty a call,
But off wi' his gravat,
 Long pigtail, and all—

And calmly submitting,
 Awaited the thud,
Which his occiput splitting,
 Brain, marrow, and blood,

Furnished ocular nuts,
 And moreover auricular,
To those sons of Whig-sluts
 Who thus tickled the Tickler;

But left every good Tory
 To pray that his soul
May be seated in glory,
 By the side of a bowl—

In sæcla sæclorum,
 Every night of the week,
With a goblet before him,
 And a pipe in his cheek!

CHORUS.

With a pipe in his cheek,
 And a goblet before him,
Every night of the week,
 In sæcla sæclorum!

AMEN!

Well, now, I'm wound up for once. Good landlord, you may desire your old woman up stairs, like Miladi Macbeth—

—— to ring upon the bell,
When that my drink is ready.

NORTH.

That's true—I had forgot the egg-wine; and, by the by, 'tis a pity I forgot to order Gurney this evening, for old Ebony is constantly bothering me about that confounded Monthly of his, and half his talk for the last three days might be summed up in the words of your fat favourite of Bilboa—

———— "HI LIBELLI,
TANQUAM CONJUGIBUS SUIS MARITI,
NON POSSUNT SINE NOCTIBUS PLACERE."

[*Curtain drops.*

Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVI. OCTOBER, 1831. Vol. XXX.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.
SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVI. OCTOBER, 1831. VOL. XXX.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. XII.

Mother and Son—A Word with the Reader at Parting.

MOTHER AND SON.

THIS is the last, and—it may be considered—most mournful extract from my Diary. It appears to me a touching and terrible disclosure of the misery, disgrace, and ruin consequent on GAMBLING. Not that I imagine it possible, even by the most moving exhibition, to soften the more than nether-millstone hardness of a gamester's heart, or enable a *voluntary* victim to break from the meshes in which he has suffered himself to be entangled;—but the lamentable cries ascending from this pit of horror, may scare off those who are thoughtlessly *approaching* its brink. The moral of the following events may be gathered up into a word or two:—Oh! be wise, *and be wise in time!*

I took more than ordinary pains to acquaint myself with the transactions which are hereafter specified; and some of the means I adopted are occasionally mentioned, as I go on with the narrative. It may be as well to state, that the events detailed, are assigned a date which barely counts within the present century. I have reason, nevertheless, to know, that, at least, one of the guilty agents still survives to pollute the earth with his presence; and if that individual should presume to gainsay any portion of the following narrative, his impotent efforts will meet with the disdain they merit.

Mr Beauchamp came to the full receipt of a fortune of two or three thousand a-year, which, though hereditary, was at his absolute disposal—about the period of his return from those continental peregrinations which are judged essential to complete an English gentleman's education. External circumstances seemed to combine in his favour. Happiness and honour in life were ensured him, at the cost of very moderate exertions on his own part, and *those* requisite, not to originate, or continue his course—but only to *guide* it. No one was better apprized than himself, of the precise position he occupied in life: yet the apparent immunity from the cares and anxieties of life, which seemed irrevocably secured to him, instead of producing its natural effect on a well-ordered mind, of stimulating it to honourable action, led to widely different, most melancholy, but by no means unusual results—a prostitution of his energies and opportunities to the service of fashionable dissipation. The restraints to which, during a long minority, he had been subjected by his admirable mother, who nursed his fortune as sedulously, but *more* successfully, than she cultivated his mind and morals—served, alas! little other purpose than to whet his appetite for the pleasurable pursuits to which he considered himself entitled, and from which he had been so long and unnecessarily debarred. All these forbidden fruits clustered before him in tempting, but unhallowed splendour, the instant that Oxford threw open its portals to receive him. He found there many spirits as ardent and dissatisfied with past restraints as himself.—The principal features of his character were flexibility and credulity; and his leading propensity—one that, like the wrath of Achilles, drew after it innumerable sorrows—the love of *play*.

The first false step he made, was an unfortunate selection of a tutor; a man of agreeable and compliant manners, but utterly worthless in point of moral character; one who had impoverished himself, when first at College, by gaming, but who, having learned "*wisdom*," was now a subtle and cautious gamester. He was one of a set of notorious *pluckers*, among whom, shameful to relate, were found several young men of rank; and whose business it was to seek out freshmen for their dupes. Eccles—the name I shall give the tutor—was an able mathematician; and that was the only thing that Beauchamp looked to in selecting him. Beauchamp got regularly introduced to the set to which his tutor belonged; but his mother's lively and incessant surveillance put it out of his power to embarrass himself by serious losses. He was long enough, however, apprenticed to guilt, to form the habits and disposition of a *gamester*. The cunning Eccles, when anxiously interrogated by Mrs Beauchamp about her son's general conduct, gave his pupil a flourishing character, both for moral excellence and literary attainments, and acquitted him of any tendency to the vices usually prevalent at College. And all this, when Eccles knew that he had seen, but a few weeks before, among his pupil's
ners, copies of long bills, accepted
le on his reaching twenty-one
une of L.1500; and, further,
tutor himself, was the
of these acceptances,
him L.500 for the
furnished for his
and plausible
unsuspicious

Mrs Beauchamp; and she thought it impossible that her son could find a fitter companion to the continent.

On young Beauchamp's return to England, the first thing he did was to dispatch his obsequious tutor into the country, to trumpet his pupil's praises to his mother, and apprize her of his coming. The good old lady was in ecstasies at the glowing colours in which her son's virtues were painted by Eccles;—such uniform moderation and prudence, amidst the seductive scenes of the continent; such shining candour; such noble liberality!—In the fulness of her heart, Mrs Beauchamp promised the tutor, who was educated for the *church*, the next presentation to a living which was expected very shortly to fall vacant;—as some "small return for the *invaluable* services he had rendered her son!"

It was a memorable day when young Beauchamp, arrived at the Hall in ———— shire, stood suddenly before his transported mother, in all the pride of person, and of apparent accomplishments. He was indeed a fine young fellow to look at. His well-cast features beamed with an expression of frankness and generosity; and his manners were exquisitely tempered with cordiality and elegance. He had *brushed the bloom* off continental flowers in passing, and caught their glow and perfume.

It was several minutes before he could disengage himself from the embraces of his mother, who laughed and wept by turns, and uttered the most passionate exclamations of joy and affection. "Oh, that your poor old father could see you!" she sobbed, and almost cried herself into hysterics. Young Beauchamp was deeply moved with this display of parental tenderness. He saw and felt that his mother's whole soul was bound up with his own; and, with the rapid resolutions of youth, he had in five minutes changed the whole course and scope of his life—renounced the pleasures of London, and resolved to come and settle on his estates in the country, live under the proud and fond eye of his mother, and, in a word, tread in the steps of his father. He felt suddenly imbued with the spirit of the good old English country gentleman, and resolved to live the life of one. There was, however, a cause in operation, and powerful operation, to bring about this change of feeling, to which I have not yet adverted. His cousin, Ellen Beauchamp, *happened* to be thought of by her aunt, as a fit person to be staying with her when her son arrived. Yes—the little blue-eyed girl with whom he had romped fifteen years ago, now sate beside him in the bloom of budding womanhood—her peachy cheeks alternately pale and flushed as she saw her cousin's enquiring eye settled upon her, and scanning her beautiful proportions. Mr Beauchamp took the very first opportunity he could seize of asking his mother, with some trepidation, "whether Ellen was *engaged!*"

"I think she is *not*," replied his delighted mother, bursting into tears, and folding him in her arms—"but I wish *somebody* would take the earliest opportunity of doing so."

"Ah, ha?—Then she's Mrs Beauchamp, junior!" replied her son, with enthusiasm.

Matters were quickly, quietly, and effectually arranged to bring about that desirable end—as they always are, when all parties understand one another; and young Beauchamp made up his mind to appear in a new character—that of a quiet country gentleman, the friend and patron of an attached tenantry, and a promising aspirant after county honours. What is there in life like the sweet and freshening feelings of the wealthy young squire, stepping into the sphere of his hereditary honours and influences, and becoming at once the revered master of household and tenantry, grown grey in his father's service—the prop of his family—and the "rising man" in the county? Young Beauchamp experienced these salutary and reviving feelings in their full force. They diverted the current of his ambition into a new course, and enabled him keenly to appreciate his own capabilities. The difference between the life he had just determined on, and that he had formerly projected, was simply—so to speak—the difference between being a Triton among minnows, and a minnow among Tritons. There, residing on his own property, surrounded by his own dependents, and by neighbours who were solicitous to secure his good graces, he could *feel* and enjoy his own consequence. Thus, in every point of view, a country life appeared preferable to one in the "gay and whirlpool crowded town."

There was, however, one individual at —— Hall, who viewed these altered feelings and projects with no satisfaction; it was Mr Eccles. This mean and selfish individual saw at once that, in the event of these alterations being carried into effect, his own nefarious services would be instantly dispensed with, and a state of feelings brought into play, which would lead his pupil to look with disgust at the scenes to which he had been introduced at college and on the continent. He immediately set to work to frustrate the plans of his pupil. He selected the occasion of his being sent for one morning by Mr Beauchamp into his library, to commence operations. He was not discouraged, when his *ci-devant* pupil, whose eyes had really, as Eccles suspected, been opened to the iniquity of his tutor's doings, commenced thanking him in a cold and formal style for his past services, and requested presentation of the bill he held against him for L.500, which he instantly paid. He then proceeded, without interruption from the mortified Eccles, to state his regret at being unable to reward his services with a living, at present; but that if ever it were in his power, he might rely on it, &c. &c. &c. Mr Eccles, with astonishment, mentioned the living of which Mrs Beauchamp had promised him the reversion; but received an evasive reply from Mr Beauchamp, who was at length so much irritated at the pertinacity, and even the reproachful tone with which his tutor pressed his claim, that he said sharply, "Mr Eccles, when my mother made you that promise, she never consulted me, in whose sole gift the living is. And besides, sir, what did she know of our tricks at French Hazard, and Rouge et Noir? She must have thought your skill at play an odd recommendation for the duties of the church." High words, mutual recriminations, and threats, ensued, and they parted in anger. The tutor resolved to make his "ungrateful" pupil repent of his misconduct, and he lacked neither the tact nor the opportunities necessary for accomplishing his purpose. The altered demeanour of Mrs Beauchamp, together with the haughty and constrained civility of her son, soon warned Mr Eccles that his departure from the Hall could not be delayed; and he very shortly withdrew.

Mr Beauchamp began to breathe freely, as it were, when the evil spirit, in his tutor's shape, was no longer at his elbow, poisoning his principles, and prompting him to vice and debauchery. He resolved, forthwith, to *be* all that his tutor had *represented* him to his mother; to atone for past indiscretions, by a life of sobriety and virtue. All now went on smoothly and happily at the Hall. The new squire entered actively on the duties devolving upon him, and was engaged daily driving his beautiful cousin over his estate, and shewing to his obsequious tenantry their future lady. On what trifling accidents do often the great changes of life depend!—Mr Beauchamp, after a three months' continuance in the country, was sent for by his solicitor to town, in order to complete the final arrangements of his estate; and which, he supposed, would occupy him but a few days. That London visit led to his ruin! It may be recollected that the execrable Eccles owed his pupil a grudge for the disappointment he had occasioned him, and the time and manner of his dismissal. What does the reader imagine was the diabolical device he adopted, to bring about the utter ruin of his unsuspicious pupil? Apprized of Mr Beauchamp's visit to London,—[Mr Eccles had removed to lodgings, but a little distance from the Hall, and was of course acquainted with the leading movements of the family]—he wrote the following letter to a Baronet in London, with whom he had been very intimate as a "Plucker" at Oxford—and who having ruined himself by his devotion to play—equally in respect of fortune and character—was now become little else than a downright systematic sharper.

"Dear Sir Edward,

"Young Beauchamp, one of our quondam *pigeons* at Oxford, who has just come of age, will be in London next Friday or Saturday, and put up at his old hotel, the ——. *He will bear plucking.* Verb. suf. The bird is somewhat shy—but you are a good shot. Don't frighten him. He is giving up *life*, and going to turn *Saint!* The fellow has used me cursedly ill; he has cut me quite, and refused me old Dr ——'s living. I'll make him repent it! I will by ——!

"Yours ever, most faithfully,
"Peter Eccles."

"To Sir Edward Streighton.

"P.S. If Beauchamp plucks well, you won't press me for the trifle I owe—will you? Burn this note."

This infernal letter, which, by a singular concurrence of events, got into the hands where *I saw it*, laid the train for such a series of plotting and manœuvring, as, in the end, ruined poor Beauchamp, and gave Eccles his coveted revenge.

When Beauchamp quitted the Hall, his mother and Ellen had the most solemn assurance that his stay in town would not be protracted beyond the week. Nothing but this could quiet the good old lady's apprehensions, who expressed an unaccountable conviction that some calamity or other was about to assail their house. She had had a dreadful dream, she said; but when importuned to tell it, answered, that if Henry came safe home, then she would tell them her dream. In short, his departure was a scene of tears and gloom, which left an impression of sadness on his own mind, that lasted all the way up to town. On his arrival, he betook himself to his old place, the —— hotel, near Piccadilly; and, in order to expedite his business as much as possible, appointed the evening of the very day of his arrival for a meeting with his solicitor.

The morning papers duly apprized the world of the important fact, that "Henry Beauchamp, Esquire, had arrived at ——'s, from his seat in —— shire;" and scarce ten minutes after he had read the officious announciation at breakfast, his valet brought him the card of Sir Edward Streighton.

"Sir Edward Streighton!" exclaimed Beauchamp, with astonishment, laying down the card; adding, after a pause, with a cold and doubtful air, "Shew in Sir Edward, of course."

In a few moments the baronet was ushered into the room—made up to his old "friend," with great cordiality, and expressed a thousand winning civilities. He was attired in a style of fashionable negligence; and his pale emaciated features ensured him, at least, the *shew* of a welcome, with which he would not otherwise have been greeted; for Beauchamp, though totally ignorant of the present pursuits and degraded character of his visitor, had seen enough of him in the heyday of dissipation, to avoid a renewal of their intimacy. Beauchamp was touched with the air of languor and exhaustion assumed by Sir Edward, and asked kindly after his health.

The wily Baronet contrived to keep him occupied with that topic for nearly an hour, till he fancied he had established an interest for himself in his destined victim's heart. He told him, with a languid smile, that the moment he saw Beauchamp's arrival in the papers, he had hurried, ill as he was, to pay a visit to his "old chum," and "talk over old times." In short, after laying out all his powers of conversation, he so interested and delighted his quondam associate, that he extorted a reluctant promise from Beauchamp to dine with him the next evening, on the plausible pretext of his being in too delicate health to venture out himself at night-time. Sir Edward departed, apparently in a low mood, but really exulting in the success with which he considered he had opened his infernal campaign. He hurried to the house of one of his comrades in guilt, whom he invited to dinner on the morrow. Now, the fiendish object of this man, Sir Edward Streighton, in asking Beauchamp to dinner, was to revive in his bosom the half-extinguished embers of his love for play! There are documents now in existence to shew that Sir Edward and his companions had made the most exact calculations of poor Beauchamp's property, and even arranged the proportions in which the expected spoils were to be shared among the complotters! The whole conduct of the affair was intrusted, at his own instance, to Sir Edward; who, with a smile, declared that he "knew all the crooks and crannies of young Beauchamp's heart;" and that he had already settled his scheme of operations. He was himself to keep for some time in the background, and on no occasion to come forward, till he was *sure* of his prey.

At the appointed hour, Beauchamp, though not without having experienced some misgivings in the course of the day, found himself seated at the elegant and luxurious table of Sir Edward, in company with two of the baronet's "choicest spirits." It would be superfluous to pause over the exquisite wines, and luscious cookery, which were placed in requisition for the occasion, or the various piquant and brilliant conversation that flashed around the table. Sir Edward was a man of talent and observation; and foul as were the scenes in which he had latterly passed his life, was full of rapid and brilliant repartee, and piquant sketches of men and manners, without end. Like the poor animal whose palate is for a moment tickled with the bait alluring it to destruction, Beauchamp was in ecstasies! There was, besides, such a flattering deference paid to every thing that fell from his lips—so much eager curiosity excited by the accounts he gave of one or two of his foreign adventures—such an interest taken in the arrangements he contemplated for augmenting his estates in ——shire, &c. &c. that Beauchamp never felt better pleased with himself, nor with his companions. About eleven o'clock, one of Sir Edward's friends proposed a rubber at whist, "thinking they had all of them talked one another hoarse," but Sir Edward promptly negatived it. The proposer insisted, but Sir Edward coldly repeated his refusal. "*I* am not tired of my friends' conversation, though they may be of mine! And I fancy, Beauchamp," he continued, shaking his head with a serious air, "you and I have burnt our fingers too often at college, to be desirous of renewing our pranks."

"Why, good God, Sir Edward!" rejoined the proposer, "what do you mean? Are you insinuating that I am fond of *deep play?*—*I*, I that have been such a sufferer?"—How was it that such shallow trickery could not be seen through by a man who knew any thing of the world? The answer is obvious—the victim's penetration had deserted him: Flattery and wine —what will they not lead a man to? In short, the farce was so well kept up, that Beauchamp, fancying he alone stood in the way of the evening's amusements, felt himself called upon to "beg they would not consult *him*, if they were disposed for a rubber; as he would make a hand with the greatest pleasure imaginable." The proposer and his friend looked appealingly to Sir Edward.

"Oh! God forbid that I should hinder you, since you're all so disposed," said the Baronet, with a polite air; and in a few minutes the four *friends* were seated at the whist table. *Sir Edward was obliged to send out and buy, or borrow cards!* "He really so seldom," &c. &c. "especially in his poor health," &c. &c.! There was nothing whatever, in the conduct of the game, calculated to arouse a spark of suspicion. The three confederates acted their parts to admiration, and maintained throughout the matter-of-fact, listless air of men who have sat down to cards, each out of complaisance to the others! At the end of the second rubber, which was a long one, they paused a while, rose, and betook themselves to refreshments.

"By the way, Apsley," said Sir Edward, suddenly, "have you heard how that extraordinary affair of General ——'s, terminated?"

"Decided against him," was the reply; "but I think wrongly. At ——'s," naming a celebrated coterie, "where the affair was ultimately canvassed, they were equally divided in opinion; and on the strength of it the General swears he wont pay."

"It is certainly one of the most singular things!"

"Pray, what might the disputed point be?" enquired Beauchamp, sipping a glass of liqueur.

"Oh, merely a bit of town tittle-tattle," replied Sir Edward, carelessly "about a Rouge et Noir bet between Lord —— and General ——. I dare say, you would feel no interest in it whatever."

But Beauchamp *did* feel interested enough to press his host for an account of the matter; and he presently found himself listening to a story told most graphically by Sir Edward, and artfully calculated to interest and inflame the passions of his hearer. Beauchamp drank in eagerly every word. He could not help identifying himself with the parties spoken of. A Satanic smile flickered occasionally over the countenances of the conspirators, as they beheld these unequivocal indications that their prey was entering their toils. Sir Edward represented the hinge of the story to be a moot-point at Rouge et Noir; and when he had concluded, an animated discussion arose. Beauchamp took an active part in the dispute, siding with Mr Apsley. Sir Edward got *flustered!* and began to express himself rather heatedly. Beauchamp also felt himself kindling, and involuntarily cooled his ardour with glass after glass of the wine that stood before him. At length, out leaped a bold bet from Beauchamp, that he would make the same point with General ——. Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders, and with a smile declined "winning his money," on a point clear as the noonday sun! Mr Hillier, however, who was of Sir Edward's opinion, instantly took Beauchamp; and, for the symmetry of the thing, Apsley and Sir Edward, in spite of the latter's protestation to Beauchamp, betted highly on their respective opinions. Somebody suggested an adjournment to the "establishment" at —— Street, where they might decide the question; and thither, accordingly, after great shew of reluctance on the part of Sir Edward, they all four repaired.

The reader need not fear that I am going to dilate upon the sickening horrors of a modern "Hell!" for into such a place did Beauchamp find himself introduced. The infernal splendour of the scene by which he was surrounded, smote his soul with a sense of guilty awe the moment he entered, flushed though he was, and unsteady with wine. A spectral recollection of his mother and Ellen, wreathed with the halos of virtue and purity, glanced across his mind; and for a moment he thought himself in hell! Sick and faint, he sate down for a few moments at an unoccupied table. He felt half determined to rush out from the room. His kind friends perceived his agitation. Sir Edward asked him if he were ill? but Beauchamp, with a sickly smile, referred his sensations to the heated room, and the unusual quantity of wine he had drunk. Half ashamed of himself, and dreading their banter, he presently rose from his seat, and declared himself recovered. After standing some time beside the rouge et noir table, where tremendous stakes were playing for, amidst profound and agitating silence—where he marked the sallow features of General —— and Lord ——, the parties implicated in the affair mentioned at Sir Edward's table, and who, having arranged their dispute, were now over head and ears in a *new* transaction—the four friends withdrew to one of the private tables to talk over their bet. Alas, half-an-hour's time beheld them all at *hazard!*—Beauchamp playing! and with excitement and enthusiasm equalling any one's in the room. Sir Edward maintained the negligent and reluctant air of a man overpersuaded into acquiescence in the wishes of his companions. Every time that Beauchamp shook the fatal dice-box, the pale face of his mother looked at him; yet still he shook, and still he threw—for he won freely from Apsley and Hillier. About four o'clock he took his departure, with bank-notes in his pocketbook to the amount of L.95, as his evening's winning.

He walked home to his hotel weary and depressed in spirits, ashamed and enraged at his own weak compliances and irresolution. The thought suddenly struck him, however, that he would make amends for his misconduct, by appropriating the whole of his unhallowed gains to the purchase of jewellery for his mother and cousin. Relieved by this consideration, he threw himself on his bed, and slept, though uneasily, till a late hour in the morning. His first thought on waking was the last that had occupied his mind overnight; but it was in a moment met by another and more startling reflection—What would Sir Edward, Hillier, and Apsley think of him, dragging them to play, and winning their money, without giving them an opportunity of retrieving their losses! The more he thought of it, the more was he embarrassed; and as he tossed about on his bed, the suspicion flashed across his disturbed mind, that he was embroiled with gamblers. With what credit could he skulk from the attack he had himself provoked? Perplexed and agitated with the dilemma he had drawn upon himself, he came to the conclusion, that, at all events, he must invite the baronet and his friends to dinner that day, and give them their revenge, when he might retreat with honour, and for ever. Every one who reads these pages will anticipate the event.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you do but wade far enough into it, to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the waters, which draws you irresistibly in, deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex, and perish. If it were not unduly paradoxical, one might say with respect to gaming, that he has come to the end, who has made a beginning. Mr Beauchamp postponed the business which he had himself fixed for transaction that evening, and received Sir Edward—who had found out that he could *now* venture from home at nights—and his two friends, with all appearance of cheerfulness and cordiality. In his heart he felt ill at ease; but his uneasiness vanished with every glass of wine he drunk. His guests were all men of conversation; and they took care to select the most interesting topics. Beauchamp was delighted. Some slight laughing allusions were made by Hillier and Apsley to their overnight's adventure; but Sir Edward coldly characterised it as an "absurd affair," and told them they deserved to suffer as they did. This was exactly the signal for which Beauchamp had long been waiting; and he proposed in a moment that cards and dice should be brought in to finish the evening with. Hillier and Apsley hesitated; Sir Edward looked at his watch, and talked of the opera. Beauchamp, however, was peremptory, and down they all sate—and to *hazard!* Beauchamp was fixedly determined to lose that evening a hundred pounds, inclusive of his overnight's winnings; and veiled his purpose so flimsily, that his opponents saw in a moment "what he was after." Mr Apsley laid down the dice-box with a haughty air, and said, "Mr Beauchamp, I do not understand you, sir. You are playing neither with boys nor swindlers; and be pleased, besides, to recollect at whose instance we sate down to this evening's hazard."

Mr Beauchamp laughed it off, and protested he did his best. Apsley, apparently satisfied, resumed his play, and their victim *felt* himself in their meshes—that the "snare of the fowler was upon him." They played with various success for about two hours; and Sir Edward was listlessly intimating his intention to have a throw for the first time, "for company's sake," when the card of a young nobleman, one of the most profligate of the profligate set whom Beauchamp had known at Oxford, was brought in.

"Ah! Lord ——!" exclaimed Sir Edward, with joyful surprise, "an age since I saw him!—How very strange—how fortunate that I should happen to be here!—Oh, come, Beauchamp,"—seeing his host disposed to utter a frigid 'not at home,' —"come, *must* ask him in! The very best fellow in life!" Now, Lord —— and Sir Edward were bosom friends, equally unprincipled, and that very morning had they arranged this most *unexpected* visit of his Lordship! As soon as the ably-sustained excitement and enthusiasm of his lordship had subsided, he of course assured them that he should leave immediately, unless they proceeded with their play, and he stationed himself as an on-looker beside Beauchamp.

The infernal crew now began to see they had it "all their own way." Their tactics might have been finally frustrated, had Beauchamp but possessed sufficient moral courage to yield to the loud promptings of his better judgment, and firmly determined to stop in time. Alas! however, he had taken into his bosom the torpid snake, and kept it there till it revived. In the warmth of excitement he forgot his fears, and his decaying propensities to play were rapidly resuscitated. Before the evening's close, he had entered into the spirit of the game with as keen a relish as a professed gamester! With a sort of frenzy he proposed bets, which the *cautious* baronet and his coadjutors hesitated, and at last refused, to take! About three o'clock they separated, and on making up accounts, they found that so equally had profit and loss been shared, that no one had lost or gained more than L.20. Beauchamp accepted a seat in Lord ——'s box at the opera for the next evening; and the one following that he engaged to dine with Apsley. After his guests had retired, he betook himself to bed, with comparatively none of those heart-smitings which had kept him sleepless the night before. The men with whom he had been playing were evidently no professional gamblers, and he felt himself safe in their hands.

To the opera, pursuant to promise, he went, and to Apsley's. At the former he recognised several of his college acquaintance; and at the latter's house he spent a delightful evening, never having said better things, and never being more flatteringly attended to; and the night's social enjoyment was wound up with a friendly rubber for stakes laughably small. This was Sir Edward's scheme, for he was not, it will be recollected, to "*frighten* the bird." The doomed Beauchamp retired to rest, better satisfied with himself and his friends than ever; for he had transacted a little real business during the day; written two letters to the country, and dispatched them, with a pair of magnificent bracelets to Ellen; played the whole evening at unpretending whist, and won two guineas, instead of accompanying Lord —— and Hillier to the establishment in —— street, where he *might* have lost hundreds. A worthy old English Bishop says, "The devil then maketh sure of us, when we do make sure of ourselves,"—a wise maxim! Poor Beauchamp now began to feel confidence in his own strength of purpose. He thought he had been weighed in the balance, and *not* found wanting. He was as deeply convinced as ever of the pernicious effects of an inordinate love of play; but had he that passion? No! He recollected the healthful thrill of horror and disgust with which he listened to Lord ——'s entreaties to accompany him to the gaming-house, and was satisfied. He took an early opportunity of writing home, to apprize his mother and cousin that he intended to continue in town a month or six weeks, and assigned satisfactory reasons for his protracted stay. He wrote in the warmest terms to both of them, and said he should be counting the days till he threw himself in their arms. "'Tis this tiresome Twister, our attorney, that must answer for my long stay. There is no quickening his phlegmatic disposition! When I would hurry and press him, he shrugs his shoulders, and says there's no doing law by *steam*. He says he fears the Chancery affairs will prove very tedious; and they are in such a state just now, that, were I to return into the country, I should be summoned up to town again in a twinkling. Now I *am* here, I will get all this business fairly off my hands. So, by this day six weeks, dearest coz, expect to see at your feet, yours, eternally,—H. B."

But, alas, that day saw Beauchamp in a new and startling character—that of an infatuated gamester!—During that fatal six weeks, he had lost several thousand pounds, and had utterly neglected the business which brought him up to town,—for his whole heart was with French Hazard and Rouge et Noir! Even his outward appearance had undergone a strange alteration. His cheeks and forehead wore the sallow hue of dissipation—his eyes were weak and bloodshot—his hands trembled—and every movement indicated the highest degree of nervous irritability. He had become vexed and out of temper with all about him, but especially with himself, and never could "bring himself up to par" till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, at dinner, when he was warming with wine. The first thing in the mornings, also, he felt it necessary to fortify himself against the agitations of the day, by a smart draught of brandy or liqueur! If the mere love of temporary excitement had been sufficient, in the first instance, to allure him on to play, the desire for retrieving his losses now supplied a stronger motive for persevering in his dangerous and destructive career. *Ten thousand pounds,* the lowest amount of his losses, was a sum he could not afford to lose, without very serious inconvenience. Gracious God!—what would his aged mother—what would Ellen say, if they knew the mode and amount of his losses?—The thought distracted him! He had drawn out of his banker's hands all the floating balance he had placed there on arriving in town; and, in short, he had been at last compelled to mortgage one of his favourite estates for L.8000;—and how to conceal the transaction from his mother, without making desperate and successful efforts to recover himself at play, he did not know. He had now got inextricably involved with Sir Edward and his set, who never allowed him a moment's time to come to himself, but were ever ready with diversified sources of amusement. Under their damned tutelage, Beauchamp commenced the systematic life of a "man about town,"—in all except the fouler and grosser vices, to which, I believe, he was never addicted.

His money flew about in all directions. He never went to the establishment in —— street, but his over-nights I.O.U.'s stared him in the face the next morning like reproachful fiends!—and he was daily accumulating bills at the fashionable tradesmen's, whom he gave higher prices, to ensure longer credit. While he was compelled to write down confidentially to old Pritchard, his agent, for money, almost every third or fourth post, his correspondence with his mother and cousin gradually slackened, and his letters, short as they were, indicated effort and constraint on the part of the writer. It was long, very long, before Mrs Beauchamp suspected that any thing was going wrong. She was completely cajoled by her son's accounts of the complicated and harassing affairs in Chancery, and considered that circumstance fully to account for the brevity and infrequency of his letters. The quicker eyes of Ellen, however, soon saw, in the chilling shortness and formality of his letters to her, that even if his regard for her personally were not diminishing, he had discovered such pleasurable objects in town as enabled him to bear, with great fortitude, the *pangs of absence!*

Gaming exerts a deadening influence upon all the faculties of the soul, that are not immediately occupied in its dreadful service. The *heart* it utterly withers: and it was not long, therefore, before Beauchamp was fully aware of the altered state of his feelings towards his cousin, and *satisfied* with them. Play—play—PLAY, was the name of his new and tyrannical mistress! Need I utter such commonplaces as to say, that the more Beauchamp played, the more he lost; that the more he lost, the deeper he played; and that the less chance there was, the more reckless he became?—I cannot dwell on this dreary portion of my narrative. It is sufficient to inform the reader, that, employed in the way I have mentioned, Beauchamp protracted his stay in London to *five months*. During this time he had actually gambled away THREE-FOURTHS of his whole fortune. He was now both ashamed and afraid of returning home. Letters from his poor mother and Ellen accumulated upon him, and often lay for weeks unanswered. Mrs Beauchamp had once remonstrated with him on his allowing *any* of his affairs to keep him so long in town, under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed with respect to Ellen: but she received such a tart reply from her son as effectually prevented her future interference. She began to grow very uneasy—and to suspect that something or other unfortunate had happened to her son. Her fears hurried her into a disregard of her son's menaces; and at length she wrote up privately to Mr Twister, to know what was the state of affairs, and what kept Mr Beauchamp so harassingly employed. The poor old lady received for answer—that the attorney knew of nothing that need have detained Mr Beauchamp in town beyond a week; and that he had not been to Mr Twister's office for several *months!*

Pritchard, Mr Beauchamp's agent, was a quiet and faithful fellow, and managed all his master's concerns with the utmost punctuality and secrecy. He had been elevated from the rank of a common servant in the family to his present office, which he had filled for thirty years, with unspotted credit. He had been a great favourite with old Mr Beauchamp, who committed him to the kindness of Mrs Beauchamp, and requested her to continue him in his office till his son arrived at his majority. The good old man was therefore thoroughly identified with the family interests; and it was natural that he should feel both disquietude and alarm at the demands for money, unprecedented in respect of amount and frequency, made by Mr Beauchamp during his stay in town. He was kept in profound darkness as to the destination of the money; and confounded at having to forward up to London the title-deeds and papers relating to most of the property. "What *can* my young squire be driving at?" said Pritchard to himself: and as he could devise no satisfactory answer, he began to fume and fret, and to indulge in melancholy speculations. He surmised that "all was not going on right at London:" for he was too much a man of business to be cajoled by the flimsy reasons assigned by Mr Beauchamp for requiring the estate papers. He began to suspect that his young master was "taking to bad courses;" but being enjoined silence at his peril, he held his tongue, and shrugging his shoulders, "hoped the best." He longed every day to make, or find, an opportunity for communicating with his old mistress: yet how could he break his master's confidence, and risk the threatened penalty!—He received, however, a letter one morning which decided him. The fearful contents were as follow:—

"Dear and faithful old Pritchard—There are now only two ways in which you can shew your regard for me—profound secrecy, and immediate attention to my directions. I have been engaged for some time in delusive speculations in London, and have been *dreadfully unfortunate*. I must have fifteen, or at the very lowest *ten* thousand pounds, by this day week, or be ruined; and I purpose raising that sum by a mortgage on my property in ——— shire. I can see no other possible way of meeting my engagements, without compromising the character of our family—the honour of my name. Let me, therefore, have all the needful papers in time, in two days' time at the latest.—Dear old man!—for the love of God, and the respect you bear my father's memory, keep all this to yourself, or consequences may follow, which I tremble to think of! I am, &c. &c.

"Henry Beauchamp.

"—— Hotel, 4 o'clock, a.m."

This letter was written with evident hurry and trepidation; but not with more than its perusal occasioned the affrighted steward. He dropped it from his hands, elevated them and his eyes towards heaven, and turned deadly pale. He trembled from head to foot; and the only words he uttered were in a low moaning tone. "Oh, my poor old master! Wouldn't it raise your bones out of the grave? Could he any longer delay telling his mistress of the dreadful pass things were come to?"

After an hour or two spent in terror and tears, he resolved, come what might, to set off for the Hall, seek an interview with Mrs Beauchamp, and disclose every thing. He had scarce got halt way, when he was met by one of the Hall servants, who stopped him, saying—"Oh, Mr Steward, I was coming down for you. Mistress is in a *way* this morning, and wants to see you directly."

The old man hardly heard him out, and hurried on as fast as possible to the Hall, which was pervaded with an air of excitement and suspense. He was instantly conducted into Mrs Beauchamp's private room. The good old lady sate in her easy-chair, her pallid features full of grief, and her grey locks straying in disorder from under the border of her cap. Every limb was in a tremor. On one side of her sate Ellen, in the same agitated condition as her aunt; and on the other stood a table, with brandy, hartshorn, &c. &c., and an open letter.

"Be seated, Pritchard," said the old lady, faintly. The steward placed his chair beside the table. "Why, what is the matter with *you*, Pritchard?" enquired Miss Beauchamp, startled by the agitation and fright manifested in the steward's countenance. He drew his hand across his forehead, and stammered that he was grieved to see them in such trouble, when he was interrupted by Mrs Beauchamp putting the open letter into his hand, and telling him to read it. The steward could scarce adjust his glasses, for he trembled like an aspen leaf. He read—

"Madam,

"My client, Lady Hester Gripe, having consented to advance a *further* sum of L.22,000, to Mr Henry Beauchamp, your son, on mortgage of his estates in —— shire, I beg to know whether you have any annuity or rent-charge issuing therefrom, and if so, to what amount. I beg you will consider this enquiry strictly confidential, as between Lady Hester and Mr Beauchamp, or the negotiations will be broken off; for her ladyship's extreme caution has induced her to break through my promise to Mr Beauchamp, of not allowing you, or any one else, to know of the transaction. As, however, Mr Beauchamp said that even if you *did* know, it was not of much consequence, I presume I have not gone very far wrong in yielding to her ladyship's importunities. May I beg the favour of a reply, per return of post. I have the honour, &c. &c. &c.

"Furnival's Inn, London."

Before the staggered steward had got through half this letter, he was obliged to lay it down for a moment or two, to recover from his trepidation.

"A further sum!" he muttered. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and dashed out the tears from his half-blinded eyes, and resumed his perusal of the letter, which shook in his hands. No one spoke a syllable; and when he had finished reading, he laid down the letter in silence. Mrs Beauchamp sate leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed. She murmured something which the straining ear of the steward could not catch.

"What was my lady saying, miss?" he enquired. Miss Beauchamp shook her head, without speaking, or removing her handkerchief from her face.

"Well, God's holy will be done!" exclaimed Mrs Beauchamp, feebly, tasting a little brandy and water; "but I'm afraid my poor Henry—and all of us—are ruined!"

"God grant not, my lady! Oh, don't—don't say so, my lady!" sobbed the steward, dropping involunrily upon his knees, and elevating his clasped hands upwards. "'Tis true, my lady," he continued, "Master Henry—for I can't help calling him so—has been a little wild in London—but *all* is not yet gone—oh no, ma'am, no!"

"You must, of course, have known all along of his doings—you *must*, Pritchard!" said Mrs Beauchamp, in a low tone.

"Why, yes, my lady, I have—but I've gone down on my knees every blessed night, and prayed that I might find a way of letting you know"——

"*Why* could you not have told me?" enquired Mrs Beauchamp, looking keenly at the steward.

"Because, my lady, I was his steward, and bound to keep his confidence. He would have discharged me the moment I had opened my lips."

Mrs Beauchamp made no reply. She saw the worthy man's dilemma, and doubted not his integrity, though she had entertained momentarily a suspicion of his guilty acquiescence.

"Have you ever heard, Pritchard, how the money has gone in London?"

"Never a breath, my lady, that I could rely on."

"What have you *heard?*—That he frequents gaming-houses?" enquired Mrs Beauchamp, her features whitening as she went on. The steward shook his head. There was another mournful pause.

"Now, Pritchard," said Mrs Beauchamp, with an effort to muster up all her calmness—"tell me, as in the sight of God, how much money has my son made away with since he left?"

The steward paused and hesitated.

"I must not be trifled with, Pritchard," continued Mrs Beauchamp, solemnly, and with increasing agitation. The steward seemed calculating a moment.

"Why, my lady, if I must be plain, I'm afraid that twenty thousand pounds would not cover"——

"TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS!" screamed Miss Beauchamp, springing out of her chair wildly; but her attention was in an instant absorbed by her aunt, who, on hearing the sum named by the steward, after moving her fingers for a moment or two, as if she were trying to speak, suddenly fell back in her seat and swooned.

To describe the scenes of consternation and despair which ensued, would be impossible. Mrs Beauchamp's feelings were several times urging her on the very borders of madness; and Miss Beauchamp looked the image of speechless, breathless horror. At length, however, Mrs Beauchamp succeeded in overcoming her feelings—for she was a woman of unusual strength of mind—and instantly addressed herself to meet the naked horrors of the case, and see if it were possible to discover or apply a remedy. After a day's anxious thought, and the *shew* of a consultation with her distracted niece, she decided on the line of operations she intended to pursue.

To return, however, to her son. Things went on as might be supposed from the situation in which we left him—worse and worse. Poor Beauchamp's life might justly be said to be a perpetual frenzy—passed in alternate paroxysms of remorse, despair, rage, fear, and all the other baleful passions that can tear and distract the human soul. He had become stupified, and could not fully comprehend the enormous ruin which he had precipitated upon himself—crushing at once "mind, body, and estate." His motions seemed actuated by a species of diabolical influence. He saw the nest of hornets which he had lit upon, yet would not forsake the spot! Alas, Beauchamp was not the first who has felt the fatal *fascination* of play, the utter obliviousness of consequences which it induces! The demons who fluttered about him, no longer thought of masking themselves, but stood boldly in all their naked hideousness before him. For weeks together he had one continual run of bad luck, yet still he lived and gambled on from week to week, from day to day, from hour to hour, in the delusive hope of recovering himself. His heart was paralyzed—its feelings all smothered beneath the perpetual pressure of a gamester's anxieties. It is not, therefore, difficult for the reader to conceive the ease with which he dismissed the less and less frequently intruding images—the pale, reproachful faces—of his mother and cousin!

Sir Edward Streighton, the most consummate tactician, sure, that ever breathed, had won thousands from Beauchamp, without affording him a tangible opportunity of breaking with him. On the contrary, the more Beauchamp became involved—the deeper he sunk into the whirlpool of destruction—the closer he clung to Sir Edward; as if clinging to the devil, in hell, would save one from its fires! The wily baronet had contrived to make himself, in a manner, indispensable to Beauchamp. It was Sir Edward, who taught him the quickest way of turning lands into cash; Sir Edward, who familiarized him with the correctest principles of betting and handling the dice; Sir Edward, who put him in the way of evading and defying his minor creditors; Sir Edward, who feasted and fêted him out of his bitter ennui and thoughts of ————shire; Sir Edward, who lent him hundreds at a moment's warning, and gave him the longest credit!

Is it really conceivable that Beauchamp could not see through the plausible scoundrel? enquires perhaps a reader. No, he did not—till the plot began to develope itself in the latter acts of the tragedy! And even when he did, he still went on—and on—and on—trusting that in time he should outwit the subtle devil. Though he was a little shocked at finding himself so easily capable of such a thing, he resolved at last, in the forlorn hope of retrieving his circumstances, to meet *fraud with fraud*. A delusion not uncommon among the desperate victims of gambling, in the notion that they have suddenly hit on some trick by which they must infallibly win. This is the *ignis fatuus* which often lights them to the fatal verge. Such a crotchet had latterly been flitting through the fancy of Beauchamp; and one night—or rather morning—after revolving the scheme over and over again in his racked brain, he started out of bed, struck a light, seized a pack of cards, and, shivering with cold—for it was winter—sate calculating and manœuvering with them till he had satisfied himself of the accuracy of his plan; when he threw them down, blew out his candle, and leaped into bed again, in a fit of guilty ecstasy. The more he turned the project in his mind, the more and more feasible did it appear. He resolved to intrust no one breathing with his secret. Confident of success, and that with but little effort he had it in his power *to break the bank*, whenever, and as often as he pleased—he determined to put his plan into execution in a day or two, on a large scale; stake every penny he could possibly scrape together, and win triumphantly. He instantly set about procuring the requisite funds. His attorney—a gambler himself, whom he had latterly picked up, at the instance of Hillier, as "a monstrously convenient fellow," soon contrived to cash his I.O.U.'s to the amount of L.5000, on discovering that he had still available property in ————shire, which he learnt at a confidential interview with the solicitor in Furnival's Inn, who was negotiating the loan of L.22,000 from Lady Gripe.* He returned to make the hazardous experiment on the evening of the day on which he received the L.5000 from his attorney. On the morning of that day he was, further, to hear from his steward in the country respecting the mortgage of his last and best property.

That was a memorable—a terrible day to Beauchamp. It *began* with doubt—suspense—disappointment; for, after awaiting the call of the postman, shaking with agitation, he caught a glimpse of his red jacket, *passing* by his door—on the other side of the street. Almost frantic, he threw up the window, and called out to him—but the man had "none to day." Beauchamp threw himself on his sofa, in agony unutterable. It was the first time that old Pritchard had ever neglected to return an answer by return of post, when never so slightly requested. A thousand fears assailed him. Had his letter miscarried? Was Pritchard ill, dying—or dead? Had he been ightened into a disclosure to Mrs Beauchamp? And did his Mother, at length—did Ellen—know of his dreadful doings? The thought was too frightful to dwell upon!—Thoroughly unnerved, he flew to *brandy*—fiery fiend, lighting up in the brain the flames of madness!—He scarce knew how to rest during the interval between breakfast and dinner;—for at seven o'clock, he, together with the rest of the infernal crew, were to dine with Apsley. There was to be a strong muster; for one of the *decoys* had entrapped a wealthy simpleton who was to make his "first appearance" that evening. After walking for an hour, to and fro, he set out to call upon me. He was at my house by twelve o'clock. During his stay in town, I had frequently received him in quality of a patient, for trifling fits of indisposition, and low spirits. I had looked upon him merely as a fashionable young fellow, who was "upon town," doing his best to earn a little notoriety, such as was sought after by most young men of *spirit*—and fortune!—I also had been able to gather from what he let fall at several interviews, that the uneven spirits he enjoyed, were owing to his gambling propensities: that his excitement or depression alternated with the good or ill luck he had at play. I felt interest in him; for there was about him an air of ingenuousness and straight-forwardness, which captivated every one who spoke with him. His manners had all the ease and blandness of the finished gentleman; and when last I saw him, which was about two months before, he appeared in good health and cheerful spirits—a very fine, if not strictly handsome man. But *now* when he stood before me, wasted in person, and haggard in feature—full of irritability and petulance—I could scarce believe him the same man!—I was going to ask him some question or other, when he hastily interrupted me, by extending towards me his two hands, which shook almost like those of a man in the palsy, exclaiming—"This—*this*, Doctor, is what I have come about. Can you cure THIS—by six o'clock to-day?" There was a wildness in his manner, which led me to suspect that his intellect was disordered. He hurried on before I had time to get in a word—"If you cannot steady my nerves for a few hours, I am——" he suddedly paused, and with some confusion repeated his question. The extravagant impetuosity of his gestures, and his whole demeanour, alarmed me.

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* It is my intention, on a future occasion, to publish some account of the extraordinary means by which this old woman amassed a splendid fortune. She was an inveterate swindler at cards; and so successful, that from her gains at ordinary play, she drew a capital with which she traded in the manner mentioned above.

"Mr Beauchamp," said I, seriously, "it is now two months since you honoured me with a visit; and your appearance since then is wofully changed. Permit me, as a respectful friend, to ask whether——?" He rose abruptly from his seat, and in a tone bordering on insult, replied, "Dr ——, I came, not to gratify curiosity, but to receive your advice on the state of my health. If you are not disposed to afford it me, I am intruding."

"You mistake me, Mr Beauchamp," I replied, calmly, "motives, and all. I do not wish to pry into your affairs. I desired only to ascertain whether or not your mind was at ease." While I was speaking, he seemed boiling over with suppressed irritability; and when I had done, he took his hat and stick, flung a guinea on my desk, and before I could recover from the astonishment his extraordinary behaviour occasioned me, strode out of the room.

How he contrived to pass the day he never knew; but about five o'clock he retired to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner.* His agitation had reached such a height, that after several ineffectual attempts to shave himself, he was compelled to send for some one to perform that operation for him. When the duties of the dressing-room were completed, he returned to his sitting-room, took from his escrutoire the doomed bank-notes for L.5000, and placed them in his pocketbook. A dense film floated before his eyes, when he attempted to look over the respective amounts of the bills, to see that all was correct. He then seized a pack of cards, and tried over and over again to test the accuracy of his calculations. He laid them aside, when he had satisfied himself—locked his door, opened his desk, and took out pen and paper. He then with his penknife pricked the point of one of his fingers, filled his pen with the blood issuing from it, and wrote in letters of blood a solemn oath, that if he were but successful that evening in "winning back his own," he would forsake cards and dice for ever, and never again be found within the precincts of a gaming-house to the latest hour of his life. I have seen that singular and affecting document. The letters, especially those forming the signature, are more like the tremulous handwriting of a man of eighty, than of one but twenty-one! Perceiving that he was late, he hurriedly affixed a black seal to his signature,—once more ran his eye over the doomed L.5000, and sallied out to dinner.

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* Mr Beauchamp had removed from his hotel into private lodgings near Pall Mall, about a month before the above-mentioned visit to me.

When he reached Mr Apsley's, he found all the company assembled, apparently in high spirits, and all eager for dinner. You would not have thought of the black hearts that beat beneath such gay and pleasing exteriors as were collected round Apsley's table! Not a syllable of allusion was made during dinner time to the subject which filled every one's thoughts—play. As if by mutual consent, that seemed the only interdicted topic; but as soon as dinner and dessert, both of them first-rate, were over, a perfectly-understood *pause* took place; and Beauchamp, who, with the aid of frequent draughts of champaigne, had worked himself up to the proper pitch, was the first to propose, with eagerness, the fatal adjournment to the gaming table. Every one rose in an instant from his seat, as if by appointed signal, and in less than five minutes' time they were all, with closed doors, seated around the tables.

> Here piles of cards, and there the
> damned dice."

They opened with hazard. Beauchamp was the first who threw, and he lost; but as the stake was comparatively trifling, he neither was, nor appeared to be, annoyed. He was saving himself for Rouge et Noir!—The rest of the company proceeded with the game, and got gradually into deeper play, till at length heavy betting was begun. Beauchamp, who declined joining them, sat watching with peculiar feelings of mingled sympathy and contempt the poor fellow whom the gang were "pigvoice ing." How painfully it rewho is him of his own initiation! up, who of bitter recollections crow raise sistibly through his mind, as eyes for a while with leisure for co of plation. The silence that was maintained was broken only by the rattling of the dice-box, and an occasional whisper when the dice were thrown.

The room in which they were sitting was furnished with splendour and elegance. The walls were entirely concealed beneath valuable pictures, in massive and tasteful frames, the gilding of which glistened with a peculiarly rich effect beneath the light of a noble or-molu lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Ample curtains of yellow-flowered satin, drawn closely together, concealed the three windows with their rich draperies; and a few Gothic fashioned bookcases, well filled, were stationed near the corners of the room, with rare specimens of Italian statuary placed upon them. The furniture was all of the most fashionable and elegant patterns; and as the trained eye of Beauchamp scanned it over, and marked the correct taste with which every thing was disposed, the thought forced itself upon him—"how many have been beggared to pay for all this!" His heart fluttered. He gazed on the flushed features, the eager eyes, the agitated gestures of those who sat at the table. Directly opposite was Sir Edward Streighton, looking attentively at the caster—his fine expansive forehead bordered with slight streaks of black hair, and his large lustrous eyes glancing like lightning from the thrower to the dice, and from the dice to the betters. His features, regular, and once even handsome, bore now the deep traces of long and harrowing anxiety. "O that one," thought Beauchamp, "so capable of better things, bearing on his brow nature's signet of superiority, should have sunk into—*a swindler!*" While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Sir Edward suddenly looked up, and his eyes settled for an instant on Beauchamp. Their expression almost withered him! He thought he was gazing on "the dark and guilty one" who had coldly led him up to ruin's brink, and was waiting to precipitate

His thoughts then wandered to long banished scenes—his [illegible]ther, his ruined, forsaken [illegible]h of whom he was beggar[illegible] breaking their hearts. A [illegible] seemed diffused through the [illegible] his brain reeled; his long-stunned heart revived for a moment, and smote him heavily. "O that I had but an opportunity, never so slight an opportunity," he thought, "of breaking from this horrid enthralment, at *any* cost!" He started from his painful reverie, and stepped to a side-table on which a large bowl of champaigne-punch had just been placed, and sought solace in its intoxicating fumes. He resumed his seat at the table; and he had looked on scarcely a few minutes, before he felt a sudden, unaccountable impulse to join in at hazard. He saw Apsley placing in his pocketbook some bank notes, which he had that moment received from the poor victim before spoken of—and instantly betted with him heavily on the next throw. Apsley, somewhat surprised, but not ruffled, immediately took *him*; the dice were thrown—and to his own astonishment, and that of all present, Beauchamp won L.300 — actually, *bonafide*, won L.300 from Apsley, who for once was off his guard! The loser was nettled, and could with difficulty conceal his chagrin; but he had seen, while Beauchamp was in the act of opening his pocketbook, the amount of one or two of his largest bills, and his passion subsided.

At length his hour arrived. Rouge et Noir followed hazard, and Beauchamp's pulse quickened. When it came to his turn, he took out his pocketbook and coolly laid down stakes which aimed at the bank. Not a word was spoken; but looks of wonder and doubt glanced darkly around the table. What was the fancied manœuvre which Beauchamp now proceeded to practise I know not, for, thank God, I am ignorant—except on hearsay—of both the principles and practice of gaming. The eagle-eye of Apsley, the *tailler*, was on Beauchamp's every movement. He tried—he LOST, *half* his large stake! He pressed his hand upon his forehead—he saw that every thing depended on his calmness. The voice of Apsley sounded indistinctly in his ears, calling out, "*un refait trente et un!*" Beauchamp suffered his stakes to remain, and be determined by the next event. He still had confidence in his scheme; but alas, the bubble at length burst, and Beauchamp in a trice found himself minus L.3000. All hope was now over, for his trick was clearly worth nothing, and he had lost every earthly opportunity of recovering himself. YET HE WENT ON—and on—and on;—and on ran the losing colour, till Beauchamp lost every thing he had brought with him! He sat down, sunk his head upon his breast, and a ghastly hue overspread his face. He was offered unlimited credit. Apsley gave him a slip of paper with I. O. U. on it, telling him to fill it up with his name, and any sum he chose. Beauchamp threw it back, exclaiming, in an under-tone, "No,—swindled out of *all*."

"*What* did you say, sir?" enquired Apsley, rising from the table, and approaching his victim.

"Merely that I had been swindled out of all my fortune," replied Beauchamp, without rising from his seat. There was a dead silence.

"But, my good sir, don't you know that such language will never *do*?" enquired Apsley, in a cold contemptuous tone, and with a manner exquisitely irritating.

Half maddened with his losses—with despair, and fury—Beauchamp sprung out of his chair towards Apsley, and with an absolute *howl*, dashed both his fists into his face. Consternation seized every one present. Table, cards, and bank-notes, all were deserted, and some threw themselves round Beauchamp, others round Apsley, who, sudden as had been the assault upon him, had so quickly thrown up his arms, that he parried the chief force of Beauchamp's blow, and received but a slight injury over his right eye.

"Pho! pho! the boy is *drunk*," he exclaimed coolly, observing his frantic assailant struggling with those who held him.

"Ruffian! swindler! liar!" gasped Beauchamp. Apsley laughed aloud.

"What! dare not you strike me in return?" roared Beauchamp.

"Aye, aye, my fine fellow," replied Apsley, with imperturbable nonchalance, but dare *you* have struck me, when you were in cool blood, and I on my guard?"

"*Struck* you, indeed, you abhorred"——

"Let us see then what we can do in the morning, when we've slept over it," retorted Apsley, pitching his card towards him contemptuously. "But, in the meantime, we must send for constables, unless our young friend here becomes quiet. Come, Streighton, you are croupier—come, Hillier—Bn on—all of you, come—play out the stakes, or we shall forget where we were."

Poor Beauchamp seemed suddenly calmed when Apsley's card was thrown towards him, and with such cold scorn. He pressed his hands to his bursting temples, turned his despairing eyes upwards, and muttered, as if he were half-choked, "Not yet—not yet!" He paused—and the dreadful paroxysm seemed to subside. He threw one of his cards to Apsley, exclaiming hoarsely, "When, where, and how you will, sir!"

"Why, come now, Beau, that's right—*that's* like a man!" said Apsley, with mock civility. "Suppose we say to-morrow morning? I have cured you of roguery to-night, and, with the blessing of God, will cure you of cowardice to-morrow. But, pardon me, your last stakes are forfeit," he added abruptly, seeing Beauchamp approach the spot where his last stake, a bill for L.100, was lying, not having been taken up. He looked appealingly to the company, who decided instantly against him. Beauchamp, with the hurry and agitation consequent on his assault upon Apsley, had forgotten that he had really played away the note. "Well, sir, there remains nothing to keep me here," said Beauchamp, calmly—with the calmness of despair—"except settling our morning's meeting.—Name your friend, sir," he continued sternly—yet his heart was breaking within him.

Oh—aye," replied Apsley, carelessly looking up from the cards he was shuffling and arranging. "Let me see. Hillier, will you do the needful for me? I leave every thing in your hands." After vain attempts to bring about a compromise—for your true gamblers hate such affairs, not from personal fear, but the publicity they occasion to their doings—matters were finally arranged; Sir Edward Streighton undertaking for Beauchamp. The hour of was half past six o'clock in ing; and the place, a fie who is Knightsbridge. The unhap mp, who champ then withdrew, after o raise Sir Edward by the hand, wh eyes mised to call at his lodgings by of o'clock—"for we shall break up by that time, I dare say," he whispered.

When the door was closed upon Beauchamp, he reeled off the steps, and staggered along the street like a drunken man. Whether or not he was deceived, he knew not; but in passing under the windows of the room where the fiendish conclave were sitting, he fancied he heard the sound of loud laughter. It was about two o'clock of a winter's morning. The snow fell fast, and the air was freezingly cold. Not a soul but himself seemed stirring. A watchman, seeing his unsteady gait, crossed the street, touched his hat, and asked if he should call him a coach; but he was answered with such a ghastly imprecation, that he slunk back in silence. Tongue cannot tell the distraction and misery with which Beauchamp's soul was shaken. Hell seemed to have lit its raging fires within him. He felt affrighted at being alone in the desolate, dark, deserted streets. His last six months' life seemed unrolled suddenly before him like a blighting scroll, written in letters of fire. Overcome by his emotions, his shaking knees refused their support, and he sate down on the steps of a house in Piccadilly. He told me afterwards, that he distinctly recollected feeling for some implement of destruction; and that if he had discovered his penknife, he should assuredly have cut his throat. After sitting on the stone for about a quarter of an hour, bareheaded—for he had removed his hat, that his burning forehead might be cooled—he made towards his lodgings. He thundered impetuously at the door, and was instantly admitted. His shivering, half-asleep servant fell back before his master's affrighting countenance, and glaring bloodshot eyes. "Lock the door, sir, and follow me to my room," said Beauchamp, in a loud voice.

"Sir—sir—sir," stammered the servant, as if he were going to ask some question.

"Silence, sir!" thundered his mas-

l the man, laying down his
ier. His th n the stairs, went and barred
Fea. t leng long. Beauchamp hurried up
readful ther ad opened the door of his
oo fri h oom. He was astonished
Thoror b armed to find a blaze of light
rand eel e room. Suspecting fire, he
rushed into the middle of the room, and beheld—his mother and cousin bending towards him, and staring fixedly at him with the hue and expression of two marble images of horror! His mother's white hair hung dishevelled down each side of her ghastly features; and her eyes, with those of her niece, who sate beside her, clasping her aunt convulsively round the waist, seemed on the point of starting from their sockets. They moved not—they spoke not. The hideous apparition vanished in an instant from the darkening eyes of Beauchamp, for he dropped the candle he held in his hand, and fell at full length senseless on the floor.

* * *

It was no ocular delusion—nothing spectral—but HORROR looking out through breathing flesh and blood, in the persons of Mrs Beauchamp and her niece.

The resolution which Mrs Beauchamp had formed, on an occasion which will be remembered by the reader, was to go up direct to London, and try the effect of a sudden appearance before her erring, but she hoped not irreclaimable son. Such an interview might *startle* him into a return to virtue. Attended by the faithful Pritchard, they had arrived in town that very day, put up at an hotel in the neighbourhood, and, without pausing to take refreshments, hurried to Mr Beauchamp's lodgings, which they reached only two hours after he had gone out to dinner. Seeing [illegible] desk open, and a paper lying up[illegible] the old lady took it up, and, free[illegible]g with fright, read the oath before named, evi-
now ently written in *blood.* Her son,
not, for, was gone to the gaming-table
except on spirit of a forlorn hope, and
ciples and p night to complete his and
eagle-eye of Yet, what could they do?
on Beauchamp mp's valet did not know
tried—he LOST, *h*ter was gone to din-
He pressed his han one in the house,
head—he saw that e sent off instantly
pended on his calmness eir arrival As
of Apsley sounded indist ere obliged to
ears, calling out, "*un refai*
wait for it; and it may therefore be conceived in what an ecstasy of agony these two poor ladies had been sitting, without tasting wine or food, till half past two o'clock in the morning, when they heard his startling knock—his fierce voice speaking in curses to the valet, and at length beheld him rush, madman-like, into their presence, as has been described.

When the valet came up stairs from fastening the street-door, he saw the sitting-room door wide open; and peeping through on his way up to bed, was confounded to see three prostrate figures on the floor—his master here, and there the two ladies locked in one another's arms, all motionless. He hurried to the bell, and pulled it till it broke, but not till it had rung such a startling peal, as woke every body in the house, who presently heard him shouting at the top of his voice, "Murder! Murder! Murder!" All the affrighted inmates were in a few seconds in the room, half dressed, and their faces full of terror. The first simultaneous impression on the minds of the group was, that the persons lying on the floor had been *poisoned;* and under such impression was it that I and two neighbouring surgeons were summoned on the scene. By the time I had arrived, Mrs Beauchamp was reviving; but her niece had swooned away again. The first impulse of the mother, as soon as her tottering limbs could support her weight, was to crawl trembling to the insensible body of her son. Supported in the arms of two female attendants, who had not as yet been able to lift her from the floor, she leant over the prostrate form of Beauchamp, and murmured, "Oh, Henry! Henry! Love! My only love!" Her hand played slowly over his damp features, and strove to part the hair from the forehead—but it suddenly ceased to move—and on looking narrowly at her, she was found to have swooned again. Of all the sorrowful scenes it has been my fate to witness, I never encountered one of deeper distress than this.—Had I known at the time the relative situations of the parties!

I directed all my attentions to Mr Beauchamp, while the other medical gentlemen busied themselves with Mrs Beauchamp and her niece. I was not quite sure whether my patient were not in a fit of epilepsy or apoplexy, for he lay motionless, drawing his breath at long and painful intervals, with a little occasional convulsive twitching of the features. I had his coat taken off immediately, and bled him from the arm copiously; soon after which he recovered his consciousness, and allowed himself to be led to bed. He had hardly been undressed, before he fell fast asleep. His mother was bending over him in speechless agony—for ill and feeble as she was, we could not prevail on her to go to bed—and I was watching both with deep interest and curiosity, convinced that I was witnessing a glimpse of some domestic tragedy, when there was heard a violent knocking and ringing at the street-door. Every one started, and with alarm enquired what that *could* be? Who could be seeking admission at four o'clock in the morning?

Sir Edward Streighton!—whose cab, with a case of duelling pistols on the seat, was standing at the door waiting to convey himself and Beauchamp to the scene of possible slaughter fixed on overnight. He would take no denial from the servant; declared his business to be of the most pressing kind; and affected to disbelieve the fact of Beauchamp's illness—"it was all miserable fudge," and he was heard muttering something about "*cowardice!*" The strange pertinacity of Sir Edward brought me down stairs. He stood fuming and cursing in the hall; but started on seeing me come down with my candle in my hand, and he turned pale.

"Dr ——!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat; for he had once or twice me, and instantly recognised me, "Why, in the name of heaven, what is the matter? Is he ill? Is he dead? What?"

"Sir Edward," I replied, coldly, "Mr Beauchamp is in dangerous, if not dying, circumstances."

"*Dying* circumstances!" he echoed with an alarmed air. "Why—has he—has he attempted to commit suicide?" he stammered.

"No, but he has had a fit, and is insensible in bed. You will permit me to say, Sir Edward," I continued, a suspicion occurring to me of his design in calling, "that this untimely visit looks as if"——

"That is my business, D
he replied, haughtily, "no
My errand is of the highest
ance; and it is fitting I sh
assured, on your solemn word
nour, of the *reality* of Mr B
champ's illness."

"Sir Edward Streighton," said I, indignantly, "you have had my answer, which you may believe or disbelieve, as you think proper; but I will take good care that you do not ascend one of these stairs to-day."

"I understand it all!" he answered with a significant scowl, and left the house. I then hastened back to my patient, whom I now viewed with greater interest than before; for I saw that he was to have fought a duel that morning. Coupling present appearances with Mr Beauchamp's visit to me the day before, and the known character of Sir Edward, as a professed gambler, the key to the whole, seemed to me, that there had been a gaming-house quarrel.

The first sensible words that Mr Beauchamp spoke, were to me: "Has Sir Edward Streighton called?—Is it four o'clock yet?" and he started up in his bed, staring wildly around him. Seeing himself in bed—candles about him—and *me* at his side, he exclaimed, "Why, I recollect nothing of it! Am I wounded? What is become of Apsley?" He placed his hand on the arm from which he had been bled, and feeling it bandaged, "Ah!—in the arm—How strange that I have forgotten it all!—How did I get on at Hazard and Rouge et Noir?—Doctor, am I badly wounded?—Bone broken?"

My conjecture was now verified beyond a doubt! He dropped asleep, from excessive exhaustion, while I was gazing at him. I had answered none of his questions—which were proposed in a dreamy unconnected style, indicating that his senses were disturbed. Finding that I could be of no further service at present, I left him, and betook myself to the room to which Mrs Beauchamp had been removed, while I was conversing with Sir Edward. I found her in bed, attended by Miss Beauchamp, who, though still extremely languid, and looking the picture of brokenheartedness, had made a great exertion to rouse herself. Mrs Beauchamp looked dreadfully ill. The [illegible] seemed to have received a [illegible] His [illegible] which she might be long at length [illegible] long[illegible]ring. "Now, what is breaking dreadful [illegible] ladies' hearts?" thought I, too [illegible] looked from one agitated face to Thoro[illegible] other.

"How is my son?" enquired Mrs Beauchamp, faintly.

I told her, I thought there was no danger; and that, with repose, he would soon recover.

"Pray, madam, allow me to ask—Has he had any sudden fright? I suspect"—— Both shook their heads, and hung them down.

"Well—he is alive, thank Heaven—but a *beggar!*" said Mrs Beauchamp. "Oh, Doctor, he hath *fallen among thieves!* They have robbed, and would have slain my son—my first born—my only son!"

I expressed deep sympathy. I said, "I suspect, madam, that something very unfortunate has happened."

She interrupted me by asking me, after a pause, if I knew nothing of his practices in London, for the last few months, as she had seen my name several times mentioned in his letters, as his medical adviser. I made no reply. I did not even hint my suspicions that he had been a frequenter of the gaming-table; but my looks startled her.

"Oh, Doctor ——, for the love of God, be frank, and save a widowed mother's heart from breaking! Is there no door open for him to escape?"

Seeing they could extract little or no satisfactory explanations from me, they ceased asking, and resigned themselves to tears and sorrow. After rendering them what little service was in my power, and looking in at Mr Beauchamp's room, where I found him still in a comfortable sleep, I took my departure, for the dull light of a winter morning was already stealing into the room, and I had been there ever since a little before four o'clock. All my way home I felt sure that my patient was one of the innumerable victims of gambling, and had involved his family in his ruin.

Mr Beauchamp, with the aid of quiet and medicine, soon recovered sufficiently to leave his bed; but his mind was evidently ill at ease. Had I known at the time what I was afterwards apprized of, with what intense and sorrowful interest should I have regarded him!

The next week was all agony, humiliation, confessions, and forgiveness. The only one item in the black catalogue which he omitted or misrepresented, was the duel he was to have fought. He owned, after much pressing, in order to quiet his mother and cousin, that he *had* fought, and escaped unhurt. But Beauchamp, in his own mind, was resolved, at all events, to give Apsley the meeting, on the very earliest opportunity. His own *honour* was at stake!—His own revenge was to be sated! The first thing, therefore, that Beauchamp did, after he was sufficiently recovered to be left alone, was to drop a hasty line to Sir Edward Streighton, informing him that he was now ready and willing—nay, anxious—to give Apsley the meeting which he had been prevented doing, only by his sudden and severe illness. He entreated Sir Edward to continue, as heretofore, his *friend*, and to hasten the matter as much as possible; adding that whatever event might attend it, was a matter of utter indifference to one who was weary of life. Sir Edward, who began to wish himself out of a very disagreeable affair, returned him a prompt, polite, but not very cordial answer; the substance of which was, that Apsley, who happened to be with Sir Edward when Beauchamp's letter arrived, was perfectly ready to meet him at the place formerly appointed, at seven o'clock, on the ensuing morning. Beauchamp was somewhat shocked at the suddenness [illegible] the affair. How was he to part, [illegible]vernight—possibly for ever—from his beloved, and injured as beloved, mother and cousin? Whatever might be the issue of the affair, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude must he appear to them!

Full of these bitter, distracting thoughts, he locked his room-door, and proceeded to make his will. He left "every thing he had remaining on earth, in any shape," to his mother, except a hundred guineas to his cousin to buy a mourning ring. That over, and some few other arrangements completed, he repaired, with a heart that smote him at every step, to his mother's bedside; for it was night, and the old lady, besides, scarce ever left her bed. The unusual fervour of his embraces, together with momentary fits of absence, might have challenged observation and suspicion; but they did not. He told me afterwards, that the anguish he suffered, while repeating and going through the customary evening adieus to his mother and cousin, might have atoned for years of guilt!

After a nearly sleepless night, Beauchamp rose about five o'clock, and dressed himself. On quitting his room, perhaps the last time he should quit it alive, he had to pass by his mother's door. There he fell down on his knees; and continued with clasped hands and closed eyes, till his smothering emotions warned him to begone. He succeeded in getting out of the house without alarming any one; and, muffled in his cloak, made his way as fast as possible to Sir Edward Streighton's. It was a miserable morning. The untrodden snow lay nearly a foot deep on the streets, and was yet fluttering fast down. Beauchamp found it so fatiguing to *plunther* on through the deep snow, and was so benumbed with cold, that he called a coach. He had great difficulty in rousing the driver, who, spite of the bitter inclemency of the weather, was sitting on his box, poor fellow, fast asleep, and even snoring—a complete hillock of snow, which lay nearly an inch thick upon him. How Beauchamp envied him! The very horses, too, lean and scraggy as they looked—fast asleep—how he envied *them!*

It was nearly six o'clock, when Beauchamp reached Sir Edward's residence. The Baronet was up, and waiting for him.

"How d'ye do, Beauchamp—how d'ye do!—How the d—— are you to fight in such a fog as this?" he enquired, looking through the window, and shuddering at the cold.

"It must be managed, I suppose. Put us up as close as you like," replied Beauchamp, gloomily.

"I've done all in my power, my dear fellow, to settle matters amicably, but 'tis in vain, I'm afraid. You *must* exchange shots, you know!—I have no doubt, however," he continued, with a significant smile, "that the thing will be properly conducted.

Life is valuable, Be
understand me?" tapping at the
"It is *not* t hurried feeble voice
as I hate hell, ere! there! who is
"My God," Mrs Beauchamp, who
bloody humou but in vain, to raise
exclaimed the bed, while her eyes
xious smile. H th an expression of
ebated as if
an answer, but Beauchamp continued silent.—"Ah, then, the sooner to business the better. And hark'ee, Beauchamp," said Sir Edward, briskly, "have your wits about you, for Apsley, let me tell you, is a splendid shot."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Beauchamp, smiling bitterly. He felt cold from head to foot, and even trembled; for a thousand fond thoughts gushed over him. He felt faint, and would have asked for a glass of wine or spirits; but after Sir Edward's last remark, that was out of the question. It might be misconstrued!

They were on the ground by seven o'clock. It had ceased snowing, and in its stead a small drizzling rain was falling. The fog continued so dense as to prevent their seeing each other distinctly at a few yards' distance. This puzzled the parties not a little, and threatened to interfere with *business.*

"Every thing, by ——, is against us to-day!" exclaimed Sir Edward, placing under his arm the pistol he was loading, and buttoning his great-coat up to the chin,—"this fog will hinder your seeing one another, and this —— rain will soak through to the priming! In fact, you must be put up within eight or ten feet of one another."

"Settle all that as soon, and as you like," replied Beauchamp, walking away a few steps.

"Hallo—here!—here!" cried Sir Edward,—"Here! here we are, Hillier," seeing three figures, within a few yards of them, searching about for them. Apsley had brought with him Hillier and a young surgeon.

The fog thickened rapidly as soon as they had come together, and Apsley and Beauchamp took their stands a little distance from their respective friends.

"Any chance of apology?" enquired Hillier—a keen-eyed, hawk-nosed, *ci-devant militaire.*

"The devil a bit. Horridly savage!"

[illegible] make haste," replied [illegible] drunk after you [illegible] I've had only [illegible] continued Hillier, [illegible] every word [illegible] overheard by [illegible] shrouded by the fog, was [illegible] but three or four yards' distance.

"Apsley drunk? Then 'twill give Beauchamp, poor devil, a bit of a chance—and this fog! How does he stand it? Cool?"

"As a cucumber. That is to say, he is *cold*—very *cold*—ha, ha! But I don't think he funks either. Told me he hated Apsley like ——, and we might put him up as we liked! But what does *your* man say?"

"Oh, full of '*pooh-poohs!*' and calls it a mere bagatelle."

"Do mischief?—eh?"

"Oh—he's going to try for the arm or knee, for the fellow hurt his eye the other night."

"What—in this fog! My ——!"

"Oh, true. Forgot that. What's to be done?—Come, it's clearing off a bit."

"I say, Hillier," whispered Sir Edward in a low tone—"suppose *mischief* should be done?"

"Suppose!—and *suppose*—it shouldn't? You'll never get your pistol drove!—So, now!"

"Now, how far?"

"Oh, the usual distance. Step them out the baker's dozen. Give them every chance, for God favours them."

"But they won't see one another any more than the dead! 'Tis a complete farce—and the men themselves will grumble. How can they *mark?*"

"Why, here's a gate close by. I came past it. 'Tis white and large. Put them in a line with it."

"Why, Beauchamp will be hit, poor devil!"

"Never mind—deserves it, d—— fool!"

The distance duly stepped out, each stationed his man.

"I shall not stand against this gate, Streighton," said Beauchamp, calmly. The Baronet laughed, and replied, "Oh, you're right, my dear fellow. We'll put you, then, about three or four yards from it on one side." They were soon stationed, and pistols put into their hands. Both exclaimed loudly that they could not see their man. "So much the better. A chance shot!—We shan't put you any nearer," said Sir Edward—and the principals sullenly acquiesced.

"Now, take care to shoot at one another, not at *us*, in this cursed fog," said Sir Edward, so as to be heard by both. "We shall move off about twenty yards away to the right here. I will say—one! two! three!—and then, do as you like."

"The Lord have mercy on you!" added Hillier.

"Come, quick! quick!—'Tis cursedly cold, and I must be at ——'s by ten," cried Apsley, petulantly. The two seconds and the surgeon moved off. Beauchamp could not catch even a glimpse of his antagonist—to whom he was equally invisible. "Well," thought they, "if we miss, we can fire again!" In a few moments Sir Edward's voice called out loudly—one!—two!—THREE!"

Both pistol-fires flashed through the fog at once, and the seconds rushed up to their men.

"Beauchamp, where are you?"—"Apsley, where are you?"

"Here!" replied Beauchamp; but there was no answer from Apsley. He had been shot through the head; and in groping about, terror-struck, in search of him, they stumbled over his corpse. The surgeon was in an instant on his knees beside him, with his instruments out, but in vain. It was all over with Apsley. That heartless villain was gone to his account. Beauchamp's bullet, chance-shot as it was, had entered the right temple, passed through the brain, and lodged in the opposite temple. The only blood about him was a little which had trickled from the wound, down the cheek, on the shirt-collar.

"*Is he killed?*" groaned Beauchamp, bending over the body, and staring at it affrightedly; but before he could receive an answer from Sir Edward or Hillier, who, almost petrified, grasped each a hand of the dead body—he had swooned. The first words he heard, on recovering his senses, were—"Fly! fly! fly!" Not comprehending their import, he languidly opened his eyes, and saw people, some standing round him, and others bearing away the dead body. Again he relapsed into unconsciousness—from which he was aroused by some one grasping him rather roughly by the shoulder. His eyes glanced on the head of a constable's staff, and he heard the words —" You're in my custody, sir."

He started, and stared in the officer's face.

" There's a coach awaiting for you, sir, by the road-side, to take you to —— office." Beauchamp offered no resistance. He whispered, merely—" Does my mother know ?"

How he rode, or with whom, he knew not ; but he found himself, about nine o'clock, alighting at the door of the Police Office, more dead than alive.

While Beauchamp had lain insensible on the ground, the fog had completely vanished ; and Sir Edward and Hillier, finding it dangerous to remain, as passengers from the road-side could distinctly see the gloomy group, made off, leaving Beauchamp and the surgeon with the corpse of Apsley. Sir Edward flew to his own house, accompanied by Hillier ;—the latter hastily wrote a note to Apsley's brother, informing him of the event ; and Sir Edward dispatched his own valet confidentially to the valet of Beauchamp, communicating to him the dreadful situation of his master, and telling him to break it as he could to his friends. The valet instantly set off for the field of death, not, however, without apprizing, by his terrified movements, his fellow-servants that something terrible had happened. He found a few people still standing on the fatal spot, from whom he learned that his master had been conveyed a few minutes before to the —— Street Office—whither he repaired as fast as a hackney coach could carry him. When he arrived, an officer was endeavouring to rouse Mr Beauchamp from his stupor, by forcing on him a little brandy and water, in which he partly succeeded. Pale and breathless, the valet rushed through the crowd of officers and people about the door, and flung himself at his master's feet, wringing his hands, and crying—" Oh master !—Dear master !—What have you done ! You'll kill your mother !" Even the myrmidons of justice seemed affected at the poor fellow's anguish ; but his unhappy master only stared at him vacantly [illegible] tapping at the ing. When he w[illegible] hurried feeble voice the presence [illegible]ere ! there ! who is was obliged t[illegible]s Mrs Beauchamp, who chair : for he [illegible] but in vain, to raise by the horribl[illegible] bed, while her eyes had just broug[illegible]ith an expression of rits and health [illegible] abated [illegible]etly broken down, as well by his recent illness, as the wasting anxieties and agonies he had endured for months past. The brother of Apsley was present, raving like a madman ; and he pressed the case vehemently against the prisoner. Bail was offered, but refused : and Beauchamp was eventually committed to Newgate, to take his trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions. Sir Edward Streighton and Hillier surrendered in the course of the day, but were liberated on their own heavy recognisances, and two sureties each in a thousand pounds, to appear and take their trial at the Old Bailey.

But what tongue can tell, what pen describe, the maddening horrors—the despair—of the mother and the betrothed bride ? Not *mine*. Their sorrows shall be sacred for me.

—— " For not to me belongs,
To sound the mighty sorrows of thy breast,
But rather far off stand, with head and hands
Hung down, in fearful sympathy. Thy Ark of grief
Let me not touch, presumptuous."

To keep up, however, in some degree, the *continuity* of this melancholy narrative, I shall state, merely, that I, who was called in to both mother and niece a few minutes after the news had smitten them like the stroke of lightning to the earth—wondered, was even confounded—to find either of them survive it, or retain a glimpse of reason. The conduct of Ellen Beauchamp ennobled her, in my estimation, into something above humanity. She succeeded, at length, in overmastering her anguish and agitation, in order that she might minister to her afflicted aunt, in whose sorrow all consciousness or appreciation of her own seemed to have merged. For a whole week Mrs Beauchamp hovered, so to speak, about the open door of death, held back, apparently, only by a sweet spirit of sympathy and consolation—her niece ! The first words she dis-

[illegible] seemed [illegible], after many hours His [illegible] which [illegible] muttering, were, [illegible] long [illegible] ring. "Now,—I will see my [illegible] ladies' heart [illegible] d safe to trust [illegible] ked from one [illegible] cal assistance [illegible] her. Poor Pritch- [illegible] is my son [illegible], slept outside [illegible] bed [illegible]

The first twenty-four hours of Beauchamp's incarceration in Newgate were horrible. He who, on such slight temptation, had beggared himself, and squandered away in infamy the fortunes of his fathers; who had broken the hearts of his idolizing mother—his betrothed wife; who had MURDERED A MAN—was now ALONE!—alone, in the sullen gloom of a prison.

The transaction above detailed, made much noise in London; and disguised as it here is, in respect of names, dates, and places, there must be many who will recollect the *true facts*. There is ONE whose heart these pages will wither while he is reading!

Most of the journals, influenced by the vindictive misrepresentations of Apsley's brother, gave a most distorted version of the affair, and, presumptuously anticipating the decrees of justice, threw a gloomy hue over the prospects of the prisoner. He would certainly be convicted of *murder*, they said, executed, and dissected!—The judges were, or ought to be, resolved to put down duelling, and "never was there a more fitting opportunity for making a solemn example," &c. &c. &c. One of the papers gave dark hints, that on the day of trial some extraordinary and inculpating disclosures would be made concerning the events which led to the duel.

Mrs Beauchamp made three attempts, during the third week of her son's imprisonment, to visit him, but, in each instance, fainted on being lifted into the carriage; and at length desisted, on my representing the danger which attended her attempts. Her niece also seemed more dead than alive when she accompanied her aunt. Pritchard, however, the faithful, attached Pritchard, often went to and fro between Newgate and the house where Mrs Beauchamp lodged, two or three times a-day, so that they were thus enabled to keep up a constant but sorrowful correspondence. Several members of the family had hurried up to London the instant they received intelligence of the disastrous circumstances above detailed, and it was well they did. Had it not been for their affectionate interference, the most lamentable consequences might have been anticipated to mother, niece, and son. I, also, at Mrs Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him, on each visit, sinking into deeper and deeper despondency; yet he seemed hardly sensible of the wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time when I entered his room—which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might arouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could seldom be drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with an apathy which affected me more than the most passionate lamentations.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter-roses from his mother and Ellen, telling him they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom, saying, "Lie you *there*, emblems of innocence, and blanch this black heart of mine if you can!" I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I sate silent for some minutes.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he, hastily, placing his hands on his breast, "they are—I feel they are thawing my frozen feelings!—they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human* again!" He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands; I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept loud and long.

"The light of eternal truth breaks in upon me! Oh my God, hast thou then not forgotten me?" He fell down on his knees, and continued, "Why, what a wretch—what a monster have I been!" He started to his feet. "Ah, ha! I've been in the lion's den, and am plucked out of it!" I saw that his heart was overburdened, and his head not yet cleared. I said therefore little, and let him go on by fits and starts.

"Why, I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder!*—Frightful!" He shuddered. "And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she? Her heart bleeds—but no—no—no, it is not broken!—and *Ellen*—Ellen—Ellen"—After several short choking sobs, he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but "he would not be comforted." "Doctor, say nothing to console me!—Don't, don't, or I shall go mad! Let me *feel* all my guilt; let it crush me!"

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a musing mood, as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts—to keep some object before his mind—but could not. I promised to call again, between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The excruciating anxiety endured by these unhappy ladies, Mrs Beauchamp and her niece, as the day of trial approached—when the life or death of one in whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on—defies description. I never saw it equalled. To look on the settled pallor—the hollow haggard features—the quivering limbs of Mrs Beauchamp—was heartbreaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as strengthening medicines, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing to *such* a "mind diseased," to "raze" *such* "a written sorrow from the brain." Ellen, too, was wasting by her side to a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was,—

"Cousin Ellen! How can you, how *dare* you, write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp!"

These two lines almost broke the poor girl's heart. What was to become of her? Had she clung to her cousin through guilt and through blood, and did he now refuse to love her, or receive her proffered sympathy? She never wrote again to him, till her aunt implored, nay, commanded her to write, f tapping at the inducing him t hurried feeble voice called. He r here! there! who is ible. Expos s Mrs Beauchamp, who turned out [but in vain, to raise undertaken t bed, while her eyes violence from ith an expression of he dreaded the h abated such an interview on the shattered nerves, the weakened frame, of his mother and cousin, or feared that his own fortitude would be overpowered, or debarred himself of their sweet but sorrowful society, by way of *penance*, I know not, but he returned an unwavering denial to every such application. *I* think the last-mentioned was the motive which actuated him; for I said to him, on one occasion, "Well, but, Beauchamp, suppose your mother should *die* before you have seen her, and received her forgiveness?" He replied, sternly, "Well, I shall have *deserved* it." I could account for his feelings, without referring them to sullenness or obstinacy. His heart bled at every pore under the unceasing lashings of remorse! On another occasion, he said to me, "It would *kill* my mother to see me here. She shall never die in a prison!"

The day previous to his trial I called upon him, pursuant to my promise. The room was full of counsel and attorneys; and numerous papers were lying on the table, which a clerk was beginning to gather up into a bag when I entered. They had been holding their final consultation; and left their client more disturbed than I had seen him for some days. The eminent counsel who had been retained, spoke by no means encourageingly of the expected issue of the trial, and reiterated the determination to "do the very uttermost on his behalf." They repeated, also, that the prosecutor was following him up like a bloodhound; that he had got scent of some evidence against Beauchamp, in particular, which would *tell* terribly against him—and make out a case of "malice prepense."—And, as if matters had not been already sufficiently gloomy, the attorney had learned, only that afternoon, that the case was to be tried by one of the judges who, it was rumoured, was resolved to make an example of the first duellist he could convict!

"I shall undoubtedly be sacrificed,

[illegible] eemed [illegible]s already," said His th[illegible]m which [illegible]ttle trepidation. [illegible] lon[illegible]ring. "Now, [illegible]ainst me. If I at leng[illegible] the [illegible] ladies' hearts [illegible]death—what dreadfu[illegible] too fr[illegible]ked from one another and Thoro[illegible]er. [illegible] is my son [illegible]our acquittal, [illegible] au[illegible] I, not knowing exactly *why*, if he had asked me.

"I am a little given to superstition, Doctor," he replied—"and I feel a persuasion—an innate conviction—that the grand finishing stroke has yet to descend—my misery awaits its climax."

"Why, what can you mean, my dear sir?—Nothing new has been elicited."

"Doctor," he replied, gloomily—"I'll tell you something. I feel I OUGHT to die!"

"Why, Mr Beauchamp?" I enquired, with surprise.

"Ought not he to die who is *at heart* a murderer?" he enquired.

"Assuredly."

"Then I am such an one. I MEANT to kill Apsley. I prayed to God that I might. I would have shot breast to breast, but I would have killed him, and rid the earth of such a ruffian," said Beauchamp rising, with much excitement, from his chair, and walking hurriedly to and fro. I shuddered to hear him make such an avowal, and continued silent. I felt my colour changed.

"Are you shocked, Doctor?" he enquired, pausing abruptly, and looking me full in the face. "I repeat it," clenching his fist—"I would have perished eternally to gratify my revenge. So would you," he continued, "if you had suffered as I have." With the last words he elevated his voice to a high key, and his eye glanced on me like lightning, as he passed and repassed me.

"How can we expect the mercy we will not shew?" I enquired, mildly.

"Don't mistake me, Doctor," he resumed, without answering my last question—"It is not death I dread, disturbed as I appear, but only the *mode* of it. Death I covet, as a relief from life, which has grown hateful; but, great Heaven, to be HUNG like a dog!"

"Think of hereafter!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! I'm past thoughts of that. Why did not God keep me from the snares into which I have fallen?"

At that moment came a letter, from Sir Edward Streighton. When he recognised the superscription, he threw it down on the table, exclaiming, "There! This is the first I have heard from this accomplished scoundrel, since the day I killed Apsley." He opened it, a scowl of fury and contempt on his brow, and read the following flippant and unfeeling letter:—

"Dear Brother in the bonds of blood!

"My right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, and thine—Hillier, and thy unworthy E. S., intend duly to take our stand beside thee, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, in the dock of the Old Bailey, as per recognisances. Be not thou cast down, O my soul; but throw thou fear unto the dogs! There's never a jury in England will convict us, even though, as I hear, that bloody-minded old —— is to try us! We've got a good fellow, (on reasonable terms, considering,) to swear he happened to be present, and that we put you up at 40 paces! And that he heard you tender an apology to Apsley! The sweet convenient rogue!!! What think you of that, dear Beau? Yours ever—but not on the gallows.

"EDW. STREIGHTON.

"P.S. I wish Apsley, by the way, poor devil! had paid me a trifling hundred or two he owed me, before going home. But he went in a hurry, 'tis true. Catch me ever putting up another man before asking him if he has any debts unprovided for!"

"There, there, Doctor!" exclaimed Beauchamp, flinging the letter on the floor, and stamping on it—"ought not I to go out of the world, for allowing such a fellow as this to lead me the dance of ruin?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, did you but know the secret history of the last six months," he continued, bitterly, "the surpassing folly—the black ingratitude—the villainies of all kinds with which it was stained, you would blush to sit in the same room with me! Would not it be so?"

"Come, come, Mr Beauchamp, you are raving!" I replied, giving him my hand, while the tears half blinded me, for he looked the picture of contrition and hopelessness.

"Well, then," he continued, eyeing me steadfastly, "I may do what I have often thought of. You have a kind considerate heart, and I will trust you. By way of the heaviest penance I could think of—but, alas, how unavailing! I have employed the last week in writing my short, but wretched history. Read it—and curse, as you go on, my folly, my madness, my villainy! I've often laid down my pen, and wept aloud, while writing it; and yet the confession has eased my heart. One thing, I think, you will see plainly—that all along I have been the victim of some deep diabolical conspiracy. Those two vile fellows who will stand beside me to-morrow in the dock, like evil spirits—and the monster I have killed—have been the main agents throughout. I'm sure something will, ere long, come to light, and shew you I am speaking the truth. Return it me," he continued, taking a packet from his table drawer, sealed with black, "in the event of my acquittal, that I may burn it; but, if I am to die, do what you will with it. Even if the world know of it, it cannot hurt me in the grave, and it may save some from *Hazard* and *Rouge et Noir!* Horrible sounds!"

I received the packet in silence, promising him to act as he wished.

"How will my mother—how will Ellen—get over to-morrow? Heaven have them in its holy keeping! My own heart quails at to-morrow!—I must breathe a polluted atmosphere; I must stand on the precise spot which has been occupied by none but the vilest of my species; I shall have every eye in court fixed upon me—some with horror, others detestation—and some, *pity*—which is worse than either. I must stand between two that I can never look on as other than devils incarnate! My every gesture and motion—every turn of my face—will be noted down and published all over the kingdom, with severe, possibly insulting comments. Good God—HOW am I to bear it all?"

"Have you prepared your defence, Mr Beauchamp?" I enquired. He pointed languidly to several sheets of foolscap, full of scorings out, and said, with afraid it is labour! tapping at tle or nothing, hurried feeble for my life! There! there!

"Don't, as Mrs Beauchamp, who from it! M but in vain, to raise dear sir, and bed, while her eyes to-morrow! With an expression of abated a to y mother—to Miss champ, if I see them to-night?"

His eyes glistened with tears—he trembled—shook his head, and whispered, "What CAN be said to them!"

I shook him fervently by the hand. As I was quitting the door, he beckoned me back.

"Doctor," he whispered, in a shuddering tone, "*there is to be an execution* to-morrow! Five men will be hanged within ten yards of me! I shall hear them, in the night, putting up the—gallows!"

The memorable morning, for such it was, even to me, at length dawned. The whole day was rainy, cold, and foggy, as if the elements, even, had combined to depress hearts already prostrate! After swallowing a hasty breakfast, I set off for the Old Bailey, calling, for a few minutes, on Mrs Beauchamp, as I had promised her. Poor old lady! She had not slept half an hour during the whole night; and when I entered the room, she was lying in bed, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes closed, listening to one of the church prayers, which her niece was reading her. I sat down in silence; and when the low tremulous voice of Miss Beauchamp had ceased, I shook her cold hand, and took my seat by her aunt. I pushed the curtain aside that I might see her distinctly. Her features looked ghastly. What savage work grief had wrought there!

"I don't think I shall live through this dreadful day," said she—"I feel every thing dissolving within me!—I am deadly sick every moment; my heart flutters as if it were in expiring agonies; and my limbs have little in them more than a corpse!—Ellen, too, my sweet love!—*she* is as bad—and yet she conquers it, and attends me like an angel!"

"Be of good heart, my dear madam," said I, "matters are by no means desperate. This evening—I'll take my life for it—you shall have your son in your arms!"

[illegible] eemed to [illegible]red the old lady, His t[illegible]m which sh[illegible] while a faint [illegible] lon[illegible]ring. "Now, [illegible] from her [illegible] the[illegible] ladies' hearts [illegible] fri[illegible]oked from one [illegible]you—for I [illegible]her. [illegible]ening of the [illegible] my [illegible] son as much last nigh[illegible] [illegible] faintly enquired Miss Beauchamp, who was sitting beside the fire, her face buried in her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees. The anguished eyes of her aunt also asked me the question, though her lips spoke not. I assured them that he was not in worse spirits than I had seen him, and that I left him preparing his defence.

"The Lord God of his fathers bless him, and deliver him!" moaned Mrs Beauchamp.—As, however, time passed, and I wished to look in on one or two patients in my way, I began to think of leaving—though I scarce knew how. I enjoined them to keep constantly by Mrs Beauchamp a glass of brandy and water, with half a tea-spoonful of laudanum in it, that she or her niece might drink of it whenever they felt a sudden faintness come over them. For further security, I had also stationed for the day, in her bedroom, a young medical friend, who might pay her constant attention. Arrangements had been made, I found, with the attorney, to report the progress of the trial every hour by four regular runners.

Shaking both the ladies affectionately by the hand, I set off. After seeing the patients I spoke of, I hurried on to the Old Bailey. It was striking ten by St Sepulchre's clock when I reached that gloomy street. The rain was pouring down in drenching showers. I passed by the gallows, which they were taking down, and on which five men had been executed only two hours before. Horrid sight!—the whole of the street along the sessions' house was covered with straw, thoroughly soaked with wet; [illegible]y carriage wheels rolled along [illegible]lessly. I felt my colour leaving me, and my heart beating fast, as I descended, and entered the area before the court-house, which was occupied with many anxious groups conversing together, heedless of the rain, and endeavouring to get admittance into the court. The street-entrance was crowded; and it was such a silent—gloomy crowd, as I never before saw!—I found the trial had commenced—so I made my way instantly to the counsel's benches. The court was crowded to suffocation; and among the spectators, I recognised several of the nobility. Three prisoners stood in the dock—all of gentlemanly appearance; and the strong startled light thrown on them from the mirror over-head, gave their anxious faces a ghastly hue. How vividly is that group, even at this distance of time, before my eyes!—on the right-hand side stood Sir Edward Streighton—dressed in military style, with a black stock, and his blue frock-coat, with velvet collar, buttoned up close to his neck. Both his hands rested on his walking-stick; and his head, bent a little aside, was attentively directed towards the counsel for the crown, who was stating the case to the jury. Hillier leaned against the left-hand side of the dock, his arms folded over his breast, and his stern features, clouded with anxiety, but evincing no agitation, were gathered into a frown, as he listened to the strong terms in which his conduct was being described by the counsel. Between these stood poor Beauchamp—with fixed, and most sorrowful countenance. He was dressed in black, with a full black stock, in the centre of which glistened a dazzling speck of diamond. Both his hands leaned upon the dock, on which stood a glass of spring-water; and his face was turned full towards the judge. There was an air of melancholy composure and resignation about his wasted features; and he looked dreadfully thin and fallen away. His appearance evidently excited deep and respectful sympathy. How my heart ached to look at him, when my thoughts reverted for an instant to his mother and cousin! There was, however, one other object of the gloomy picture, which arrested my attention, and has remained with me ever since. Just beneath the witness-box, there was a savage face fixed upon the counsel, gloating upon his exaggerated violence of tone and manner. It was Mr Frederick Apsley, the relentless prosecutor. I never saw such an impersonation of malignity. On his knees lay his fists, clenched, and quivering with irrepressible fury; and the glances he occasionally cast towards the prisoners were absolutely fiendish.

The counsel for the prosecution distorted and aggravated every occurrence on the fatal night of the quarrel. Hillier and Apsley, as he went on, exchanged confounded looks, and muttered between their teeth:—but Beauchamp seemed unmoved—even when the counsel seriously asserted he should be in a condition to prove—that Beauchamp came to the house of the deceased with the avowed intention of provoking him into a duel; that he had been attempting foul play throughout the evening; and that the cause of his inveteracy against the deceased, was the deceased's having won considerably.

"Did this quarrel originate, then, in a gaming-house?" enquired the judge, sternly.

"Why—yes, my lord—it did, undoubtedly."

"Pray, are the parties *professed* gamblers!"

The counsel hesitated. "I do not exactly know what your lordship means by *professed* gamblers, my lord."

"Oh!" exclaimed the judge, significantly, "go on—go on, sir." I felt shocked at the virulence manifested by the counsel; and I could not help suspecting him of uttering the grossest falsehoods, when I saw all three of the prisoners involuntarily turn towards one another, and lift up their hands with amazement. As his address seemed likely to continue much longer, profound as was the interest I felt in the proceedings, I was compelled to leave. I stood up for that purpose, and to take a last look at Beauchamp—when his eye suddenly fell upon me. He started—his lips moved—he looked at me anxiously—gave me a hurried bow, and resumed the attentive attitude in which he had been standing.

I hurried away to see my patients, several of whom were in most critical circumstances. Having gone through most on my list, and being in the neighbourhood, I stepped in to see how Mrs Beauchamp was going on. When I entered her bedroom, after gently tapping door, I heard a hurried feeble voice exclaim, "There! there! who is that?" It was Mrs Beauchamp, who endeavoured, but in vain, to raise herself up in bed, while her eyes stared at me with an expression of wild alarm, which abated a little, on seeing who I was. She had mistaken me, I found, for the hourly messenger. I sat down beside her. Several of her female relatives were in the room—a pallid group—having arrived soon after I had left.

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you, now?" I enquired, taking the aged sufferer's hand in mine.

"I may be better, Doctor—but cannot be worse. Nature tells me, the hour is come!"

"I am happy to see you so well—so affectionately attended in these trying circumstances," said I, looking around the room. She made me no reply—but moaned—"Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry!—I would to God you had never been born!—Why are you thus breaking the heart that always loved you so fondly!" She shook her head, and the tears trembled through her closed eyelids. Miss Beauchamp, dressed in black, sat at the foot of the bed, speechless, her head leaning against the bedpost, and her pale face directed towards her aunt.

"How are *you*, my dear Miss Beauchamp?" enquired I. She made me no answer, but continued looking at her aunt.

"My sweet love!" said her mother, drawing her chair to her, and proffering her a little wine and water, "Doctor —— is speaking to you. He asks you how you are!" Miss Beauchamp looked at me, and pressed her white hand upon her heart, without speaking. Her mother looked at me significantly, as if she begged I would not ask her daughter any more questions, for it was evident she could not bear them. I saw several slips of paper lying on a vacant chair beside the bed. They were the hourly billets from the Old Bailey. One of them was;—"12 *o'clock, O. B.* Not quite so encouraging. Our counsel can't make much impression in examination. Judge seems rather turning against prisoner."

"1 *o'clock, O. B.* Nothing particular since last note. Prisoner very calm and firm."

"2 *o'clock, O. B.* Still going on as in last."

"3 *o'clock, O. B.* Mr Beauchamp just read his defence. Made favourable impression on the court.—Many in tears.—Acknowledged himself ruined by play. General impression, prisoner victim of conspiracy."

Such were the hourly annunciations of the progress of the trial, forwarded by the attorneys, in whose handwriting each of them was. The palsying suspense in which the intervals between the receipt of each was passed, and the trepidation with which they were opened and read, no one daring scarce to touch them but Mr ——, the medical attendant, cannot be described. Mr M—— informed me that Mrs Beauchamp had been wandering deliriously, more or less, all day, and that the slightest noise in the street, like hurrying footsteps, spread dismay through the room, and nearly drove the two principal sufferers frantic. Miss Beauchamp, I found, had been twice in terrible hysterics, but, with marvellous self-possession, calmly left the room when she felt them coming on, and retired to the farthest part of the house. While Mr M—— and I were conversing in a low whisper near the fire-place, a heavy, but muffled knock at the street-door, announced the arrival of another express from the Old Bailey. Mrs Beauchamp trembled violently, and the very bed quivered under her, as she saw the billet delivered into my hands. I opened it, and read aloud,—

"4 *o'clock, O. B.* Judge summing up. Sorry to say, a little unfavourable to prisoner. Don't *think*, however, prisoner will be *capitally* convicted." Within this slip was another, which was from Beauchamp himself, and addressed,—

"Sweet loves! Courage! The crisis approaches. I am not in despair. God is merciful! May he bless you for ever and ever, my mother, my Ellen!—H. B."

The gloomy tenor of the last billet—for we could not conceal them from either, as they insisted on *seeing* them after we had read them—excited Mrs and Miss Beauchamp almost to frenzy. It was heart-rending to see them both shaking in every muscle, and uttering the most piteous moans. I resolved not to quit them till the event was known one way or another, and dismissed Mr M——, begging him to return home with the carriage, and inform my wife that I should not dine at home. I then begged that some refreshment might be brought in, ostensibly for my dinner, but really to give me an opportunity of forcing a little nourishment on my patients. My meal, however, was scanty and solitary; for I could scarcely eat myself, and could not induce any one else to touch food.

"This must be a day of *fasting!*" sighed Mrs Beauchamp; and I desisted from the attempt.

"Mrs Beauchamp," enquired her sister-in-law, "would you like to hear a chapter in the Bible read to you?"

"Y—ye—yes!" she replied, eagerly. "Let it be the parable of the *prodigal son;* and perhaps Doctor —— will read it to us?"

What an affecting selection!—Thinking it might serve to occupy their minds for a short time, I commenced reading it, but not very steadily or firmly. The relieving tears gushed forth freely from Mrs Beauchamp, and every one in the room, as I went on with that most touching, beautiful, and appropriate parable. When I had concluded, and, amidst a pause of silent expectation, another billet was brought.

"5 *o'clock, O. B.* Judge still summing up with great pains. Symptoms of leaning towards the prisoner."

Another agitating hour elapsed—how, I scarcely know; and a breathless messenger brought a sixth billet:—

"6 *o'clock, O. B.* Jury retired to consider verdict—been absent half an hour. Rumoured in court that two hold out against the rest—not known on which side."

After the reading of this torturing note, which Mrs Beauchamp did not ask to see, she lifted up her shaking hands to Heaven, and seemed lost in an agony of prayer. After a few minutes spent in this way, she gasped, almost inaudibly,—"Oh! Doctor, read once more the parable you have read, beginning at the twentieth verse." I took the Bible in my hands, and tremulously read,—

"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion,"—(a short, bitter, hysteric laugh broke from Mrs Beauchamp,)—"and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

* * * "And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found: and they began"——

The death-like silence in which my trembling voice was listened to, was broken by the sound of a slight bustle in the street beneath, and the noise of some approaching vehicle. We scarce breathed. The sound increased. Miss Beauchamp slowly dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her ashy face in the clothes. The noise outside increased; voices were heard; and at length a short faint "huzza!" was audible.

"There!—I told you so! He is free!—My son is ACQUITTED!" exclaimed Mrs Beauchamp, sitting in an instant upright in bed, stretching her arms upon it, and clapping her hands in ecstasy. Her features were lit up with a glorious smile. She pushed back her dishevelled grey hair, and sate straining her eye and ear, and stretching forward her hands, as if to enjoin silence.

Then was heard the sound of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs; the door was knocked at; and before I could reach it for the purpose of preventing any sudden surprise, in rushed the old steward, frantic with joy, waving his hat over his head.

"NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY, my lady!" he gasped, all in a breath, in defiance of my cautioning movements. "He's coming! He's coming! He's coming, my lady!" Miss Beauchamp sunk in an instant on the floor, with a faint scream, and was carried out of the room in a swoon. *

Mrs Beauchamp again clapped her hands. Her son rushed into the room, flung himself at her feet, and threw his arms around her. For several moments he locked her in his embraces, kissing her with convulsive fondness. "My mother! My own mother!—Your son!" he gasped; but she heard him not. She had expired in his arms.

To proceed with my narrative, after recounting such a lamentable catastrophe, is like conducting a spectator to the death-strewn plain after the day of battle! All, in the once-happy family of Beauchamp, was thenceforth sorrow, sickness, broken-heartedness, and death. As for the unhappy Beauchamp, he was released from the horrors of a prison, only to "turn his pale face to the wall," on a lingering, languishing, bed of sickness, which he could not quit, even to follow the poor remains of his mother to their final resting-place in ——shire. He was not only confined to his bed, but wholly unconscious of the time of the burial; for a fierce nervous fever kept him in a state of continual delirium. Another physician and myself were in constant attendance on him. Poor Miss Beauchamp also was ill; and, if possible, in a worse plight than her cousin. The reader cannot be surprised that such long and intense sufferings should have shattered her vital energies—should have sown the seeds of *consumption* in her constitution. Her pale, emaciated, shadowy figure, is now before me!—After continuing under my care for several weeks, her mother carried her home into ——shire, in a most precarious state, hoping the usual beneficial results expected from a return to native air. Poor girl! She gave me a little pearl ring, as a keepsake, the day she went; and intrusted to me a rich diamond ring, to give to her cousin Henry: "It is too large now, for *my* fingers," said she, with a sigh, as she dropped it into my hand, from her wasted finger! "Tell him," said she, "as soon as you consider it safe, that my love is his—my whole heart! And though we may never meet on this side the grave, let him wear it to *think* of me, and hope for happiness hereafter!" These were among the last words that sweet young woman ever spoke to me.

* * * *

As the reader, possibly, may think he has been long enough detained among these sorrowful scenes, I shall draw them now to a close, and omit much of what I had set down for publication.

Mr Beauchamp did not once rise from his bed during two months, the greater part of which time was passed in a state of stupor. At other periods he was delirious, and raved dreadfully about scenes with which the manuscript he committed to me in prison had made me long and painfully familiar. He loaded himself with the heaviest curses, for the misery he had occasioned to his mother and Ellen. He had taken it into his head that the latter was also dead, and that he had attended her funeral. He was not convinced to the contrary, till I judged it safe to allow him to open a letter she addressed to him, under cover to me. She told him she thought she was "getting strong again;" and that if he would still accept her heart and hand, in the event of his recovery, they were his unchangeably. Nothing contributed so much to Beauchamp's recovery as this letter. With what fond transports did he receive the ring Ellen had intrusted to my keeping!

His old steward, Pritchard, after accompanying his venerated lady's remains into the country, returned immediately to town, and scarce ever after left his master's bedside. His officious affection rendered the office of the valet a comparative sinecure. Many were the piques and heartburnings between these two zealous and emulous servants of an unfortunate master, on account of the one usurping the other's duty!

One of the earliest services that old Pritchard rendered his master, as soon as I warranted him in so doing, was to point out who had been the "serpent in his path"—the origin—the deliberate, diabolical, designer of his ruin—in the person of his tutor! The shock of this discovery rendered Beauchamp speechless for the remainder of the day. Strange and wise are the ways of Providence! How does the reader imagine the disgraceful disclosures were brought about? Sir Edward Streighton, who had got into his hands the title-deeds of one of the estates, out of which he and his scoundrel companions had swindled Beauchamp, had been hardy enough—*quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*—to venture into a court of law, to prosecute his claim! In spite of threatened disclosures, he pressed on to trial; when such a series of flagrant iniquities was developed, unexpectedly to *all* parties, as compelled Sir Edward, who was in court *incognito*, to slip away, and without even venturing home, embark for the continent, and from thence to that common sewer of England—America.* His papers were all seized under a judge's order by Mr Beauchamp's agents; and among them was found the letter addressed to him by Eccles, coolly commending his unsuspicious pupil to destruction!

Under Beauchamp's order, his steward made a copy of the letter, and enclosed it, with the following lines, to the tutor, who had since contrived to gain a vicarage!

"To the Reverend Peter Eccles, vicar of ——,

"Sir,—A letter, of which the following is a copy, has been discovered, in your hand-writing, among the papers of Sir Edward Streighton; and the same post which brings you this, encloses your own original letter to Sir Edward, with all necessary explanations, to the bishop of your diocese.

"The monstrous perfidy it discloses, will be forthwith made as public as the journals of the day can make it.

"Thomas Pritchard,
Agent to Mr Beauchamp."

What results attended the application to the bishop, and whether or not the concluding threat was carried into effect, *I have reasons for concealing*. There *are*, who do not need information on those points.

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* His companion in villainy, who in this narrative is called *Hillier*, brazoned out the affair with unequalled effrontery, and continued in England till within the last very few years; when, rank with roguery, he tumbled into the grave, and so cheated justice. The hoary villain might be seen nightly at —— street, with huge green glasses—*now* up to his knees in cards—and *then* endeavouring, with palsied hand, to shake the dice with which he had ruined so many!

The first time that I saw Mr Beauchamp down stairs, after his long, painful, and dangerous illness, was in the evening of the July following. He was sitting in his easy-chair, which was drawn close to a bow-window, commanding an uninterrupted view of the setting sun. It was piteous to see how loosely his black clothes hung about him. If you touched any of his limbs, they felt like those of a skeleton clothed with the vestments of the living. His long thin fingers seemed attenuated and blanched to a more than feminine delicacy of size and hue. His face was shrunk and sallow, and his forehead bore the searings of a "scorching woe." His hair, naturally black as jet, was now of a sad iron-grey colour; and his eyes were sunk, but full of vivid, though melancholy expression. The air of noble frankness, spirit, and cheerfulness which had heretofore graced his countenance, was fled for ever. In short, to use the quaint expression of a sterling old English writer, "care had scratched out the comeliness of his visage." He appeared to have lost all interest in life, even though Ellen was alive, and they were engaged to be married within a few months! In his right hand was a copy of "Bacon's Essays;" and on the little finger of his left, I observed the rich ring given him by his cousin. As he sat, I thought him a fit subject for a painter! Old Pritchard, dressed also in plain mourning, sat at a table, busily engaged with account-books and piles of papers, and seemed to be consulting his master on the affairs of his estate, when I entered.

"I hope, Doctor, you'll excuse Mr Pritchard continuing in the room with us. He's in the midst of important business," he continued, seeing the old man preparing to leave the room; "he is my *friend* now, as well as steward; and the oldest, I may say, *only*, friend I have left!" I entreated him not to mention the subject, and the faithful old steward bowed, and resumed his seat.

"Well," said Mr Beauchamp, after answering the usual enquiries respecting his health, "I am not, after all, absolutely *ruined* in point of fortune. Pritchard has just been telling me that I have more than four hundred a-year left"——

"Sir, sir, you may as well call it a good L.500 a-year," said Pritchard, eagerly taking off his spectacles. "I am but L.20 a-year short of the mark, and I'll *manage that*, by hook or by crook, and you—see if I don't!" Beauchamp smiled faintly. "You see, Doctor, Pritchard is determined to put the best face upon matters."

"Well, Mr Beauchamp," I replied, "taking it even at the lower sum mentioned, I am sincerely rejoiced to find you so comfortably provided for." While I was speaking, the tears rose in his eyes—trembled there for a few moments—and then, spite of all his attempts to prevent them, overflowed.

"What distresses you?" I enquired, taking his slender finger in mine. When he had a little recovered himself, he replied, with emotion, "Am I not comparatively a beggar? Does it suit to hear that Henry Beauchamp is a *beggar!* I have nothing now but misery—hopeless misery! Where shall I go, what shall I do, to find peace? Wherever I go, I shall carry a broken heart, and a consciousness that I deserved it!——I—I, the murderer of two"——

"*Two*, Mr Beauchamp? What can you mean? The voice of justice has solemnly acquitted you of murdering the miserable Apsley—and who the *other* is"——

"My mother! my poor, fond, doating mother! I have killed *her*, as certainly as I slew the guilty wretch that ruined me! My ingratitude pierced her *heart*, as my bullet his *head!* That it is which distracts—which maddens me! The rest I might have borne—even the anguish I have occasioned my sweet, forgiving Ellen, and the profligate destruction of the fortunes of my house!" I saw he was in one of the frequent fits of despondency to which he was latterly subject, and thought it best not to interrupt the strain of his bitter retrospections. I therefore listened to his self-accusations in silence.

"Surely you have ground for comfort and consolation in the unalterable, the increasing attachment of your cousin?" said I, after a melancholy pause.

"Ah, my God! it is that which

drives the nail deeper! I cannot, cannot bear it! How shall I DARE to wed her? To bring her to an impoverished house—the house of a *ruined gamester*—when she has a right to rule in the halls of my fathers? To hold out to her the arms of a MURDERER!" He ceased abruptly—trembled, clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in a painful reverie.

"God has, after all, intermingled some sweets in the cup of sorrows you have drained: why cast *them* scornfully away, and dwell on the taste of the bitter?"

"Because my head is disordered; my appetites are corrupted. I cannot now *taste* happiness. I know it not; the relish is gone for ever!"

* * * *

"In what part of the country do you propose residing?" I enquired.

"I can never be received in English society again—and I will not remain here in a perpetual pillory—to be pointed at!—I shall quit England for ever"——

"You *sha'n't*, though!"—exclaimed the steward, bursting into tears, and rising from his chair, no longer able to control himself—"You sha'n't go"—he continued, walking hurriedly to and fro, snapping his fingers. "You sha'n't—no, you sha'n't, Master Beauchamp—though I say it that shouldn't!—You shall trample on my old bones, first."

"Come, come, kind old man!—Give me your hand!"—exclaimed Mr Beauchamp, affected by this lively shew of feeling, on the part of his old and tried servant.—"Come, I won't go, then—I won't!"

"Ah!—point at you—*point at you*, did you say, sir! I'll be —— if I won't do for any one that points at you, what you did for that rogue Aps——"

"Hush, Pritchard!" said his master, rising from his chair, and looking shudderingly at him.

The sun was fast withdrawing, and a portion of its huge blood-red disk was already dipped beneath the horizon. Is there a more touching or awful object in nature?—We who were gazing at it, felt that there was not. All before us was calmness and repose. Beauchamp's kindling eye assured me that his soul sympathized with the scene.

"Doctor—Doctor"—he exclaimed suddenly,—"What has come to me? Is there a devil mocking me? Or is it an angel whispering that I shall yet be happy? May I listen—*may* I listen to it?"—He paused. His excitement increased. "O yes, yes! I feel intimately—I know I am reserved for happier days! God smileth on me, and my soul is once more warmed and enlightened!"—An air of joy diffused itself over his features. I never before saw the gulf between despair and hope passed with such lightning speed!—Was it returning delirium only?

"How can he enjoy happiness who has never tasted misery?" he continued, uninterrupted by me. "And may not he most relish peace, who has been longest tossed in trouble!—Why—why have I been desponding?—Sweet, precious Ellen! I will write to you! We shall soon meet; we shall even be happy together!—Pritchard," he exclaimed, turning abruptly to the listening steward—"What say you!—Will you be my *major-domo*,—eh?—Will you be with us in the country, once again?"

"Aye, Master Beauchamp,"—replied Pritchard, crying like a child,—"as long as these old eyes, and hands, and head, can serve you, they are yours! I'll be any thing you'd like to make me!"

"There's a bargain, then, between you and me!—You see, Doctor, Ellen will not cast me off; and old Pritchard will cling to me: why should I throw away happiness?"

"Certainly—certainly! There is much happiness before you"—

"The thought is transporting, that I shall soon leave the scenes of guilt and dissipation for ever, and breathe the fresh and balmy atmosphere of virtue once again! How I long for the time! Mother, will you watch over your prodigal son?" How little he thought of the affecting recollections he had called forth in my mind, by mentioning—*the prodigal son!*

I left him about nine o'clock, recommending him to retire to rest, and not expose himself to the cool of the evening. I felt excited, myself, by the tone of our conversation, which, I suspected, however, had on his part, verged far into occasional lightiness. *I* had not such sanguine hopes for him, as he entertained for himself. I suspected that his constitution, however it might rally for a time, from its present prostration—had received a shock before which it *must* erewhile fall!

About five o'clock the next morning, I and all my family were alarmed by one of the most violent and continued ringings and thunderings at the door I ever heard. On looking out of my bedroom window, I saw Mr Beauchamp's valet below, wringing his hands, and stamping about the steps like one distracted.

Full of fearful apprehension, I dressed myself in an instant, and came down stairs.

"In the name of God, what is the matter?" I enquired, seeing him pale as ashes.

"Oh, my master!—come—come"—he could get out no more. We both ran at a top speed to Mr Beauchamp's lodgings. Even at that early hour, there was an agitated group before the door. I rushed up stairs, and soon learnt all. About a quarter of an hour before, the family were disturbed by hearing Mr Beauchamp's Newfoundland dog, which always slept at his master's bedroom door, howling, whining, and scratching against it. The valet and some one else came to see what was the matter. They found the dog trembling violently, his eyes fixed on the floor; and on looking down, they saw blood flowing from under the door. The valet threw himself half frantic against the door, and burst it open; he rushed in, and saw all! Poor Beauchamp, with a razor grasped in his right hand, was lying on the floor lifeless!

I never now hear of a young man—especially of fortune—frequenting the GAMING TABLE, but I think with a sigh of Henry Beauchamp.

A WORD WITH THE READER, AT PARTING.

These PASSAGES are at length brought to a close; and it may be thought high time they were. In bidding farewell to the readers of this, the most distinguished journal in the country, the Editor of the foregoing series of papers begs to assure those who have read them, that if in any instance their *hearts* have been interested, and touched by the MORAL always aimed at, the pains and trouble with which these sketches have been prepared for publication, will have been nobly bestowed.

Whatever harsh comments may have been made on certain portions, by some of the metropolitan and provincial press, the Editor thinks he may challenge any one to point out where a *real* outrage on morals or delicacy has been perpetrated.* He begs, in conclusion, to express his acknowledgments for the handsome terms in which this Diary has been from time to time characterised by some of the leading journals and newspapers. In the event of Mr Blackwood's bringing it before the world as an independent publication, one or two additional sketches may be introduced: and the whole accompanied by notes, and illustrations appended to such portions as may appear to require them. Till then, reader, he bids you an affectionate—Adieu!

London, 15*th Sept.* 1831.

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* The paper which has been most obnoxious to such censures, is the "*Man about Town*;" which was assailed, in particular, with extraordinary virulence by one of the most noisy London monthly journals. The only reply I make to the fellow who penned the paragraph, crowded with such coarse and brutal falsehoods, is—VALE, PUTRESCAS!

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. X.

What is the Bill now?

The Reform Bill is shaking everywhere but in the House of Commons: the Reformers are divided; the Constitutionists are steady. That which no one dared to have hoped some months ago, is already, to all appearance, approaching its accomplishment; the ruinous consequences, and enormous peril of the new constitution, are becoming apparent even to the warmest friends of the measure.

That there would be a reaction, and that, too, a ruinous one to the supporters of the Reform Bill, sooner or later, was as evident, as that in the end truth will prevail over falsehood. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, is the law of nature, and should never be forgotten, even in the worst extremities, either by the philosophical observer of human affairs, or the believer in the superintendence of an allwise Providence. We never for an instant doubted that the truth of the principles we advocated would ultimately become apparent; what we feared was, that before truth had dispelled the clouds of error, the irrevocable step would have been taken, and the nation launched into that stream of revolution, from which, even to the most anxious, there is no return.

The danger of such an occurrence is still great, but not so great as it has been. It arises not from the present state of the public mind, but the consequences of the former: not from any peril now to be apprehended from the people, but from the nature of the hands to which, in a moment of delusion, they have committed their destinies.

But if the danger is abated, and the sun of Hope begins to shine through the clouds of revolution, the people of England should know to what their preservation from unheard of perils has been owing. Not to their own good sense, for it entirely deserted them—not to the efforts of the reformers, for they would have precipitated them, in spite of all that ministers could do, into the agonies of anarchy—not to the checks provided by the constitution, for they were all to appearance destroyed. It has been entirely owing to the firmness, ability, and skill of the anti-reformers. It is this calumniated body, who love the people more than those who would elevate themselves on their passions; who fearlessly threw themselves into the breach; who faced danger and relinquished ambition, for the discharge of patriotic duty; who protected the people from the powers which their own madness had invoked, and amidst the execrations of the multitude supported the measures which were to bless them. When it comes to recount the memorable story of these times, history will record that this body relinquished office without regret, when the temper of the legislature proved that it could only be retained by the sacrifice of principle: that they steadily resisted the measures which their successors adopted in compliance with the frenzy of the moment, while they supported all those which were calculated to hold together the fabric of society: that they exposed themselves to immeasurable obloquy, in defence of the insane populace, who were covering them with abuse; and disdaining to "disturb the peace of all the world," sought only "to save it when 'twas wildest."

From the moment that the Reform Bill, with its enormous and incalculable consequences, was laid before the public, the *thinking part* of the community were, with the exception of those whose passions had been excited by democratic ambition, or whose interests had become wound up in its support, almost unanimous in opposing it. The reason was, that it departed altogether from the principles and practice of the constitution, and periled the national salvation on the sea of experiment, from which no one who heretofore ventured had been known to return. Seeing this, the prudent and judicious deemed it safest to abstain from an essay in the construction of constitutions, in which great peril was apparent, and no benefit could be expected; while the learned and the thoughtful, instructed by historic experience, recoiled with horror from the commencement of measures, big to their prophetic eye with the atrocities of the Reign of Terror.

The circumstance which renders the adoption of any legislative measures, during a period of violent political excitement, so extremely hazardous, is, that at that time the influence of thought and wisdom is destroyed, and the power of passion is omnipotent. Such a state of things cannot last, or society would speedily perish; but the evil to be apprehended is, that before the reaction takes place, before passion subsides, and reason has resumed the helm, measures are taken which are irretrievable—institutions, the work of ages, overthrown—and the passions of the people permanently excited, by placing the opulence of ages within their grasp. The reaction does indeed then come, but it comes too late to be of any real service; and the early friends of freedom, blasted by the storm they had excited, can only share in the mournful feeling of Madame Roland when led out to the scaffold—"Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name!"

It was the fatal precipitance of the French reformers which was the immediate cause of the downward progress of their first revolution. Within three months after the meeting of the States-General, the privileges of the nobility had been surrendered, the Rights of Man proclaimed, the union of the orders in one Chamber determined; tythes abolished, corporation rights annihilated, and the King led a prisoner to his palace of the Tuileries. Cooler heads than those of the French might well have been turned by such headlong innovations. Their first effect was to disgust the thoughtful and the rational, to bring impetuous passion and vulgar ambition up to the surface, and by intrusting the guidance of the state to the most vehement among the people, surrender their destinies to the very hands which were most unfit to direct them.

It is not the fault of the reformers if a similar precipitate course has not attended the Reform Bill: if society in England, as in France, has not been convulsed by the sudden adoption of unnecessary changes, and the fatal torrent of revolution irretrievably let loose. They have done every thing they could to precipitate the catastrophe: they advocated the dissolution of Parliament, at a moment of the highest excitement: they incessantly urge Government to press on the Reform Bill, and to quash the anticipated opposition of the Peers, by a great creation of new barons. If they had had every thing their own way, if the determined and powerful band of the Anti-Reformers had not been at their posts, the new constitution would have been long ago established, and the nation now convulsed by the ulterior revolutionary measures which it must produce.

The progress of this great tranquillizing measure, say the reformers, is thwarted by a desperate phalanx of interested boroughmongers: bold as lions, crafty as foxes, rapacious as vultures! It is indeed arrested by a desperate opposition, such an opposition as withstood Xerxes at Thermopylæ, Asdrubal at the Metaurus, Massena at Torres Vedras, Napoleon at Waterloo. Livy relates that Fabius, during his command, was assailed with the most vehement abuse by the plebeian party at Rome: in what light is he regarded by posterity? "The saviour of Rome, the guardian angel of the republic. Unus qui nobis *cunctando* restituit rem." We well recollect the gloomy prognostications, the incipient sneers of the Whigs, when Wellington lay at Torres Vedras, and wore out the vehemence of French invasion by the steadiness of British resistance.

Scipio Africanus, the deliverer of Rome, was banished by his turbulent countrymen: Aristides went into exile to avoid the fury of Athenian democracy. If the opponents of reform are exposed to obloquy, they share it with the greatest and best of the human race: they need not lament their lot, when it was borne by such predecessors.

> "Nor, methinks, shall I deplore me,
> Faring as my friends before me;

Nor a holier heaven desire,
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
Or Tully's curule chair, or Milton's golden
lyre."

What is the pretence for this monstrous precipitance in the construction of the constitution? Is truth so likely to perish from the lapse of time? Do Euclid's *Elements*, or Newton's *Principia*, require to be hurried, lest their demonstration be lost? Is the great cause of the necessity of a legal provision for the poor, or the amelioration of our criminal code, or the freedom of trade, likely to decline under protracted discussion? Does truth expire, and error become omnipotent, the longer its discussion is continued? Haste in discussion is the invariable mark of those who dread the returning light. Caution and delay the sure sign of those who are conscious of an invincible cause.

To all the clamour about the delay in reform, the answer is invincible. If it is calculated to do good, the more it is discussed the stronger will its support become: if it is destined to do harm, the longer its tendency is sifted the better.

But the reformers exclaim, that the discussion of the Bill must be cut short, to prevent the stagnation and depression which its dependance produces on the trade and industry of the country. This is one of the most extraordinary paradoxes that ever was maintained. Finding that the *prospect even* of the measure they support has paralysed every branch of industry, and threatens to produce the most wide-spread distress over the country, they maintain that the only way to remedy it is to *hasten the very measure*, whose approach, like that of the simoom, has withered every thing on which it blew. If the prospect of it has been so fatal, what is its r eality likely to prove?

Nothing can be more certain, or proved by more unexceptionable evidence, than the distress and uncertainty which the agitation of this question has produced. To those engaged in business, or acquainted with the feeling of the metropolis, no commentary is necessary on a fact which is in everybody's mouth. For those at a distance from these sources of information, we subjoin the following quotation. "With respect to trade," says the Morning Advertiser, a stanch reforming journal, "what can be more deplorable than its present condition! Is not the money market daily filled with exchequer bills? Is not the bank contracting its discounts? Is not money, on the most unexceptionable bills, most difficult, or rather impossible, to be procured? Do not the monied men refuse even to advance on mortgage almost any sum, except a mere per centage? Nay, is it not a fact, that many of the most respectable banking firms in the city, have actually refused to give even *one per cent* for large sums of money, which their customers find themselves unable to dispose of? And has not trade been greatly injured thereby? Nay, is it not, except *in mere necessaries, at a complete stand still*, and threatens, in the opinion of the most competent judges, a fearful crisis in the course of the autumn and winter?"* The same state of matters is spoken of in a still more emphatic way in another reforming journal of much ability. "Notwithstanding," says Bell's Weekly Messenger, "the late session of Parliament, and the crowded state of the metropolis, at this period of the year, we believe that the ordinary course of trade and business in London, *never has been so bad.* The great channels of popular employment are almost dry: building has been at a stand for a long time, and if we except the improvements, which are pushed on with public money, there is little or no call for labour and industry among the operative classes. The trades most conversant with personal ornament and decoration, notwithstanding the constant levees and drawing-rooms, have been completely stagnant during the last three months. Jewellers, silversmiths, mercers, and all classes complain; but the evil most observed, is the *hoarding of the precious metals*, and the contracted expenditure of the nobility and gentry."*—These effects are precisely what we always anticipated, and have uniformly predicted, would flow from reform. Insecurity to property, general distrust, a disposition to hoard, an unwillingness to expend, are the well-known symptoms of an anticipated political convulsion. And it is precisely because it leads to these effects that precipitate innovation is so perilous: because it involves the nation in general distress at the very time when the fatal example has been set, of yielding to the passions of the people; and when a weak government finds itself unable to withstand the increasing demands of those upon whom it depends for support, but whose necessitous circumstances have now rendered them ripe for the most desperate measures.

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* Morning Advertiser, Aug. 29.

The reformers, no doubt, assert that all this distress is not owing to reform, but to the prospect of its being refused; and that the age of gold is awaiting us, the moment that the bill receives the royal assent. To determine, then, whether it is owing to the prospect of its being conceded or refused, we have only to look to other countries, where the cause of reform has been at once and completely *successful.* If in them universal prosperity has followed the measures, we admit the existing distress in this country may fairly be ascribed to the opposition it has experienced: If general distress has been its invariable attendant, the conclusion seems unavoidable, that we are suffering, not from its refusal, but the consequences of its anticipated adoption.

Now, it will hardly be disputed, that in Paris and Brussels, the cause of reform was at once and signally successful. Three days in the former country sufficed to overthrow a dynasty, and establish a throne, surrounded by republican institutions; and a week in the latter, was sufficient to sever a kingdom, and establish the revolutionary party in unbridled sovereignty. Have the golden fruits of reform there rewarded the democratic exertions of the people? Is trade so very prosperous, money so very abundant, orders so very numerous, bankruptcies so very rare, among our reforming brethren on the other side of the Channel? The reverse of all this is proverbially and avowedly the case; Industry never was so stagnant, commerce so depressed, suffering so general. Great as is the distress, which the prospect of reform has produced *here*, it is nothing to what its realization has occasioned *there*. Two-thirds of the whole mercantile houses in Paris have become insolvent since the three glorious days of July, and by a remarkable instance of poetical justice, *two hundred booksellers have failed.*† Reform and revolution there, as every where else, selecting as its first victims, those who had been its earliest supporters.

The case was the same at the commencement, and during the whole progress, of the first revolution. "The distress," says Mignet, "which prevailed over all France, in the autumn and winter of 1789, was never before equalled. Crowds came up from the provinces to Paris, in eager expectation of finding that employment in the metropolis, which the general feeling of insecurity denied them at home, and augmented by their concourse that distress which was already so poignant among its immense population. Multitudes died of hunger, and such was the universality of the suffering, that the revenue fell off *a third* of its whole amount within a year after the meeting of the States General."‡ Nor did the condition of the poor improve during the progress of the revolution. On the contrary, it daily became worse and worse, till at length the populace of Paris and the great towns, from the total failure of employment, required to be regularly *fed by rations*, like the garrison of a fortified town. "Paris," says the Republican Thiers, "during the winter of 1794, endured all the horrors of a besieged city. Six hundred and ninety thousand citizens daily received their food from the committee of subsistence, which amounted only to the miserable pittance of a pound of black bread a-day for each soul.

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* Bell's Weekly Messenger, Aug. 28.

† Campbell's Magazine, Dec. 1830.

‡ Mignet, i. 47.

Even for this small allowance, they were compelled to wait at the bakers' shops from eleven at night till seven in the morning, during the severity of an arctic winter. Such were the quarrels which ensued at the gates of these, the sole fountain of subsistence, that the Convention were compelled to enact, that a rope should be attached to the door of each bread-shop, and each comer, as he arrived, should take it in his hand, and remain there, without losing his hold, till the doors were opened in the morning. From this regulation has arisen the common cry, *à la queue, à la queue*, still to be heard at the doors of our theatres and places of public resort. It was a deplorable spectacle to see two or three hundred citizens, who had deserved so well of the republic, standing in mournful silence round the door of every bread shop in Paris, during the whole night, amidst the severity of a Russian winter, not venturing to drop the rope from their hands, even when congealed by the frost, lest they should lose their only chance of obtaining food for the following day, for their starving families. With truth did the petitioners from the working classes of Paris say at the bar of the Convention, on occasion of the great revolt in April 1795,—'Such have been our sufferings for the last five years, that we are ready to regret all the sacrifices we have made for the revolution.' Miserable as was the supply, thus doled out to the inhabitants of Paris, it was obtained only by inflicting as great suffering as it relieved: the law of the *maximum*, which compelled the farmers to sell their produce at a ruinously low price, prevented them from bringing any grain voluntarily to market; and what was obtained by the government for the public necessities, was procured only by forcing from the miserable cultivators, by the terrors of military execution, and in the law of forced requisition of their hard-earned Ten thousand persons in this odious employ- mittee of provision nd their duty may truly be described as being to wring from the poor in the country the support of the poor in towns."*

Such have been the effects of *successful reform*, in the countries where it succeeded according to the most sanguine hopes of the foreign reformers: where no desperate boroughmongers delayed the progress of their innovations; where the higher classes yielded, without a struggle, all their privileges; and the work of revolution, expeditiously conducted in a single chamber, met with none of the delays to which all the distress is ascribed in this country. How do the reformers account for this distress, coexistent with revolution in every other state, and increasing exactly in proportion as the triumph of the reformers there became the more complete? It is evident that it arose from the progress of that reform itself—and that the depression of industry, now so generally the subject of complaint, is, in truth, the consequence of that very measure, which, with marked disregard of historic experience, the reformers are now urging forward with such breathless haste, like the maddened steed, which rushes towards the edge of the precipice, where he is to be hurled to destruction.

Among other good effects which have resulted from the intrepid and skilful stand by the anti-reformers, it is not the least, that it has enabled the people to feel the effects of reform *before it became a law;* and has thus cooled many heads, utterly inaccessible either to reason or eloquence, by the decisive argument of the pocket. It is, no doubt, a fine thing for tradesmen and manufacturers to figure at reform meetings, and political union clubs, and receive the encomiums of the radical press, as the leading and most enlightened political characters of the day: but it is in the end fully as good a thing to augment their customers, discharge their obligations, and increase the balance of profit on their books. Now, when these patriotic manufacturers and shopkeepers find their business rapidly declining, their bills refused at the bank, and the balance turning into loss in their accounts, they begin to hesitate as to the *practical expedience* of the course they have been pursuing. The banker becomes a more powerful logician than Bacon, a more persuasive orator than Demosthenes. Their conduct reminds us of the celebrated dialogue in the play: — "Your character? No.—Your honour? No.—Your eternal salvation? No.—A thousand pounds? Ah! there you have me!"

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* Mornhiers, viii. 322, et seq. vi. and vii.

In all countries which have undergone the crisis of a revolution, these effects have been soon experienced: but the inestimable benefit which the anti-reformers have conferred upon their country, is, that they have let them be felt before it was too late: they have forced the maniac to taste the bitterness of the fatal draught before he had swallowed the whole contents of the cup. England, in this crisis of her history, has experienced the full benefit of the free institutions under which she has so long flourished: the continued and prolonged discussion which the forms of its constitution allowed, and the sober temper nursed by centuries of freedom permitted, have gone far, indeed, to neutralize the ruinous effects of the revolutionary tempest. What a contrast does the conduct of her aristocracy and intelligent classes afford to that pursued in a similar crisis in the neighbouring kingdom! While one half of the nobility of France basely fled at the first appearance of danger, and the other, seduced and intimidated, yielded to the storm, and with sacrilegious hands, joined in pulling down the institutions of their country, the aristocracy of England have at least boldly fronted the danger; braved alike the threats and execrations of the multitude, and, amidst the almost universal hostility of the people, pursued the steps of true patriots. If any thing was necessary to complete our attachment to the hereditary institutions of the country, it would be the manner in which they have withstood the shock of a storm, which would have levelled any despotic monarchy with the dust, and nursed among our higher and influential classes, a degree of vigour and resolution, which form the only secure foundation of public welfare. The best argument against reform is, that the subsisting institutions of the country have produced a race of men capable of so long withstanding, and it is to be hoped, at last defeating, the Reform Bill.

Nor has such conduct even already been without its reward. It is to be seen in the altered feeling of the country;—in the indifference to reform now so prevalent among the men of business;—in the decided hostility to it now so conspicuous among men of intelligence. Walk the streets of the metropolis; in every print-shop you will see caricatures *against* the Reform Bill and its supporters, a significant straw which shows how the wind sets. Read the Reforming papers—with what impatience, and almost frantic rage, do they urge the progress of the bill, and complain of the tardy imbecility of Ministers! Well do they know what awaits them from continued discussion; vehemently do they deplore the returning light of the country. *Seven* contested elections have taken place since the general election, for seats in which reformers were *then* returned; and in every one of them anti-reformers have now been seated by a decisive majority. The recent elections of Dublin, Grimsby, and Weymouth, will not be lost upon the country. They demonstrate the existence of a reaction in the quarters where the triumph of the Reform party was considered most complete.

The Reform Bill will, in all probability, pass the Lower House by a large majority; but it will do so, *not because* it is the mirror of the present opinion, but because it is the echo of the past delusion of the country. The efforts of the mob are like the spring of a wild beast; if the first blow fails, they rarely make a second attempt. The great, but inert mass, cannot be roused a second time, at least for a considerable period, on the same subject. A succession of straws must be presented to tickle the fancy of the huge baby; a child never wearies of amusement; but its toys must be changed every week.

If the hostility of the people to the aristocracy was founded on any real grievance or practical suffering *which reform could relieve*, we should entertain a very different opinion as to the expedience of opposing it. Passion decays—delusions are ephemeral—but the stings of suffering, the suggestions of interest, the indignation at unnecessary restraint, are permanent. Government can never be too rapid in removing the causes of real suffering; in destroying the shackles which restrain the industry, or interfere with the prosperity, of the people. But the case is widely different with a passion like that for reform, which has no connexion with any real interest, but is a mere vehement popular desire, similar to that which lures the conqueror in his career of destruction, or impels the youth in the pursuit of pleasure. The longer and the more steadily that such a passion is resisted, the more weak and manageable does it become. It is by giving it the reins that it grows ungovernable.

We do not deny the existence of suffering. On the contrary, we know it, and deplore it, and would willingly lend our aid to any Ministry which should set themselves to reform the real grievances of the country. We shall speedily put our shoulder to the great wheel of establishing poor-laws in Ireland; and the moment that any administration, be they Whig or Tory, shall seriously set themselves to measures of real utility, we shall give such measures our cordial support. It is measures of no practical benefit, but vast practical danger, which we deprecate, which lure the people like the lurid flame in the morass, to present peril, and ultimate perdition.

Any danger which might formerly have existed from the Peers rejecting the Reform Bill, is now at an end. The passions have cooled— [illegible]ice of Reason has some slight the [illegible] being heard, now that the chance of [illegible]tion have, to a certain storms of Fa[illegible]d. In truth, from the degree, subside[illegible] which the Bill will, altered form in the be sent up to the to all appearance, [illegible] division of opinion Upper House, the [illegible] even among the nion concerning it, [illegible] will be so reformers themselves, [illegible]ection comgreat, as to render its re[illegible]blic indifparatively a matter of p[illegible] ference.

[illegible], viii.[illegible] made Such have been the chan[illegible] alteron this unchangeable and un[illegible] able Bill, since it was first broached in Parliament on March 1, that it is extremely difficult to form a correct and general view of its ultimate tendency in all its branches; but, so far as any thing seems fixed, the following are the new features which the Bill has assumed:—

1. Householders renting houses worth L.10 a-year of rent, are admitted to vote in all boroughs, though they pay their rent *only weekly*, and though they have *not paid their rent*, if they can show its amount by the payment of rents and taxes.

2. Tenants at will are allowed to vote for the counties, provided the farmer pays L.50 a-year of rent.

3. The larger counties are divided into districts; and each freeholder in a district votes for the members for that district only.

These enactments are evidently founded upon a compromise of the various factions of the reformers. They are a total departure, not only from the professed principle of the Bill, but from any principle whatever. They have rendered it more absurd, more contradictory, more perilous, than ever.

The Bill professed to extend the right of voting to a fair proportion of the property and intelligence of the country. How does it carry into effect that principle? By bringing up to the poll the tenants at will on L.50 farms in counties, and the weekly payers of L.10 lodgings in towns. This is what is called securely basing the representation upon the property and intelligence of the country. Upon the property of artizans who pay their rents weekly, because their landlord knows that it can be made good by no longer credit allowed to the tenant; and the intelligence of the L.50 tenants at will, who follow their landlords to the poll.

No constitution-framer, how rash or inexperienced soever, could ever have designedly adopted such a system. Its tendency to throw political power into the hands of the most necessitous and indigent, both of the rural and urbane population, is too obvious to admit of argument. It has arisen from a compromise between the different classes of reformers, each striving to secure to itself the fruits of the victory gained over the old freeholders. The landlords said, "Give us our tenants at will, and we shall come to the poll backed by such numbers as will secure us the command of the counties;" and the landed reformers almost unanimously supported that view. As a set-off to this great victory, Ministers were obliged to augment the force of their allies in the boroughs; and they did this by extending the franchise to all householders at a rent of L.10, though they paid their rents only weekly. The result has been a compound of the elements of democracy and corruption in the new constituency, to a degree which the most gloomy anti-reformers could never have anticipated, and which has fairly outstripped all our prognostications, which were certainly none of the most cheering.

We long ago said (No. III. of this series,) that unless we could commence, as Sir Walter Scott said, with the most desirable and effectual of all reforms—the reform of the human breast—the extension of the right of voting to a more extended body of corruptible electors would necessarily extend the sphere of bribery and improper influence; and that thus the new constitution would be made to vibrate between the infamy of corruption and the passion for democracy, yielding in periods of tranquillity to the former, tossed in moments of agitation by the latter. This peril being founded in the two most general and powerful passions of the human heart—the love of money, and the love of power—is universal and permanent. It appeared in the clearest manner in the Roman republic, when the people, after democratic passion was once awakened by the efforts of Gracchus, never ceased to vacillate between democratic vehemence and aristocratic corruption, till they yielded to the largesses of Cæsar, and placed military power in the hands of their favourite and prodigal leader. It must ever be the case, where aristocratic or commercial wealth and democratic ambition are left in presence of each other. The only way in which it can be prevented, is by totally destroying, as in France, the wealth of the opulent classes, and leaving no power in the state either to withstand or undermine the sovereign multitude.

The only way in which this glaring, and to a certain degree unavoidable evil, can be mitigated, is by vesting political power in the hands of those who are farthest removed from extremes on either side, and who, by the possession of some property, are both interested against the efforts of the levellers on the one side, and above the corruption of the opulent, or the frowns of the powerful, on the other. The stability of the English constitution was, in a great measure, owing to this, that it excluded persons without property, generally speaking, on both sides, and intrusted the political franchise only to those who might be supposed, by their circumstances, to be above either the seductions of the great, or the passions of the multitude. The standard fixed on for this purpose was, in the counties, the possession of a *freehold* of forty shillings a-year, in the time of Henry VI., or about L.70 a-year of our money. In boroughs, the standard was very various; but, upon the whole, the weight of political influence was thrown into the hands of those who, by the possession of competence, were above the seductions of opulence, or the necessities of want; and hence the long duration of the constitution.

Tenants, both of the landlords in the country, and of the artizans in the towns, were carefully excluded. With the exception of a few boroughs where potwallopers had a vote, they had no share in the representation.

The Reform Bill professed, but *haud passibus æquis*, to follow the same principles. It gave the franchise to the tenants of L.10 houses in town paying their rent *once every six months;* and to the holder of a farm worth L.50 a-year for *seven years*, in the country. Much as there was to say against such a body of freeholders, it had at least the shew of being founded on property. The rural tenant, by the possession of a lease for seven years, had at least a sort of independence; and the burgh voter must have been a man of some sort of substance, if his rent was payable every six months, because, the fact of his landlord giving him credit for so long a period, was a proof that he thought he could *at least be trusted for five pounds.* Most persons will probably think such a degree of credit no great security for the due exercise of political power; but, small as it is, it was immense, compared to the needy and destitute hands into which, in the present state of the Bill, it is to be intrusted.

Tenants at will are now allowed to vote for the counties, and tenants who may be ejected *at a week's notice* for the borough members. Were such regulations brought forward by some anti-reformer in disguise, in order to render perfectly ludicrous the pretence of there being either property, independence, or intelligence among the depositaries of power? Were they brought forward expressly, in order to tear the new constitution in pieces the moment it was erected, by permitting the refuse of the people to nominate their leaders on both sides? Were they brought forward to perpetuate and make irretrievable the great division of the nation, already becoming too marked, into two classes, and render the landlords, backed by their tenants, the eternal enemies of the manufacturers, backed by their operatives? We do not profess to know what the design of the enactments is; possibly its authors could give us as little information as we possess: but as to its *effects*, there can be but one opinion among any dispassionate enquirers.

Democracy nowhere exists to such an extent as in the great towns—corruption is nowhere so unblushing as in the open or venal boroughs—aristocratic influence nowhere so unbending as over tenantry at will. It is to these three classes of voters accordingly that the Reform Bill hands over the government of the country, as if it had intended to exclude modest worth, affluent industry, thoughtful intelligence, for ever from its management!

The Reform Bill is now defended, not on the ground of the good it is to do, but the *balance of evils* which it has contrived to effect. The aristocratic reformers say, "No doubt, the L.10 tenants, paying their rent weekly, are but a sorry set of freeholders; but the admission of tenants at will, and the division of the counties, will give us the complete command of the county members, and by this way we shall get over the small boroughs, *ninety-six* of which are obliged to be reinforced by rural freeholders, to make up the requisite complement of 300 voters; we shall, upon the whole, acquire an ascendency." The Radicals and manufacturing classes exclaim, "Never was any thing so infamous as the division of the counties, and the admission of the tenants at will; but the weekly lodgers will so immensely recruit our ranks, and the manufacturing towns will so strongly advocate our interests, that upon the whole, the good in the new constitution overbalances the evil, and the establishment of the government upon a democratic basis is certain." What conclusion must every rational man draw from this state of matters, but that the middling and independent ranks, who are neither swayed by the passions of the democratic, nor intimidated by the frowns of the aristocratic classes, will be so outnumbered as to be practically excluded; that is, the very class in whom a preponderating and moderating influence ought to be vested, will be left without any share in the representation!

Nothing can be more apparent than that the tendency of the Bill, by utterly extinguishing the influence of the middling ranks, through the vast increase of the voters below them; by allowing no weight to intelligence, talent, or knowledge, from the great addition to mere numbers, is to bring the democratic into open and fierce collision with the aristocratic parties. The effect is unavoidable, when we recollect what a multitude of indigent voters, either in the manufacturing or landed interests, will be reared up under the new Bill, and how small a proportion the united intelligence, knowledge, and thought of the country bears in point of *number* to the operative classes of society. Inverting the maxim of Ulpian, "Testimonia *numeranda* sunt, non ponderanda," seems to be the principle of the Reform Bill. What chance, in any future collision of parties, will the intelligence, learning, or talent of London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, or Edinburgh, have with the mass of democratic vehemence, or commercial corruption, with which the elections in these great sinks of iniquity will be loaded? Between the daily press incessantly stimulating the democratic ambition of its numerous readers, and commercial opulence pouring forth its streams of gold, what prospect has the still small voice of reason, truth, or virtue, of being heard? Evidently none; and the hundreds of virtuous and reasonable electors will retire in disgust before the thousands of turbulent or corrupted voters, whom the Bill, like the sun of Egypt, has wakened into pestiferous existence.

Turn to the counties. Is the prospect of a rational body of freeholders becoming influential at all more favourable in that quarter? It will no longer be the forty-shilling freeholders, but the dependant tenantry, who will carry the day. The great noblemen, the immense proprietors, with their armies of dependant tenantry, will overwhelm the independent freeholders in all but the great counties. Nothing but the manufacturing towns and villages will be able to withstand them, even in the larger electoral departments. Wherever manufactures have been generally diffused, there the multitude of freeholders who issue from the small towns will carry the day in favour of the democratic; wherever the district is exclusively rural, the tenants at will will secure the victory to the aristocratic parties. The real strength and nerve of the state—the gentry, the clergy, the learned professions, the respectable tradesmen, shopkeepers, and merchants, will practically be for ever excluded.

In the small boroughs, the effect will be the same. Wherever manufacturers predominate, as Bolton, Halifax, Stockport, Macclesfield, the democratic party will obtain an ascendency; wherever the district is exclusively rural, the influence of the rural great proprietors will become paramount. A new set of nomination boroughs and nomination districts will supply the place of those which have been destroyed; and after the violation of chartered rights, and the overthrow of the existing constitution, the very evil which is so much complained of will re-appear in another form:

"Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."

But this state of matters cannot last long; and it is easy to foresee, after the middling orders have been extinguished by the immense addition of voters to the aristocratic and democratic parties, which of the two will be ultimately overthrown. In these days of reform and revolution, it is impossible that the aristocratic classes, if the grand precedent of yielding to popular clamour by the passing of the Reform Bill has once been established, can long resist the democratical. How, on the principles which the reforming aristocrats themselves have established, will they be able to withstand such ulterior measures of reform as shall completely deprive them of the shadow of authority? How, for example, if the new electoral departments shall prove to be nomination districts in favour of certain great families, will they be able to resist the argument, that, professing to cleanse, they have in reality added to the filth of the Augean stable, and carried the evils of nomination into those branches of the representation where heretofore it had never existed? How, if many of the small boroughs, with their surrounding rural districts, turn out to be in fact entirely under the control of a peer in the neighbourhood, will they contrive to evade the clamour which will be raised by the democratic faction recently so vehement in their support? On what principle of justice or expedience, after having made such prodigious havoc in the ancient institutions of the country, can they hereafter set their faces to the upholding of rotten boroughs of their own creation?—Vain will then be the argument founded on usage, antiquity, or established rights; the democratic vigour which overthrew institutions of six hundred years' standing, will speedily crush the exotics of a few years' growth; the ephemeral British constitution, deprived of its ancient roots, will fall as rapidly as the new-born constitutions of the continent.

One would think, from the language and conduct of the supporters of the Bill, that they imagine that the spirit of democratic ambition which they have so powerfully excited will be hushed the moment it has accomplished its destined purpose of destroying Tory influence, and that the Reformers will quietly allow a new set of Whig nomination districts and Whig boroughs to glide into the undisturbed sovereignty of the country. They will find, that the torrent they have let loose is not so easily arrested: like the countryman in Horace,

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

The dilemma is unavoidable. Either the Reform Bill will destroy the nomination boroughs, and the influence of property, or it will not. If it does, on the principles of the Ministry themselves, it leaves no bulwark to protect us from the flood of democracy, and the whole institutions, property, and lives of the nation are at the mercy of a lawless rabble; if it does not, it interposes betwixt us and destruction only such a rampart as the Reform Bill professes to destroy, and leaves the seeds of interminable jealousy and discord between the aristocratic and levelling parties.

Lord Milton has said, that one great advantage of the uniformity of the representation is, that it will bring up a different set of voters in different places to the polls, by reason of the great distinction between the class of persons inhabiting L.10 houses in the great and the small towns, and thus reproduce that variety of qualification which has been found to be so productive of advantage under the old system. The observation is just; but so far from being a consideration in favour, it furnishes one of the strongest arguments against the Bill. Every body knows, that the holders of L.10 houses in great towns, such as London, Manchester, or Glasgow, are among the most indigent, profligate, and abandoned of the community; keepers of ale-houses, brothels, and lodging-houses, constitute a decided majority in every one of them; while in small, and especially rural boroughs, they frequently are a most respectable class. The persons inhabiting L.10 houses in the little boroughs are on a level, in point of property, respectability, and situation, with the tenants of houses rented at L.40, L.50, or L.70, in the metropolis or great manufacturing cities. Mr Hunt has avowed, that the L.10 system in the great towns is nearly equivalent to an admission of all paying scot and lot. To have, therefore, the only certain basis of a stable and beneficent government—a respectable set of freeholders—the qualification should have been greatly higher in large than in small towns, instead of, under the pretence of an uniform system, bringing up the lowest of the people in one place, and a class greatly above them in another. But what does the Reform Bill do? It brings up the lowest class of householders, even weekly lodgers, alehouse and brothel-keepers in the great towns, where vice, profligacy, and corruption are so abundant, and confines the franchise to a comparatively small and select class in the rural boroughs, where the temptations to vice are so much fewer, and the character of the people is so much more pure; that is to say, it spreads political power profusely among the most abandoned, inflammable, and corruptible of the community, and scatters it with cautious frugality among those whose passions are cooler, morals more pure, and circumstances more independent! Was such a plan intended to bring the representative system itself into contempt, from the fierce contest of passions which it must generate, and the unblushing effrontery with which corruption will bring its infamous thousands to the poll? or was it intended to put the destinies of the country alternately at the mercy of the passion for democratic power, and the sway of patrician corruption?

No error is more palpable than that which asserts that large bodies cannot be corrupted, and that by multiplying the number of electors, you preclude the possibility of undue influence being exerted over them. If this be the case, how is it that the cost of a contested election in Yorkshire is L.100,000 to each candidate, and that so few struggles take place in the English counties, from the acknowledged inability even of the great families to sustain them? How comes it that the two most disgraceful instances of undue influence and corruption which have occurred of late years have been among the immense constituency of Dublin and Liverpool? How did it happen that L.10 a-vote was the regular price of the Liverpool patriots, and that when government influence was checked at Dublin by the exposure of its former achievements, the election ran directly against that which formerly had taken place? In truth, great cities are the natural asylum and secure resting places of corruption, as of every other vice; because it is there that example spreads the contagion of wickedness, and numbers conceal its individual infamy.

As little is there any foundation for the assertion, that there is no evil in the L.10 system in towns; because a large proportion—in some places a majority—of the houses are rented above that sum. Is the circumstance of inhabiting a house above or below L.10 the line of demarcation between the levelling and the conservative parties? In truth, it is in the people inhabiting houses somewhat above L.10 that the most consistent, united, and formidable efforts in support of democratic power are to be expected. Revolutions are never formidable when they are conducted merely by the poorest class; the insurrections of Wat Tyler in the time of Richard II., of the Radicals in 1820, and of the Farm-burners last winter, were speedily suppressed. It is when they are headed and supported by a superior class; when the passion for power has spread among the lower class of the middling orders; when the men of intelligence, *struggling with the world*, are infected with the contagion of democracy, that the approach of a revolution may with probability be predicted. The only way of resisting the danger, is to arm in favour of the existing order the middling orders who *have made money;* because while, generally speaking, those of that rank who have their fortunes to make are democrats, those who have made it are inclined to the conservative side. But what does the Reform Bill do? It vests political power not in the hands of the proprietor, but of the would-be proprietor; not of the landlords, but the tenant; and thereby puts the country at the mercy, not of the class who, by having realised property, will resist spoliation, but of that which, by being only anxious to make it, will generally concur in the adoption of levelling measures. The people to be dreaded are not the day-labourers, for they are below democratic ambition, and have not the power to exert it; nor the considerable proprietors, for they are to be its victims; but the intermediate body—those who are sufficiently raised above the mere operative to awaken the passion for still greater elevation, and yet sufficiently destitute of any considerable savings to incur any hazard from violent democratic institutions. Such a class is to be found in the tenants of houses in the large towns rented at from L.10 to L.30 or L.40, who have acquired an *income* sufficient to pay the rent of such a dwelling, and not *capital* enough to purchase it; who live by their wits or their labour, and are almost uniformly hostile to those who, by the acquisition or inheritance of independence, are enabled to dispense with the exertion of either. It was in this numerous, ambitious, and restless class that the French Revolution commenced: and it was not till a late stage of its progress that they were swept away by the insurrection of their inferiors:—" The insurrection of July 14th, 1789, the storming of the Bastile, and the captivity of the king," says Mignet, the republican historian, " were the revolt of the *middling class* (classe moyenne) against the aristocrats; that of August 10th, 1792, which established the Reign of Terror, the insurrection of the working classes against the middling."*

There never, therefore, was such a mistake as to imagine, that there is the slightest security against the adoption of the most extreme democratic measures, in the circumstance that the majority of the electors in the boroughs, who return two-thirds of the House of Commons, are the tenants of houses rented at more than L.10. In truth, in the tenants in large cities of houses rented between L.20 and L.30, the germ of all successful and formidable revolutions is to be found. In the operatives, and classes below them, may be found the physical force which is to achieve, but in themselves is to be sought the passions which are to excite, and the ability which is to organize, a revolution. It was not among the poorer classes, but the sons of the yeomanry, who received half-a-crown a-day of pay, equivalent to at least seven shillings of our money, that Cromwell recruited for the Iron Bands, which first supported, and then overthrew, the Long Parliament.

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* Mignet, vol. i. ch. 7.

That an error so glaring, and fraught with such fatal consequences as this, should have been made one of the principal arguments in support of the Reform Bill, is the strongest proof of the happy ignorance of the principles of revolutions, which pervades not only our rulers, but our people. It would be ridiculed as the height of absurdity, both in France and America, where experience has made all classes too well acquainted with the real fountains of democratic ambition. No one can study the Republican historians of France, especially Mignet and Thiers, whose ability has so clearly generalised and classified the events of their Revolution, without being convinced of this truth, that it is among *the poorer of the middling ranks* that the seeds of revolution first begin to germinate, and from them that its first explosions take place. That they speedily fall as victims to their inferiors, and, "like reapers, descend to the harvest of death," is, indeed, equally certain; but large bodies of men never look beyond first consequences in political actions. And it is to this class, that, with an inconceivable, but fatal accuracy, the Reform Bill intrusts political power in
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seldom considerably increased, the manufacturing towns have, in the last 10 years, generally added 50, in some places, even 100 per cent to their numbers. It is this silent and unnoticed increase of the *manufacturing freeholders* which has been one among many of the causes which have produced the present Reform tempest, by gradually turning the scale of the county members, and bringing at last almost the whole of that important body into the class of reformers.

Now, with this prodigious and rapid increase of our manufacturing freeholders, how formidable is the prospect, that the whole L.10 householders, paying their rents weekly, are to be permitted votes! Two-thirds of the whole inhabitants of Great Britain are even now engaged in trade and manufactures; and, to all appearance, the number will soon be three-fourths. That the majority of this great body will always be democratical, may safely be predicted from the experience of every age and country; and how its influence is to be withstood when its members are returned by the most inflammable and least opulent of its number, is a question which it is painful to contemplate.

It is impossible to suppose that the proportion and number of members, fixed by the present Reform Bill, can be permanent. On the principles of the Bill itself, they must be abandoned. How, after having disfranchised 168 seats on the ground of the population having decayed, will they be able to resist the demand for additional members on the part of the increasing manufacturing towns? How will they be able to stave off the claim for two members on the part of so many towns which now are to send only one? On what principle can Dundee, with a population of 40,000, or Aberdeen, with a population of 52,000, be left with only one member each, or Perth, with a population of 21,000, with none at all, when so many boroughs in schedule B, with a population hardly exceeding 4000, return one

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*as said, that the principle of the Bill is, to make the elective
to the point where property *begins*. He could not have expressed
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member, and so great a number of old boroughs return two members, with so few inhabitants that they can only make up 300 voters by taking in the surrounding districts? The thing is obviously out of the question; and the same democratic exertions, which have enabled the present Reformers to overthrow the constitution, will be exerted against the Whig aristocrats, until they have either extinguished the boroughs where their influence has become paramount, or so much augmented the number of members for the manufacturing towns, as to render their existence a matter of no importance. It is always to be recollected, that the experience of the recent election demonstrates, that, in moments of democratic exultation, the existing electors are so far from resisting the introduction of new members and a more extended suffrage, that they strongly support it; a fact perfectly familiar to all persons acquainted with the details of the French Revolution; but which could not *a priori* have been anticipated from what had been observed in this country.

The tremendous danger, therefore, of the present Reform Bill consists in this, that it teaches the democratic party to know their own strength, by avowedly being conceded to popular clamour: that it rests the majority of suffrages in the hands of the most inflammable, most indigent, and least rational part of the community; and at the same time is very far indeed from giving that equal representation to the people which might preclude the possibility of farther demands. It proposes to counterbalance the consequences of too low an extension of the suffrage to the manufacturers, by giving too low a suffrage to the farmers; and thus injures the constitution alike by the enemies whom it admits into its bosom, and the allies whom it deems necessary to resist them.

That the extension of the elective franchise to tenants at will is a departure from the true principles of representation, is self-evident. Its effect upon agriculture and population threatens to be not less serious. Experience has proved what was the consequence of the forty-shilling freeholders on the Irish estates—The degradation of agriculture, the splitting of farms, the multiplication of the poor. Similar consequences must be expected from the great impulse to small farms which the necessity of creating freeholds will occasion. The landlords will find that they have no alternative: the influence of the democratic electors issuing from the small towns will be such that it cannot be withstood in any other way. If they would avert the repeal of the corn laws, the confiscation of the church property, and other consequences of democratic ascendency, they must multiply to the utmost of their power the number of rural freeholds.

Universally over England at the last election, it was the freeholders in the small towns who carried the reform candidates against the rural electors. Ask any gentleman acquainted with the state of parties in Yorkshire, Northumberland, Kent, or Devonshire, why they did not contest these great counties with the democratic party, and they will answer, that they could have counted on a majority of the rural freeholders, that the landed proprietors were almost all against the Bill; but that they had no chance against the numerous bands of reforming electors who issued out of all the little towns. This state of things, coupled with the uniform democratic tendency of this latter body, rendered it absolutely indispensable, at any hazard, to provide a counterpoise to this overwhelming preponderance of the manufacturing interests; and this was done by letting in the tenants at will. It was the part of true patriots, therefore, to support this clause: not as expedient in itself, not as founded on the true principles of representation, but as providing the only possible bulwark against the formidable addition made by the Reform Bill to the democratic party, and the signal destruction which it had effected in the ancient strongholds of the aristocracy.

This fact is well worthy of the attention of those who imagine that the sway of the aristocracy over the freeholders in the small towns will soon reduce them to a state of dependence on the aristocrats in their neighbourhood. If this be the case, why did it not happen at the last election? How were the landlords from Northumberland to Cornwall, from Cumberland to Kent, everywhere outvoted by the freeholders of the little boroughs? What came of this boasted aristocratic influence in May last? It is no answer to this to say that England was then in a state of excitement; undoubtedly it was—but is the Reform Bill to be the last of our subjects of excitement? Is it not rather the commencement of an incessant system of agitation, which will never terminate as long as journals are to profit, democrats to figure, or plunder to be acquired by it.

How disastrous, then, have been the consequences of precipitate innovation! By disfranchising the ancient boroughs, and extending in so prodigal a manner political influence among the city inhabitants, it has become necessary to admit an immense body of rural freeholders, from whom independence of action cannot be expected. This again occasioned the extension of the suffrage to weekly tenants, that is, to the most democratic class of the community. Thus, by the consequence of one fatal step, have the principles of representative government been abandoned on both sides, and both parties, by their jealousy of each other, recruited their forces with classes of men, who threaten to be as formidable to their friends as their enemies, and utterly to exterminate between them the better class of the middling ranks, that is, the very body in whom a preponderating influence should have been vested.

The consequences, therefore, of the Bill, as it at present stands, promise to be these:—

1. By the vast addition to the number of electors in the large cities and counties, from the introduction of the weekly lodgers in the former, and the tenants at will in the latter, the influence of the middling ranks will be destroyed.

2. The aristocratic party, resting on the small boroughs and nomination districts, will be left in direct and fierce collision with the democratic faction, resting on their great cities and manufacturing provinces.

3. In this contest, the example of what was previously achieved by the force of popular outcry in destroying the old constitution, joined to the indignation at finding themselves so much deceived by their professed friends, will speedily determine the contest in favour of the democratic party.

From the moment that the Revolution broke out in Paris in July 1830, we have never ceased to predict that it would produce the most disastrous results: that it would deluge Europe with blood, unhinge the fabric of society, and retard by a very long period, in every country, the consolidation of real freedom. How have our predictions been realised!

In Paris, the centre of the volcano, nothing but uncertainty, weakness, and distraction has since prevailed. During the short period of thirteen months, four different administrations have been called to the helm of affairs, and been successively obliged to abandon it, from the experienced weakness of Government: distrust and terror have pervaded the higher ranks, misery and destitution the lower: the burdens of the nation have been enormously augmented without any addition to the means of its productive industry; the crown domains have been alienated, two hundred millions of debt incurred; the land-tax greatly increased, without the slightest benefit to any class but that of the revolutionary soldiers; the Government has proclaimed its inability to withstand the outcry of the populace, however ruinously directed, and the Minister, who stated that reason and experience alike recommend the support of the hereditary peerage, has confessed that he is under the necessity of abandoning it. The Peers, as a hereditary body, are *abolished*, and the throne is only preserved for a time by submission to the multitude.

Brussels was the next theatre of the revolutionary action, and what has it there achieved? The dismemberment of a flourishing monarchy; the steeping of Flanders in unheard-of misery; its utter prostration as a political power. Leopold has mounted the throne of Belgium, and he finds himself without a sous in his treasury, or a battalion in his army; his troops have all dispersed after the most disgraceful defeats which have occurred in the memory of man; and he is upheld in his precarious situation only by the bayonets of a foreign force. Flanders has descended from its rank as an independent power to become the vassals, and ere long a province of France: the fumes of Belgian patriotism have led to the present disgrace and ultimate partition of their country.

Poland was the next country which was attacked by the revolutionary fever; and in what condition is that unhappy state precipitated into a contest beyond its strength, distracted by the fury of revolutionary action! Even the heroism of its inhabitants, and the sacred cause of national independence, have not been able to save it from destruction: streaming with blood, decimated by the sword and pestilence, it is sinking into ruin, and the last struggles of its existence are stained by popular murders that recall the massacres in the prisons in the days of Danton.

England also has shared in the general contagion, and what have been its consequences? A considerable addition to the standing army, the embodying of the militia, general distrust and apprehension; an increasing stagnation in every branch of industry; the excitation of political passions of unprecedented violence; the attempted and all but completed destruction of the constitution, under which unexampled prosperity and liberty had been enjoyed. The peace of Europe, lately secured on so stable a foundation, hangs on a thread; the oldest allies of England have been insulted with impunity; that which the sword of Napoleon could not effect, the fumes of Revolution have achieved; the rocks of Torres Vedras have witnessed the surrender of the Portuguese fleet, and the graves of Waterloo started at the march of the French battalions. Such have been the consequences of Revolution up to this hour: may wisdom, ere it is too late, be learned from experience, and the firmness of the British aristocracy interpose between the people and their impending ruin!

The process for forcing the Reform Bill through the Upper House, has already commenced: *Sixteen* members have been added to the House of Peers at the Coronation, besides the Peers whose dignity was advanced, which, with five already created, makes *twenty-one Peers* created to vote for the Reform Bill! Twelve was the greatest number ever before made for a single purpose, which was in the time of Queen Anne. The average number of creations for the last century has been five. This year it has been above twenty. It is a singular fact, that the most violent stretches of the royal prerogative have always been made by the Whig party: That Mr Fox signalized his administration in 1783, by the attempt to throw the whole patronage of India into the hands of Government, and Earl Grey has marked his ascent to power by a creation of Peers unparalleled since the Revolution. The friends of freedom, the advocates for discussion, the champions of the people, have exercised the power of the Crown with less restraint than their political opponents ever dreamed of doing. The design to overpower argument by created numbers, is now apparent; and if the Reform Bill is to be carried, it will be not by the power of reason, but by an unprecedented exertion of power. But let us hope that this extreme measure will be as ineffectual as it is unexampled; that a majority of the hereditary guardians of Britain will revolt at the attempt; and that by rejecting this Bill, the Peers will prevent at once the future degradation of their own dignity, and the destruction of the constitution under which it has been acquired.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNSEASONABLE STORY.

CHAP. I.

ORANGE PROCESSIONS.

THERE was much activity and excitement in the province of Ulster in Ireland, during the summer of 18—. In various places, and with menaces which it was thought unwise to disregard, insubordination had begun to manifest itself—law failed of producing its wonted effects, and the Orangemen of the North were aroused into a more than ordinarily energetic manifestation of their principles and their resolution. Whether the Orangemen or their adversaries were influenced by the purer motives, and armed for defence, is a question to be entertained in works of more pretension than this little narrative. I only speak, right on, that I do know; and, contented with relating the fates and fortunes of individuals in whom I feel or have felt interest, willingly commit to writers of deeper penetration, the office of developing the feelings and analyzing the principles by which factions and parties in Ireland have been influenced. For me, it is sufficient to repeat, that, in the summer of 18—, outrages of an insurrectionary character had become frequent in the North of Ireland, and that the Orangemen of Ulster professed, at least, to feel alarm at the not ambiguous intimations of approaching danger.

In consequence, they determined that the "Battle of the Boyne" should be commemorated with more than the ordinary manifestations of rejoicing; and upon its anniversary day, a show of strength was to be made by the various Orange lodges, which it was expected would have a salutary effect upon the minds of friends, and if it could not exorcise the bad spirit by which the heart of the adversary was possessed, would tend very considerably to abate the fury with which he was disposed to manifest his presence. The night preceding the 12th of July wore tediously away. The martial and patriotic, if not me[illegible]ous strains which, at various dis[illegible] passed in the air,—the fre[illegible]ing of the drum, and, occasionally, the startling report of a musket-shot, discharged in the needful preparation of a weapon, or in mere wantonness of excitement, gave tidings, that, upon this moonless but most balmy night, man did not participate in the benign repose which hushed all the inferior creation in most solemn tranquillity.

Indeed, there were instances in which the dawning of morn was not expected with the sobriety in which it should most fitly be saluted. The sounds issuing from various houses in which lights continued to glance to and fro through the entire night, and certain odours occasionally wafted to the air through an opened door or window, bore testimony that the summer beverages of the Orange-lodges were not of the most cooling properties. Nor would such testimony be false, if the inside of his neighbours' houses resembled that of Peter Fairclough's. The business for which an assembly had been summoned at his "public" was dispatched and the lodge adjourned, but the guests had not all departed. Many of the old and staid friends to the Protestant cause had returned to their homes, and lost their anticipations of troubled times in slumber, but some of the younger and more stirring spirits remained, captivated, perhaps, as much by the eloquence of their host, as by the skilfully tempered bowls which his attendant damsels sedulously provided.

Peter Fairclough was a man of well earned renown for strength and courage, and of untainted and unquestioned loyalty. He had seen somewhat more than sixty summers, and he was as prompt to act as in the days of his youth. His appearance would, in any condition, have commanded attention and almost respect, and you would be inclined to say that, if ever a violent revolution burst the conventional barriers which restrain society, Peter Fairclough would be found acting a conspicuous part in the melée. In stature, he just exceeded the middle height, and was formed in large but very graceful proportions. His head was bald in front, but, at the sides and back, copiously furnished with curled and slightly grizzled locks. His carriage was erect and bold—and when you saw the ellwand in his hand, (for Peter followed the calling of an itinerant vender of the rich damasks, the product of his loom,) you would have been struck with the extreme disparity between his appearance and his occupation. On the night which my story remembers, he sat at the head of his table, acting, although in his own house, as no more than its most honoured guest, surrounded by a group of youthful and earnest countenances, speaking as one whose words were sure to be received with respect, and observing the caution of a man whose reputation for bravery ensured him against misconception.

"Ha! lads," said he, "when ye have seen as much as I have, ye'll not be coveting so throng the troubles ye set heart upon. Nothing like a quiet time. Many a fray I've had my part in. I was a Killyman wracker when Papists fought side by side with us. I was at the Diamond when they came against us, and after we spared them in the battle, thought to win by treachery. Many a day I saw them scatter and run, and still the best that ever came of our victories was the peace which followed them. When you come to my age, boys, you'll think that Peter Fairclough spoke the truth."

"But gudesake, Peter, man—how are the lads to come to your age, and these bloody-minded rebels raging to devour them? I am not so young as they, but I feel what's in their thoughts, and so sure as they grow too fond of peace, so sure the curse of war will come to destroy them."

"Yes, Peter. See to what James Gaffiny says. 'Tis every word of it true. What did black Haulon say across the hedge to my mother and me, and we coming to our new house last March? 'Ye're on your flitting,' says he, 'but ye'll have a sorer and a bloodier flitting before long.'"

"And what," said another voice, 'did a man say to my woman at our own door, and he coming there travelling?[*] 'The ban,' says he, 'is as deep and wide as when thousands of your sort found their graves in it. Too good it is for the likes of ye, and glad your sowls sould be, if they could bring it with them when they are to go.' And did not they put up a notice on the church-door that all they want is one night of revenge?"

"It is all over true," said Peter. "God forbid ye should ever be unready. Whenever they come, God forbid that there should not be a man with a man's heart, and a true aim, to welcome them as they deserve. It is not from Peter Fairclough ye shall ever hear the word 'surrender.' Oh, lads, but they are grown strong and daring since I was like yourselves. I mind[†] well they got up against us when I was a lad, just out of my time, and they said they'd do great things, and they got together at the fair of Lurgan, and made believe they were come to fight. Oh, how they did run from fifty of us lads that went to meet them! And what do you think we had in our hands? now you must have sword and bayonet—we went into the fair with nothing in our hands but good weighty whips—and when they saw us coming on so careless, and heard the one shout we raised for the good old cause, off they scampered, and off we went after them, lashing and laughing till their backs were well scored, and our arms were more tired with play than ever they were with labour. But, troth, lads, it's no laughing matter the now. It is not the one spirit that's in them. They allow[‡] that they will not leave a Protestant in the land, if they can get a victory over us. But still, I am all for peace. 'Tis the very best thing a man can battle for. And mind, now, lads all, mind till what I say—let us have peace in our hearts the morrow—let us go quietly on our way, and injure or molest no man; and if we are offended or injured, here is my promise," and he smote the table with his strong hand, "here is my promise, that Peter Fairclough will not be late or scared to take his deep revenge. "What say ye, lads? Will you swear with me," said he, rising up, and streaking up his arm; "peace with the peaceful, and if we are opposed, or let or harried—war, until we conquer, and put down under our feet every rebel that comes in fight against us."

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[*] A Euphonism for "begging."

[†] Remember.

[‡] Affirm.

The Orangemen were not the only watchers on this night of preparation. At no great distance from Peter Fairclough's "public," two forms might be discerned, bent in prayer before what seemed a dovecot, and resembled still more perhaps a watchman's box, in an angle of a little garden, separated from the road-side by a hedge-row, and a stream faintly audible. The character of the edifice before which they prayed, will be understood from the conversation in which they engaged, as, after the performance of devotional exercises, they pursued their way. "Here, Michael, is the chapel which our country's rulers have provided for worshippers of true faith and heart. The spawn of Protestantism—every base and mingled sect—those who think Christ such an one as themselves, and count his cross foolishness—the stern oppressors of civil government—Ranters and Seekers, Covenanters and Socinians—all may claim protection and find support, and may worship in their uncouth and sinful fashion, in builded houses; and here is the temple provided for the faithful—the scoff of the heretics—the mass-box, as they blasphemously call it. But where are worshippers called together more steadfast and devout, than pray before these contemned and insulted tabernacles?"

"Where, oh! where," was the reply, "could pious hearts find out a place more suitable to purposes of true devotion? The power of holiness was never more effectual in my spirit than while I bent before that humble dwelling. With the vast sky above my head, and the dim air around me, and the faint voice of the stream for ever breathing near, I felt as if the house of God, humble as it seems, was placed in honour. I thought of Jesus 'when there was no room for him in the inns at Bethlehem,' and I felt as if all that is holy in the night gave glory to that poor home where still Jesus condescends to be. But is it not creditable to these poor blinded creatures, that they suffer these apparently defenceless houses of the Lord to stand? We saw how free from insult all seemed to be. Is it not to the praise of a dark land that they should have remained so?"

"Michael, dear Michael, why will you be so perverse, ever seeking reason to praise the enemies of your God? When the Ark of the Covenant was among the Philistines, do you suppose they had the power to harm it? They were not the less Philistines, or the less accursed, because they could not profane what was holy. Nor are these blinded and hard of heart in this land, the less to be condemned, because the shrines of the Lord remain unpolluted. No, Michael, from this you may learn how God protects his church. The enmity that assails it, you may judge, when you find it thus in the wilderness."

Conversing thus they approached a low cottage, little distant from that "public" where guests of so different principles protracted still their entertainment. All around was silent, and it would seem as if all was dark and still within. Only a little dog noticed them, at first by a sharp short bark, then by that low muttering and restlessness which seem to acknowledge an acquaintance. Entrance was not obtained at the first knock, but when the elder stranger had repeated his summons, and spoken in a low voice words which Michael could but indistinctly hear, the door moved slowly on its hinges, and the two visitants entered the dark, and, for a moment it appeared, solitary cottage. A whisper, however, instantly answered a question addressed to an unseen inmate, and as soon as the entrance was secured, the door of an inner chamber opened, and displayed lights and a table, around which the figures of three men were seen, who seemed intent in earnest discussion. [*Here, in the story, a description of each counsellor's personal appearance is given, which (as well as other personal sketches) is omitted in the extract, both from a proper regard for brevity, and an apprehension that it might be mistaken for a portrait.*] At the entrance of a man, who passed in from the darkness of the outer room and stood before them, they suspended their discourse, and raised their heads. In the next moment, the strangers were introduced, and were left to share in the conference which their coming had for a moment interrupted.

The younger of the two was, for the first time, presented to a party with whom his guide seemed familiarly acquainted. "I have conducted hither this young man," said he, "for whom I have already testified. He is worthy to have his part in the good works you are promoting."

"We bless God and his saints," replied he to whom this introduction was more especially addressed, "they have raised up many a champion in this afflicted land. Our young friend will prove, I trust, faithful and obedient. The martyrs are a noble army, our enemies themselves being judges; but the day is near, when their cause shall be illustrious in victory, and the blood, long crying out for vengeance, shall have its prayers. Honoured and happy they who shall see with their eyes the divine consummation, and most highly favoured the sacred bands who are appointed to restore at once church and country! Solemn assurance has been given that you are worthy to share in this great enterprise. With your own lips, say, do you ratify the engagement? Have you counted the cost? Have you tried your heart, and learned what you can bear? It is an easy thing to peril the body in a worthy cause. The servants of God's church must do more. Can you renounce your own judgment, and take for the light of your conscience the instructions of those who bear commission to teach and govern? Can you be satisfied, when the church requires, to be as the hand in a sound body, prepared to do the bidding enjoined, not palsying enterprise by requiring why is it thus commanded? Can you be thus humble, docile, and obedient, not alone at the hazard of possessions or life, but to the self-denial of renouncing your own proud judgment?"

"I have waited and watched in prayer and fasting. I have mortified my body and explored my heart. I know my unworthiness as well as my strong desire. I give myself up to the cause of true religion, and I implore the prayers of holy fathers and pious brethren, that my obedience may be perfect and my works accepted."

"Enter, then, and be admitted a partner in the glorious cause of your country and religion."

A curtain hanging before a deep recess was drawn aside, and disclosed an altar, on each side of which tall wax candles stood; at its base, what seemed a coffin, covered by a black velvet pall, with a cross in gold embroidered on it. The candles were lighted, and the speaker continued. "Enter here, and before the altar whereon God is visibly present, kneeling where the relics of your country's holiest are preserved, pledge yourself to be faithful."

When they had entered the recess the curtain was drawn, and only the sound of indistinct whispers reached the ears of the party who remained outside. When after their short retreat they came forth, there was a deadlier paleness on Michael's cheek than he had before displayed, and there was trouble in his eye. His conductor had given in a statement of the manner in which they had been for the two preceding days occupied. This now became the subject of some interrogatories, which were not concluded when one of the triumvirs hastily interrupted the proceedings. "Hush! I hear footsteps —see that the lights are well shaded."

Light and quick steps were heard approaching, and soon a gentle tap at the outer door, heard in the deep silence in which it was waited for, quickened, for a moment, the apprehension of evil. It was, however, only for a moment. The attendant who had admitted the former visitants appeared. "Peter Fairclough's maid-servant is come," said he; "may I admit her?"

"Why does she come now?"

"She has surely something useful to say—she would not come else."

"Admit her; but be sure she has no suspicion who are here."

The lights were now carefully shaded, and the door closed. The dialogue which followed the new visitor's admission, although spoken in a tone little louder than a whisper, could be distinctly heard.

"Mr James! Mr James! there'll be trouble and bad work the morrow. I mind the lodge's meeting at our public three years from Lammas, an never I heerd such words spoke as Peter spoke the night."

"But what did Peter say, Mary?—it must be something very bad to drive you here in the dark of the night to the house of a lone man like me."

"Oh! Mr James, you know very well I'm not of that sort—an' I'm come to you because there is not your like in the country to keep the poor Irish[*] from trouble, an' you know well where to send the word that they'll never be late to hear—An' you mind well when you did good before, an' desired me to tell you always when the danger was coming—an' now it's coming in earnest."

"All this time, Mary, you have not told me, and I was late and long in my studying after the day's work, and I'm in haste to get sleep—tell me—what did Peter say?"

"He says—an' they all allow, that they'll not do harm to man, woman, or child."

"Nothing very terrible in that, Mary."

"But that's not it all—don't put me out. They say that they'll go on their road in peace, and walk as they and their forbears did since they first came in it—an' they say they'll do no wrong if nobody wrongs them—only have their walk, and come home in quietness; but if they're molested—that's the word—I hear yourself say it once—or let or troubled, they say there is not a Roman house in the parish they'll laive stan'ing if fire can burn—or a man alive that bullet or baynet can kill."

"Is that what they say, Mary?"

"It's ow'r true, an' worse if I could mind it. They say that Cromwell and William done only half the work, an' that it'll never be finished rightly, to[†] they have every one of ye'er sort off from the face of the earth, and only one tomb-stone standing with a Roman name on it to tell how the Irish were conquered. (Here there was some confusion, the memory of certain ballads circulated among the Roman Catholics for purposes of irritation, becoming mixed up with the denunciations of Peter and his party.) Oh! Mr James, for the love of God, and the poor souls that's in danger, don't let mischief come the morrow—tell them that you know, to stay in their houses, and not to see or obsarve the walk. It is not for a bit of an orange rag or the blast of any protestant's tune, a sowl is to be destroy'd. For the love of God, send out your word and save us all—an' don't let the blood of Christians be straiming thro' the fields as if it was beasts, an' women crying the cry that'll never be comforted."

"Good Mary—rest—be quiet—have no fear—all will be well—but go—haste home, and if you hear more, let me have tidings early."

The parting salutations were uttered—the door closed—and the inner chamber again lighted. No report was necessary, when the attendant entered, as the conference had been distinctly heard. Michael waited, in earnest expectation, for a countermand of orders, which had already been communicated to him. He supposed that the plan of proceedings would be altered in accommodation to the intelligence which had been received. He was disappointed. The only effect produced on his superiors was that of hastening their departure. A brief conversation in an under voice was held with his conductor. It ended with reminding him, that he knew the place and the signal, and that he would be "anxiously expected." The attendant was then summoned, who withdrew the curtain, and opened a door in the side of the altar, through which Michael and his companion entered after their guide, dismissed by their superiors—the descent of a few steps conducted them to a sleeping apartment—the attendant laid down a light, commended Michael to his companion's care, and retired. Immediately after, the outer door opened and closed, and footsteps were heard departing.

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[*] Roman Catholics.

[†] Till.

Michael's prayer was not efficacious to tranquillize his disordered mind. He arose from his knees, and stood for some time in silence. "I cannot," he said aloud, "satisfy myself that this is right. Unhappy, ignorant men propose to walk in procession, assuming the vain and silly badges and decorations they have been taught to love—they declare it their design and desire to molest no human being. Why are we to call out a spirit of hostility against them, and have blood crying out for vengeance — the blood of miserable wretches cut off in blindness and in mortal sin? it is a dreadful thought!"

"Too dreadful for you to bear, Michael—put it away—it is of the tempter—lie down and sleep—the morning will give you subject for less dispiriting reflections. It is not for us to question what we are bound to do—but this know, that if the man who has set his hand to the plough, stay'd and stooped to remove every crawling creature from the coming peril of the share, many a fair field would want its seed even after the time when it should have been ripe unto the harvest. Have you good trust. Wisdom and pure devotion conduct our enterprise. Do what you are commanded, and soon a more acceptable office may be assigned you."

Night wore slowly away. Before the sun arose, Michael and his companion had commenced the duties of their mission—In the glow of a splendid evening, they were seated on a hill, which commanded the prospect extensively over a cultivated and densely peopled country. "This is reviving," said Michael. "How nature recalls the natural impulses of the heart, and wins it back from the troubled and scorching passions with which the affairs of man are so sorely molested. I am indeed little fitted for my task; but He who calls will give me power to do His will. Yet, surely, it is not sinful to wish that the time were come when I might resign myself to the peaceful enjoyment of nature and devotion, without those struggles between feeling and duty which now distract me, and in freedom from such passionate, and almost, would venture to say, uncharitable exertions as we have to-day been making."

"I see it will be some time before your manly gown sits easily on you. But let that pass. While you speak as you spoke this morning, I can well forgive the evening's feminine qualifications. You did your duty well—it would not be well, however, that your qualms were noticed. How powerfully your speeches told — what excitement they created—what breathless expectation in the silence when you paused—and the dreadful applauses in which from time to time the conclusion of your periods was drowned! Did you observe that blind old man near the door at ——? When you spoke of the assurance, that soon God would summon his people to the rearing up of the church, and desired all to be prepared for determining whether they would wear their chains in the slave's security, or burst them, and stand up for Christ and his saints—did you observe that old man? His manner was worth noting—he would sometimes appear stiffened and rigid, almost without breath or pulsation, as if the soul had condensed all its energies, and life was suspended on hearing—then he would wave his head mournfully from side to side, as though the conviction of feebleness overpowered him, until at last his passion would become exasperated, and he would shriek and throw up his clenched hands, and roll his sightless orbs, as if they were struggling madly to break out into sight. It was altogether a striking display of energy and despair."

"Yes! I did observe him, and many a countenance of the same kind, though not so fiercely charactered. They were horrid sights to see—the felon visible in every angry scowl. I did not excite valour or devotion. The fiend was in every passion I called up—treachery, and hate, and black malice—not the high spirit one loves to consort with. I have had, until I sat down here, and even for a time here, menacing and sanguinary countenances hovering around me. They floated between me and those beautiful slopes, a hateful throng—until—thank God—the pure breeze and the quiet have soothed my irritated nerves, and the malignant associations are departed. How deeply thankful shall I be if night come down without shedding of blood! Evening wears away—a very few hours will terminate our watching, and we may have no sad story to recite."

"I cannot flatter you with such a hope. Although no struggle has yet taken place, and the march of the accursed has shunned our poor temple, do not imagine that all is peace, and that some one of the parties into which the general mob of our conquerors has broken up, will not return to encounter what it deserves. Only be you patient and faithful to the last."

The patience of either was not long tried. The sound that reached their ears, faint as it was, was too regular and too much in accord with the movement of men in march, not to be the beat of a drum—and very soon a small shrill accompaniment became audible, and put an end to all uncertainty. The air which awakens so many proud recollections, and inflames so warlike a spirit in the descendants of those who fought successfully at Londonderry and the Boyne, and stirs up fountains of bitterness in the sons of the defeated, now gradually, if it may be so said, disclosed itself, and soon sounded near—but suddenly and abruptly it ceased — and for some moments there was silence.

"They must be at hand, Michael, —we can see from that little clump of trees, where we may remain unobserved."

They soon reached the place of observation, a projecting point, from which, in two different directions, the valley opened. They were not slow to discover how the silence was occasioned. At no great distance to the left, they beheld an Orange flag surrounded by about a score of men with muskets in their hands—be[illegible] them a narrow bridge crossed a "It'[illegible] which wound through the could m[illegible] Over this bridge, and up the well and [illegible] skirted a small chapel, it work, an' th[illegible] their course lay; and rightly, to[illegible] [illegible] of the hill, surround- ye'er sort off from[illegible] and extending al- [illegible] a multitude seem- [illegible] passage. The two bodies was striking; on one side, the Orange party, trimly apparelled, wearing, for the most part, blue coats and white trowsers, decorated with gorgeous collars and scarfs, standing, few and checked, around their banner—on the other, the multitude, in coarse attire, with no visible badges of distinction or recognition, except the green boughs which some wore in their hats, crowding under green arches suspended at different posts along the hill.

A single man from the Orange side left his party, and proceeded to the, till now, unoccupied bridge;—he was met by an envoy from the opposite side; and, in the stillness of the evening air, and the hush of the contending or rather menacing arrays, the voices of both ascended to the post where Michael and his companion were stationed. One demanded, on the part of his companions, free passage beyond the chapel, and required that assurance of safety should be given, by their opponents evacuating the pass. The other contended, that the Orange party were free to proceed, and that his friends could not abandon a post which might be necessary for the protection of their chapel.

While the debate continued, one and another straggler from each side advanced towards the bridge. It was evident that the Orangemen became more cautious—the movement they made rendered this apparent. They passed from the road into a meadow which lay at their side of the stream, and arranged themselves at some little distance from each other, so as that they could easily and quickly reassemble. While this movement took place, the parley on the bridge continued. Michael looked on with intense interest—an interest which soon became more painful.—"Look! look!" said his companion; "see that blind old wretch led forward—how eagerly he seems to urge his way—what can be his design?"

"Pray God it be not pernicious—see—he halts—he is on the bridge—what is he about—what is he about to do?" said Michael, as he saw the blind old man disencumbering himself of his loose, heavy coat. "Great God! 'tis all over—he has seized the Orangeman."

The old man had moved forward

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* Roma[illegible]

cautiously, still led by the hand, until he stood close to the two men on whom Michael's attention had been fixed. Then, suddenly, he flung away his support, and clasped the Orangeman in his arms, struggling to wrest the musket from his hands, or to force him over the bridge—all the time screaming with hideous vociferation, and calling on his party to show themselves men. In the struggle the musket was discharged, and the blind assailant fell. Immediately, a shot was fired from the hill, and an Orangeman, one of the stragglers who had followed their companion to the bridge, was its victim. A loud shout was raised in triumph, and the entire multitude along the descent moved down precipitously to the conflict. The issue seemed no way uncertain. "How steadily they await death," said Michael, as he saw that the few scattered Orangemen in the field kept their ground, and that their associates on the bridge continued in advance of them.—"Will they attempt to resist?" thought he; and, as if to answer, they shouted and raised their muskets. There was a momentary pause among their enemies at this attitude of menace; but the multitudes behind pressing the forward ranks, again they were rushing on, when some sheets of fire flashed out from the presented weapons—the report of muskets echoed along the hills—and a groan of consternation replied from the party lately hastening to the fight. All fled from the bridge, from which the two Orangemen, who had remained till now, carried off their fallen companion, and where the body of the blind man, who had so criminally cast life away, was lying. In less than a minute, perhaps, the hill party appeared to have gathered courage for a second assault. They were met as before—and now the first discharge was closely followed by a second—was returned scatteringly from the hill, and continued from the slowly advancing Orangemen, until the entire body of their adversaries had dispersed and fled precipitately over the hill tops.

Chap. II.

Reasons and Representations.

"Remember your oath—remember the commands you solemnly vowed to obey."

Michael paused, as his companion, repeating these words, laid a strong hand on his arm. He had been hurrying towards the scene of recent conflict, but obeyed the word and action addressed to detain him.

"Perhaps there is life," said he, in a low hurried tone; "may we not pray with the expiring?"

"Remember your vow," was the reply. "Was it not said to you, that your first duty, this day, is to speed with untiring zeal to those who await us? Let the dead bury their dead—saints will absolve the dying; but more than life and death are in our hands—we must be doing—we must be doing!" as he drew on Michael, whose eyes still were turned back, while his members were yielded to his companion's guidance.

They reached a little green recess, where a car of a construction frequent in Ireland, lay sheltered by close trees—a strong black horse cropping the grass near. A boy stood at his side, who immediately, on the appearance of Michael and his companion, prepared the vehicle for their reception; and, in the course of a few minutes, they had left behind them the hills which closed round the place of the late sanguinary struggle, and were on their rapid route to ——.

It was late at night when they arrived—the streets were silent—the houses dark, with only the one or two solitary lights burning dimly, it may have been, in sick chambers, which render the darkness even more impressive. No light directed to the house whither the travellers bent their way; but their signal was promptly answered, as, after having driven under shelter of a confined arched-way, they gave notice of their arrival. A side door was immediately opened, some whispers were exchanged with the unseen person who had admitted them, and Michael was left alone in darkness, while his companion was conducted to an interior.

part of the house. He was not long left to his meditations. His hand was soon grasped, and his companion's voice whispered to him to follow. He was led along a narrow passage—he heard two doors close behind him, as that which terminated the passage opened, and admitted him into a lighted chamber, and into the presence of those to whom he had been made known on the memorable night preceding.

"Young man," said he who had been his initiator, "you have done faithfully and well. We have heard of your confessed scruples in the discharge of a trying duty—we have also learned that you did not suffer them to abate your zeal or weary you of a blessed vocation. We pardon, therefore, what was an infirmity natural to man; and, satisfied of your obedience in the past day's important task, because it was yielded without a question, and at the sacrifice of natural though forbidden feelings, we are willing to reward it with such explanations as shall hereafter silence any unworthy scruples to which the sensibilities remaining in an imperfectly educated nature often give rise. Our cause demands entire submission; but where proof of fidelity is given, it should be rewarded.—Speak freely then—speak as to friends and fathers—were you not disturbed (in conscience, as you thought,) while fulfilling your mission?"

Michael, who now perceived that his companion was not in the chamber, felt for the moment an increased awe at being alone with the superior whom he was to address. He, however, soon gathered strength and voice to acknowledge how grievously he had been troubled, and how far he was, even yet, from being reconciled in feeling to the part which a solemn sense of duty constrained him to undertake. "I have seen human life squandered, and the result—to strike our people with terror and to confirm our enemies; and I have upon my mind the dreadful impression, that, if death and mortal sin have given over one of those who fell this day to the fires that burn for ever, my words and labours may have hurried that miserable soul to ruin.—It is a fearful thought."

"Would it be more afflicting, if the number for whom you are solicitous were greater—if, instead of the three or five who may have died to-day, thousands lay on a field of pitched battle, and your exertions had been instrumental in arousing your countrymen to the fight?"

"That would, indeed, be grievous; and yet—I do not know how to explain it—there is something in the thought of open avowed war, and professed battle, which would, perhaps, more effectually stifle my feelings of dread, than the remembrance that so few have fallen in this unworthy feud."

"That is to say, the consequences of a great battle might compensate for blood-shedding, or the circumstances of pomp and excitement attending it, would lift you above all thought of the carnage in which it was debated?"

"I know well, that such circumstances ought not to affect the faithful; and I will hope, that it is because of the consequences of open war I would feel less poignantly its horrors."

"What if no consequences of good are so sure to follow from open battle as shall result from this day's deeds, would you feel your conscience at rest? It is surely the Christian course to do the most good with the least possible alloy of evil. If the true faith can be restored in Ireland, and right can be made to prevail over spoliation, without the wide massacre and ruin which open war visits on a land, are we not bound to adopt the milder expedient? Further, if open war would not only deluge the land with blood, but also frustrate for ever our hopes of making the righteous cause prosper, are we not forbidden to adopt what would be evil without hope or compensation? We cannot engage in open war without certainty of defeat. Ireland is not disciplined for action. Europe is not yet ready to interfere. What is in our power, with reasonable prospect to attempt, that we do. Out of the unhappy (as you thought) events of this day, we shall, doubt it not, work good. We shall make our enemies labour in our behalf, and, through them, waste away the only strength by which they could withstand us. Do not think our instruments less under Heaven's guidance because their excellence does not at once appear. Be satisfied. We shall disarm our foes; and remember, that where the heathen historian could record no more than the incident of vermin gnawing the bowstrings of a great host, he whose eyes were opened, discerned a special and supernatural interposition to overthrow and scatter the armies that defied God."

"But, for a moment, leaving out all thought of consequences, is it just to excite to a breach of law, and to acts which endanger and destroy life? I addressed men bound by solemn oaths, which I incited them to violate—are not they and I guilty of sin?"

"No!—they had pledged themselves by oaths to the British government—that government was aware, that they were bound by antecedent obligations to their church, and that only so far as the higher duties permitted could they pay respect to the inferior. Oaths of allegiance are a nullity when they would obstruct the church in its career of advancement; and while you act on this irrefragable principle, your conscience may be at rest."

"There is, however, another principle. Do we not owe reverence to the governing powers? The blessed Peter says, 'Be ye subject to every human creature for God's sake, whether it be to the king, as excelling, or to governors, as sent by him,' &c. &c.; and St Paul, 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.'"

"At some more convenient time I will show you the sentiments of many Catholic doctors on this important matter; for the present, I merely remind you, how even Scripture explains itself. St Paul adds to his recommendation, 'Be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.' Now, no man is bound to obey for conscience one who has not a just right to command, a right which, it is perfectly evident, an English monarch cannot claim."

"May I humbly entreat fuller information in this?"

"The right of England rests altogether on the grant made by Pope Adrian—a grant made on the express stipulation, that, in the subjection of our country, the pure faith should be promoted. The condition having been violated, the grant is null. Again, if the grant of Adrian were good to bestow the kingdom, the decrees of his successors are effectual to take it away. So, of Paul the Third, in the bull 'Ejus qui,' and in that of Pius, 'Regnans in Excelsis,' and in various others too numerous to recite, our land is taken from heretic England, and restored to its own jurisdiction."

"But is not conquest held to give authority, and even right? and has it not been maintained that centuries of unjust ascendency, society becoming settled on the recognised usurpation, give a right which may not be gainsaid?"

"This has been held, but here it does not apply. Remember, Ireland never has acquiesced in the unjust title, neither while the Danes garrisoned our land, nor during the more prolonged misery of the Norman visitation. She has ever been at war with the invader—war—not always openly waged, but carried on by such means as Providence placed at our and our fathers' disposal. If the sword has sometimes been put out of sight, the war council has never been interrupted. Hereafter this will be acknowledged. Length of possession, then, cannot, in this instance, create or constitute title, because the title has been denied, and the possession, when practicable, disputed. We are clear—we are clear, young man, before God and the world. We have retired before superior strength, as all wise men must, and we have availed ourselves of every device and stratagem which good policy suggests, and of which war acknowledges the propriety. In one form or another the struggle has been continued. Whatever, for the time, menaced least danger, and afforded best hope of success, has been tried; but hatred of England, denial of her right to govern, and desire for her overthrow, has been kept up in all. What Norman or Saxon will say that the authority of his nation has not been disputed here? None—not one—no—England must know that abhorrence of her rule has been branded on the hearts of our people. May the impression be as indelible as their love of justice!"

Such is a brief sketch of the dialogue in which Michael, if not satisfied, was silenced. It was continued until the door opened, and his companion, bearing papers in his hand, appeared and claimed an audience. Michael was requested to withdraw, and as soon as he had retired, the report to be furnished, through certain favoured journals, of the day's disaster, was carefully considered. It was not thought advisable that Michael's scruples should be again aroused by this mode of turning crime to profit. He was not sufficiently instructed to comprehend the propriety of such devices, and, as his assistance was not required, it was accounted more prudent, not to provoke his remonstrances or opposition. The reader will not, perhaps, think the caution superfluous, when he has perused the document, which appeared on the following day in a provincial, and was immediately copied into more than one metropolitan journal.

" AWFUL INTELLIGENCE.

" ORANGE ATROCITY.

" With feelings harrowed by the thought of the horrid outrage we have the melancholy task of relating —with the apprehension hanging over us that a junta who batten on the miseries of this afflicted land, may smite us with the penalties which menace truth, we expose to the fierce, but, alas! impotent indignation of our despised and persecuted countrymen, as foul and demoniacal an outrage as ever disgraced the annals of New Zealand—or the more abominable annals of —— despotism in Ireland. We sicken while we relate this black story.

" On yesterday, July 12, a multitude of Orangemen amounting to several hundred, directed their atrocious course to the little chapel of ——, planted their accursed standards at the gate, and walked round the walls with drum and fife and ferocious yells, as if they hoped that at the sound of blasphemy they would fall. Finding that the miracle of Jericho did not reward their insults, they proceeded to more carnal assaults, beating in the doors and windows with heavy sledges, and throwing open the sacred edifice to spoliation. Some of the neighbouring inhabitants who had not fled—indeed whom age and infirmity disabled from flying, terrified more by the assault on religion, than for their lives, ventured into the chapel, and armed only with supplications and tears, besought them to spare the humble temple where they prayed even for their enemies. Will it be believed?—Deaf to their entreaties —deaf to the voice of mercy, and goaded on by him who was a murderer from the beginning, the ruthless contemners of all that is loved and respected—with a grim delight to have found victims worthy of their valour, MASSACRED THE UNARMED AND UNRESISTING supplicants who had dared to solicit their forbearance, and left fourteen dead bodies on the chapel floor. As they came out, rejoicing in iniquity, they perpetrated another characteristic outrage. A poor blind man, of the persecuted creed, and of the most blameless life and habits, was seen crossing a bridge. One of the miscreants, unsated with blood, took deliberate aim at the child who led him, and shot him dead, and then, while the miserable, helpless old man was groping about and loudly lamenting, he was an object for the aim of these ruffians, who laughed as they fired, and, in the end, he fell pierced by seven bullets. We postpone all comment, until horror has so far subsided as to leave our faculties less convulsed—but we ask, how long will a blind and bigoted Government leave arms in the hands of these relentless miscreants, and give good subjects to their sport and fury? Blood crieth out for revenge, and we will tell our rulers—even though incarceration, or worse befall us—that these massacres SHALL NOT GO UNPUNISHED."

CHAP. III.

ENQUIRY, JUSTICE, AND EXPEDIENCY.

THE newspaper paragraph, with which the foregoing chapter concluded, furnished occasion for opening the eloquent and not reluctant lips of many, whose endeavours had been eminently successful in exciting stormy passions in Ireland. It was speedily followed by private communications, addressed to influential persons, less highly coloured than that intended for public use, but containing not less unfair, although more elaborately contrived misrepresentations. Thus the attention of Government was drawn to a matter which appeared of no ordinary moment. It happened, at the period to which this narrative refers, (*this passage is retained, because it affords no very precise ground for determining the date of the circumstances related,*) that correct intelligence respecting the state of Ireland was not easily obtained. The population was divided into classes, which demanded, that the sources from which information was to reach government, should be numerous and varied, and precisely in proportion to the increasing necessity of enlarged intercourse, the communications of official personages had become limited and exclusive. The consequence was, a partial knowledge, worse than ignorance. Unaccredited functionaries, intrusted with the secrets of that portion of the people, whose object was destruction of every thing English, purchased forbearance or favour from Government, by doling out information in scanty and detached and perplexing fragments. Those who clung to British connexion, and dreaded the efforts making to interrupt it, were, in some instances, disregarded at the Castle, and in some suspected by the people. The few who knew the heart of the Ribbonman's mystery, managed, and dispensed with a most provoking parsimony, the intelligence which they suffered to twinkle before those in legal authority—the nobility and gentry, friends to the Orange, or (as it was daily becoming acknowledged) the Protestant cause, were subjected to the regimen of coldness and neglect, by which power discountenances unacceptable advisers—and the organs through which information was sought of Protestant feelings and dispositions, were generally men who had shown themselves regardless of the feelings, and who were consequently left ignorant of the dispositions, respecting which Government was to be enlightened.

The principle on which the Irish administration acted, was, it was currently reported, the converse of that once-lauded motto, "Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos." The change was recommended by a courtier of that class, to whom whatsoever is heroic savours of the fabulous ages, and who, by the usual arts of advancement, administering to the pride of one placeman, providing *palatable* information for another, and purveying to perhaps the less intellectual requirements of a third, had made himself important enough with all, to be the contriver of measures which did not bear his name on them. The condition of Ireland, was, as he described it, a condition in which two parties were to be cared for—one incapable of maintaining itself, as was said, without the aid of England—the other powerful for numbers, formidable in principles, and to be conciliated to Great Britain only by having, to some extent, its hatred of the opposite faction gratified. Here was a party ever ready to break forth into, if not a successful, at least an inconvenient effort to throw off the British yoke—while, for the very existence of its antagonist faction, the support of England was necessary. A little of slight, or even injustice, would not alienate those who ought to think themselves highly favoured, so long as they were allowed to live; while such demonstrations of Government feeling might be very instrumental in winning the regard or moderating the hatred of the preponderating party. To the success of advice like this, was attributed the otherwise inexplicable contumely with which the Orangemen of Ireland were treated.

It began, however, to be insinuated, that, in consequence of some very untoward mistakes, and occurrences of by no means ambiguous menace, apprehensions were awakened in the breasts of those to whom the country was intrusted, that their system was not so very near perfection as it had been considered. When it was learned that, among Protestants of sound principle and orderly habits, in the middle and inferior classes, emigration was extensive, and that very artfully contrived toils were spread to entangle the unreflecting, serious alarm arose lest the discontented Orangemen and their disaffected adversaries might form a junction; and then it was discovered by statesmen, who had been clamorous for measures which should bring the principles of both into combination, that such a result might take place under circumstances, and with consequences, by no means desirable. Fear, it was said, had invaded even the seat of Government; and thus it was accounted for, that inducements were held out to certain leaders among the lately discountenanced party, to renew their intercourse with the functionaries at "the Castle." Thus also it was explained why the measures adopted, in consequence of the July affray, were less decisive than might otherwise have been expected. The yeomanry were not disarmed,—condemnation was not pronounced on any party at the dictates of the journals,—the eloquent invectives of popular leaders were not admitted as conclusive evidence; and it was resolved, that as a proper preliminary to what should be done, an enquiry, in the first instance, should be held, in the neighbourhood of the place so fatally signalized, by the magistrates of the county, aided by competent and confidential agents of Government.

The little town of —— was, all at once, raised to historic consequence [illegible] the preparations made for the en[illegible]y to be held there. As if there was reason to apprehend an attempt to capt[illegible]re the senatorial personages to be assembled, a strong force of military was ordered for their protection, and—the unwonted aspect of artillery wake[illegible]ning the sound which threatens eart[illegible]uake, as it was paraded thro[illegible]treets—then, with the cons[illegible] power in repose, statio[illegible]e rustic square, grimly quiet—supplied village politicians with scope for wide and bewildering conjecture, and had assuredly, if a town could speak, put life into stones, and galvanized the peaceful village it affrighted, into the utterance of expressions like those in which the tiny heroine of the song renounces her identity.

> "Ho! ho!" says the little woman, "this is none of I."

But, happily, the interest taken in the expected enquiry, superseded that of the dragoons and the cannon.

The hour of meeting was come. The court-house and the open space before it were thronged with the population of the town and the surrounding districts. Many had come also from the more remote parts of the country, seizing on the pretext for an idle day, or indulging what was not an idle curiosity. From time to time, a man in authority would pass through the crowd,—the police in attendance raising their little canes, or exerting strong arms, if the command failed of proper effect. "Make way there—make way for Mr ——, make way for a magistrate,"—and so the magistrate passed on through the crowd, and a thousand eyes followed as the door of the council chamber opened to receive him; but no modern glance, when it closed, could claim, except figuratively, the praise of "seeing through a deal board," a department of sharp-sightedness, in which all but the very sharp-witted must be deficient.

At length the signal for opening the court was given. All necessary preliminaries were adjusted, and the enquiry commenced. While it proceeded, the truth, as already narrated, became more and more clearly developed. Contradictory swearing certainly there was, but all doubt was in process of being removed from the minds of impartial men, that the Orange party were not the aggressors—the countenances of their adversaries were visibly altered—the witnesses they had brought forward were incapable of enduring cross-examination, and the testimony against them was unshaken. They were preparing to enter a protest against closing the enquiry, affirming that they had witnesses in reserve, and the court was about to be cleared, that the magistrates might more freely deliberate on the course they should adopt, when a whisper was addressed to one on the bench, by a person who had for some time appeared very earnestly looking out from the window, more observant of the street than of the court or enquiry:—

"We have, I believe," said a magistrate, distinguished for liberality of opinion, "the very man we want. We feared, if a warrant were issued, he might escape; but he has given up himself, it would seem, and although the proceeding is a little informal, yet, for the ends of justice, we trust that we shall not be refused the assistance of the police, to arrest a person now in the crowd without."

The request was complied with—the name of the man to be made prisoner communicated to the police—the court for a few moments partially deserted—and presently, followed by a crowd tumultuously forcing their way through the narrow door, between two guards, Peter Fairclough was placed before the bench.

"Easy—easy, man," he was saying; "Do you think I want to quat you?" [This to the guards.] He then bowed with something of familiar respect to the Magistrates, and said—"Well, gentlemen, what's your pleasure?"

With all due formality his examination was commenced and continued; and without any reservation, he detailed the various proceedings relative to the unhappy procession, not concealing the resolution adopted at his "public," and not afraid, it would seem, to confess his part in the fatal affray. He was, after some time, taken in hand by a very liberal gentleman, but lost no character in the conflict of wits. A few questions and replies shall serve as a sample of this part of his examination.

Magistrate—"You confess that you planned a procession by which the peace of the country was likely to be disturbed?"

"No—It was to keep the peace we had our walk."

"Did you think that carrying flags and arms, and parading with music through the country, was the way to keep the peace?"

"I saw flags, and guns, and trumpets, in yon streets the day—I suppose it is not to make war you sent for them?"

A suppressed murmur interrupted the deep silence of the court. The Magistrate interpreted it as applause, and he seemed impatient. "Don't let him ruffle you," whispered a friend at his side. He restrained himself, and, after a brief pause, proceeded.

"Will you be so good as to state, for the information of the court, what object you proposed to yourself in holding the late processions?"

"To do as our forbears did, and to show that we are loyal and true to the King and to one another."

"Would you not think it a better proof of loyalty to comply with the wishes of Government, and to obey the Proclamation?"

"'Tis very hard to know what Government wants us to do."

"Why?—its wishes were very plainly expressed."

"There are such alterations that the like o' huz does not know; but if we did what we were asked to do a day agone, we might be tried and transported for it the morrow's morn."

"But—the Proclamation—did you not know that it prohibited you from meeting?"

"The Proclamation?—Is it the great prent paper that the wee chaps in the streets wanted to pelt with mud, and we would not let them?"

The Magistrate deigned no reply—other voices, however, answered, and Peter gained his object—a moment's time for reflection.

"I do not know," he resumed, "that we minded you; but if we did, we thought it was only in play-like—just to have something doing, and we would not think that we would be clean right in not taking example by the Government itself."

This Peter said, with some little relaxation of muscle, which it was possible to mistake for a smile; and his interrogator, forgetting for a moment his dignified indifference, commanded him to explain what he meant.

"Why?—we heerd," said he, "by times, that there were meetings up the country in many a place—and even in Dublin itself; and some say that the greatest men in the country were shouting and shaking hands with them that the proclamation intended; and it would not be right for us to think that they were breaking the law. 'Twas a through-other kind of a business; and we thought it better to do what was done these hundred years,—for we heerd the Judge say, that it was not* by the law."

"Did you not consider it wrong to create bad feeling and occasion danger in the country?"

"We thought that the danger would be worse if we did not show ourselves men."

"Did you not feel that you might be assaulted during your procession?"

"We thought if we were afraid to walk, the time would soon come when we would be murdered in our beds."

"Can you not depend on the protection of the Government?"

"People say that, in the parts of Ireland, where our sort do not walk, the protection of the Government is not worth much."

Peter's examiner was again a little embarrassed, and thought it better to discontinue his unsatisfactory task. He, however, esteemed it advisable not to have his questions terminate abruptly, and thought it better to conclude by a few matter-of-form enquiries. Peter felt his advantage, and kept it.

"How long did the firing at the bridge continue?"

"Till they run."

"Till who run?"

"The rebels."

"You should not call your fellow-subjects rebels."

"Your father still called them so. I heerd tell that your honour's self used whiles speak words of the sort."

"Well, we should all use better language now."

"I wish they deserved better."

The enquiry terminated, and in the judgment of a majority on the bench, the Orangemen were acquitted. A report, conformable to such an impression, was made to the Government. It was at the same time urged, in private communications, that many circumstances ought to be taken into account, by which the odium of recent transactions would be materially lessened—that, in all cases, men are known to be much more tardy in their relinquishment of customs, than they are slow to acquiesce in a change of law—that the celebration of the Anniversary of the Boyne had acquired almost the dignity of a religious observance—that sound policy would recommend extreme caution in the measures which should be adopted to ensure the discontinuance of such processions as, having long been favoured by successive governments, were now prohibited—that the agency of popular individuals among the gentry should be relied on rather than the menace and severity of law—that, in short, the Orangemen ought to be soothed and persuaded—that with this view no other public meetings, by which the spirit of the law was offended, should be sanctioned—and that such other just and wise exertions should be made by the Executive, as would furnish an answer to the objections often urged by the poor Orangemen, arising from an impression that they were proscribed and persecuted while within the law, and a violent and dangerous party tolerated in excesses by which law was outraged. Various suggestions to this effect were respectfully submitted in private and in public communications; but, at the Castle, "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream," and new devices were to be tried. The evidence taken on the enquiry would not allow of measures which should be of great notoriety and very extreme; but the "Patriots" might be propitiated by such inequality as should not attract public attention—and, accordingly, the Protestants in the affray were prosecuted at the public expense; and, though acquitted, were defended at their own, while many of their assailants were suffered to remain at large, and no warrants issued (at least executed) for their arrest. This partial justice was spoken of much,—it told with mournful effect, in the next year's emigration. Protestants removed their families, and carried with them their disgusts, to Canada. Roman Catholics and Ribbonmen became their successors. Government thus were instrumental in supplying discontent to the Colonies, in preparing disaffection at home. They sent some refractory, but attached, subjects out of the land.

"They have taken worse in their stead."

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* Contrary to.

MOORE'S LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

THIS is a mere catchpenny. That it is a genuine work of Mr Moore's, we cannot affect to disbelieve; but it does not exhibit a single one of his characteristics. It has neither the warmth of the voluptuary, the pungency of the satirist, the fierceness of sedition, nor the sting of treason. The truth we suspect to be, that Mr Moore is growing old, and the peculiar qualities for which he was remarkable, were not of that kind that could be mellowed or improved by age or experience. In fact, it required not only the ardour of youth to call them forth, but the gayety and volatility of youth could alone furnish an excuse for the manner in which they were exhibited to the world. We confess ourselves to have been so old fashioned as not to have been reconciled by any disguise, however fashionable, to obscenity and lewdness; and youth is not the season in which *these propensities* will expose themselves, unless they predominate to a degree that sets at nought the restraints of reason and conscience, and altogether overpowers that sense of minute and ingenuous modesty, which ought ever to belong to a young man. We therefore never felt the full force of that species of reasoning by which the loose productions of Mr Moore's pen have been defended, and for which, we would wish to believe, he is now ashamed. They might, we think, much more naturally have been excused as the deliramenta of an exhausted debauchee, than the offspring of that ardour in early life, which is so rarely disconnected with those virtuous emotions by which the open profession and the wild rejoicings of profligacy would have been prevented. But this, at all events, will be admitted, that the powers which he then exhibited were not such as can now be defended upon any other plea than that of boyhood and inexperience. They were the productions of *Little Tommy Moore.* The very name carried with it something like a deprecation of the moral castigation which might be apprehended. It is true, they struck at the foundation of domestic and personal purity. They were seductive, contaminating, and licentious. The plainest precepts of religion were laughingly set at nought; the soundest deductions of reason were sportingly disregarded. But then they were the emanations of a spirit so brilliantly thoughtless, and so seemingly gay, and withal as yet so unschooled by the world, that, by common consent, a species of license was procured for them, in virtue of which they not only obtained a welcome admission into those circles where Master Tommy was caressed, but also disarmed the severity of many, by whom, under other circumstances, he would have been sternly reprehended.

Youth, however, has passed away; and we have no reason to be assured that old age has brought with it either wisdom or repentance. On the contrary, the same mischief which his early writings were calculated to do morality, by kindling impure desires, his later writings seem calculated, if not intended, to work against the institutions of the country, by encouraging insane political hallucinations. If this is not as it should be, we are perfectly ready to acknowledge that it is as might have been expected. His politics are, in fact, in all respects, upon a level with his morality. They derive their origin from the same source; and the spirit to whose service he devoted himself from the first dawn of boyhood, no matter how varied his occupations may have been, can have no cause to accuse him of having served her with a divided allegiance.

"The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald!" What can have been his motive for undertaking such a work! Every thing of importance connected with that unhappy person may be summed up in one sentence; namely, that he lived a fomentor of, and died a victim to treason. He was totally devoid of any talents that could have raised him from an humble station, and owed his misfortunes to the circumstance of his belonging to a distinguished family, by whom he was brought up without a sufficient knowledge of his duty either as a subject or a Christian.

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* Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. Longman and Co. London; 1831.

Poor Lord Edward! Had he been "trained in the way he should go," although he never could, under any circumstances, have been great, yet he might sometimes have been useful, and he would always have been respectable. He had feeling enough, if properly directed, to compensate for a very scanty measure of understanding. It has been wisely remarked, by some writer whose name we cannot at present call to mind, that instinct and intellect are generally found in the inverse ratio of each other; a beneficent providence thus extending a species of guardianship over animated nature, in proportion as creatures, whether brute or human, are unable to take care of themselves. We are therefore of opinion, that had this unhappy young nobleman been left altogether to the better instincts of his nature, and had his ingenuous mind been undebauched by the leprous liberalism which seems to have polluted the very fountain of his being, society would have recognised in him a fearless and gallant defender of those institutions which contribute to its advancement, while they guarantee its stability. He would have loathed the vulgar ale-house politics, by which he seems to have been intoxicated; and if he could not have appreciated, in their height or in their depth, the principles of a sound political philosophy, they would have had a sufficient attraction for whatever was amiable or generous within him, to prevent the disgraceful and ruinous connexion which he formed with reckless and unprincipled demagogues, whose characters were well calculated to inspire that quick disgust which would have operated as an antisceptic to the contagion of their principles.

But his bringing up was not of a kind that favoured the developement of his better nature. Patriotism in Ireland is a species of nickname which a wise man would be studious to avoid, lest his sanity should be called in question. It has been identified with a brawling hostility to every thing English, and a braggadocio vehemence for every thing peculiarly Irish. The lower classes in that country are, to an extraordinary degree, quick and sensitive; and no people in the world are more readily excited by any thing that appears to reflect upon their national degradation. Their passions are easily set on fire by any representations calculated to exhibit, in an exaggerated point of view, the spirit of English domination; while they are slow to appreciate, or even to admit, the benefits derived from a connexion which, by identifying them with a great and powerful nation, has imparted to them the full benefit of wise and equal laws, and secured them at once from the evils of domestic anarchy or foreign subjugation.

Now the real patriot, he who in sincerity should seek his country's good, would have endeavoured to impress on his countrymen the benefits to be derived from the continuance, and the dangers to be apprehended from the abrupt termination of a connexion between two such countries as Great Britain and Ireland. He would have made it his business to shew, that whatever of sacrifice such a connexion involved had been already made, while time and wisdom were only wanting to bring to light the blessings of which it was pregnant. He might expect, by so doing, to encounter much prejudice, and to be liable to much misrepresentation. But his sense of duty would be paramount to every other consideration, and no desire of filthy popularity could allure him from the straightforward and steady pursuit of what his reason and conscience would tell him was required by the best interests of his country.

Unfortunately, however, the real patriots were as scanty as the pseudo-patriots were abundant. The Irish have never wanted those who would inflame their passions, while there has always been a grievous lack of those who would enlighten or correct their judgments. And the time was peculiarly unfavourable for the calm and dispassionate consideration of the great question which then engaged the attention of public men, and which affected the very foundations of social order.

America had renounced its allegiance, and commenced what was considered to be a career of glorious independence. The example communicated the electric spark by which the secret discontents, which had been generated in France by the abuse of centuries, had burst with a flame, and all Europe was menaced with conflagration. We are not, at present, disposed to enter into the question how far the old governments were chargeable with having provoked, by unwise, unjust or oppressive measures, the tremendous reaction which they were doomed to encounter—but, assuredly, it would have been the part of real wisdom to moderate rather than to exasperate the popular indignation.

We are, however, free to acknowledge that, to the ardent, the youthful, and the inexperienced, the National Assembly of France presented a most imposing spectacle, and we are not at all surprised that they should have appeared to such minds as that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as the regenerators of mankind. He sighed to realize in his own country the principles which were elsewhere so triumphant, and fondly wished to see the day, when what Washington had achieved for America, and Mirabeau for France, he might be acknowledged to have accomplished for Ireland.

Poor, deluded, vain young man! While he did not possess one of the requisites which would have qualified him to be a legislator, he was far too good to be numbered with traitors. It is painful to see the moral pestilence, which was then almost everywhere epidemic, making such fatal ravages amongst those who, if they were not endowed with shining talents, were adorned by many domestic virtues. Lord Edward's heart was one upon which good impressions might have been easily made. He was gentle, generous, affectionate, and unsuspecting. If he had been reared by those who understood the difference between mock and real patriotism, and who would have impressed him with how much easier it is to pull down than to build up the political edifice, and how different it is to feel a hatred for arbitrary power, and cherish a love for enlightened freedom, his filial affection was such as would have made him very susceptible of better notions than those which he imbibed, and he might have been easily led into that "more excellent way" in politics, in which his course would have been marked by usefulness, and terminated with honour.

But, unfortunately, he was not so favoured. For any thing which his biographer discloses, no pains whatever seem to have been taken with his early religious education. If he did not look upon religion as a farce, (and Tom Paine appears to have been almost the God of his idolatry,) the established church could claim no place in his regards, or rather, indeed, its ministers and its ordinances were looked upon with loathing and aversion. We speak now of that early period of his life, before whatever he might have possessed of domestic purity was impaired or sullied by a contact with the world. And we are unable to discover that the slightest effort had even then been made to impress upon him any sufficiently operative sense of his moral responsibility, or awaken him to the elevating contemplation of the mysterious relation in which he stood to his Creator.

Lord Edward conceived himself called to be a framer of constitutions. Poor youth! He was ignorant of the very alphabet of political science! Indeed, considering that he figured somewhat upon the theatre of public life, and that he became conspicuous amongst his party, it is difficult to form an idea of his extreme imbecility. His weakness and ignorance well fitted him to be the dupe and the instrument of the more crafty villains, upon whose heads must lie the blood and the guilt of the late rebellion in Ireland.

Lord Edward was born in the year 1763, and was the fifth son of the Duke of Leinster. In the year 1773 his father died; and not long after, his mother became the wife of William Ogilvie, Esq. a gentleman of an ancient family in Scotland. Soon after their marriage, the duchess and her husband, with the greater part of their family, removed to France. "The care of little Edward's education," says his biographer, "which had, before their departure from Ireland, been intrusted chiefly to a private tutor of the name of Lynch, was now taken by Mr Ogilvie into his own hands; and as the youth was, from the first, intended for the military profession, to the studies connected with that pursuit his preceptor principally directed his attention. Luckily, the tastes of the young learner coincided with the destiny marked out for him; and in all that related to the science of military construction—the laying out of camps, fortifications, &c. &c.—he was an early student and proficient."

His first entrance into the military profession was in the year 1779, when he joined the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, was colonel. In the year 1780, he entered into the line, the commission of lieutenant having been procured for him in the 96th regiment of foot. He appears to have been extremely desirous of some opportunity of distinguishing himself in his profession; and as the American war then afforded the only chance for such distinction, he exchanged into the 19th regiment, which embarked for America, and landed at Charlestown, at a period when their arrival was critically necessary for the relief of the English forces acting in that quarter.

We will pass over this period of his lordship's life, after having given, in the words of his biographer, two anecdotes illustrative of his character, the one reflecting credit upon his skill as an officer, the other doing honour to his bravery as a man.

"The 19th regiment, being posted in the neighbourhood of a place called Monk's Corner, found itself menaced, one morning at daybreak, with an attack from Colonel Lee, one of the ablest and most enterprising of the American partisans. This officer, having made some demonstrations at the head of his cavalry, in front of the 19th, the colonel of that regiment (ignorant, as it appears, of the nature of American warfare) ordered a retreat; a movement wholly unnecessary, and rendered still more discreditable by the unmilitary manner in which it was effected,—all the baggage, sick, medicines, and paymaster's chests, being left in the rear of the column of march, where they were liable to be captured by any half dozen stragglers. Fortunately, Lord Edward was upon the rear-guard, covering the retreat of the regiment, and, by the firm and determined countenance of his little party, and their animated fire, kept the American corps in check till he was able to break up a small wooden bridge over a creek, which separated him from his pursuers, and which could not be crossed by the enemy without making a long detour. Having secured safety so far, Lord Edward reported the state of affairs to the colonel, and the disreputable panic being thus put an end to, the regiment resumed its original position."

This was an important incident in the life of Lord Edward, as it was the means of introducing him advantageously to Lord Rawdon, who immediately placed him upon his staff. It was while in the situation of aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief that the other incident occurred. We give it in the words of Sir John Doyle, by whom it was communicated to Mr Moore.

"Among the varied duties which devolved upon me as chief of the staff, a most material one was obtaining intelligence. This was effected partly by the employment of intelligent spies in various directions, and partly by frequent *reconnoissances;* which last were not devoid of danger, from the superior knowledge of the country possessed by the enemy. Upon these occasions I constantly found Lord Edward by my side, with the permission of our noble chief, who wished our young friend to see every thing connected with real service. In fact, the danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature. In approaching the position of ninety-six, the enemy's light troops in advance became more numerous, and rendered more frequent patrols necessary upon our part.

"I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord Edward; but he was nowhere to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with *two* of the enemy's irregular horse; he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him soundly, as you may imagine, for the undisciplined act of leaving the camp at so critical a period, without the general's permission. He was—or pretended to be—very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him to the headquarters, provided I would let him accompany me, in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenuous manner, would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself. In the course of the day, we took some prisoners, which I made him convey to headquarters, with a *Belerephon* message, which he fairly delivered. Lord Moira gravely rebuked him; but I could never find that he lost *much ground* with his chief for his *chivalrous valour*."

The American war having terminated, Lord Edward, after a short time spent in the West Indies, upon the staff of General O'Hara, returned to Ireland, and became a member of Parliament for the borough of Athy. For the peculiar duties of his new office he does not appear to have had any very decided predilections. On the contrary, the turbulent theatre of Irish politics, would seem to have been uncongenial and distasteful to him; and he came to what we consider a salutary resolution, of employing his time in improving himself in a knowledge of his profession, by a course of study at Woolwich.

From the letters written to his mother about this time, it would appear that he fancied himself in love. The object of his affection was Lady Catherine Mead, who was afterwards married to Lord Powerscourt. That the first attachment of so young a man should not have been most engrossing or constant;—and that it should, afterwards, have given place to another, does not seem very surprising, except as it affords to his ingenious biographer an opportunity of comparing him to Romeo, and of expatiating on the profundity of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature.

The following extracts from his correspondence with his mother, will, we think, afford the reader a fair idea of the scantiness of his understanding, and the goodness of his heart:—

"*July 7th*, 1786.

"You cannot conceive how odd the life I lead now appears to me. I must confess, if I had *le cœur content*, I should like best the idle indolent one. Getting up between eleven and twelve, breakfasting in one's jacket, *sans souci, se fichant du monde*, and totally careless and thoughtless of every thing but the people one loves, is a very pleasant life, *il faut le dire*. I would give a great deal for a lounge at Frescati this morning.

"You cannot think how sorry I was to part with Ogilvie. I begin to find one has very few real friends, whatever number of agreeable acquaintances one may have. Pray, do not let Ogilvie spoil you; I am sure he will try, crying, 'Nonsense! fool! fool! all imagination! By Heavens! you will be the ruin of that boy!' My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters, and always say something of pretty Kate, I will not answer your letters, nor, indeed, write any to you. I believe, if any thing will make me like writing letters, Woolwich will—for to be here alone, is most melancholy. However, I like it better than London, and am not in such bad spirits. I have not time hardly. In my evening walks, however, I am as bad as ever. I believe, in my letter to Henry, I told him how I passed my day; so shall not begin again. You will see by that what my evening's walk is; but, upon my honour, I sometimes think of you in it."

We have two objects in laying these extracts before the reader. In the first place, they are illustrative of character;—in the second place, they in some sort ascertain the calibre of that intellect which was so speedily to be engaged in the important business of laying the foundations of a mighty empire. Mr Moore represents Lord Edward as one of the choicest and most enlightened of Ireland's patriots;—and sighs to think that Lafayette, who served in America with the French army, when Lord Edward was with the British, should have survived the stormy period of the French Revolution, in which he played so distinguished a part, and lived to witness the spirit of Jacobinism a second time triumphant, while his less fortunate compeer in the career of sedition and treason, "was fated soon to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of principles," which were, we believe, not the less sincerely adopted, because they were both wicked and absurd.

It has been profoundly observed by Hume, that, when two passions, of unequal strength, manifest themselves at the same time in the same individual, the greater absorbs the less, which thus becomes an auxiliary, instead of an antagonist to the *energy* which, it might be supposed, it would have resisted. So it is, also, in man's moral and intellectual nature. When erroneous and mischievous opinions are entertained by one whose intentions are pure, and whose dispositions are amiable, all that is good in him frequently only serves to give a stronger and more determined impulse to all that is evil. When the heart is not powerful enough to guide the intellect, the intellect exercises an arbitrary and tyrannical mastery over the heart. The gentle domestic virtues are ill mated with the wickedness of jacobinical principles. Had Lord Edward never been drawn into the vortex of revolutionary politics, there is abundant evidence that, as a private gentleman, he would have been the delight and the ornament of his relatives and friends;—but, circumstanced as he was, the very qualities which should have thus endeared him, only rendered him more incorrigibly wrong in his opinions, and more perniciously dangerous in his conduct and example.

His affection for the lady to whom he first attached himself rapidly declined. It is described by Mr Moore, who may be allowed to be a judge in such matters, as "a mere rehearsal" for a second and a deeper passion, which seems to have taken a stronger possession of his susceptible heart. Whether or not his love was returned, we are not told;—but it was decidedly discouraged by the father of the lady who was the object of it,—which so preyed upon Lord Edward's mind, that "he resolved to try how far absence and occupation could bring relief; and as his present regiment, the 54th, was now at New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia, he determined on joining it. Fortunately, this resolution found a seconding impulse in that love of a military life, which was so leading a feature with him; and, about the latter end of May, without acquainting even his mother with his design, lest, in her fond anxiety, she might interpose to prevent it, he sailed for America."

As his letters from America, during this, his second visit, contain the first decided intimations of the views which he began to entertain respecting social institutions, we will extract from them one or two passages, which exhibit, at the same time, the weakness of his intellect, and the aptness with which he imbibed the lessons of his revolutionary preceptors. In a letter to his mother, from St John's, New Brunswick, he thus writes:—

> "The equality of every body, and of their manner of life, I like very much. *There are no gentlemen; every body is on a footing, provided he works, and wants nothing;* every man is exactly what he can make himself, or has made himself, by industry."

In the following we have a fuller disclosure to the same effect—a more undisguised manifestation of his anti-social predilections:—

> "I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage; and if it were not that the people I love, and wish to live with, are civilized people, and like houses, &c. &c. &c., *I really would join the savages;* and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniencies, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to one's self, if *we* had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you: Instead of Lord G.'s being violent against letting me marry G., he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cases of looking forward to the future for children,—of thinking how you are to live; no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England; no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, appearances to the world to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, every thing here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie, and us boys,

after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our papouses; all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which, when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes, and off with you elsewhere."

Such were the deliberate opinions of the young legislator, now in his five-and-twentieth year. The reader may judge from them how fit he was for the great work of regenerating his country! "To be what nature intended we should be!" It really is not our bent to expose or to sport with the follies of any man; much less to hold forth to grinning scorn the idiotic drivelling of a mind that appears to have been as amiable as it was deluded. But, as Lord Edward's many virtues are only made use of by his biographer to enhance his authority upon political questions, it is right to inform the reader upon what slender and insufficient grounds he adopted and persevered in the views and the principles to which he fell an early victim.

"What nature intended us to be!" As if it was a decree of Providence that we should continue savages! As if every advance which we made in civilisation was an impious defiance of some divine arrangement! "What nature intended us to be!" How little did Lord Edward seem to know *that art is man's nature;* and, that it is not more natural that four-footed animals should traverse the field, than that he, "the paragon of animals," should live in a state of refined society! The *nature* of a thing is that state in which it exists in the greatest perfection; and, whatever may have been the insane romance of Rousseau, or the speculative and sophistical fallacies of Jefferson, nothing but a degree of simplicity, which in a senator is pitiably ridiculous, could have betrayed Lord Edward into a practical preference for the life of wandering savages, the "squalid beings, vengeful and impure," with whom he loved to associate, and to whose degraded condition he would have willingly condemned the mother to whom he was so tenderly attached, and the sisters for whom he cherished such unfeigned fraternal affection. We are not therefore surprised when we find the same misguided individual fondly contemplating distant political chimeras, which he could only hope to attain after he had waded through rivers of blood. That the views thus disclosed were the foundation of his future politics, is thus fairly admitted by Mr Moore.

"This romance, indeed, of savage happiness was, in him, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. *But the principle thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had found its way thither had vanished,*—and though it was some time before politics,—beyond the range, at least of mere party tactics,—began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitudes of Nova Scotia, could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient of such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe."

Yes. Voltaire, and Hume, and Gibbon, had done what in them lay to unsettle the foundations of moral and religious obligation; and Tom Paine had laid the axe to the root of civil institutions by his shallow and sophistical, but plausible pamphlet upon the Rights of Man. Lord Edward, upon his return from America, found Europe more ripe for those changes which would have enabled him to gratify his passion for savage life, than he left it. The French Revolution was a new era in the world. What his feelings, and what his conduct were upon that occasion, he shall himself describe. Mr Moore thus writes:—

"At the latter end of 1792, that momentous crisis, when France, standing forth on the ruins of her monarchy, proclaimed herself a republic, and hurled fierce defiance against the thrones of the world, Lord Edward, unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement, hastened over to Paris, without communicating his intentions even to the Duchess, who received from him, a short time after his arrival in that city, a letter, of which the following is an extract.

"'I arrived last Friday. *I lodge with my friend Paine,*—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess.'"

Thus the wolf and the lamb lay down together—a good commencement of the new political millennium which was about to take place in the world. The result of a connection so ominous, was soon apparent. "From a disposition so ardent and fearless," says his biographer, "discretion was the last virtue to be expected; and his friends, therefore, whatever alarm or regret it might cause them, would hardly have felt much surprise, when the announcement that follows made its appearance in the papers of Paris and London:—

"Sir Robert Smith, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, renounced their titles;—and a toast proposed by the former was drunk,—'The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions.'" !!!!

He was now fairly launched upon the tide of revolution, and only anxious to give his own country the full benefit both of his principles and his experience. One would have expected that a heart so capable of kindly and generous feelings as that of Lord Edward, would have sympathized with the wreck of the old nobility of France, and been warned of the pernicious nature of the doctrines which he imbibed, by the misery which they occasioned to thousands. But a genuine Jacobin is a creature without a heart; and Lord Edward had already so nearly realized the ideal perfection of such a character, that he was reconciled to practices which he would have formerly abhorred, and brought himself to contemplate human suffering with the coolness of an economist or an executioner.

It was during his visit to France on this occasion, that he formed an acquaintance with Pamela, (the daughter of Madame Genlis and the Duke of Orleans,) which ended in their marriage.

"In some natures," Mr Moore writes, "love is a fruit that ripens quickly; and that such was its grade in Lord Edward's warm heart, the whole history of his life fully testifies. In the present instance, where there was so much to interest and attract on both sides, a liking felt by either could not fail to be reciprocal. The perfect disinterestedness, too, of the young soldier, threw at once out of consideration a difficulty that might have checked more worldly suitors; and, in somewhat less than a month after their meeting in Paris, Mademoiselle Sims (the name by which Madame Genlis had chosen to designate her daughter) became Lady Edward Fitzgerald."

It was not until his return to Ireland, after his marriage, that he was finally committed with the movers of the late rebellion, and became, "*ex professo*," a traitor. He had connected himself with the daughter of the infamous Philip Egalitè, one of the basest wretches that ever disgraced humanity; the only man, perhaps, that ever lived, in comparison with whom Judas Iscariot would have appeared amiable! And this was but the forerunner to his more disastrous alliance with a faction, whose principles sanctioned the most horrible enormities, when they were judged necessary for the success of their cause, and whose machinations would have accomplished the subversion of the British monarchy, had they not been arrested by an over-ruling Providence, in their guilty career of turbulence and blood!

Lord Edward was, perhaps, as useful an associate as could be found amongst this band of traitors. The weakness of his understanding rendered him an easy dupe, the gallantry of his nature, a ready instrument in all their projects of iniquity, or enterprises of danger. To him, in conjunction with Arthur O'Connor, was confided that negotiation with the French Directory, the object of which was to procure the descent of a foreign force upon Ireland, by the aid of which the British Government might be overthrown, and an independent republic established; and by means of him, we may also add, was this design first made known to the Cabinet of St James's. The facts to which we allude are thus narrated in the work before us:—

"It was now known that General Hoche, the late conqueror and pacificator of La Vendée, was the officer appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland; and the great advantage of holding personal communication on the subject with an individual on whom the destinies of their country so much depended, was fully appreciated by both friends. After a month's stay at

Basle, however, it was signified to them, that to Mr O'Connor alone would it be permitted to meet Hoche as a negotiator, the French Government having objected to receive Lord Edward, lest the idea should get abroad, from his being married to Pamela, that his mission had some reference to the Orleans family." — —

"Leaving to Mr O'Connor, therefore, the management of their treaty with Hoche, whom the French Directory had invested with full powers for the purpose, Lord Edward returned to Hamburgh, *having, unluckily, for a travelling companion, during the greater part of the journey, a foreign lady, who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector.* Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, *but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend.*"

But it was not to the wisdom or foresight of man that we were, on this occasion, indebted for deliverance. The expedition was planned and undertaken—and an armament, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and an equal number of transports, making in all forty-three sail, and having on board 15,000 men, put to sea from Brest, on the 15th of December, 1796, with the intention of effecting a landing in Ireland. Had they succeeded so far, there is no saying to what extent they might not have proceeded in the accomplishment of their ulterior objects. It was the opinion of Napoleon that Hoche would have been able to achieve all that he proposed; and, in the then defenceless state of the country, his landing would have been the signal of revolt to myriads, who had not, up to that period, openly declared themselves; nor does it sufficiently appear to us how such an invasion, in combination with domestic treason, could have been resisted. "But," in the words of Mr Moore,

"While, in all that depended upon the foresight and watchfulness of their enemy, free course was left to the invaders, both by sea and land, in every other point of view, such a concurrence of adverse accidents, *such a combination of all that is most thwarting in fortune and the elements,* NO EXPEDITION SINCE THE ARMADA HAS EVER BEEN DOOMED TO ENCOUNTER."

They were accordingly dispersed and shattered by a power which they could not withstand; and the remnant of this great armament "found themselves off Bantry Bay, the object of their destination, reduced from forty-three sail to sixteen, and with but 6500 men on board!"

Mr Moore calls this chance:—the reader will, we are persuaded, not very heavily censure us for looking upon it in another light, and ascribing this great deliverance to that ALMIGHTY PROVIDENCE who rules over human affairs, and can, when he pleases, make even the violence of the waves counteract the madness of the people.

But, although discouraged, and in some measure repressed, by the ill success which attended this expedition, the desire of the United Irishmen for foreign assistance still remained in considerable force; and Dr M'Nevin, one of their most sagacious and determined leaders, was dispatched to Paris upon a second embassy, having for its guilty object to hasten the invasion of his native land.

"He found," says Mr Moore, "the French authorities, *notwithstanding the delusive negotiations which, with the professed object of peace, they were about to enter into with England, fully disposed to second his most hostile views.* It was, however, by the Batavian republic that the honour had now been claimed of taking the lead in an expedition for the invasion of Ireland; and a powerful armament had been accordingly collected at the Texel, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and twenty-seven sail of transports, carrying a land force to the amount of near 14,000 men. *And here, again, we see the good genius of England interposing to avert from her the deserved consequences of her own Tory councils.* Had this great armament been in readiness but a few weeks sooner, *when the mutinies of the English fleets had left the sea open, and even a part of the very squadron, now watching off the Texel, had deserted to the mutineers,*—could the invader have taken advantage of that most critical moment, when not only a rebel army would have received him on the shores of Ireland, but a mutineer fleet most probably joined him in her waters,—what a change might have been wrought in the destiny of the British Empire!

"Fortunately, however, for that Empire, *the chances determined otherwise.* Having let pass the favourable moment which the difficulties of England presented, the Dutch fleet was, from the beginning of July, locked up in the Texel; till at length the provisions laid in for the expedition being nearly exhausted, it was found necessary to disembark the troops; and the Dutch government having, by a rashness of resolve, for which no intelligible motive has ever been assigned, ordered their admiral to put to sea and engage the British fleet, that memorable action ensued off Camperdown, which terminated, as is well known, in one of the most splendid victories that ever adorned the annals of Great Britain."

Here, again, the little Epicurean makes a profession of his creed, and ascribes to chance that curious combination of events which led to the defeat of the second attempt at invasion, and for which we gratefully give thanks to Providence. Never was there an occasion upon which our hearts more truly responded to the "Non nobis, Domine," with which we celebrate our victories. We are willing to acknowledge that Mr Moore must, in consistency, lament that frustration of the designs of a regicide government and a rebel population, in which we rejoice; for, had it not been for these two great deliverances, Jacobinism might have been triumphant. And yet, we should have thought that—whatever may have been the dreams of his boyhood, or the projects of his youth,—in his old age, at least, he would have been visited by juster notions, and learned to estimate, with a more candid and enlightened judgment, the nature of those venerable institutions which Lord Edward and his mad associates, under the vain pretence of reforming, would have buried in ruins.

It is, indeed, with a painful surprise, that we learn from him, that, upon a review of his past life, his feelings *now* differ but little from what they were when he ran, in his boyhood, through the streets of Dublin to get a sight of the subject of his present memoir, who, poor creature, supposed that he was the paragon of patriots, when he was acting the part of the blackest of traitors.

The organization of the United Irishmen was wonderfully perfect. The free spirit of our government is so favourable to that of liberty of speech and action, that, although it was perfectly well known to the constituted authorities that the affiliated societies were, in the most effectual manner, secretly working the downfall of existing institutions, there were no overt acts on their part which could justify any rigorous proceedings against them. Even the Convention bill, which was calculated to prevent their public meetings; and the Gunpowder bill, by which some security was sought to be obtained against a sudden rising of armed insurgents, were denounced by the opposition as unnecessary and unconstitutional; and although a majority in parliament felt the expediency of supporting the Minister, yet, it may be doubted whether the measures which were passed, served to augment the public security as much as they contributed to increase the discontent of the people.

As yet nothing had been done for the apprehension of the chief conspirators. While the government were denounced by the Whig opposition for the severity of the coercive system, which was now, to a certain extent, in force, the United Irishmen were negotiating with the French Directory for another invasion of Ireland! "The hope of succours from France," says Mr Moore, "though so frequently frustrated, was still sanguinely kept alive; and to the arrival of an armament in April, they, at the beginning of this year (1798), looked with confidence; the strongest assurances having been given by M. Talleyrand to their agent at Paris, that an expedition was in forwardness, and would be ready to sail about that time."

Such was the crisis, while treason was brooding at home, "hushed in grim repose"—and while invasion was threatened from abroad, during which the measures of the government, feeble as they were for the suppression of the one and the defeat of the other, were systematically thwarted and misrepresented by their Whig antagonists in Parliament. But other conduct could not be expected from them. Their own popularity was ever dearer to them than the welfare of the state; and they cared not by what sacrifice of the best interests of the one they secured the other. Besides, they stood pledged to most of the principles of the United Irishmen; and they could scarcely cordially co-operate in the suppression of the forthcoming rebellion, without being, in some measure, guilty of child-murder.

Roman Catholic emancipation, the abolition of tithes, the subversion of the Established Church, and eventually the destruction of Christianity, were the objects, either avowed or secret, which were nearest to the hearts of the Irish reformers. The ultimate scope and aim of all their measures was the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and its existence as an independent republic. And, it must be confessed, that, for this purpose, their plans were laid, and their measures were taken with a degree of prudence and circumspection that has seldom been equalled. The Roman Catholic population were first conciliated by the boon of equal rights and privileges; and the dissenters, by the humiliation and robbery of the Established Church. The movers in this bloody business were well aware that, in each stage of their progress, the scruples of their more timorous adherents would be removed; and that those who, in the first instance, could scarcely contemplate, without alarm, the prospect of a collision with the government, would be brought, when success began to crown the efforts of the revolutionists, to draw their swords in civil war.

The Roman Catholic priesthood were, as might be expected, favourable to measures which at once gratified their hatred towards an obnoxious sect, and afforded them another prospect of resuming their ancient ascendency. The professors of popery were, in that country, as in every other, divided into two parties,—those who were bigotedly devoted to the Church of Rome, and who greedily swallowed all its absurdities, and those who, being disgusted by those absurdities, had swerved into infidelity, while they still continued in nominal connexion with a system which they regarded either with contempt or indignation. These parties were, however, very unequally divided. The bigots were by far the more numerous; and, what was of more importance, the more zealous and single-minded in the prosecution of their object; and to this it is that we are indebted that Ireland was not torn from the British crown.

When Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his associates had succeeded in lighting up the flames of civil war, they possessed no means of controlling or of keeping in abeyance the hateful bigotry which possessed and actuated their popish adherents. The faction had assumed the designation of United Irishmen, and their success depended upon bringing the Protestants of the North into cordial co-operation with the Roman Catholics of the South, and inspiring both with a detestation of existing institutions, which, in order to be effectual, must be stronger than the old antipathies by which they were themselves divided.

But the revolutionists could discover no principle by which repugnancies so inveterate could be overcome. Even the jesuitical policy of the Church of Rome was unable to subdue the fiendlike malignity with which the bigots of that persuasion, whenever success began to dawn upon them, regarded their Protestant adherents. These soon began to see what they should expect in the event of the triumph of their cause; and how, by the deposition of King Log, they were only contributing to the exaltation of King Serpent. They were made to see that, whatever were the abuses of the government which they resisted, and against which they unfurled the standard of rebellion, they were blessings when compared with "the tender mercies" of the system which must necessarily be enthroned upon its ruins. And, accordingly, they became alienated from the cause in which they had embarked; and a selfish concern for themselves obliged them to adopt a course which ended in the salvation of the country.

And this is, perhaps, the time for making an observation or two upon a position which has been loudly asserted by Mr Moore, that, had Catholic emancipation been earlier granted, the rebellion never would have occurred. Now, we have been led, even by his own shewing, to come to a contrary conclusion. The rebellion was Jacobin in its origin, and took its rise amongst the Protestants of the North; and, had Ireland been at that time protestantized,—that is, had that conversion of the natives from popery taken place which the advocates of emancipation always predicted as one of its necessary effects, we see no reason to believe that the rebellion should not have been successful. It was only defeated by the disunion which prevailed amongst the heterogeneous materials of which it was composed; and, if the rancour of papist against protestant, which was on so many occasions evinced, had not served to open the eyes of the latter, their proceedings against the government would have been carried on with a degree of union and concord that must have been but too successful. Much, therefore, as we deplore the existence of popery, its predominance in Ireland, at this critical period, may be considered as having contributed more, probably, than any thing else, to the security of the British empire.

There is another point upon which Mr Moore has animadverted with not a little virulence, and that is, the manner in which the constituted authorities forced, as he calls it, the rebellion. It would, undoubtedly, have been more agreeable to him had they slumbered upon the mine which had been prepared to explode beneath them, and suffered the incendiary to apply the match to the train, before any steps were taken for the safety of the constitution. Such, however, was not the notion which Lord Castlereagh entertained of the duty which he owed his country. There was another, also, who knew the kind of enemy with whom he had to deal, and who, like Strafford, would willingly, if necessary, have incurred the responsibility of saving the British empire contrary to law, rather than suffer it to be destroyed according to law. Lord Clare seemed born for that peculiar crisis, during which it was the favoured lot of Ireland that he formed a part of her administration. He was a man whose foresight, with an almost instinctive sagacity, detected the plans, and whose stern and uncompromising loyalty could admit of no truce with traitors. He knew that, if the conspirators were suffered to choose their own time for rising, and if Jacobin France were enabled to make even a diversion in their favour, a more powerful force than Great Britain could command might not be sufficient to put them down. He therefore pressed upon government the necessity of taking steps by which its secret enemies might be compelled to show themselves. He acted like the physician who draws out upon the surface the disease which would otherwise have struck into the heart. He felt, and he made his enemies to feel, that he was hunting not the fox but the tiger; and the curses, both loud and deep, with which his name was pronounced by all those who felt interested in the success of the conspiracy, and the abiding hatred of his memory, which even still survives in many of whom the gibbet was defrauded by some technical informality, or some quibble of law, leave no room to doubt that the experiment upon which he adventured was not more bold than it was successful.

We do not quarrel with the querulous animadversions of Mr Moore upon the measures by which treason was put down. It is not more natural that we, with our principles, should rejoice in their success, than that he should complain of their adoption. They made sad havoc among his early friends—men, many of them, as sincerely persuaded of the justness of their cause, as those who opposed them were of its deep iniquity. And there were few of them, we verily believe, who, had they survived that dreadful period, and enjoyed the peculiar advantages which Mr Moore possessed for correcting early erroneous impressions, would not have grown wiser by experience. He alone seems to have retained, in all their freshness and rancour, those sympathies which associated him in his youthful days with the enemies of social order. And he has preserved, as it were, bottled and hermetically sealed, until it was produced for use on the present occasion, the quintessential spirit of that malignancy which raged in ninety-eight, and against which the government was compelled, in self-defence, to take such measures as filled the prisons with many, whose names might, under other circumstances, have adorned the annals of Ireland.

He asks, with a degree of simplicity, which a genuine Jacobin may do well to feign though he cannot feel, how it was possible that so amiable a man as Lord Edward Fitzgerald could entertain any views with which a good government should not have complied? Has he never heard of the fable of the Wolf and the Little Red Riding Hood? We trust that the feeling with which we have spoken of poor Lord Edward has not been a harsh one; that we have made that allowance for the narrowness of his understanding, and the imperfectness of his education, which relieved us from the necessity of supposing in him very peculiar depravity of heart. He was easily deceived; we, therefore, pity him in his delusion; but we cannot, for all that, lament, with Mr Moore, that he was arrested by the hand of justice before he brought calamity upon his country.

Mr Moore eulogizes rebel principles, because they were adopted by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. We deprecate them, because, by their accursed influence, so amiable an individual was converted into one of the worst enemies of his country.

But while we disapprove of the opinions and the sentiments, we recognise the prudence of the grey-headed little bard. England is at present governed by a ministry of which Lord Edward Fitzgerald would have highly approved! His principles have been adopted, with those cautious reserves, which, however they may disguise, will by no means defeat their ultimate object; and the most cordial approbation has been bestowed upon the precise measures which he would have recommended respecting Ireland.

The Roman Catholic priesthood are all but omnipotent! The Established Church is all but subverted! The magistracy is rapidly becoming a society of United Irishmen! And the Protestant yeomanry—that body before whom treason quailed in ninety-eight—are made to feel that there is a perilous conflict between their interest and their principles; and that if they act, as their duty obliges them to do, against those who are traitors to the state, they will be prosecuted by the government as delinquents!

It is a serious thing, when loyal men in Ireland enter upon the discharge of their most important duties with halters about their necks!

In one thing Mr Moore is perfectly correct, namely, that the measures which have been adopted by the present Ministry, and which have been approved of by a majority of the House of Commons, are precisely in principle those for which poor Lord Edward was denounced by the country as a traitor. So far Mr Moore is quite right in concluding that he has been a very ill-used man. *He* would have done, by means of the United Irishmen, what *they* are in progress of doing, by their reforming majorities in Parliament. He would have done, in opposition to the law, what they are doing, with a scrupulous observance indeed of the forms, but in open violation of the spirit, of the constitution. He would have considered himself as having reached the Mount Pisgah of his hopes, if he could have caught even a distant glimpse of what is at present so near in prospect, namely, the subversion of the church, the overthrow of the privileged orders, and the downfall of the monarchy. All these things must necessarily take place, if the Reform Bill should pass into a law. A democratic House of Commons must faithfully represent the views and the feelings of a plebeian constituency, and can only subsist by its antipathy to the House of Lords. That will be one of the conditions of its existence. It must necessarily echo the uproarious noise which is at present so loud against the church, and which will, by and by, be equally loud against hereditary titles, which will be represented as a mockery, and hereditary property, which will be denounced as the product of legislative absurdity, rapacity, and injustice. If we were malevolent, we could smile with bitter scorn at the ruin which will then be brought upon the liberal nobles, who contributed, by their conduct in passing the Roman Catholic Bill, to give the first impulse to the movement of the Moloch of Radicalism, before whom they themselves must, before long, fall prostrate, while the shouts of his votaries drown the cries of his victims.

And their conduct is far less defensible, either in reason or upon principle, than that of the advocates of popery in poor Lord Edward's day. At that time, how objectionable soever the measure might have been in principle, it was at least quite possible to pass it, without giving a triumph to all that was dangerous over all that was constitutional in the country. The conservative party need not have been broken down. The Roman Catholics would have received whatever indulgence might be conceded to them as a boon; and conditions might have been imposed, and provisions might have been made, which would have relieved the more thinking part of the community of any apprehensions which they might have entertained for the safety of the constitution. The Catholic Bill *was* passed under very different circumstances. It is not our intention to revive the bitterness which prevailed against the late Ministry for their conduct in that particular, and which indeed was the cause why they were deprived of power. But had they been only consistent, and refused to threats what they denied to supplications—had the audacity of trading demagogues been met, in the only way in which it ever should be met, by constitutional resistance, what a host of evils, present and prospective, would have been averted from the country!

Mr Moore, therefore, may well be content with the precise course which things have actually taken. One of Lord Edward's favourite measures was resisted, at a time when it would have been comparatively harmless, and might have imposed some restraint upon the accomplishment of his other projects, only to be granted at a time the least auspicious, and in a manner that has made it the inlet to a greater tide of innovation than ever before threatened to visit our institutions with ruin, or to deluge the country with blood.

It is quite natural, too, that the yeomanry of Ireland should be denounced, as they may be supposed still capable of imposing some restraint upon those who would formerly have been regarded with suspicion by the government, although they ought now to be only considered as persons taking the most compendious means of arriving at those ultimate results which were, or should have been, contemplated by the framers of our new constitution. It is true, on former occasions the Irish yeomanry resisted and subdued rebellion; but that was at a time when Jacobin councils were regarded with abhorrence by the British parliament. It is true that they have evinced an attachment to the church; but that was before those laws were repealed which conferred legislative authority upon its bitterest enemies. It may be that these events have not been unproductive of a change of feeling and sentiment on their part, which, however we may deplore, Mr Moore must rejoice in. It is, we know, natural that he should suspect them. He has himself furnished an instance, which proves that early impressions, upon the revolutionary side, may be marvellously indelible; that they may appear to be eradicated, when they are only concealed; and that a favourable change of circumstances may be only necessary to make them start into life, and manifest themselves in all their original extravagance. We cannot, however, flatter ourselves that there is any serious cause for such apprehension. The Protestant yeomanry might have been well content to risk their lives for British connexion, as long as there was a prospect that, by their assistance, it might be preserved. The case is very different when they become perfectly convinced that nothing which they can do, no sacrifice which they can make, can finally avert the dismemberment of the empire. They may have been well disposed to stand by the church, as long as by so doing its rights and privileges might be maintained. The case is very different when, by the government of the country, it has been virtually abandoned. They may have been well disposed to defend the order of nobility; but it was at a time when the nobles were not mere ciphers in the state. They may have evinced a devoted loyalty to their King; but it was at a time when he was not the puppet of an unprincipled administration. No one is better qualified than Mr Moore himself to shew, then, that all this is now changed. And when he proves to a demonstration (as assuredly he can, if the Reform Bill should pass) that the House of Lords has become the mere echo of the House of Commons, as that latter will be of a rabble and democratic constituency; and, that the substantive prerogatives of the monarch have passed away, and the crown has become nothing more than a piece of idle and costly pageantry—a ridiculously expensive stamp, for the purpose of registering democratic edicts—it will not require quite his powers of persuasion to abate much of the ardour with which the Protestant yeomanry of Ireland have hitherto defended what they considered to be the good old cause; or even to convince them that a connexion with England is no longer desirable, when her government not only refuse support, but evince hostility to their Protestant institutions. They feel already, that they have been abandoned and betrayed; and, as the human breast is not infested by a deadlier passion than that which arises from slighted love, a less skilful advocate than the writer of the Melodies, might easily fan into a flame of indignation, which, it may hereafter be acknowledged, it was as impolitic to have provoked, as it will be difficult to subdue, those symptoms of indignation, and those scintillations of discontent which have been produced by wounded loyalty, and ill-requited allegiance.

One suggestion, however, we venture to offer to the little Tyrtæus of Jacobinism, if, indeed, he should seriously resolve to string his harp to a measure that shall find a response in the hearts of the yeomanry of Ireland. They are not, as yet, quite prepared to look upon the Established Church with the abhorrence and detestation with which it is natural that he should regard it. It will, therefore, for some time to come, be injudicious to manifest towards it too strongly the feelings which it is impossible that he should not entertain. It is true, that what he has said upon that subject is sufficiently tame and feeble; but although the execution is devoid of his usual point and vigour, the intention and the spirit with which he wrote are too glaringly truculent and fiendish. And if it be his object to win over the Irish Protestants, and attach them as plighted partisans to his cause, he must beware of saying any thing which might too rudely clash with the respect and affection which they have ever cherished towards their venerable spiritual mother, and whom they are not, at present, the less disposed to regard with a peculiar reverence and love, because she has been, like themselves, basely betrayed, and shamefully deserted.

Mr Moore should hold in view the example of Catiline, who never disclosed to his less guilty associates the whole extent of his nefarious projects, until they were too deeply committed in treason, not to feel that there was no retreat, and that their only chance of safety consisted in the recklessness and desperation with which they should plunge into every extremity of villainy and abomination.

We are aware that the task which we would impose upon Mr Moore is difficult; but it is, we assure him, not the less necessary. It is hard, he will say, to be asked, at his present age, to put a semblance of restraint upon those instincts of hatred and aversion towards the Church of England, in which, during his whole previous life, he has considered it his privilege to indulge. The church, he will say, never has disguised *its* abhorrence of *his* principles. Its uniform endeavour has been to diminish the number of his admirers, and to repress and eradicate those passions and propensities, upon the existence of which depends all his popularity and fame, and to the precocious developement of which, all his genius and industry have been so successfully directed. All this we acknowledge;—we acknowledge that the Church of England has been far more effectual in diminishing the admirers of the Irish Anacreon than any other religious system; and is, therefore, so far, better entitled to his most unmeasured and envenomed vituperation. We acknowledge, moreover, that if it were more fanatical, it might be safely despised—if it were more superstitious, it might be wisely neglected;—and that many a wanderer from the fold of faith, who would have remained alike insensible to the wild extravagance of the enthusiast, and the absurd denunciations of the Romanist, has yet been reclaimed from the errors of his ways, by the mild and gracious expostulations of a church which "teaches the truth in love,"—by meek religion, "pitifully fixing tender reproaches insupportable."—We know all this, and we are well aware how calculated such considerations are to exasperate Mr Moore's resentment;—but, nevertheless, we seriously assure him, that it will be absolutely incumbent upon him to put his anti-religious propensities under some degree of restraint, and to practise what must be to him a most painful species of abstinence, if he would secure the entire attachment of those, who, as yet, cannot sympathize with him in his hatred of the established church, and by which he may eventually be fully indemnified for the privations which we recommend, by being enabled "to feed fat the ancient grudge he bears her."

In the meantime, he has deserved well of our present rulers.

If his Majesty's Ministers remain much longer in power, the author of the present memoir must be rewarded. He has done what in him lies to revive and to recommend the principles which they have ever cherished. He has exhibited, perhaps, the only specimen existing of a determined perseverance in those principles, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. And, by selecting an individual upon whose virtues they were unhappily engrafted, and in whose life they produced such bitter fruits, for the purpose of lauding their worth and exemplifying their usefulness, he has exhibited a degree of adventurous and revolutionary hardihood, which will assuredly meet with a corresponding feeling in the breasts of those whose only title to the possession of power consists in this, that they have not, as far as in them lies, left one stone standing upon another in the British constitution.

THE LUNATIC'S COMPLAINT.

By Delta.

Again I see thee—yet again
  The features and the form adored;
Art thou a phantom of the brain,
  Or for a while to earth restored?
Alas! we think not, in the hour
  When youthful hearts entranced commingle,
That Falsehood or that Folly's power
  May prove enough to tear them single:
That days—and months—and years may roll,
  After all Passion's links are broken,
  When Time shall leave no stabler token
Of what was once unto the soul
Its morning thought and evening prayer,
Than summer mist dissolved in air.

Hope is the soul of human life!—
When mingling in the toils of strife,
We always dream of future rest,
We always dream we shall be blest;
Mid storms that burst and clouds that roll,
  It sheds abroad a holy light,
  Dispersing, vanquishing the night:
Hope is of human life the soul!
It is the conqueror that breaks
  The deep sleep of the tomb;
The magic talisman, which makes
  Earth's wintry desert bloom.

But mine was dark despair; no ray
Shot through my night to herald day;
At laughter's hollow sound, my heart
As a wild mockery would start,
And Man seem'd only man, when Woe
  Had bow'd him to its stern command;
Making long wont a nature grow,
  As working doth the dyer's hand!

Half on his arm himself he raised—
Intently on my face he gazed,
Then stretch'd a reconciling hand:—
  I saw him strive in vain to speak,
For life was ebbing to a stand,
  And all his efforts weak;
Flutter'd his cheek, his eye grew dim;
The quivering lip and writhing limb
Bespoke the awful agonies
That rend the frame ere spirit flies,
As if it took a last embrace
Of its terrestrial dwelling-place;
At length, "Forgive!" he wildly cried,
Sank backward on the turf, and died.

'Twas done—I wander'd through the woods—
  I threaded mid the ancient trees,
When all the midnight solitudes
  Re-echoed to the tossing breeze;
Or threw me down at times beside
The stream that roll'd its turbid tide
Down to the shore. In western sky,
The crescent moon shone peacefully
Over a slumbering world; the stars,
Afar withdrawn from mortal jars,
Look'd from their calm Elysium down
  So gently, that it seem'd from thence,
Over Earth's cares and bustle flown,
  They could Heaven's dews of peace dispense.

I could not sleep—I could not rest—
  My thoughts were all at open war,
Fierce are the tempests that infest
The sky, but storms within the breast
  Are darker, fiercer, mightier far.
I roam'd at twilight by the waves;
I lay at noontide in lone caves;
And when night ruled the starry sky,
  Or tranquilly the white moon shone,
I watch'd the grey clouds floating by,
  And wander'd on the mountains lone:
I loved to lie beneath old trees,
Loud murmuring to the midnight breeze,
And listen to the moaning sound,
While bent their dark boughs to the ground;
I heard, rebounding far away,
  The thunders of the cataract,
And often wish'd my hot brow lay
  Beneath its showers of drizzly rack:
I saw the shy hawk on its spray;
I saw the leveret at its play;
And as the tangling boughs I stirr'd,
Startled from sleep the little bird,

That chirp'd with momentary bill,
And sudden ceased—and all was still.

How long it may have been to me,
Is as a hidden mystery;
But days, and months, and moons pass'd on,
And still I raved and roam'd alone;
I pull'd wild berries, and partook
Delicious water from the brook;
And stray'd by night, and muttering lay
In woods, and wilds, and caves by day;
Ever a watchful eye I kept;
Sleep from me fled—I never slept;
Until one morn I sought the plain,
The grass was moist with recent rain,
And laying down my fever'd cheek,
I joy'd its cooling balm to seek,
Weariness, woe, and agony,
Combining, strove to bid mine eye
  In poppied slumbers close;
And stretch'd upon the daisied ground,
Escaped from feeling's curse, I found
  An hour of sweet repose.
So when I woke, the world to me
Seem'd like another world to be;—
Blue shone the lake, the summer trees
Stirr'd in the balmy western breeze,
  As if to wanton with their shadows;
Soft smiled the green acclivities
Beneath the pure cerulean-skies,
  And golden furze perfumed the meadows.
The bee was booming through the dells
Mid foxglove, heath, and heather bells;
The birds were singing from each spray,
And, cloudwards, journeying far away,
The lark, long lost to human eye,
Was heard—a music in the sky!
With upward effort, through and through
The viewless air, the liquid blue,
Her flight was ta'en; as if her eyes
Were only fix'd on Paradise;
As if unto her feet were given
To gain the threshold steps of Heaven!

'Twas then they found, and hemm'd me round
  As if I was a beast of prey;
Weak as a suckling on the ground,
  Surveying earth and heaven, I lay;
When they placed manacles upon
  My wrists, and dragg'd me to their den:—
I thought—for mercy dwelt with none—
  That they were demons, and not men!
Yes! they pronounced me frenzied; they
  Declared my reason's light was dim,
Debarr'd me from the face of day,
  And twined their fetters on each limb.

My faithful dog had follow'd me—
  And when that gate was closed, he came
  And whined below the lattice frame:—
Yes! he had gratitude, and he
Would not depart, but, day by day,

Though hunted from these walls away,
Return'd before my grate to stand,
And leapt, and strove to lick my hand.—
I heard the shot—I saw him fall—
They threw him o'er the garden wall;
Their hearts were callous, and would make
A mock of mine, which scorn'd to break;—
Then, then, I felt my bitter lot,
Yet held my breath, and cursed them not.

My youthful hopes have all been crost,
The rudder of existence lost:
And I have sown in joyfulness,
To reap the harvest of distress;—
Without an aim, without a fear,
To make existence dark or dear,
I wander in a magic ring,
  Where all is dull and desolate,
Where passing hours no shadow fling
  On life's unvaried dial-plate:
Time hath no joys to take or bring,
  For I have none to love or hate;
And thought is but a desert void,
All unenjoy'd and unemploy'd:—
Yet lives the energetic mind,
A warring chaos undefined;
And mid the darkness of my lot,
  Where nought before is hoped or seen,
Sometimes I wish the past forgot,
  And life, as if it ne'er had been!—

Were anguish smother'd—feeling gone—
Thought reft—and passion sear'd to stone—
And memory with its tortures flown—
Like pleasure dead, like hope unknown—
Then would my life be negative,
  And I from murmurings refrain:
  But wishes all are wild and vain!
With more than life I am alive,
With worse than death am doom'd to strive;
Still Recollection fondly clings,
And never sleeps, and adds her stings
To all the miseries of the past.
Oh, shall Oblivion come at last!
Like wildfire on the midnight blast,
My energies are all awake;
I burn with fire I cannot slake;
I feel as if condemn'd below
To an eternity of woe,
And though with bitterness I cry
On Death, he mocks and passes by!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Once on a time, as I heard tell,
But day and date I know not well,
Perchance it happ'd in ages past,
Perhaps the week before the last;
But this you still may keep in view,
The tale, like all my tales, is true;
Three doughty carles, grown grey with age,
Wandering life's weary pilgrimage,
Forgather'd once by tryste upon
The eastern Eildon's lovely cone.
One was a seer of mighty note,
Scarce second to great Michael Scott,
A sage of most capacious mind,
Could read the thoughts of human kind,
By merely looking in their faces,
And mimicking their sly grimaces,
And thus their onward course could view,
And all through life that would ensue.
But what no man could have divined,
He could hold converse with the wind,
In language undisguised and plain,
And the wind answered him again.
A passing voice the word would say,
Then die upon the breeze away;
Again, again, in accents weak,
That passing voice the word would speak,
While listeners stood in dread surprise,
With bristling hair and staring eyes.
In sooth, he was a wondrous being,
All changes, all events foreseeing,
Was surly, sullen, sought and dreaded,
Railed at, yet reverenced, heard and heeded.
Was stiled THE PROPHET, but his name
Was whisper'd to be Albert Graham,
And his descent was said to be
Of ancient noble pedigree:
Well, our three carles with one consent
To the green cone of Eildon went,—
A hill for weirdly deeds renown'd,
With ancient camp of Roman crown'd,
And noted for its glorious view
From Lammer Law to Cheviot blue,
And from the Liddels mountains green
To cliffs that frown round dark Loch Skene,
With vales between all dappled over
With farms, with field, and greenwood cover;
With many a tower of feudal glory,
And many a fane in ruins hoary;
With many a stream of classic name,
And many a field of warlike fame;
With frowning fell, and forest river,
And Abbotsford, renown'd for ever.
O, Eildon, I have often sped
To many a mountain's lofty head;
But such a scene as seen from thee
Mine eyes again shall never see.

There, on a green and lonely sward,
Our three old sages sat prepared,
The one to shew, the rest to see,
Some strange events that were to be.
"Cover your faces with a veil,"
Said Graham, with visage deadly pale,
"For spirits of the western clime
Will pass while noon is in her prime,
And I must ask them to portend
How this disgraceful work will end."
Old John and Samuel did his bidding,
Those elemental spirits dreading.
They cower'd them down, and listening lay,
What that unearthly voice would say.
Albert, bareheaded, stood alone,
And, in a mild entreating tone,
Called, "Spirit sweet, spirit kind,
Spirit of the westland wind,
Thou hast seen with sorrow great
What is passing in the state,
How on ruin's brink we quiver,
Breeding strife that cease can never.
Tell me, spirit, if you may,
How will end this brutal fray?"

VOICE.

"O! Albert Graham
Of magic fame,
I may not, cannot tell for shame!
Since now the LION bows his head,
That all the herd may thereon tread,
What's to be hoped but discord dire,
With burning, arming, blood, and fire?—
I may not tell what is to be,
There lies a mirror, look and see."
Then a sweet voice was heard to wail
Away, away, upon the gale,
Singing a lay of rueful tone,
O'er glories that were past and gone.
Then Sam and John, who panting lay,
Ask'd if the spirit was away;
And raised their heads out of the den,
Two frighten'd and bewilder'd men.
Says John, "'Tis awful thus to hear
The words of spirits passing near,
And know that all the earth is crowded
With beings in their air-veils shrouded.
And then to think that night and day
They hear each sinful word we say,
And see each wild and wicked deed,
Though vice in darkness veils her head;
Deeds unacknowledged and unshriven,
Lord, what a world it is we live in!"—
"Hold, friend," says Albert, "if you please,
I'll shew you things more strange than these;
More selfish, false, and void of shame,
Than aught your simple heart could frame.
Here is a magic mirror, given
By that sweet journeyer of the heaven;
Come, let us look, for well I see,
There is ere long some fun to be."

They look'd, and saw by magic light,
But scarce gave credit to their sight,
A scene of such vile cozenage
As gave small credit to the age;
All the low beasts of vulgar den,
From pinfold puddle and boor's pen,
Ranged round the royal Lion's head,
And baying him without remeed.
He answer'd all with placid bow,
But dark suspicion on his brow,
Brooded like storm in Polar way,
Or thunder-cloud on summer day;
How could it else? When there was swaying,
The donkey with its endless braying;
The Monkey with its motions prim,
The Ban-dog with his visage grim;
The Fox, the Foulmart, and the Martin,
And beasts whose species was uncertain,
Queer grinning, pluffy, dumpy doodles—
A set of awkward backward noodles,
Renown'd for nought but empty bounces,
A large fraternity of dunces,
Weak, heartless, greedy, stupid, cold,
Save Coulterneb, the brave and bold,
Who, with a Broom of evergreen,
Swept the large hall of justice clean.
But they mark'd one they knew full well,
Who (though his name they would not tell)
Was weaving an entangling web
For the redoubted Coulterneb.
The old lords of the forest reign,
Who long had barter'd toil and pain
On fields of death, on land and wave,
The Lion's lordly sway to save,
Were now obliged to stand aloof,
Kick'd by plebeian vulgar hoof.
The first that ventur'd to admonish,
And the low vulgar herd astonish,
Was Peeler, a most noble fellow,
A hound well train'd, well mouth'd, and mellow
He open'd on that menzie gulling,
And set their wits a heather-pulling.
Whene'er they heard his yowl o' nights,
They skulkit underneath their rights.
A Tiger, a most noble beast,
Who once was netted in the East,
But made a brisk and bold Assaye
To open his resistless way
To deeds which never were outdone
Beneath the heaven's own blessed sun;
He on the herd look'd grim as death,
But more in pity than in wrath;
Yet there was something in his mien,
A language strong, not heard, but seen.
A brave young Foxhound of the north,
Conscious of loyalty and worth,
Dash'd in amid the servile group,
And ope'd with an unpractised whoop;
The leaders of the crew cry'd Hark!—
And sure it was a harrier's bark.
But the young Foxhound cast a look
Which the canalzie could not brook;

It told, in language firm and staid,
Stronger than words were ever said,
In terms that left no room for doubt,
" Small deer, beware what you're about;
For if I'm forced to come again,
With all my motley Border train
Of bloodhounds, collies, ratches, harriers,
And all my breeds of Dinmont terriers,
By my forefather's ghost, I vow,
(A brave bloodhound both stanch and true,)
That I'll make ghosts—this oath rely on,
Of all who dare abuse our LION.
I at the LION's bugle-horn,
With echoes brave will wake the morn,
And trace the sneaking robber's trail
To his vile den of dens the wale:
If I yowff but ' A BELLANDINE !'
On one old heathery hill of mine,
'Twill make the herds, with tails on riggings,
To burrow in their ten-pound biggings.
Poor barking puppies ! all is lost,
If such as you must rule the roast."—
  " Bow-wow ! Bow-wow !" with dreadful blurrier,
Cried an outrageous Scottish Terrier,
" Well yowff'd, my lord ! That note again,
We'll scatter the poor servile train,
Like chaff before the tempest free,
That revels down by Fernilee;
I'll ferret out in sad surprisal,
Each fulmart, badger, cat, and weazel,
From hole, from howf, from den and dingle ;"
That terrier's name was ***** *******.
  " Yell !" quoth a hound of Highland breed,
A fierce and dangerous chap indeed.
" Take courage, all ye brave and loyal,
Before they snool our LION Royal,
Scotland shall join in one accordance.
By all the blood of all the ********,
We'll prove the ready executioners
Of all those cursed revolutioners."
  Another fiery northern Dragon
Came raging on them like a Pagan,
A Lurcher of a deadly hue,
A hawk nose, and a noble flew;
A brow of brass and tongue untiring,
A head as hard as Swedish iron,
He bay'd the bevy fierce and furious,
Who skulk'd, and call'd the ratch injurious,
Vowing his pockets had been harpl'd,
That Lurcher's name was ***** **********.
  A great bull Raven came in view,
Soaring above the sordid crew;
A Croaker of prodigious sway,
A black sight to the base array,
Who raised a yell of fright together,
And cower'd beneath the glossy feather,
Crying, " He comes on pinions spread,
To pick the eyne from every head,

And with our flesh and blood to cram him.
He comes! he comes! The devil d— him!"
The Raven, soaring, eyed his prey,
Then hover'd nigh, to their dismay;
The Cuddy scowl'd with look askance,
The Otter hid his head at once,
The Badger crept beneath the tree,
The Tikes and Curs of low degree,
Whene'er that Raven gave a croak,
View'd it as far beyond a joke:
They took their tails between their thighs,
And hung their heads in woful guise,
For well they knew that note of strife
Forespoke some mangy mongrel's life.
The Raven spied, squatted to earth,
A tailor's messan, sent from *****,
A yelping, gabbling, glowring creature,
A dandy dapper dwarf of nature,
A thing so vain and self-conceited
Was never in this world created;
But at the Croaker's lordly note,
He felt his talons in his throat,
And cower'd him down among the cloots
Of other office-bearing brutes.
Down came the Raven with a swoop,
And note like Indian's battle whoop,
Down on the Messan came he plump,
And seized the creature by the rump—
Toss'd him, and shook him, cowed him, awed him,
And like a very dishclout taw'd him;
Then soared again into the air,
Deaved by the yammer and the blare,
The babble, and the yaff incessant,
Of that bit quibbling-quabbling Messant.
The Raven took the writhing beast
And tore the pluck out of his breast,
Making of that a glorious feast;
Then bore away unto the north
Toward the Messan's native Forth,
And pick'd his bones upon Inch-Peffery—
That Messan's name was ****** ******.
It might be deem'd against the law
To tell all our three sages saw,
And in Dunedin breed a squabble;
For Maga's jokes are actionable.
In short, they saw the throne abused,
And rank confusion worse confused;
All peace and order set to jar—
In every corner roaring war;
The din of rude plebeian strife—
War to the throat and to the knife;
And all for—what the age disgraces—
That some few knaves might keep their places,
To sponge and grub for sordid pelf,
Nothing in view but self! self! self!
Old Albert wept the scene to see,
The tear-drops trickled on his knee,
And, in despair at coming evil,
He tossed the Mirror to the devil.

IGNORAMUS ON THE FINE ARTS.

No. III.

Hogarth, Bewick, and Green.

There are three artists,—but three,—with whose works I can boast of something like intimacy; and they are, perhaps, the most thoroughly and exclusively English in the world. These are, Hogarth, Bewick, and Green. However unequal in fame, dissimilar in style, or diverse in their subjects—the trio have many points in common. All, in a manner, self-educated, and self-exalted, commenced as artisans, and made themselves excellent artists. All completed their studies, and gathered their materials in their native island, and each, after his kind, represented the Nature which every one may see, though very few like them have perceived and conceived. All, too, by birth or descent, were men of the North Countrie. Only one of them, however, has found a biographer in Allan Cunningham, but both the others have found a panegyrist in Christopher North. At the risk of repeating some of Christopher's observations, which will always bear repetition, I, his humble contributor, will venture a few words on their respective merits, leaving the "invention of their defects," to Dogberries of greater perspicacity. Green was my friend in days of auld lang syne; and Bewick my delight, when a picture-book was as good as a minced pie, or a pantomime. Pictures were pictures then, indeed.

Green was a man who will not soon be forgotten among the *old familiar faces*, nor will his works want vouchers, while autumn sheds her "blossoming hues of fire and gold" on the ferny slopes of our fells—and the slate-rocks shimmer in the morning sun, after a night of rain—or start from the white dispersing mists, like enchanted towers, at the breaking of the spell of darkness. Of all landscape painters he was the most literal, the most absolute copyist, of the objects on his retina. What he saw he painted as exactly as it could be painted—he had no notion of supplying the necessary imperfections of art by any adventitious splendour of his own. His memory was not stored with traditional recipes, nor his imagination overlaid with pictorial commonplaces. The forms, colours, combinations which he fed upon, were gathered, like manna, fresh every morning. He never considered how Claude or Gainsborough would have treated a subject, nor what a Cockney might think of it. When he set about a picture, he thought no more of any other picture, than nature, when scooping out "still St Mary's Lake," thought about the Caspian Sea. He did not manufacture the sublime, by leaving out the details, nor sophisticate beauty into prettiness, by turning Westmoreland into a Covent Garden Arcadia, and shepherd lasses into mantel-piece shepherdesses: neither did he fill our civil kind-hearted valleys with melo-dramatic horrors, and murky caverns, fit only for banditti to skulk in, and for Mrs Radcliffe to write about. In truth, we have hardly a cavern big enough to conceal a cask of mountain dew—and what Gray could be dreaming of, when he fancied that Borrowdale Crags would close in and secrete him, like Frederic Barbarossa,* in a stony immortality, I for one cannot tell. Mr Green knew the crags and waterfalls, as well as he knew his own children, and was just as little afraid of them. He taught his pencil, too, as he taught his children, to speak the truth, and the whole truth, without regard of consequences. His landscapes convey, not that abstraction which the mind constructs out of many interrupted impressions, and which it can recall at pleasure; not that general likeness, which always remains, and can always be recognised; but a direct corporeal perception in the very posture, circumstance, and complexion of the instant. What his eye told, his hand repeated verbatim et lite-

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* "Frederick Barbarossa, according to German tradition, sits within the Kyffhausen, leaning on a stone-table, into which his long beard has grown, waiting until the day arrives when he is to hang up his shield on a withered tree, which will immediately put forth leaves, and then happier days will begin their course. His head nods, and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily, or were about to awake. At times his slumber is interrupted; but his naps are generally about a hundred years in duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music; and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterraneous abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gift save one, and he kept his bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value.

Great, however, was his surprise, when, upon shewing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar."—CROFTON CROKER'S FAIRY LEGENDS. *London Magazine, March*, 1822.

"Greece revered her yet living Achilles in the White Island, the Britons expected the waking of Arthur, entranced in Avelon, and, almost in our days, it was thought that Sebastian of Portugal would one day return to claim his usurped realms. Thus, also, the three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to slumber in a cavern near the lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the three Tells; and say that they lie there in their antique garb in a quiet sleep; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land."—*Quarterly Review*, No. LXXVII. Do not you know the fine Roman hand?

This legend of Barbarossa, (and almost every nation has something similar,) has been called an imitation of that proverbial tale of the Seven Sleepers, who retreated to a cave near Ephesus during the persecution of Decius, and, after a nap of one hundred and eighty-seven years, were awakened in the reign of Theodosius, utterly unconscious that they had slept more than a few hours. As usual in these cases, they bestowed their blessing on the unknown descendants of their sometime contemporaries, and expired, as the Milesian canoes, so frequently discovered entire in the bogs of Erin, crumble to pieces as soon as they are exposed to upper air. Like most of the Christian miracles, whether canonical or apocryphal, this beautiful fancy has been smuggled into the Koran, and there disfigured with clumsy additions. Mahomet was the greatest plagiarist that ever existed; and though marvellously clever, was a very prosaic impostor after all. He had no imagination; and whatever he borrowed from the vast and wondrous stores of Oriental fable, he vulgarized. Like Mr Hume, he dealt very largely in numerical exaggeration; though it is probable he therein imitated the cabalists, rabbis, and Christian heretics, (who ascribed mystic powers and meanings to numbers,) rather than the honourable member for Middlesex.

The falsehoods of fraud, cupidity, and priestcraft, may always be distinguished from the fictions which imagination utters for her own delight, from the superstitions which are grounded in the truth of human nature, by their dulness, sameness, and matter-of-fact monstrosity. Yet it is not to be concluded, because the marvellous traditions of far-sundered races often bear a striking resemblance to each other, that they necessarily are derived from one original inventor. Every mythology has its sleepers. Endymion and Epimenides are among the oldest we know of. Who has not read of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood? The seed of these stories is in every fancy; and occasions will arrive to make it shoot forth and blossom. The repose of a fair statue, bathed in moonshine, would readily suggest the loves of the sleeping Endymion and his pale paramour; the rude blocks of stone that people stalactitic caves are quite human enough to give a hint for the caverned slumbers of the Seven, of the Danish Ogier, and the German Barbarossa. Religious or historic faith in the poetic nonage of nations, would take to themselves the half creations of imperfect vision, and turn the fantastic imagery into saints, martyrs, heroes, or deities.

What a figure would poor Gray, with his face and his pig-tail, have cut behind a stone table in the heart of Eaglecrag! Not much like the imperial red-band, I trow; for he never could have had beard enough for a Mussulman to swear by—liberal as he has been in that particular to the Bard. By the way, the British Pindar was more indebted to Hudibras in that passage than to Milton or Raphael either.

This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns,
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell with hieroglyphic spade
Its own grave and the state's were made.—*Canto the First*.

I like to laugh at Gray; because I love him. He was a scholar, a gentleman, and Christian. To detract from his poetic fame, is black ingratitude in any who have him while their hearts were young, ratim, as Homer's Iris and Talthybius repeat their message. (I used to love those repetitions when I was at school: it was like sliding glibly down the hill one has been toiling and panting to the top of. The lines counted all the same.)

Hence it requires rather more than a "Fortnight's Ramble" among the lakes—a close and observant acquaintance with all their variable aspects—to know half the merit of Green. Many artists could give a Dutchman, or a Lincolnshire man, or haply a Hampsteadian, a more satisfactory feeling of mountain scenery—for many exhibit more cleverly what the unexperienced Fancy would anticipate of a mountainous prospect; more strikingly portray what all mountains have in common, just as the tragedies of Sophocles display the contour and generalities of the passions more distinctly than the mannered dramas of Euripides and Shakspeare: but those who dwell among the scenes which he delineated, will daily appreciate him higher and higher;—and should they be divided by seas and shores from this land of peaceful waters, his pictured lines will bring the haunts of memory back upon the soul with the vividness of a calenture. Artistically speaking (the word is Mr Green's), the finest natural prospects do not always make the best pictures. Who upon earth could ever paint the bare sea, or the desert, or the infinity of snow? But the smallest cove embosomed in the hills, with its single patch of corn, its low lone cottage, its solitary yew or sycamore, its own wee tarn, and "almost its own sky," has associations too vast to be contained in an acre of canvass. Paint it, and it will only be little, cabined, cribbed, confined, petty: for a picture cannot be much more than it shews: whereas in nature, the very narrowness of the visible round inspires a latent feeling of unseen greatness, which is a necessary ingredient in the sense of seclusion. Every painted landscape, if it possess the unity essential to a work of art, must make a whole of what in nature is felt and understood to be but a part, perhaps a part as unconsidered, if not as prominent, as the nose on the face.

In nature we are glad to merge our human individuality in the universal, while in art we demand that every thing should be humanized, and refer to man as its centre and solution. We require a meaning, a purpose in every line, and light, and shade. I think silvan scenery paints the best of any. In glades and copses the eye is confined to a small indefinite space, and to a few picturesque objects, which fancy can multiply and vary as it chooses. The effects of light and shadow are strongly marked, and within the reach of imitation. The distance, seen through vistas of trees, or peeping between the branches, affords a most intelligible perspective. A wood is a sort of natural diorama. Trees, too, are individuals; and being liable to the operations of time, have a poetical sympathy with human life, which in lakes and mountains can hardly be imagined. Figures of men or animals, in a wide landscape, rarely compose well with the massier parts of the picture. If they be conspicuous in the foreground, they change the character of the composition. If far withdrawn from the point of sight, they become obscure and diminutive. Besides, there is no manner of keeping in proportion between any organized body and the huge masses of nature. The poet indeed may make a man, or, if he pleases, a bird, commensurate with Chimboraco, or Ontario, because he expresses thoughts and feelings which not the world of matter can circumscribe; but the landscape-painter cannot do this. If he even attempt to give his figures action or expression, he transgresses his province. But human forms combine most happily with mossy trunks and interwoven boughs, with tall flowers and twining creepers, with tangled underwood, and sunny intervals, and grey stones, decked with pendent greenery. Then what more native to the Dryad's haunts, than the nestling birdies that have new startled from her form, or the stag with antlered front, uplifted from the reddening fern, and eyeing securely the lovers met beneath the trysting-tree? Perhaps, moreover, the felicitous intermixture of straight and wavy lines, of disclosure and concealment, of intricacy and simplicity, contribute to the picturesque in woodland retirements.

Scenes again, over which a human interest presides, where the steep is crowned with castle or convent, and the long aqueduct stretches across the vale, and towers, domes, minarets loom in the distance, and the foreground is strewed with broken columns and marble fountains which nature has taken to herself again, do very well. But where nature reigns alone, and man only appears to shew his insignificance, where every portion derives its beauty from the copresence and coinherence of the whole, art can do little more than hint at what it cannot do, and present a humble index or chapter of contents to the volume, which can neither be translated nor transcribed. Green has done all for his subjects that could be done, consistently with faithful representation—and he was not the man to belie the magnificent world for the credit of his craft. He loved the truth too well.

No Scottish peasant, in the good old covenanting times, whose bible was his only book and constant companion, could be better acquainted with every chapter and verse, than was Green with every nook of his beloved domain. No height or hollow of Helvellyn, no bay or bosky cape in Winander's sinuous length, no shy recess, nor brook, nor fairy waterfall in all the hills, but there he oft had been no idle gazer, but indefatigable with book and pencil, to note their coyest looks and briefest glances. He did not ply his trade in a garret with a sky-light, from hints and scratches, as if he were afraid that nature would put him out, but face to face with his great mistress

> In the broad open eye
> Of the solitary sky,

in the spray of the cataract, beneath the sheltering crag, in the embowered cottage porch, or in the heart of mists waiting with impatient resignation till the vapoury curtains should be withdrawn. He had a hearty healthy love of his employment, such as none but an honest man could feel or understand. Amid many discouragements, and with no better patron than the mutable public of Lakers—he [illegible] bated no jot of heart or hope;" his spirit [illegible]ver flagged, his hand and [illegible]er idle. He lived in the faith that a time would come when the taste for the picturesque would be no longer an occasional impulse, or fashionable affectation, but a fixed element in the English character; when a permanent colony of rank and intelligence would make of Ambleside another Geneva, and erect a princely pavilion on the shores of Derwent. Pity he did not discover a St Ronan's Well somewhere convenient—a little nauseous spa-water might have proved more profitably attractive than all the crystal and chrysolite streams in the world. The late Peter Chrosthwaite, some time commander in the Company's service, and latterly the founder of the Keswick Museum, did attempt to establish a medicinal spring, but his favourite pump was not nasty enough to take with the water-drinkers. In Mr Green's expectations of a Westmoreland Cheltenham, few of the lake poets sympathized. A kraken would be less monstrous in Windermere than a steam packet, and it is probable that Lucifer will finish the bridge he once commenced over her breadth, (his apron strings broke, and occasioned a pile of stones, which still remain to verify the tradition,) before a tunnel is bored through Kirkstone, or a rail-road violates King Dunmait's bones. But Green, though a lover of nature, was no lover of solitude. Like many men, whose occupations condemn them to long silence, he seized eagerly on all opportunities of converse; and as he felt no difficulty in listening to what interested others, he had no scruple in dilating upon what interested himself, and sometimes, it may be, poured much information on the fine arts into unretentive or reluctant ears. But he put the heart into every thing; and when the heart is in the discourse, no good man thinks it dull, though it should not chance to be very lucid. I should like dearly to hear my uncle Toby talk of fortification, though I know not the difference between fascines and gazons.

Though never rich, and little beholden to the privileged orders, Mr Green was a sound unconfutable Tory; therefore a friend to temperate mirth and conviviality, at whose hearth and board no honest face wanted a welcome. Late in the day, when declining health in some degree debarred him from out-of-doors study, he commenced author, with few qualifications, it must be confessed, except a strong love and thorough comprehension of his subject. Ignorant as innocent of the mystery of book-making, he produced a most amusing, useful, and original book, the only fault of which is, that it is in two volumes; and this fault would be less, if the writing had all been his own, but too much space is taken up with extracts from his forerunners, sundry of whom were blockheads, one at least a fool, and not one possessed the tithe of his information. He has not left a place, a rill, a knoll, or homestead unnamed. Many of his observations shew a most intelligent and poetical feeling of natural beauty. He is quite free from forced rapture and exaggeration. He never acts the proneur or showman to nature. Perhaps he is rather minute, but condensation is the last thing a practised author learns; and really, when we think of the ponderous quartos that come out every season about third-rate watering-places, and unsavoury fishing hamlets, stuffed with the refuse of apocryphal pedigrees, parish registers, and the Gentleman's Magazine, seasoned with provincial scandal and matter-of-fact antiquarian lies, and embellished with dedicated views of ugly staring houses, we cannot much wonder at a plain man's miscalculating the topographical stomach of the public. But then these books are generally published by subscription, a species of mendicity which there is no society to suppress, but which poor Green could not bring himself to practise. He now sleeps in Grasmere churchyard, and his beloved daughter, the companion of his walks, and assistant of his labours, sleeps by his side. I am afraid he did not live to read the excellent critique on his Guide, written by C. N. himself.—It would have done his heart good.

> Oh, that the genius of Bewick were mine,
> And the skill that he learn'd on the banks
> of the Tyne.

And oh, I add, that Bewick had illustrated Peter Bell and the Waggoner—if, indeed, he were not like Hogarth, whose Hudibras and Don Quixote are about as bad as they can be—too peculiar a genius to work on the conceptions of others. Few men, with such wealth of mind, and skill of hand, have exerted their talents in so unassuming a form as the Newcastle woodcutter. As far as I know, all his works are contained in a few books of no great mark or likelihood—books which one might tumble over for hours without the least inclination to read, or even without suspecting that letter-press was a constituent of human happiness. His British Quadrupeds and British Birds (for his lions, and ornithorhynchuses, and coati-mondis, are no mighty matters) are true natural history; they let you at once into the life and character of the creature, they give you the cream of what its autobiography would be, were it disposed to publish one. The species is contained in the individual. Should Chaucer's Assemblee of Fowles, or Casti's Court and Parliament of Beasts ever meet again, (for their sittings have been suspended longer than those of convocations,) Bewick's are the very burgesses that should be chosen to represent their several kinds. They are not such fixtures of fur and feather as a mere draughtsman could draw from a stuffed skin, or miserable captive pining in the squalid durance of a caravan, nor what a comparative anatomist could compile from the ruins of a dozen different subjects—No, they are fresh and hearty from the woods, the moors, the barn-doors, the stable, the duck-pond, or the warren—all alive as they can be, and looking like themselves. Old Bewick must have sought them in their native haunts, watched them early and late, heard their first chirp in the cold morning twilight, and seen them perched on their dormitory twigs. Perhaps he could have informed Dryden that the little birds do not "in dreams their songs repeat." He must have seen the fox issuing from his hole by moonlight, and the hare weaving quaint mazes on the dewy green. He must have been a spy upon the wooings and cooings, the bitings and fightings, the caterings and feastings of the dwellers of the forest. He was in the confidence of all the animal creation, and knew their ways and humours to a nicety. He is the painter of dumb life and irrational manners. He catches the very lineament in which the specific expression of the kind resides—whether it be the twitch of the tail, the pricking of an ear, the sniff of the nose, the twist of the neck, the leer of the eye, the bobbing of the head, the loll of the tongue, the swell of the ruff, the droop of the wing, or the pout of the breast—yet he never caricatures—never takes off accidental disease or deformity. But the vignettes are better still. There he is a poet—the silent poet of the way-sides and hedges. He unites the accuracy and shrewdness of Crabbe, with the homely pathos of Bloomfield. And then, how modestly he slips his pretty fancies to the bottom of a page, as a little maiden sets her sweet-smelling posies and double daisies, and streaked gilly-flowers, in the odd corners and edges of the cabbage-garden. Whatever he shews you, you are sure you have seen it before, and wonder that you never noticed it. Be it a cat on a louping-on stane, with back like a camel, and tail like a boa constrictor—an amorous puppy—a meditative donkey—a ragged sheep picking at a besom—a troop of Savoyards, weary and foot-sore, tugging poor bruin to the next fair—a broken-down soldier, trudging, with stern patience, through the slant rain-storm—a poor travelling woman looking wistfully at a mutilated mile-stone—a blind old beggar, whose faithful dog stops short, with warning whine, on the broken plank that should have crossed the swollen brook—a child playing with a horse's tail, while his nurse is engaged with her sweetheart under the hedge, and his screaming mother is tumbling over the stile—be it but a stone trough under an inscribed ledge of rock, and an ordinary cow drinking, there is the same quiet humour, the same kindly feeling for familiar things in all. There are indeed two objects he occasionally introduced, with good effect, not quite so familiar to every-day eyes, at least in the country. These are the Gallows and the Devil. I know not any artist who has so well embodied our popular notion of "Universal Pan," ΚΕΡΚΟΚΕΡΩΝΥΧΑΣΑΤΑΝ, (a fearful compound is it not? and, like Dante's

> "Pape Satan, Pape Satan, Aleppe,"

the better for being untranslatable.) We have all read Southey's excellent ballad of the Pious Painter, the Fuseli of his time:

> "They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
> That besieged poor St Anthony's cell;
> Such huge staring eyes, such a damnable hue,
> You might almost smell brimstone, his breath was so blue,
> He painted the Devil so well."

But will Mr Southey tell us, that the Catholic limner depicted "the identical curl of his tail" like Bewick? It was not an honest ghost that told him so, even if it were Sir Thomas himself. Yet Bewick lived and died in no great estate, in a smutty provincial town. Perhaps he took his idea of the Black Prince from the Carbonari of Newcastle. From Green and Bewick, all whose works are redolent of country air, let us recede (in a chronological sense) to Hogarth, who would appear from his prints never to have been further from London than the Sir Hugh Middleton, except at an election time. There are some rumours of a trip to Calais, but it was a circumstance he did not like to have mentioned, and truly did him very little credit—so we will forget it for the present.

I believe it was poor Hazlitt who said, that the first reading of Schiller's Robbers was an epoch in his life. I am sure the first reading of Hogarth was an epoch in mine which I hope never to forget. I do not mean, the reading of his Analysis, which I once read aloud to the late George Dawe, R.A., as he was painting his large picture of the Eagle and Child, but the perusal of the Marriage a-la-Mode and Rake's Progress. The works of other painters are dependent for their effect on a coup-d'œil. You should stand at a respectful distance that you may take in the whole at a single view; it is unfair to quote the separate passages; but this mode of viewing Hogarth would never do—you must look at his figures one by one, and then observe the reciprocal action of each upon each, and upon all, in order to judge properly of the composition and subordination of the piece, and this process may aptly be called reading. It was on a rainy Saturday evening, in that time of year and kind of weather that make the closing of the shutters one of the pleasantest events in natural day, when my worthy and revered friend J—— H——, who, had he not been too happy to wish for greatness, would himself have been a great painter, having kissed his younger children off to bed—settled the ladies at their work-tables, and drawn the extra-strong mahogany round towards the fire—brought down his heaviest and wealthiest portfolio, fraught with original Hogarths. There are none like the originals. I hate to see Hogarth finely engraved—it is worse than the reprints of the old dramatists on hot-pressed slippery paper. I was then a boy, a mere child—and some folks would have deemed Hogarth above my childish comprehension—for there was not—I believe there is not, a Family Hogarth. But H—— had no misgivings of the sort; he kept nothing in his house, which the humblest or the youngest member of his household might not look at; and rationally concluded, that what was good and pleasant to himself, could be bad for nobody. Perhaps he thought—I am sure he *felt*—that in all worthy products of true genius, there is milk for babes, as well as meat for strong men. He instinctively perceived, (he is no great metaphysician, and is far too conscious of the wholesomeness of his feelings to analyze them, as Mr Death-in-the-Pot Accum advised us to do London porter,) but instinctively he perceived that we never understand the excellence which we have not previously loved, and ever love that best which first awakened our faculties to delight. It is a sore error to keep good books or good pictures from children, because they cannot understand them. No matter how little they understand; let them believe, and love, and enjoy. In another generation, the poor little wretches will not be allowed to pick flowers till they have learned botany. Oh! that Hogarth could rise from the grave to shew the incredulous—yet far too credulous world—what sort of animals the Utilitarian all-in-all intellectualists would make of children! It were, indeed, a subject worthy of his pencil. Let the Yankee-Gallico-philosophists work their will in the House of Commons and the Court of Chancery, they can hardly make them much worse than they have been. Let the dead bury the dead. Let Satan commission Mammon to reform Pandemonium; but let not the souls of poor infants be seasoned for sacrifices to the bloody Moloch of Revolution. Leave them to their spectacled dames, their sweet no-meaning ditties, their fairy-tales, and their picture-books, their hymns, and their Catechism; and, as they grow up like healthy plants, pruned and tended by the careful husbandman, yet winning most vigour and beauty from the light and the dews of heaven, let the best of books and of pictures, of all that exalts and enriches the imagination, be fearlessly trusted to their pure capacity and affectionate faith. So will they love true excellence in their riper years, if it be but for the recollections which link their days in natural piety, even as I love Hogarth for the sake of that wet Saturday evening, when thou, Christopher, wert young and lusty as an eagle, and Maga yet was not, and of course I had no notion of being a contributor.

I wish it were possible for me to diffuse over this article a tithe of the unction which shone upon H——'s expositions on that memorable night. A true son of the Emerald Isle, without a taint of orange or green in his complexion, he combined the brilliance of champagne, and the warmth of his compatriot poteen, with the simplicity of water. He did not confine his observations to the human characters, but was most eloquent on the multitudinous still life, the expressive mugs, chairs and tables, the picture-frames which Hogarth makes perfect historical pictures of, all the baggage and lumber which he never introduces as mere traps for light or lazy beds of shade, but always for a meaning, a purpose, a sympathy with the living actors of the scene. Nor was the moral neglected—J. H—— was both merry and wise,* but the best of the moral was himself. What a contrast, yet what an elucidation was his beaming, honest face, "bright as the moon, that shines upon a murder," to the fearful images of perverted humanity which Hogarth has perpetuated!—What a lesson, worth a hundred homilies—to lift one's eyes from the rake's midnight orgies, with those fiend-like—call them not women—yet beautiful in their fiendishness,—and behold that calm fire-side—those dutiful and delicate domestic labours—that peace and bliss of virtue!

If there be any philanthropist who is disposed to censure my delight in pictures that certainly do not flatter human nature; if any should think that he who would set Hogarth high above every name in British art, or rather would separate him altogether from our painters, to fix his seat among our greatest poets, must be an Ignoramus with a vengeance—let him call to mind his own youthful days, and if he find no passage to plead in my excuse, I pity him—that is all. Not seldom have I heard that none could paint like Hogarth, who had not a corrupt taste or a malignant heart. I once knew a lady—no sentimental painter of pretty sensibilities—no simpering actress of alluring aversions—but a woman of lofty mind and stately person, deeply read in the world and its ways, who, had she not been better engaged as the mother of a Protestant family, might have been abbess to a convent of veiled princesses, combining a more than masculine strength of intellect with all the tact and delicacy of her own sex. This gifted female was piously indignant at Mr Southey for placing in his visionary Paradise,

> Hogarth, who followed no master,
> Nor by pupil shall e'er be approached;
> alone in his greatness.
>
> *Vision of Judgment.*

To be sure, she was just as angry at the salvation of Handel and of Nelson, and did not approve of English hexameters. Perhaps it is proper for a lady to dislike satirical painting. But Hogarth's censurers, (who, by implication, are mine also,) have not all been ladies—nor yet gentlemen of such pure life and quiet minds as would fain be ignorant that such things as rakes and harlots exist. John Wilkes of the North Briton and Hell-fire Club declares—that "the rancour and malevolence of his (Hogarth's) mind made him soon turn away from objects of pleasing contemplation, to dwell and feast a bad heart on others of a hateful cast, which he pursued, for he found them congenial with the most unabating zeal and unrelenting gall." Churchill, one of the bitterest composers that ever abused a strong current of native English, who began with satirizing poor players out of their meagre meed of claps, and did his best to satirize England into rebellion, was so severe on the severity of Hogarth, that he flattered himself his epistle (certainly the cleverest thing he ever did) had broken the old man's heart, and ever since he has been held guilty of the murder on his own confession. Now to me it seems not so strange a thing that a man should die in his bed. Yet, if we are to trust the statements of the benevolent press, the hearts broken by satirists must form a serious item in the bills of mortality. Within the memory of Maga, the deaths of John Keates, of the Emperor Napoleon, of Queen Caroline, and of Mr Canning, have been laid to the charge of critics and Tories; to one at least of them, Christopher himself has been suspected of being accessory. To out-herod Herod, and "drown the world in tears," I have somewhere read a solemn assertion, that Blucher, some years above four score and ten, died broken-hearted, because the King of Prussia had broken his word!!! Meanwhile, these literary coroners have never hinted that incessant and reckless calumny had any hand in bruising the spirit of Castlereagh, and hurrying him into a self-sought grave. Verily, one might imagine that the Wilkes's and Churchills of the Sabbath breaking hebdomadals were "ever the gentlest of all gentle things." There is nothing new under the sun. Wilkes and Churchill, both of whom deserted their wives, abused Hogarth, the affectionate husband of a lovely woman, because he had not painted A Happy Marriage; and our late revered sovereign was libelled for arriving in Ireland about the time that his consort's funeral furnished the pretext for a London row by ——. But I am poaching on Mr North's manor.—Wilkes and Churchill, however, had received some provocation—Hogarth certainly struck the first blow, and did not display much science in the close. But Fuseli, who scattered sarcasms as fast as a musician scatters sounds out of an instrument, could have no personal reason for calling Hogarth's productions the "Chronicle of Scandal and the History-book of the Vulgar." Barry, who was at enmity with all the living, could scarce suspect the dead of conspiring against his life or his fame. Yet he, after damning Hogarth's *little compositions* with faint praise, remarks, "that perhaps it may reasonably be doubted, whether the being much conversant with Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice, in many of his pieces, is not rather a dangerous, or, at least, a worthless pursuit; which, if it does not find a false relish, and a love of, and search after, satire and buffoonery in the spectator, is at least not unlikely to give him one." It is well that Barry did not add to his objections the old complaint about Hogarth's inelegant style and bad spelling.

I never could bear to hear my friends abused, especially when I have felt the injustice of the attack, without being able directly to confute it. Deeply, therefore, am I indebted to Charles Lamb, who finds or fancies benignity in every work of human wit, for his triumphant demolition of Barry's feeble sophistry. Barry was assuredly no weakling. The man whom Burke thought worthy of good counsel could not be one of the million: But when he acts the amiable, and pipes his eye, he is as disgusting as an overgrown hobble-de-hoy, dressed in petticoats at a school play-acting. How utterly unlike was Jim to Barry Cornwall, the poet of woman, the best of Cockneys! No—not a Cockney at all, but a gentle lover of flowers, soft voices, and delicate smiles, and sorrow sanctified by patience; ever delightful in his own natural vein, and only not successful when he mounts the buskin and speaks big. It is not possible to give due effect to the hailstone chorus on a simple guitar; yet the guitar is a sweet instrument, and well becomes the lap of lady fair, suspended by a light blue ribbon, (I hate all party colours,) from her flexile neck, which involuntarily keeps time to the turns of the tune—while every note thrills like a casual contact with her transparent moonlight fingers. Who could endure to see the sweet creature take a trumpet and sphere her bias cheeks like Fame? Now Barry Cornwall, without the least derogation from his manhood, has a feminine genius—even as Joanna Baillie, without a stain on her womanhood, has a truly masculine genius. Barry Cornwall (if he must write under a feigned name, he might have invented a prettier—Brian Waller, for instance) should remember the first Ode of Anacreon. I have not Mr Moore's translation at hand. I think I can make a better than Fawkes's myself. Ignoramuses and little men are privileged to be conceited.

Fain would I stir the strings to storm,
And every swelling note inform
With a sound of wrath, and a soul of pride,—
Fain would I raise a tempest, strong
As the rushing wind that whistles along—
When a thousand knights to battle ride,
And the scabbard rings by its master's side;
Then, with stately strains and slow,
Would tell how every steed is still
As if controlled by the silent will
Of the knight that moveless waits the foe.
But no—no—no—
The naughty harp will have its way,
And talks of love, whatever I *can* say:
Long with the wayward chords I wrangled,
And all their pretty prate I strangled;—
At last I fairly crack'd them all,
And marr'd their wilful madrigal;
And then I strung my lyre anew—
'Twas all in vain, it would not do.
The second strings were just as curst,
And wildly amorous like the first.
Nay, then, 'twould surely vex a stoic—
I must have done with themes heroic;
For whether I'm in love or not,
To sing of love must be my lot.
Oh—foolish harp—do, like friend Barry—
To cure thy love, I prithee, marry.

And sure enough Barry is married, and I think he has given his lyre to his babe to play with, and the darling has broken the strings, he has been mute for such a long while. Joy to him and his—he won't dislike a joke from an old friend.

By the way, talking of Anacreon, I have a word to say to Mr Moore.

He is a poet that will live as long as there are bright eyes and sweet voices, that is to say, till all the world become puritans or radicals. He is, I deeply believe, capable of greater things than any he has accomplished yet: he is capable of wedding the finest moral feelings to the most beautiful forms of fancy. Whatever in the human soul, and in that wide world which the soul creates out of the impressions of sense, is susceptible of loveliness, is within his reach, but let him beware of putting his Pegasus into a false gallop. She is a milk-white palfrey with rainbow wings. She can skim over the fields without bruising the flowers—dance upon a tea-table without peril to the porcelain—float through the summer air, and drink the dew before it falls—but let him not try to make a barbed war-horse, or, as I suppose we should call it, a Destrier of her; it will only spoil her paces. When Tom Tit (so his country women affectionately call him), gets into the sublime, he rather ludicrously realizes the Pseudo-Falstaff's idea of "thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves." What tune was that? He can tell, I dare say. If he will let kings and emperors alone, they will let him alone. Republican indignation is not his forte. When he essays to be indignant, he appears, what I am sure he is not, spiteful. The present and the coming times are far better for him, and may be better for Ireland, than those antehistorical periods, when "Malachi wore the collar of gold."

What a vernal rhapsody! What an excursion of digression! All sprung from the tiny circumstance of Mr Procter's modesty, calling himself Barry. To return—I am always returning, like Halley's comet, which, on the faith of prognostication, is to return about two years hence—Most ably has the incomparable Elia defended his favourite Hogarth, whose Election Feast and Modern Midnight Conversation, were the *Penatibus et magnis Diis* of his attics in the temple. And well were you rewarded for your climb up ten flights of stairs, by the sight of them and him. Thanks to his lucubrations, poor Barry's diatribe no longer disturbs my rest. Now, I think not worse of myself for thinking Hogarth my, and all men's benefactor. I can affirm, without blushing, that a sight of his prints refreshes my soul, as a rustication in his native air recruits the vital powers of a valetudinarian, who has got a "day rule from the shades" of a city counting-house. Often when weary of my own thoughts on a sleepless pillow, have I summoned those pictures before my inward eye, (for I have them all by heart,) copied them, line for line, on the blank darkness—it may be, to exclude worse painting of my own brain—but never did I derive from them an unfriendly feeling towards my kind, never did they shake my faith in the true nobility of human nature, which is ennobled not by what it is, but by what it should be. So far from it, I affirm that they bear irrefragable testimony to a principle, a moral law in man, that is above the understanding; not begotten upon sense, nor constructed by custom, self-love, or animal sensibility, but implanted by the Divinity as the key and counterpart to the law from on high. "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit." But scripture out of church, as Mrs Adams well observes, is profane.

Hogarth has, in Mr Cunningham, an able biographer, a zealous vindicator, and a competent critic. The history of his life is little more than the history of his works. Of his personal adventures Allan has not told us much that is new, because there was not much to tell. Some vulgar anecdotes he has omitted, and others he has obelized. It is rather disappointing that we are not better informed as to the course of our satirist's studies. We don't mean as to how he learned to paint—but how he gathered his materials. Had he chosen to be his own "reminiscencer," had he recorded his night wanderings and daily watchings—how he dived into cellars—clomb to garrets—sat sober and keen-eyed as a grimalkin at midnight conversations, and, invisible as a familiar or agent of the Vehmic association, beheld the deeds that shun the unbashful moon-beams; could we follow him to the dens and caverns, unthought of by those that walk above, where daylight never entered, and the reeky tapers are never extinguished; trace him through the labyrinth of London to those thievish corners, those blind alleys, and murky courts, that are farther from the sphere of our sympathies than the coral islands just peering from the flat sea—and then find him in gay saloons and scented ball-rooms, noting among the creatures of fashion, the same weary chase of pleasure, the same restless vacant craving for excitement, that was working misery elsewhere in mephitic gloom, still in a world shut out from nature and self-knowledge, not less in sin if less in felony—we should need no Asmodeus to reveal the secrets of the brick-and-mortar wilderness. We confess, we would exchange the Analysis of Beauty, ingenious as it is, for such an analysis of deformity, as Hogarth's "Tours in Search of the Picturesque." But he has given us the harvest, and we must be content without knowing exactly how he collected the seed. He must have got into strange scrapes sometimes —but his pencil has only commemorated one—the unpleasant interruption of his antiquarian studies at Calais. He seems to have thought nothing in France worth a sketch, (for surely his Frenchmen are not portraits,) but an old gate which bore some vestiges of the arms of England Every one knows how he was arrested as a spy—and sent home in none of his happiest moods. There is more of John Bull than of William Hogarth in his roast beef at the gate of Paris. The beef indeed is very natural. But it was not very generous to ridicule the French for their soup-maigre, and still less just to scoff at their loyalty. It is well if English ridicule did not help to make the French Jacobins. Hogarth never was himself when he drew under the influence of personal resentment. A satirist should always keep his temper, like a pugilist or a chess-player. We can make all allowances for Billy's nationality, but nationality is not patriotism, or it would admire the nationality of other nations. It was excellently observed at a Noctes, that this vulgar trick of laughing at foreigners for their poor living, has mainly contributed to stamp the imputation of gluttony on the English character. Other people eat as much, but nowhere is respectability so apt to be measured by the number of dishes, as in our cities, and perhaps even more, in our country mansion-houses.

What a book might be made of a life of Hogarth on the plan of Godwin's life of Chaucer—which should relate, not what he is recorded to have said and done, but what he must have said and done and seen—the influence which the politics of his time must have had on his genius —and the conversations he must have held with Garrick and Fielding, and Sterne and Johnny Wilkes, (for Johnny and he were cronies once,) and other bright wits whom his stupid biographers have not mentioned that he ever so much as saw —an unpardonable omission, like that of Chaucer's interviews with Petruchio, and Shakspeare's confabulations with Spenser and Guy Fawkes. Mr Cunningham is a man of wonderful invention, as his many tales and racy ballads* prove, but through some unaccountable syncope of his faculties, he shews no invention at all in his Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, even where, as in the case of Hogarth, Gabriel, Cibber, and William of Wickham, he might have done it with small risk of contradiction. As new editions are rapidly called for, I hope he will take a well-meant hint, and exert himself.

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* Since the days of errant minstrelsy, no man has better caught the fiery spirit of the ancient ballad, than Allan Cunningham. These are not, like Moore's, for the concert and drawing-room, the harp and piano-forte, nor altogether, like Burns's, for the rustic ingle and the village merry-night, but for the wild heath, and the sea-beaten shore. Surely his youth was passed in communion with ocean—he must have been a companion of old seamen, and familiar with wrecks and storms—he must have known the joy, the gladsome peril of bounding over the billows; for except Dibdin's, I know not any sea-songs comparable to his. But Dibdin's are the songs of modern tars, excellent in their kind, but still the songs of pressed or hired sailors. Allan's belong to the wild dwellers of the waters, to pirates, such as they were when piracy was held in honour—to the Robin Hoods of ocean, to Scandinavian sea kings; or to men of later days, whom grief, or civil strife, or secret crimes, have made strangers to the dry land of their country. Dibdin's jolly crew refresh themselves in port, drink their grog, and pay for it out of their prize-money; their sweethearts and wives are such as poor men's wives are, or may be; and their acquaintance with the element is in the way of business; but Allan's rovers hide their vessel in the sheltering creek, and revel in the wave-worn cavern, frighting the sea-

The outstanding facts of Hogarth's life are too well known for repetition, and, except as connected with his works, furnish little occasion of comment. Though body and soul a Londoner, he had Westmoreland blood in his veins. His uncle was a Troutbeck poet—the tragodididascalos of the Fell-side. Philosopher Walker remembered the representation of the "Siege of Troy," much after the fashion of the ancient mysteries—yet not without some approaches to the choral and dithyrambic elements of the Greek drama. The narrative is worth transcription: After speaking of auld Hogarth's Songs, which seem to have been of a satirical cast, "and were said to have a greater effect on the manners of the neighbourhood, than even the sermons of the parson,"—the philosopher continues, "But his poetical talents were not confined to the incidents of his village; I myself have had the honour to bear a part in one of his plays; I say one, for there are several of them extant in MS. in the mountains of Westmoreland to this hour.

"This play was called the Destruction of Troy; it was written in metre, much in the manner of Lopez de Vega, and the early French Drama. The unities were not too strictly observed, for the siege of ten years was all represented; every hero was in the piece, so that the dramatis personæ consisted of every lad of genius in the whole parish. The wooden horse; Hector dragged by the heels; the fury of Diomed; the flight of Æneas, and the burning of the city, were all represented. I remember not what fairies had to do in all this; but as I happened to be about three feet high at the time of this still talked of exhibition, I personated one of these tiny beings. The stage was a fabrication of boards placed about six feet high on strong posts; the green-room was partitioned off with the same material; its ceiling was the azure canopy of heaven, and the pit, boxes, and galleries, were laid into "one by the great Author of nature," for they were the green slope of a fine hill. The exhibition was begun with a grand procession from the village to a great stone, (dropped by the devil about a quarter of a mile off, when he tried in vain to erect a bridge over Windermere; so the people, unlike the rest of the world, have remained a good sort of people ever since.) I say, the procession was begun by the minstrels (Anglicé, fiddlers) of five parishes, and followed by a yeoman on bull-back. You stare—stop, then, till I inform you that this adept had so far civilized his bull, that he would suffer the yeoman to mount his back, and even to lay the fiddle there. The managers besought him to join the procession; but the bull, not being accustomed to much company, and particularly to so much applause, whether he was intoxicated with praise, thought himself affronted and made game of, or whether a favourite cow came across his imagination, certain it is that he broke out of the procession, erected his tail, and, like another Europa, carried off the affrighted yeoman and his fiddle over hedge and ditch, till he arrived at his own field. This accident rather inflamed than depressed the good-humour of the procession; and the clown or Jack Pudding of the

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birds from their haunts above; their paramours are ladies of ocean, sea nymphs, with white garments and dark locks, dishevelled to the wind, or decked with jewels won in climes afar. They sympathize with the tempests, and claim a brotherhood with the guiding stars. Dibdin's sailors are far honester fellows, but Allan's are more imaginative. They do not harmonize with the present order of things; and it must be confessed, that there is a little confusion of times, both in the diction and in the circumstances of Mr Cunningham's narratives, which reminds us of the converted Scribe, "who brought out of his treasure things *old and new.*"

piece availed himself so well of this incident, that the lungs and ribs of the spectators were in manifest danger. This character was the most important personage in the whole play, for his office was to turn the most serious parts of the drama into burlesque; he was a compound of Harlequin and the Merry-Andrew, or rather the arch-fool, of the ancient kings." So far the ingenious inventor of the Eidouranicon. It must be added, that this Troutbeck tragedy was represented, like the Œdipus et Colonos of Sophocles, after the author's death. Now really, bull and all, it is very Grecian and antique; and I question whether the performances of Thespis were more in accordance with the rules of Aristotle. Such were the beginnings of the drama in all countries—in Troutbeck, I am afraid that such was the end. If the Bannatyne Club ever step over the Border, they should institute a search after those MS. plays above mentioned—though, it is to be feared, they have shared the fate of those that perished by the carelessness of Mr Warburton's servant—no, in good sooth, by the abominable carelessness of Mr Warburton himself.

While treating of Hogarth's Westmoreland connexions, we may as well clear up a point which his biographers have dashed with much dubiety. His orthography, or rather heterography, has been a subject of keen animadversion; and he has been charged with misspelling his own name, or at least softening it down to please his wife. An early print inscribed William Hogart, and a couplet in Swift's Legion Club,

> How I want thee, humorous Hogart,
> Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art,

are brought to prove that the final H was an unwarrantable innovation. Now, it so happens that the name is common in the north at this day, and is always spelt Hogarth, but pronounced Hogart. Any one passing by the shop of Mr Hogarth of Keswick, druggist, and sub-distributor of stamps, may resolve his doubts on this important subject. As for Swift's rhymes, I wonder how any of the living artists would like to have their names submitted to such a criterion. Exempli gratia—

> How I like thee, humorous Wilkie,
> Thou art never in a dull key—

Or,

> No mortal man can shave enough
> To look as smooth as Steffanoff,
> And softest maids are quite outfaced all,
> By softer men composed of paste all,
> By magic hand of Richard Westall.

Richard Hogarth, father to the painter, was a brother of auld Hogarth, the Troutbeck dramatist. He seems to have been one of those men, with whom scholarship was quite a passion; for he tried to teach a school in the north—failed—went to London—by what inducement biography tells not—kept a noisy, unprofitable school for a while—then, in the very humility of love to letters, was a corrector of the press; and, amid all his difficulties, compiled a supplement to Littleton's Dictionary, which, it appears, no bookseller would publish. We have just set forth the number of standard works which were denied to their accounted authors, to console the ghost of William Hogarth. Richard Hogarth, the father, may find consolation in the similar misfortune of a king. Some work or other of King James's was actually thought heavy by the trade.

Thus writes Thomas Lydiat, the antagonist of Scaliger in chronology, in a letter addressed to Usher, but seemingly meant for his Majesty's own perusal. "I have sent you the king's book in Latin against Vorstius-Vorstius, yet scant dry from the press, which Mr Norton, who hath the matter wholly in his own hands, swore to me he would not print, unless he might have money to print it—a sufficient argument to make me content with my manuscript lying still unprinted, unless he equivocated. But see how the world is changed. Time was when the best book-printers and sellers would have been glad to be beholden to the meanest bookmakers. Now Mr Norton, not long since the meanest of many book-printers and sellers, so talks and speaks as if he would make the noble King James, I can well say the best book-maker of his own or any other kingdom under the sun, be beholding to him."

There is something to me far more affecting in the unrepining privations and unexciting industry of humble scholars, than in all the celebrated sufferings of poets and artists. Poor Richard did not live to see his son a great man, or to see his own prophecies frustrated; for doubtless he augured ill of a lad that did not take to his Latin, but wasted time and paper in ornamenting his capitals with lines of beauty, and caricaturing his master and schoolfellows. William, by his own account, was outstripped in all scholastic exercises by "dunces with better memories," and nothing could be done with him but to bind him apprentice to old Ellis Gamble, a respectable silver-plate engraver in Cranbourn Alley. If we are to believe his posthumous memorials, he had learned from his father's case that learning is not most excellent, and desired an employment that secured him honest bread; but little reliance is to be placed on the *ex post facto* reasons which old men assign to the tastes of their youth. Certain it is, that in his boyhood, no encouragement or facilities were afforded to youthful prodigies, who thought themselves predestined artists; and when, in his riper years, the Society of Arts proposed to puff every spark of genius to a blaze, by premiums and exhibitions, he ridiculed the design with more good sense than good nature. He owed nothing to patronage, and little to instruction, and perhaps underrated all in art that can be taught or learned. For the educated eye, that sees by rule, for the unerring hand, that unites with the freedom of volition the exactness of fine clockwork, he had little respect; the merely imitative skill for which the Dutch masters are so famous, appeared to him as mean as the trade of a tapestry weaver; and the most faultless work that an observance of academic precepts could produce, he probably thought no better than the crests and ciphers, the chevrons and lozenges which he executed in the service of Ellis Gamble. Lines and colours he esteemed but as lines and colours, whether they chanced to signify saints and goddesses, or only Gules and Azure. Born and bred in a great city, he had little opportunity of embuing his mind with the grander forms of nature. London never had much architectural beauty to boast; and whatever works of art are there possessed, were for the most part religiously kept aloof from the eye of youth and poverty. To this day, it may be said, that the majority of the English population have never seen a fine picture, while the galleries and churches of Italy are open to all, and the very forms and faces of the Florentine and Roman women are insensibly modelled to the grandeur of Michael Angelo, the grace of Raphael, the luxury of Titian, and the sweetness of Corregio.

An Englishman of the present time may see fine figures and beautiful countenances in every street; but in Hogarth's pupilage, and long after, not only was grace, ease, and natural motion precluded by the absurdity of costume, but the preposterous style of head-dress, and the abomination of paint and patches, disguised the original contour of the features, and shewed the whole town in a mask. Add to this, that Hogarth's Indentures must have excluded him from those circles where refinement of manner gives a certain charm to the artificial, and reconciles the eye, if not the heart, to the absence of nature, and we shall not wonder that his genius, inclining him strongly to represent the world he saw, took the turn of graphic and dramatic satire, even had he possessed the ability to portray that fairer attitude of things which Imagination sees through Love, and, by loving, makes real.

HOMER'S HYMNS.

No. III.

APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo, Archer God, whom all
  Th' Immortals reverence, and as he doth pace
Majestical the threshold of Jove's hall,
  Rise from their seats at once and give him place,
And tremble whensoe'er he bends his bow,—
Him may I ne'er forget, for him my numbers flow.

But smiling, at the side of Thunderer Jove,
  His quiver would Latona close, and string
Loosen, and from his shoulders broad remove
  And hang his bow up by a golden ring,
On his paternal column; and with sweet
And graceful gesture lead the Godhead to his seat.

His Sire then pouring from a golden cup
  Nectar, received his son; and all the rest
Paid him like homage where they sat; and up
  Leap'd thy glad heart, Latona, mother blest,
Blest in that beauteous pair, of godlike mien,
Apollo, glorious king, and Dian, quiver'd queen.

Chaste Dian in Ortygia did'st thou bear,
  Him in rough Delos by Inopus' stream,
Leaning 'gainst Cynthus' hill, fast by the fair
  Umbrageous palm—Oh, wondrous is my theme!
Yet how shall I the song triumphant raise,
Phœbus, to reach thy worth, the universal praise?

Thee celebrate th' herd-lowing continent,
  Thee island, promontory, headland, high
Hills, rivers with their courses sea-ward bent,
  Inlets and bays, and shores that slanting lie,—
All tell the tale of joy to gladden'd earth,
How on the rocky isle Latona gave thee birth.

She bore thee, leaning 'gainst the Cynthian steep,
  In Delos, the sea-cinctured Delos, while
The shrill winds drove the waters of the deep
  Full on the shore about the craggy isle—
There didst thou spring, Apollo, thence to reign
O'er all that Crete contains, and Athens' large domain.

Ægina, and Eubœa hemm'd with beaks,
  Ægæ, Iresiæ, sea-edg'd Peparethe,
The Thracian Athos, Pelion's lofty peaks,
  Samo-thrace, Ida, crown'd with woodland wreath,
Scyros, Phocæa, and Autocane,
  Imbrus, and Lemnos isle, steep-frowning o'er the sea,

Lesbos and Macarus, rich Æolion's seat,
  Chios, that like a gem mid sea doth lie;
Mimas and Choricus, peak'd, tempest-beat;
  Far shining Clarus, cliff'd Aesagea high,
Moist Samos, lofty Micale's broad ken,
Miletus, Coos, blest with wise speech-gifted men,

Pinnacled Cnidos, and the boisterous height
  Of Carpathus, Naxos and Paros' isle;
Stony Renea—e'en thus far in flight
  Pregnant Latona sped, to reconcile
And question every land for her dear son,
To yield a shelter'd home, yet favour found she none.

All trembled and shrank back, dreading the blame,
  Nor dared receive the Godhead at his birth,
Tho' richer every soil, until she came
  To Delos, and bespake the Delian earth—
" Will Delos too refuse, nor Delos dare
Receive my Godhead son, nor heed a mother's prayer?

" Then, may no gentle stranger visit thee,
  With thankful recompense for proffer'd rest,
Be thine nor flocks, herds, vineyards, plant nor tree,
  But ever be thou barren and unblest—
Or raise the temple to my sacred son—
So to this isle with gifts shall eager myriads run

" With countless offerings, countless sacrifice,
  Nor flocks, nor herds shall fail, but from that shrine
Perpetual savour smoke, and incense rise
  From countless suppliants, o'er this land of thine;
And barren as thou art, by other hands
The thankful Gods bestow the treasures of all lands.

" So nourish thou thy king." Latona spake;
  Delos was glad, and gave this answer mild;
" Daughter of Cœus, noblest, for thy sake,
  Would I the birth of this thy archer child
Receive, for small regard have I of men,
And might perchance have praise and more than honour then.

" But let Latona hear the thing I dread,
  For open be my speech; if Fates decree
Thy son Apollo, as 'tis even said,
  One reckless, proud, and insolent to be,
That will bear haughty rule in Heaven and Earth,
O'er Gods and men, perchance e'en I may rue his birth,

" And have good cause to fear me, that, when first
  He sees the light of day and this poor soil,
For sterile is the isle on which he's nurs'd,
  He spurn it with his foot, and back recoil,
To force me deeper in my ocean bed,
Where many roaring waves for aye shall lash my head.

" Then will he seek some other land of bliss,
  That better suits him, and establish there
His temples and rich groves, bequeathing this
  For ugly Polyp and sea-calves to lair,
And bore their filthy domiciles throughout,
For lack of nobler man to drive the monsters out.

" But if thou swear such oath as the Gods use,
  That he shall first, upon this very place,
Raise his all-beauteous fane, and thence diffuse
  First his oracular voice to the glad race
Of pilgrim men, ere yet to all mankind,
(The many-named king no limits long can bind).

"I will receive the birth." Thus Delos spake.
  Great was the oath Latona swore, and said,
"Know earth, and the broad heav'n, and horrid lake
  Of that infernal Styx, awful and dread,
Oath that the blessed Gods tremble and hear,
Know,—King Apollo builds his fane and altar here;

"And Delos, above all, shall honour thee."
  She ceas'd, and when the awful oath was made,
Delos rejoic'd in the nativity,
  Nine days nine hopeless nights in pangs delay'd,
Tho' all the female choir of heaven were there,
All ministering love, that best and kindest were.

There Rhea, there Dione, and the grave
  Sure-pacing Themis, there with many a moan
Came Amphitrite, every Goddess, save
  Juno the white-arm'd queen; she sat alone
Sullenly in the cloud-gatherer's hall,
Nor Ilithya came, who had not heard the call.

She heard no summons where she sat all still,
  Detain'd by wile of Juno, stern and proud,
On the high top of the Olympian hill,
  Wrapt in a canopy of golden cloud;
For then the white arm'd knew, the fair-hair'd Queen
Would bear a wondrous son, of might and godlike mien.

Th' attendant Goddesses sent Iris forth
  To summon Ilithya; Iris, led
By promise of a bracelet of high worth,
  Nine cubits and well work'd with golden thread,
From Juno's eye to bend her circuit wide,
Lest by false speech she turn the messenger aside.

Iris obey'd, and moved her air-wing'd feet,
  Cut swiftly through the space between, and straight
Olympus paced, the blest immortals' seat,
  Out from the palace quickly to the gate
Call'd Ilithya forth—her errand told—
Prevail'd—and both their way did unto Delos hold.

Down through the air like two soft doves they went,
  And soon as Ilithya reach'd the isle,
The labour came; and glad Latona leant,
  Throwing her arms around the Palm, the while
She press'd her knees on the soft grassy earth,
And the earth laugh'd beneath:—The God leap'd forth to birth,

To life, to day. Th' Immortals with delight
  Shouted, and thee in the pure water bath'd
Sacredly, Phœbus, and a mantle white,
  Fine, beautiful, around thee threw, and swath'd
Thy infant limbs within a golden vest.
Nor did Latona feed thee from a mother's breast;

But nectar and ambrosia, heavenly fare,
  Themis with her immortal hands supplied;
High leap'd Latona's heart, when first her fair,
  Her graceful son, the Archer God, she eyed.
Fed on that food divine from Themis' hands,
Larger thy breathing grew, and spurn'd the golden bands.

Loosen'd, at once abroad the mantle flew,
  And every bond that had his form compress'd;
Gifted Apollo instant godhead knew,
  And thus the Olympian Deities address'd:
“ Mine be the lyre, and mine the bending bow,
And mine prophetic speech, when mortals truth would know.”

Thus speaking, from the ample-surfaced ground
  Stepp'd down the Archer, th' unshorn God, elate;
And all th' Olympian Goddesses around
  Stood in amaze—and with new golden weight
Delos grew burthen'd; at her new-born king
Gladden'd, that did from Jove and from Latona spring.

For Delos had he chosen first, and laid
  His temples there, lov'd more than other land;
And fair it flourish'd, as a sunny glade
  On mountain's side, where thousand flowers expand.—
God of the silver bow, how oft didst thou
Ascend the favour'd height of Cynthus' rocky brow!

How often visit other isles and lands,
  That in thy sacred groves and temples vie,
Hills, promontories, mountain tops and sands,
  Where rivers flow, and shores that slanting lie;
All dear, but dearer far unto thy feet,
Where with long flowing robes the Iaonians meet.

With their chaste wives and with their children, there
  Th' assembled Iaonians oft would raise
Their hymns to thee, and to thy games repair,
  Appointed to thy honour and thy praise.
Theirs was the boxer's art, the dance, the song,
That well might stranger deem them ever young and strong.

A stranger visitant with new delight
  Would view these ageless men, their forms, their grace,
Their bosom-cinctured wives, and infinite
  Their wealth and ships, the swiftest in the race.
And there, the wonder they of every age,
The Delian damsels might his every thought engage.

These on the Archer God stand ministering,
  The Archer God they hymn, in strains that flow
Divinely raised; and next Latona sing,
  And Dian, glorying in her silver bow;
Of ancient heroes next the deeds rehearse,
And ancient dames, and soothe all mortals with their verse.

There is no mortal voice, but they can reach
  In imitation each articulate sound,
And tone peculiar; as with his own speech
  The wond'ring hearer's senses to confound.
r Hail, with thy sister Queen, Apollo, hail!
Hail, Delian maids, and tell of me this gracious tale!
“ But
  That [illegible]ene'er wayfaring man shall hither stray,
Raise his [illegible]d ask what bard e'er seeks this isle, the best
  First his [illegible]m ye most delight, in answer say,
Of pilgrim m[illegible] blind bard, an ever welcome guest!
(The many-nam[illegible]ky Chios doth he dwell,
[illegible] in every age shall please and far excel.

But I the Archer God will ever sing,
Latona's son, and hymn divine renown;
Hail, thou of Lycia and Mæonia King,
And maritime Miletus, fairest town,
Glorious Apollo, with thy silver bow,
That lovest Delos best, round which the waters flow!

He hies, Latona's ever glorious son,
To rocky Pytho with his hollow lyre,
His odorous and immortal raiment on,
Struck by the golden plectrum, twangs the wire;
Thence swift as thought in Jove's Olympian Hall,
Divine carousal joins amid th' Immortals all.

Instantly song and the sweet lyre delight
All Heaven; the Muses with respondent voice
Hymn the blest gifts that on Immortals light,
And all the cares they leave for human choice;
How man, poor, helpless, draws his scanty breath,
And finds no balm for age, no remedy for death.

The neat-hair'd Graces, link'd in sister love,
The Hours, with Hebe and Harmonia bland,
And Aphrodite, daughter she of Jove
The fairest, holding each the other's hand,
Dance, while no meaner voice is heard between,
Than the great Dian breathes, the beauteous quiver'd Queen.

Mars and the keen-ey'd Hermes with them talk
Sportively, Phœbus strikes fresh music out,
Loftily footing round in graceful walk,
While rays of splendour gild him all about;
His shining feet and gloss-wov'n mantle bright
All glisten as he moves, and shed a glorious light.

And they, Latona with her locks of gold,
And the great Jove, blest Parents, sit and quaff,
And his high bearing mid the Gods behold,
And gladdening with his joyous pastime laugh.
All hail Apollo! how shall I rehearse
Thy worth, above all praise, all homage, and all verse?

Or shall I of thy loves and triumphs tell,
As when thou wentest suitor to the maid
Azanis, and thy rival Ischys fell?
How Phorbas and Eurethes low were laid?
Or how Leucippus and his paramour,
Nor Dryops pass we by, marks of thy prowess bore?

Or shall I tell, how first thou wentest out
On thy oracular search o'er many lands,
Down from Olympus, passing in thy route
Magnetæ and Perrhæbi, and the sands
Of Lectos; then Iolcos didst thou reach,
Cænæus, and the famed Eubœa's crowded beach?

Awhile thou stood'st upon Lelantus' plain,
It pleas'd thee not for grove or temple's site.
Thence didst thou cross th' Euripus, and attain,
Divinely pacing, the green mountain's height;
And thence to Mycalessus onward pass,
And the Teumessian meads, rich waving high in grass.

Thence camest to the wood-embosom'd spot
  Of sacred Thebes, Thebes yet untrod of men,
Ere Thebes was built; and paths and ways were not,
  For the corn-waving soil bare forest then;
Onchestus next, to Neptune dedicate,
Where pants the new-broke steed beneath the chariot weight.

The new-yoked steeds champ on their golden bits,
  And draw their sovereign's car—The charioteer
Descends, and walks beside—the rein remits—
  They toss the empty car in proud career;
And when great Neptune's solemn grove they reach,
The bright procession ends beside the sacred beach.

The loosen'd steeds they comb with soothing hands,
  And to th' appointed place the chariot raise;
(For thus the famed solemnity demands)
  Then pour to Neptune prayer, and give him praise;
To be their sovereign still the God entreat,
And Parca stands before and guards the chariot-seat.

Thence, Archer God, still onward was thy route,
  To pure Cephissus gently flowing down,
That from Lilæa pours sweet waters out;
  That cross'd, to tower'd Ocalea, and rich town
Of Aliartus, edged with herbage green—
Delphusa pleased thee next, and gentle was the scene.

Here did'st thou think upon that scene so fair,
  Thy shady grove to place and fane erect,
And standing near, thus spakest; " I will rear
  My altars here, and oracles protect,
For all mankind, that upon me shall call,
Consult to learn the truth, while hecatombs shall fall.

" All that in rich Peloponnesus dwell,
  Europe, with all the numerous Isles that lie
Studding th' Ægean sea, the pomp shall swell
  Of many an altar-kneeling embassy:
Here may my temple stand, from whose dread shrine,
To suppliants I may pour my oracles divine."

Apollo spake, and in continual line,
  His large foundations laid—Delphusa saw,
Not pleased, and said—" Phœbus, not here thy shrine,
  And sacred oracle inspiring awe—
Here let no holy hecatombs be slain,
Unmeet the place for praise, and even prayer were vain.

" The never-ceasing neighing, and the stamp
  Of horses, and of mules, that drink the stream,
And ever round my sacred fountains tramp,
  Would ill befit, and make thy suppliants dream
Of glittering chariots and swift-footed steeds,
More than of thy rich fane and ever-glorious deeds.

" But may I counsel, wisest as thou art,
  Apollo, and all potent is thy will,
Seek Crissa for thy temple's site, apart
  In the deep fold of the Parnassian Hill;
Where never steeds nor rattling wheels may sound,
All nations bring their gifts, and bless the holy ground.

" Where empires shall to thee their treasures pour,
  And thee their Iopæan King proclaim,
And thou rejoice, Apollo, evermore :"
  Thus spake Delphusa, that Delphusa's fame
Might o'er that region uneclipsed remain,—
The wish prevail'd—and forth the Godhead fared again.

Then, Archer God, thou camest to the town
  Of th' insolent Phlegyans, impious race, that take
No thought of mightiest Jove, dwelling deep down
  In well-wrought caves, fast by Cephissus' lake,
Thence thy feet upward hastening, Crissa found,
Under the snowy top that high Parnassus crown'd.

'Twas in a dell, and towards the west—o'erhead
  Hung jutting a huge rock, and under this,
Of frightful aperture, a cavern dread
  Ran back into the hollow black abyss.
Here King Apollo, Phœbus, fix'd to make
His beauteous temple rise, and thus his purpose spake.

" 'Tis here my holiest temple I erect,
  And my prophetic shrines and altars rear ;
And here my sacred oracles protect,
  For all mankind, that from my voice would hear
The future truths,—here hectaombs shall fall,
Here on Apollo, King, the mightiest nations call.

" All that in rich Peloponnesus dwell,
  Europe, with all the numerous Isles that lie
Studding th' Ægean sea, the pomp shall swell
  Of many an altar-seeking embassy ;
Here shall my temple stand, whose awful shrine
Shall pour to mortal man my oracles divine."

His purpose thus declared, the Godhead made
  Foundations large, extending every way ;
Trophonius and Agamedes laid
  The stone-paved floor ; sons of Erginus they,
Loved of the Gods, and tribes of men repair'd
To raise the glorious fane, and the white marble squar'd,

That bards might celebrate the structured fane.
  Hard by, a fountain's ever sparkling flow—
And there the serpent, by Apollo slain—
  Slain by Apollo's arm and powerful bow,
Monstrous, enormous, terrible, and vast,
That long had far and wide a desolate horror cast;

Had men and their swift-flying flocks o'erthrown.
  It was that horrid dragoness accurst,
To whom stern Juno of the golden throne
  Had given Typhaon monster to be nurs'd;
The beast intractable, of hate not love
Engender'd, of her born when deep incensed with Jove.

And this the tale—When Jove had from his head
  Struck forth Minerva, the great goddess, she,
Juno, in bitterness of wrath, thus said
  To the assembled deities, " To me
Listen, gods all, and goddesses, and learn
From a dishonour'd wife, how Jove that wife can spurn.

" Now, first, since I have been his chaste true wife,
Has he, far from my bed and pleasure, given
To the blue-eyed Minerva birth and life,
Beautiful before all the gods of Heaven—
While Vulcan, mine own son, ye all despise,
A maim'd and limping god, unsightly to your eyes.

" For with these hands I seized him and down threw
To the broad sea—then Nereus' daughter came,
The silver-footed Thetis, with her crew
Of sister nymphs, and nursed him, bruised and lame;—
Jove, crafty as audacious in thy will,
Go gratify the gods, and plot worse mischief still.

" How didst thou dare produce the blue-eyed maid,
Without participation of my love?
I will be mother too without thy aid,
And still be named of all the wife of Jove;
Aye, e'en by all the gods who yet shall see
A wondrous son of mine, and unbegot of thee.

" Nor with foul lust, like thee, will I defile
Our bed yet chaste, nor changeable and light
Court thy loath'd arms, but far will I exile,
Far, far remove me from thy hated sight."
hus spake the large-eyed queen, on vengeance bent,
And left the Gods, alone, and mutter'd as she went.

And then she pray'd, with her precipitous hand
Grasping the earth—" Earth, hear me," thus she spake,
" Hear thou, broad heaven, hear far beneath the land,
Ye Titan gods, by the Tartarean lake,
Regions wherever gods or mortals dwell,
Grant me a son, in might Jove's offspring to excel!

" Let this my son be mightiest from his birth,
As Jove was mightier than his sire." This said,
With her broad hand she struck the earth; the earth
Moved with her vineyards all, and fields outspread.
She saw, and gladden'd at the sign, and knew
That all would so be done,—then silently withdrew.

And thence the year entire she went no more,
Nor to the bed of the deep-thoughted Jove,
Nor to her beateous throne, as heretofore,
With him to take sweet counsel, and sweet love;
But in her loveliest islands, far away,
Amid her sacred things she pass'd full many a day.

But now, when the due nights and days were past,
In the year's rolling course, the Goddess then
Brought forth Typhaon, hideous monster vast,
Unlike to any born to gods or men;
Him Juno gave this Dragoness to nurse—
She took the monster home—a curse receiving curse.

Nor needs there of Typhaon further speech;
But of the Dragoness I turn to tell,
How all she slew that came within her reach;
Till Phœbus shot his arrow—and she fell—
She fell, and in hard pangs and struggling coil,
Lay gasping as she roll'd about the bloody soil.

Her dismal shrieks pierced all the air around,
As through the woods with desperate reach she flung;
Writhing in many a fold she lash'd the ground,
Bounding as her enormous length she swung;
Then pour'd in floods of gore her life away,
And Phœbus proudly stood, and chid her as she lay.

" There let thy carcass rot upon the earth,
Nor further harm thou any living thing;
But man shall eat his fruits in peaceful mirth,
And hecatombs to me shall grateful bring.
Nor shall Chimæra dire, with blasting breath,
Nor Typhon, rescue thee and thy loath'd bulk from death.

" Dark Earth shall take thee rotting, and o'erhead
Hyperion scorch thee, festering to decay."
Thus spake he, scornful, o'er the monster dead,
That to the sacred Sun all weltering lay.
E'en while he spake, the putrefaction came—
Hence Phœbus was renown'd, and gained the Pythian name.*

'Twas then Delphusa, and the waters clear
Of that bright stream, to his remembrance came.
Forth fared he in his wrath, and standing near
The pleasant fountain, spake, " It ill became
Delphusa from fair springs and scene so sweet,
To turn my feet aside, and practice vile deceit.

" Henceforth not thine alone the fame, but mine,
Of this fair place." On the stream-gushing rocks
Then straight the Archer God, in his might divine,
Hurl'd down a mountain mass, and with huge blocks
Jamm'd up the springs, and built a temple near,
Deep in the wooded grove, where well the waters clear.

There mortals pay their vows to him, and name
The God Delphusian, for that he aside
Had turn'd the fountain, to Delphusa's shame.—
Then long he mused how best he might provide
Fit Priests to minister his rites divine,
And serve the Archer God at Pythos' rocky shrine;

And musing, saw upon the sea's dark way
A passing vessel with a numerous crew,
Cretans, and from Minoian Cnossus they,
All men of worth, and his attention drew—
Of this same race are they that even now
Proclaim the Godhead's law, and consecrate the vow;

Ministers of the Golden-sworded King,
And catch his sacred words, that from the shrine
Fast by the laurel their true accents fling,
In the deep hollow of the hill divine.
In the dark ship these trade-adventuring men
To Pylos' sandy shore their course were steering then.

Nor loiter'd he, but forth to reach the crew,
Into a dolphin changed, floated away,
And, leaping from the sea, his bulk he threw
Down on the deck, and there prodigious lay.

[1] From πύθω, to putrefy.

And straight, if any dared on him to look,
He stirr'd, and as he mov'd, the very beams he shook.

Silent they sat around, and look'd and fear'd,
Nor did they loose the yards, nor drop the sail,
Within the dark-prow'd ship, but on she steer'd,
As when the cords first tighten'd to the gale.
The gusty south behind the vessel blew—
Malea first they pass'd, then by Laconia drew,

Coasting towards Tænarus sea-girt town, and fair,
Delightful region of the blessed Sun,
Whose fleecy flocks do bite their pasture there,
Nor further wish'd these mariners to run,
But thought to land, and with their own eyes see
The strange prodigious thing, and learn what it might be.

Whether it would upon the deck remain,
Or whether plunge into the fishy sea—
But helm the ship obey'd not—'twas in vain—
She kept her even way, and scudding free,
The side of rich Peloponnesus pass'd,
Under the guiding God, that sent a driving blast.

Then by Arene, cutting her way before
Her easy keel, Argyphea, Thryus, then
Th' Alphean Strait, Æpuy, and sandy shore
Of Pylos, and the towns of Pylian men;
The Crunians, Chalcis, Dyma, by the coast
Of Elis the divine, the Epeians' power and boast.

Then first above the clouds the high tops peer'd
Of Ithaca, as with brisk gale she stood
Towards Pheræ in—Dulichium then appear'd,
And Samé, and Zacynthus clad with wood;
Then, all Peloponnesus coasted by,
Crissa's dividing gulf lay spread before the eye.

Then came the great west wind, and blowing strong,
With clear sky, sent from Jove, that she might run
Over the salt sea, bounding light along;
Then backwards towards the east they faced the sun,
And as Apollo will'd, Jove's son divine,
To pleasant Crissa came clad with the purple vine.

They reach'd the port, and drove the firm keel far
In the soft sands. Apollo, th' Archer King,
Shot from the deck, changed to a meteor star,
Such as at mid-day seen, doth fireballs fling
Into the air, that sparkle as they fly,
And with a sudden blaze illumine all the sky.

Swift by the costly tripods to the shrine
He pass'd, his holy fire he kindled bright,
And lifting high in air his blazing sign,
All Crissa glow'd beneath the golden light.
The God-inspired matrons shriek'd around,
And the fair-bosom'd maids return'd the sacred sound.

All felt a holy fear—again the God
The vessel sought; and as a thought he sped,
Like to a fair strong youth the deck he trod,
In bloom of age, whose large locks waved, and spread

Profuse, below his ample shoulders reach;
And thus he spake the crew, and winged was his speech:—

"Now, tell me, friends, both what and whence ye are,
And whither sail ye, o'er these watery ways;
For traffic or for pastime is't ye fare,
As pirates use, that pass their perilous days,
Risk their own lives to compass others' pain;—
Why sit ye mute, and hear, but answer not again?

"What is't ye fear, that thus ye dare not land?
Why loose ye not the yards, nor cordage coil?
Good traffickers are wise, and understand
A better practice—pleasure after toil;—
After a weary voyage, feast on shore,
And jocund make their hearts, and think of care no more."

Thus his fair words their breasts with courage fired,
Then spake the captain of the Cretan crew:—
"Stranger, thou art some God, or man inspired,
Methinks, to hear thee speak, thy form to view!
The blessing of the Gods upon thee light,
And joy, good friend, be thine, so thou but tell me right.

"What state, what land, what people have we here?
For with far other thoughts we put to sea,
For Pylos, bound from Crete, nor did we steer
Hither a willing course; and, were we free,
Would e'en return; but other ways, and wide
From home, some god it seems is willing to provide."

The God replied,—"Now, hear me, friends, no more
In woody Cnossus, whence ye came, to dwell;
Nor your loved homes, nor town nor native shore,
Nor wives to see, although you love them well:
But here, within my temple to abide,
And where all honours pay, my chosen priests preside.

"Know then, Apollo, son of Jove, am I!
I o'er the sea's large course your vessel steer'd,
Nor evil purpose may you hence imply;
For rich my temple, and by man revered.
Be this your home beloved by man and me,
And know the will of Gods, and all that they decree.

"Be quick, let drop your sail with ready hand,
And loosen every rope! My friends, be wise,
And draw your vessel dry up on the land,
And choose out of her stores what most ye prize;
Here build an altar on this sea-wash'd shore,
Prepare the sacred fire, and the meat-offering pour.

"Then pray ye by the altar, as ye stand,
And as ye first beheld me from the sea
Leap on your deck, a Dolphin—I command,
To the DELPHINIAN God your prayers shall be—
The altar hence the Delphian* shall be named,
And in the Dolphin's praise be ever sought and famed.

"Then make your feasts, and your libations pour
To the Olympian Gods for ever blest;

In this word, as in Hyperion, I have adopted the received English quantity.

And when your sweet refreshing feast be o'er,
Attend my steps, and be your hymns address'd:
And Iö pæan in procession sing,
While to my sacred fane your homeward feet I bring."

He spake, and they obey'd, the sail let fall,
And close into its rest dropp'd down the mast,
Loosening the ropes; and disembarking all
Dry on the sands their vessel drew, and placed
The props beneath.—Then on the shore they laid
Their altar with its fire, and their meat-offering made

And standing pray'd, their new-found God adored;
Beside the swift black ship prepared the feast,
And to the blessed Gods libations pour'd.
And when desire of sweet repast had ceas'd,
They rose to go—Apollo, King and God,
Before them led the way, and gloriously he trod.

The lyre was in his hand, and strains divine
Rose with his steps.—The Cretans, all amaz'd,
Follow'd the Godhead to his sacred shrine,
And Iö pæan, Iö pæan rais'd;
Such hymns they sang to holy rapture fired,
As still the Cretans sing by the sweet muse inspir'd.

The hill ascending with unwearied feet,
They reach'd Parnassus' loveliest hollow, where
His dwelling-place and everlasting seat
The Godhead show'd them, and the precincts fair
Round the vast temple. Then new joy awoke
Within their breasts, and thus the Cretan captain spoke:

"O king, since thou hast led us far away
From our dear homes, for such has been thy will,
How here we may sustain us, Phœbus, say,
For yet in vines unfruitful is this hill,
Nor are there ple sant pastures, from whose store
Ourselves we may supply and liberal bounty pour."

Apollo smiled and answer'd—"Foolish men,
Impatient, care-creating; toil, unrest,
Labour and sorrow ever in your ken:
An easy answer may these fears arrest—
Each in his ready hand a blade may bear,
And find fat flocks to kill, aye, and enough to spare.

"Man comes not here with empty hands to grieve
The God he worships, and his chosen priests—
Guard ye my temple, gather'd round receive
The suppliants all—administer my feasts;
And should there hap, the lot of human life,
Or evil word or deed, or insolence or strife,

"Learn, other men shall right the wrongful deed,
Whom to all ages hence ye must obey."
The tale is ended. Phœbus, thou the meed
Give, not unmindful of the present lay!
All hail, Latona's son, offspring of Jove,
For other strains shall rise to sing thy power and love.

ANNALS AND ANTIQUITIES OF RAJAST'HAN.*

Rajast'han is the collective and classical denomination of that portion of India, which is the abode of the Rajpoot princes. What might have been its nominal extent prior to the Mahommedan conqueror, Shabudin, when it probably reached beyond the Jumna and Ganges, even to the base of the Himalaya, cannot now be known. At present it comprehends a wide space and a variety of interesting races. Previous to the erection of the minor Mahommedan monarchies of Mandoo and Ahmedabad, the capitals of Malwa and Guzzerat, on the ruins of Dhar and Anhulwarra Puttun, the term Rajast'han would have been appropriated to the space comprehended in the map prefixed to Colonel Tod's work; the valley of the Indus on the west, and Boondelkhund on the east; to the north the sandy tracts south of the Sutledge, termed Jungul des, and the Vindhya mountains to the south. This space comprehends nearly eight degrees of latitude, and nine of longitude, being from 22° to 30° north latitude, and 69° to 78° east longitude, embracing a superficial area of 350,000 square miles. Colonel Tod intends in his great work, of which this is but the first volume, to touch upon the annals of all the states in this extensive tract, with their past and present condition; but those in the centre will claim the most prominent regard, especially Mewar, which, copiously treated of, will afford a specimen, obviating the necessity of like details of the rest. The order in which these states will be reviewed is as follows:—Mewar or Oodipoor—Marwar or Jodpoor—Bikaner and Kishengurh—Kotah and Boondi, or Harouti—Amber or Jeipoor, with its branches, dependent and independent—Jesselmer—and finally, the Indian Desert to the valley of the Indus.

For so extensive a work, where are the materials? In the absence of regular and legitimate historical records, there are other native works which afford no despicable materials for a history of India. The first of these are the *Poorans* and genealogical legends of the princes, which, obscured as they are by mythological details, allegory, and improbable circumstances, contain many facts that serve as beacons to direct the research of the historian. The heroic poems of India constitute another resource of history. The poets are the chief, though not the sole historians of Western India. Neither is there any deficiency of them, though they speak in a peculiar tongue which requires to be translated into the sober language of probability. To compensate for their magniloquence and obscurity, their pen is free; the despotism of the Rajpoot princes does not extend to the poet's lay, which flows unconfined, except by the shackles of the serpentine stanza; though, on the other hand, there is an understanding between the bard and prince of "solid pudding against empty praise," whereby the fidelity of the poetic chronicle is somewhat impaired. Still, such chroniclers dare utter unpalatable truths, while the absence of all mystery or reserve with regard to public affairs in the Rajpoot principalities, in which every individual takes an interest, from the noble to the porter at the city gates, is of great advantage to the chronicler of events. A material drawback, however, upon the value of these bardic histories is, that they are confined almost exclusively to the martial exploits of their heroes. Writing for the amusement of a warlike race, the authors disregard civil matters, and the arts and pursuits of peaceful life. Nevertheless, although open to these and other objections, the works of the native bards afford many valuable data, in facts, incidents, religious opinions, and traits of manners, many of which being carelessly introduced, are to be regarded as the least suspicious kind of historical evidence. In the heroic history of Pirthi-raj, by Chund, there occur many geographical, as well as historical, details, in the description of his sovereign's wars, of which the bard was an eyewitness, having been his friend, his herald, and his ambassador, and finally, discharging the melancholy office of accessory to his death, that he might save him from dishonour. The poetical histories of Chund were collected by the great Umra Sing of Mewar, a patron of literature, as well as a warrior and a legislator. Another species of historical record is found in the accounts given by the Brahmins, of the endowments of the temples, their dilapidation and repairs, which furnish occasions for the introduction of historical and chronological details. In the legends respecting places of pilgrimage and religious resort, profane events are blended with superstitious rites and ordinances, local ceremonies, and customs.

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* By Colonel Tod. vol. i. 4to. Smith, Elder and Co. Cornhill. 1829.

From the earliest period of his official connexion with Rajast'han, Colonel Tod applied himself to collect and explore its early historical records, with a view of throwing some light upon a people scarcely yet known in Europe, and whose political connexion with England appeared to him capable of undergoing a material change with benefit to both parties. To enable him to collect the scattered relics of Rajpoot history into the form and substance of his present work, he began with the sacred genealogy from the *Puranas*, examined the *Mahabharat* and the poems of Chund, a complete chronicle of his times; the voluminous historical poems of Jesselmer, Marwar, and Mewar; the histories of the Kheetchies, and those of the Hara princes of Kotah and Boondi, &c. by their respective bards. A portion of the materials compiled by Jey Sing of Amber or Jeipoor, one of the greatest patrons of science among the modern Hindoo princes, to illus-
the history of his race, fell into
Tod's hands—and for a pe-
n years he was employed,
id of a learned Jain, in
ery work which could
facts or incidents to
Rajpoots, or dif-
their manners or
ose language his long residence among them enabled him to converse with facility; and at much expense, and during many wearisome hours, he endeavoured to possess himself not only of their history, but of their religious notions, their familiar opinions, and their characteristic manners, by associating with their chiefs and bardic chroniclers, and by listening to their traditionary tales and allegorical poems.

Thus furnished with knowledge, such as has been acquired by few Europeans, the mind of Colonel Tod glows with the most generous and enthusiastic admiration of the many noble virtues of the Rajpoot character. The struggles of a brave people for independence, during a series of ages, sacrificing whatever was dear to them, for the maintenance of the religion of their forefathers, and sturdily defending to death, and in spite of every temptation, their rights and national liberty, he well says, form a picture which it is difficult to contemplate without emotion. Could he impart to the reader, he modestly adds, but a small portion of the enthusiastic delight with which he has listened to the tales of times that are past, amid scenes where the events occurred, he would not despair of triumphing over the apathy which dooms to neglect almost every effort to enlighten his native country on the subject of India. Seated amid the ruins of ancient cities, he has listened to the traditions respecting their fall, and has heard the exploits of their illustrious defenders related by their descendants near the altars erected to their memory.

It is long since we have read a more interesting historical work than the annals and antiquities of Rajast'han—and we intend now to compose an article out of it, almost entirely by selection and abridgement. It is a mine of new and delightful matter—and may, along with some other works on Indian history and affairs, give occasion to a series.

After a masterly sketch of the geography of Rajast'han, Colonel Tod gives, in upwards of 100 pages, the history of the Rajpoot tribes—and then in about another hundred, endeavours, and very successfully, to shew that the feudal system prevailed among all its kingdoms. In upwards of 200 pages, he then traces the annals of Mewar or Oodipoor, and devotes almost as many more to their religious establishments, festivals, and customs. The volume (quarto—pages 806) concludes with his personal narrative. For the present, we shall confine ourselves to the annals, which exhibit many noble examples of heroism and virtue.

The princes of the states of Rajpootana, styled Ranas, are the elder branch of the Sooryavansi, or Children of the Sun—and the Prince of Mewar is unanimously called by all the tribes Sun of the Hindus. Colonel Tod begins their annals with the sack of Balabhipoora (A. D. 524) by Sythic invaders, probably a colony from the Parthian kingdom, which was established, in the second century, in sovereignty on the Indus. There was a fountain (Sooryacoonda) "sacred to the sun," at Balabhipoora, from which arose, at the summons of Silladitya, according to the legend, the seventeen-headed horse, Septaswa, which draws the car of Soorya, to bear him to battle. With such an auxiliary no foe could prevail; but a wicked minister revealed to the enemy the secret of annulling this aid, by polluting the sacred fountain with blood. This accomplished, in vain did the Prince call in Septaswa, to save him from the strange and barbarous foe; the charm was broken, and with it sunk the dynasty of Balabhi. Of the prince's family, the Queen Pooshpavati alone escaped the sack of Balabhi, as well as the funeral pyre, upon which, on the death of Silladitya, his other wives were sacrificed. Taking refuge in a cave, among the mountains of Mallia, she was delivered of a son, who was designated Goha, or the Cave-born. At the age of eleven the royal boy was totally unmanageable—for, to use the words of the legend, "How should they hide the rays of the sun?" At this period, the land of Edur was governed by a chief of the savage mountain race of Bhil—and young Goha, frequenting the forests, became a favourite with the Vena-pootras, "or children of the forest," who resigned to him Edur, with its woods and mountains. The Bhils having determined, in sport, to elect a king, the choice fell on Goha; and one of the young savages cutting his finger, applied the blood as the teeka of sovereignty to his forehead. What was done in sport, was confirmed by the old forest chief; and Goha's name became the patronymic of his descendants who were styled Gohilote, classically Grahilote, in time softened to Gehlote.

The descendants of Goha dwelt in the mountainous region for eight generations, when the Bhils, tired of a foreign rule, killed Nagadit, the eighth prince, whose infant son, Bappa, was conveyed to the fortress of Bhandere, in the wildest region of India, by the descendants of that Camlavati, who had nursed his ancestor, Goha; and removed thence, for greater security, to the wilderness of Parassar, he there proved himself undegenerate, by pranks worthy of the royal shepherd. At a certain season, swinging was the amusement of the youth of both sexes, in those regions; and the daughter of a chieftain and the village maidens, had gone to the groves to enjoy that amusement, but were unprovided with ropes. Bappa happened to be at hand, and was called by the Rajpoot damsels to forward their sport. He promised to procure a rope, if they would first have a game at marriage. One frolic was as good as another; and the scarf of the high-born maiden was united to the garment of Bappa, the whole of the village lasses joining hands with his as the connecting link; and thus they performed the mystical number of revolutions round an aged tree. This frolic caused his flight, and originated his greatness, but at the same time burdened him with all these damsels; and hence a heterogeneous issue, whose descendants still ascribe their origin to this prank of Bappa round the old mango-tree of Nagda. A suitable offer being shortly after made for the hand of the chieftain's daughter, the family priests of the bridegroom discovered that she was already married—intelligence which threw the family into the greatest consternation. Suspicion having fallen on Bappa, he fled—and from a holy sage among the mountains, received lessons in morality, and was initiated into the mysterious rites of Siva. By the sage he was named "Regent of Elkinga," (whose celebrated temple still exists in pomp,) and from his consort, "the Lion-born Goddess," received the panoply of celestial fabrication, lance, bow, quiver and arrows, shield and sword, which the goddess girded on him with her own hands. The sage (Harita) then resolved to leave Bappa to his fortunes, and as he ascended heavenwards in his car, borne by the Apsaras, desired his pupil to reach up to receive his blessing—on which Bappa's stature was extended to twenty cubits. The sage then desired him to open his mouth, intending to spit into it, that the saliva might embue him with immortality. But the projected blessing falling on his foot, he obtained only invulnerability from all weapons. Thus marked as the favourite of heaven, and having learned from his mother that he was nephew to the Prince of Cheetore, he emerged with some companions into the plains; and met with another hermit in the forest of Tiger-mount, who presented to him the double-edged sword, which, with the proper incantations, could sever rocks. With this he opened the road to fortune, leading to the throne of Cheetore, then held by the Mori Prince of the Pramar race, then paramount sovereigns of Hindust'han.

Bappa became a great favourite of the Mori Prince; but having distinguished himself in war against a foreign foe that had attacked Cheetore, he won to himself the regard of all the nobles, and dethroned his benefactor. For many years he reigned "universal lord," and became the sire of royal races. The legend relates, that, advanced in years, he abandoned his children and his country, carried his arms west to Khorassan, and there established himself, and married new wives from among the "barbarians," by whom he had a numerous offspring. He had reached the patriarchal age of one hundred when he died; and an old volume of historical anecdotes states, that he became an ascetic at the foot of Meru, where he was buried alive, after having overcome all the kings of the West, as in Ispahan, Kandahar, Cashmeer, Irak, Iran, Tooran, and Cafferist'han, all of whose daughters he married, and by whom he had one hundred and thirty sons, called the Noshegra Pathans each of whom founded a tribe bearing the name of the mother. His Hindu children were ninety-eight in number, called "Sun-born Fire-worshippers." Bappa was born, A.D. 728, the period of the foundation of the Gehlote dynasty in Mewar; since which, during a space of eleven hundred years, fifty-nine princes, lineally descended from that potent sovereign, have sat on the throne of Cheetore. Colonel Tod has ascertained the era by the most laborious and learned researches; but he says, that the bards and chroniclers will never forgive the temerity which thus curtails the antiquity of their founder, whose birth domestic annals idly refer to the close of the second century. But Colonel Tod has placed it well in the dawn of chivalry, when the Carlovingian dynasty was established in the West, and when Walid, whose bands planted the "Green Standard" on the Ebro, was Commander of the Faithful.

Having established Bappa on the throne of Cheetore, (A.D. 728,) Colonel Tod proceeds to glean from the annals of Mewar, from the period of his departure for Iran (A.D. 764) to another halting point, the reign of Samarsi, (A.D. 1193,) an important epoch, not only in the history of Mewar, but to the whole Hindu race, when the diadem of sovereignty was torn from the brow of the Hindu, to adorn that of the Tatar. During these four intervening centuries, constant conflicts had been sustained with the Moslem; but it was not till the overthrow of Samarsi, that the barbarian triumphed. On the last of three days' desperate fighting, that prince was slain, together with his son, and thirteen thousand of his household troops, and most renowned chieftains. Delhi too was carried by storm—and the success was complete of the Tatar arms. Scenes of devastation, plunder, and massacre commenced, which lasted through ages; during which nearly all that was sacred in religion, or celebrated in art, was destroyed by these ruthless and savage invaders. The noble Rajpoot, with a spirit of constancy and enduring courage, seized every opportunity to turn upon the oppressor. By his perseverance and valour, he wore out entire dynasties of foes, alternately yielding to his fate, or restricting the circle of conquest. Every road in Rajast'han was moistened with torrents of blood of the spoiled and the spoiler. But all was of no avail; fresh supplies were for ever pouring in, and dynasty succeeded dynasty, heir to the same remorseless feeling which sanctified murder, legalized spoliation, and deified destruction. In these desperate conflicts, entire tribes were swept away, whose names are the only memento of their former existence and celebrity. What nation on earth, exclaims Colonel Tod, with great animation, could have maintained the semblance of civilisation, the spirit or the customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajpoot? Though ardent and reckless, he can, when required, subside into forbearance and apparent apathy, and reserve himself for the opportunity of revenge. Rajast'han exhibits the sole example in the history of mankind of a people withstanding every outrage barbarity could inflict, or human nature sustain, from a foe whose religion commands annihilation, and bent to the earth, yet rising buoyant from the pressure, and making calamity a whetstone to courage. How did the Britons at once sink under the Romans, and in vain strive to save their groves, their Druids, or the altars of Bal from destruction! To the Saxons they alike succumbed—they again to the Danes—and this heterogeneous breed to the Normans. Empire was lost and gained by a single battle, and the laws and religion of the conquered merged in those of the conquerors. Contrast with these the Rajpoots. Not an iota of their religion or customs have they lost, though many a foot of land. Some of their states have been expunged from the mass of dominion; and as a punishment of national infidelity, the pride of the Rahtore, and the glory of the Chalook, the overgrown Kanouj, and the gorgeous Anhulwarra, are forgotten names; but Mewar alone, the sacred bulwark of religion, never compromised her honour for her safety, and still survives her ancient limits; and since the brave Samarsi gave up his life, the blood of her princes has flowed in copious streams for the maintenance of their honour, religion, and independence.

In 1275, Cheetore, the repository of all that was precious yet untouched of the arts of India, was stormed, sacked, and treated with remorseless barbarity by the Pathan Emperor, Alla-o-din. Bheemsi was the uncle of Lakumsi, the young prince of Mewar, and protector during his minority. He had espoused Pudmani, a title bestowed only on the superlatively fair, and transmitted with renown to posterity by tradition and the song of the bard. Her beauty, accomplishments, exaltation, and disposition constitute the subject of one of the most popular traditions of Rajwarra. The Hindu bard recognises the fair, in preference to fame and love of conquest, as the motive for the attack of Alla-o-din, who desired merely to see Pudmani. Having been admitted for that purpose within the city, and delighted his eyes, Bheemsi accompanied him to the foot of the fortress, where he fell into an ambuscade, and was hurried away to the Tatar camp, his liberty being made dependent on the surrender of his beautiful wife. Of this she was informed, and expressed her acquiescence. Having provided wherewithal to secure her from dishonour, she communed with two chiefs of her own kith and clan of Ceylon, her uncle Gorah, and his nephew Badul, who devised a scheme for the liberation of their prince, without hazarding her life or fame.

Intimation was dispatched to Alla, that on the day he withdrew from his trenches, the fair Pudmani would be sent, but in a way befitting her own and his high station, surrounded by her females and handmaids; not only those who would accompany her to Delhi, but many others who desired to pay her this last mark of reverence. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. No less than 700 covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each was placed one of the bravest defenders of Cheetore, borne by six armed soldiers disguised as litter porters. They reached the camp. The royal tents were enclosed with walls of cloth, the litters deposited, and half an hour was granted for a parting interview between the Hindu prince and his bride. Alla was becoming jealous of the long interview, when, instead of the prince and Pudmani, the devoted band issued from their litters. A fleet horse was in reserve for Bheemsi, on which he escaped—but the band were cut to pieces—and Alla advanced to the assault of Cheetore. With Gorah and Badul at their head, the heroes of Cheetore drove back the Moslems, and for a while saved the city. But the flower of her youth perished. Badul, a stripling of twelve years, escaped, though wounded; and in the Khoman Rasa, a dialogue ensues between him and his uncle's wife, who desires him to relate how her lord conducted himself ere she joins him. The boy replies, "He was the reaper of the harvest of battle; I followed his steps as the humble gleaner of his sword. On the gory bed of honour he spread a carpet of the slain; a barbarian prince his pillow, he laid him down, and sleeps surrounded by the foe." Again she said, "Tell me, Badul, how did my love behave?"—"Oh! mother, how further describe his deeds, when he left no foe to dread or admire him?" She smiled farewell to the boy, and adding, "My lord will chide my delay," sprung into the flame.

But Alla-o-din recruited his strength—and Cheetore was doomed to fall. The great bard of Delhi, Chund, has found in the disastrous issue of the siege admirable materials for his song. He represents the Rana, after an arduous day, stretched on his pallet, and, during a night of watchful anxiety, pondering on the means by which he might preserve from the general destruction one at least of his twelve sons, when a voice broke upon his solitude, exclaiming, "I am hungry!" And raising his eyes, he saw by the dim glare of the lamp, advancing between the granite columns, the majestic form of the guardian goddess of Cheetore. "Not satiated," exclaimed the Rana, "though eight thousand of my kin were late an offering to thee?"

"I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Cheetore, the land will pass from thy line."

This said, she vanished. On the morn the Rana convened a council of his chiefs, to whom he revealed the vision of the night, which they treated as the dream of a disordered fancy. He commanded their attendance at midnight, when again the form appeared, and repeated the terms on which alone she would remain amongst them. "Though thousands of barbarians strew the earth, what are they to me? On each day enthrone a prince. Let the insignia of royalty, the parasol, the umbrella, and the tail of the wild ox, proclaim his sovereignty; and for three days let his decrees be supreme; on the fourth let him meet the foe and his fate. Then only may I remain."

That the goddess should openly manifest her wish to retain as her tiara the battlements of Cheetore, on conditions so congenial to the warlike and superstitious Rajpoot, was a gage readily taken up, and fully answering the end. A generous contention arose among the brave brothers, who should be the first victim to avert the denunciation. Ursi urged his priority of birth; he was proclaimed, the umbrella waved over his head, and on the fourth day he surrendered his honours and his life. Ajeysi, the next in birth, demanded to follow; but he was the favourite son of his father, and at his request he consented to let his brothers precede him. Eleven had fallen in turn, and but one victim remained to the salvation of the city, when the Rana, calling his chiefs around him, said, "Now I devote myself for Cheetore." But another awful sacrifice was to precede this act of self-devotion, in that horrible rite, the Johur, where the females are immolated to preserve them from pollution or captivity. The funeral pyre was lighted within the "great subterranean retreat," in chambers impervious to the light of day, and the defenders of Cheetore beheld in procession the queens, their own wives and daughters, to the number of several thousands. The fair Pudmani closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by Tatar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonour in the fire. A contest now arose between the Rana and his surviving son; but the father prevailed, and Ajeysi, in obedience to his commands, with a small band passed through the enemy's lines, and reached Kailwarra in safety. The Rana, satisfied that his line was not extinct, now prepared to follow his dead sons; and calling around him his devoted clans, they threw open the portals, and descended into the plain, and with reckless despair carried death, or met it, in the crowded ranks of Alla. The Tatar conqueror took possession of an inanimate capital, strewed with brave defenders, the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire; and since this devoted day the cavern has been sacred; no eye has penetrated its gloom, and superstition has placed as its guardian a huge serpent, whose venomous breath extinguishes the light which might guide intruders to the "Place of Sacrifice."

Thus fell this celebrated capital, in the round of conquest of Alla-o-din, one of the most vigorous and warlike sovereigns who have occupied the throne of India. In success, and in one of the means of its attainment, a bigoted hypocrisy, he bore a striking resemblance to Aurungzéb; and the title of "Secunder Sani," or the Second Alexander, which he assumed and impressed on his coins, was no idle vaunt. The proud Anhulwarra, the ancient D'har and Avanti; Mandore and Deogir, the seats of the Solankis, the Pramaras, the Puriharas and Taks, the entire Agnicula race, were overturned for ever by Alla. Many princedoms suffered all the horrors of assault, though destined again to raise their heads. Alla remained in Cheetore some days, admiring the grandeur of his conquest; having committed every act of barbarity and outrage, and wanton dilapidation, which a bigoted zeal could suggest, overthrowing the temples and other monuments of art, he delivered the city to Maldeo, the chief of Jhalore, whom he had conquered and enrolled among his vassals.

The survivor of Cheetore, Rana Ajeysi, was now in security at Kailwarra, at own situated in the heart of the Aravulli mountains, the western boundary of Mewar. The country was now occupied by the garrisons of Delhi, and he had besides to contend with the mountain chiefs. In this struggle he was nobly supported by his nephew Hamir, the son of his eldest brother Ursi, who had first devoted himself to death for Cheetore. This hero was destined to redeem the promise of the Genius of Cheetore; and his birth and early history fill many a page of its annals. His father, Ursi, being out on a hunting excursion, in the forest of Ondwa, with some young chiefs of the court, in pursuit of the boar, entered a field of maize, when a female offered to drive out the game. Pulling one of the stalks of maize, which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, she pointed it, and mounting the platform made to watch the corn, impaled the hog, dragged him before the hunters, and departed. Though accustomed to feats of strength and heroism from the nervous arms of their countrywomen, the act surprised them. They descended to the stream at hand, and prepared the repast, as is usual, on the spot. The feast was held, and comments were passing on the fair arm which had transfixed the boar, when a ball of clay from a sling fractured a limb of the prince's steed. Looking in the direction whence it came, they observed the same damsel, from her elevated stand, fixed upon four poles in the middle of the field, on which a guard is placed to drive away the ravens and peacocks. As they were proceeding homewards after the sports of the day, they again encountered the damsel, with a vessel of milk on her head, and leading in either hand a young buffalo. It was proposed in frolic to overturn her milk, and one of the companions of the prince dashed rudely by her; but without being disconcerted she entangled one of her pets with the horse's limbs, and brought the rider to the ground. On enquiry the prince discovered that she was the daughter of a poor Rajpoot of the Chundano tribe. He returned the next day, and sent for her father, who came and took his seat with perfect independence close to the prince, to the merriment of his companions, which was checked by Ursi asking his daughter to wife. They were yet more surprised by the demand being refused. The Rajpoot, on going home, told the more prudent mother, who scolded him heartily, made him recall the refusal, and seek the prince. They were married, and Hamir was the son of the Chundano Rajpootnee. He remained little noticed at the maternal abode till the catastrophe of Cheetore.

Being now grown to manhood, Hamir was summoned by the Rana, whose own sons were degenerate, to assist him against a formidable mountain-chief, Moonja Balaitcha. He promised to return successful, or not at all; and in a few days he was seen entering the Pass of Kailwarra, with Moonja's head at his saddle-bow. Modestly placing the trophy at his uncle's feet, he exclaimed,—"Recognise the head of your foe!" Ajeysi "kissed his beard," and observing that fate had stamped empire on his forehead, impressed it with a teeka of blood from the head of the Balaitcha. Hamir succeeded in 1301, and had sixty-four years granted to him to redeem his country from the ruins of the past century, which period had elapsed since India ceased to own the paramount sway of her native princes. "The son of Ursi unsheathed the sword, thence never stranger to his hand," desolating the plains, and leaving to his enemies only the fortified towns, which could be safely inhabited. He commanded all who owned his sovereignty, either to quit their abodes, and retire with their families to the shelter of the hills on the eastern and western frontiers, or share the fate of the public enemy. The roads were rendered impassable by his parties, who issued from their retreats in the Aravulli, a destructive policy, which has obtained, from the time of Mahmood of Gazni, in the tenth, to Mahomed, the last who merited the name of Emperor of Delhi, in the eighteenth century.

Such was the state of Mewar, its places of strength occupied by the foe, cultivation and peaceful objects neglected, when a proposal of marriage came from the Hindu governor of Cheetore. Hamir accepted it, and approached the fort with a retinue of 500 horse; but, on the portal of the city, no torun, or nuptial emblem, was seen suspended. He, however, accepted the unsatisfactory reply to his remark on this indication of treachery, and ascended, for the first time, the rampart of Cheetore. He was received in the ancient halls of his ancestors by the governor and his chiefs "with folded hands." The bride was brought forth, and presented by her father without any of the usual solemnities, the "knot of their garments tied, and their hands united," and thus they were left. The family priest recommended patience, and Hamir retired with his bride. Her kindness and vows of fidelity overcame his sadness, upon learning that he had married a widow. She had been wedded to a chief of the Bhatti tribe, shortly afterwards slain, and when she was so young as not even to recollect his appearance. He ceased to lament the insult, when she herself taught him how it might be avenged, and that it might even lead to the recovery of Cheetore. It is a privilege possessed by the bridegroom to have one specific favour complied with, as a part of the dower, and Hamir was instructed by his bride to ask for Jal, one of the civil officers of Cheetore, and of the Mehta tribe. With his wife, so obtained, and the scribe whose talents remained for trial, he returned in a fortnight to Kailwarra. In due time, the princess was delivered of a son, whom she requested permission to accompany into the city, that she might lay him on the shrine of the Deity. Instructed by the cunning scribe, she gained over the troops. Hamir, at the head of a strong force, was at hand, and the oath of allegiance was proclaimed from the palace of his fathers. "The Standard of the Sun" once more shone refulgent from the walls of Cheetore, and was the signal for the return to their ancient abodes, from hills and hiding-places, to the adherents of Hamir. The valleys of Komulmer, and all the western highlands, poured forth their streams of men, and every chief of true Hindu rejoiced at the prospect of once more throwing off the barbarian yoke. So powerful was this feeling, and with such skill and activity did Hamir follow up this favour of fortune, that he marched to meet Mahmood, who was advancing to recover his lost possessions. Mahmood was attacked, defeated, and made prisoner by Hamir, nor was liberated till he had surrendered Ajmer, Rinthumbore, Nagore, and Sooe Sopoor, besides paying fifty lacks of rupees, and one hundred elephants. Hamir would exact no promise of cessation from further inroads, but contented himself with assuring Mahmood, that he should be prepared to defend Cheetore, not within, but without the walls. Hamir was the sole Hindu prince of power now left in India; all the ancient dynasties were crushed, and the ancestors of the present Princes of Marwar and Jeipoor, brought their levies, paid homage, and obeyed the summons of the Prince of Cheetore, as did the chiefs of many other principalities. Extensive as was the power of Mewar, before the Tatar occupation of India, it could scarcely have surpassed the solidity of sway which she enjoyed during the two centuries following Hamir's recovery of the capital. From this event, to the next invasion from the same quarter, led by Baber, a succession of splendid names adorn her annals; and though destined to be surrounded by new Mahomedan dynasties in Malwa and Guzzerat, as well as Delhi, yet did she successfully oppose them all. The distracted state of affairs, when the races of Ghilji, Lodi, and Soor, alternately struggled for and obtained the seat of dominion, Delhi, was favourable to Mewar, whose power was so consolidated, that she not only repelled armies from her territory, but carried war abroad, and left tokens of victory at Nagore, in Saurashtra, and to the walls of Delhi. The subjects of Mewar must have enjoyed not only a long repose, but high prosperity, during this period, judging from their magnificent public works, when a triumphal column must have cost the income of a kingdom to erect, and which ten years' income of the crown-lands of Mewar could not at this time defray. The subject, too, had his monuments as well as the prince, the ruins of which may yet be discovered in the more inaccessible or deserted portions of Rajast'han. Hamir died full of years, leaving a name still honoured in Mewar, as one of the wisest and most gallant of her princes, and bequeathing a well-established and extensive power to his son.

Pass we on now to the reign of Koombho, early in the fifteenth century, when Mewar was great in power and glory. Cheetore had long recovered the sack, and new defenders had sprung up in the place of those who had "fallen in the saffron robes," a sacrifice for her preservation. Malwa and Guzzerat had attained considerable power when Koombho ascended the throne; and the kings of those countries at the head of powerful armies invaded Mewar. Koombho met them on the plains of Malwa, bordering on his own state, and at the head of one hundred thousand horse and foot, and fourteen hundred elephants, gave them an entire defeat, carrying captive to Cheetore, Mahmood, the Ghilji sovereign of Malwa. There is in Cheetore a triumphal pillar whose inscriptions detail this event, " when shaking the earth, the lords of Goojur-khund and Malwa, with armies overwhelming as the ocean, invaded Medpat." Eleven years after that event, Koombho laid the foundation of this column, and completed it in ten more; " this ringlet on the brow of Cheetore, which makes her look down upon Meru with derision." Of eighty-four fortresses for the defence of Mewar, thirty-two were erected by Koombho. Inferior only to Cheetore, is that stupendous work called after him Koombhomer, "the hill of Koombho," from its natural position, and the works he raised, impregnable to an army. He also erected a citadel on a peak of Aboo, within the fortress of the ancient Pramara, where he often resided; and its magazine and alarm-tower still bear his name. In a rude temple, the bronze effigies of Koombho and his father still receive divine honours. Besides these monuments of his genius, two consecrated to religion have survived. One of them, among the largest edifices existing, cost upwards of a million sterling. It is erected in Sadri pass, leading from the western descent of the Highlands of Mewar, and dedicated to Rishub-deva. Its secluded position has preserved it from bigoted fury, and its only visitants now are the wild beasts who take shelter in the sanctuary. Koombho had occupied the throne for half a century, (from 1419 to 1469,) had triumphed over all his enemies, fortified his country with strongholds, and embellished it with temples, when the year that should have been a jubilee was disgraced by the foulest blot in the annals; he was murdered by his own son, who soon becoming a prey to remorse, and afraid of all the native princes, humbled himself before the king of Delhi, offering him a daughter in marriage. But "Heaven manifested its vengeance to prevent this additional iniquity, and preserve the house of Bappa Rawul from dishonour." He had scarcely quitted the Divan, on taking leave of the king, when a flash of lightning struck the "*Hatiaro*" to the earth, whence he never arose.

Singram, better known in the annals of Mewar, as Sanga, succeeded in 1509, and with him Mewar reached the summit of her prosperity. To use their own metaphor, "he was the kullus [the ball or urn] on the pinnacle of her glory." From him we witness this glory on the wane; and though many rays of splendour illuminated her declining career, they served but to gild the ruin. Eighty thousand horse, seven Rajahs of the highest rank, nine Raos, and one hundred and four chieftains bearing the titles of Rawul and Rawut, with five hundred war elephants, followed him into the field. Swaying directly or by control the greater part of Rajast'han, and adored by the Rajpoots for the virtues they most esteemed, Sanga was ascending to the summit of power; and had not fresh hordes of Usbecs and Tatars, from the prolific shores of the Oxus and Jaxartes, again poured down on the devoted plains of Hindust'han, the crown of the Chacraverta (universal potentate, of whom the Hindus reckon but six in their history) might again have encircled the brow of a Hindu, and the banner of supremacy been transferred from Indraprest'ha to the battlements of Cheetore. But the great Baber arrived at a critical time to rally the dejected followers of the Koran, and to collect them around his own victorious standard. Sanga was overthrown; and we see the gradual decline of Mewar, till once more Cheetore was taken by the invincible Akber.

Akber was not older when he came to the throne of Delhi (1555) than Oody Sing when he ascended that of Mewar; they were both under thirteen years of age—nor were his hopes much brighter; but the one was disciplined into accurate knowledge of human nature by experience of the mutability of fortune, and the other had been cooped up from infancy in a valley of his native hills, his birth concealed and his education restricted. Akber was the real founder of the empire of the Moguls, and the first successful conqueror of Rajpoot independence. The absence of all kingly virtues in the sovereign of Mewar filled to the brim the bitter cup of her destiny. The guardian goddess of the Seesodias had promised never to abandon the rock of her pride while a descendant of Bappa Rawul devoted himself to her service. In the first assault of Cheetore by Alla, twelve crowned heads, as we have seen, defended the "crimson banner" to the death. In the second, when conquest, led by Bajazet, came from the south, the chieftain ot Deola, a noble scion of Mewar, though severed from her stem, claimed the crown of glory and martyrdom. But on this third and grandest struggle, no regal victim appeared to appease the Cybele of Cheetore, and win her to retain its battlements as her coronet. She fell; the charm was broken; the mysterious tie was severed for ever which connected Cheetore with perpetuity of sway to the race of Ghelote. With Oody Sing fled the "fair face" which in the dead of night concealed the eyes of the heroic Samarsi, and told him that "the glory of the Hindu was departing." With him fled that opinion which for ages esteemed her walls the sanctuary of the race, which encircled her with a halo of glory, as the palladium of the religion and the liberties of the Rajpoots.

Ferishta mentions but one enterprise against Cheetore, that of its capture; but the annals record another, when Akber was compelled to relinquish the undertaking. The successful defence is attributed to the masculine courage of the Rana's concubine-queen, who headed the sallies into the heart of the Mogul camp, and on one occasion to the emperor's headquarters. The imbecile Rana proclaimed that he owed his deliverance to her; when the chiefs, indignant at this imputation on their courage, conspired, and put her to death. Internal discord invited Akber to reinvest Cheetore —and his headquarters are yet marked by a pyramidal column of marble, to which tradition has assigned the title of "Akber's Lamp." The cowardly Rana forsook the city—but she was defended by thousands of heroes, above all of whom shone conspicuous Jeimul of Bednore and Putta of Kailwa, both of the sixteen superior vassals of Mewar. Akber's own pen has immortalized them; their names are as household words, inseparable in Mewar; and these will thus be honoured while the Rajpoot retains a shred of his inheritance, or a spark of his ancient recollections. When it was seen that there was no ultimate hope of salvation, the fatal Johar was commanded; eight thousand Rajpoots ate the last "beera" together, and put on their saffron robes; the gates were thrown wide open, and Akber entered the city. Thirty thousand of its inhabitants perished; all the heads of clans, both home and foreign, and seventeen hundred of the immediate kin of the prince sealed their duty to their country with their lives. Nine queens, five princesses, their daughters, with two infant sons, and the families of all the chieftains, not at their estates, perished in the flames, or in the assault. Their divinity had indeed deserted them; for it was on Adittwar, the Day of the Sun, he shed for the last time a ray of glory on Cheetore. Akber bereft her of all the symbols of regality; the great kettledrums, whose reverberations proclaimed for miles round the entrance and exit of her princes; the candelabras from the shrine of the "Great Mother," who girt Bappa Rawul with the sword with which he conquered Cheetore; and in mockery of her misery, her portals to adorn his projected capital, Akberabad. The conqueror erected statues to the manes of Jeimul and Putta, at the most conspicuous entrance of his palace at Delhi, and they retained that distinction even when Bernier was in India.

When Oody Sing abandoned Cheetore, he found refuge in the mountains of the Aravulli—and built a city to which he gave his own name, Oodipor, henceforth the capital of Mewar. In a few years the craven died—and was succeeded by a hero —by the famous Pertap. This prince succeeded to the titles and renown of an illustrious house, but without a capital, without resources, his kindred and clans dispirited by reverses; yet possessed of the noble spirit of his race, he meditated the recovery of Cheetore, the vindication of the honour of his house, and the restoration of its power. While he gave loose to those lofty aspirations which meditated liberty to Mewar, the wily Mogul was counteracting his views by a scheme of policy which, when disclosed, filled his heart with anguish. He arrayed against Pertap his kindred, in faith, as well as in blood. The princes of Marwar, Amber, Bikaner, and Boondi took part with Akber, and upheld despotism. His own brother Sagarji deserted him, and received as the price of his treachery the ancient capital of his race, and the title which that possession conferred. But, in the words of the bard, Pertap had sworn to "make his mother's blood resplendent;" and single-handed, for a quarter of a century, did he withstand the combined efforts of the empire; at one time carrying destruction into the plains, at another flying from rock to rock, feeding his family from the fruits of his native hills, and rearing the nursling hero Umra, amidst savage wild beasts and not less savage men, a fit heir to his prowess and revenge.

Pertap was nobly supported; and though wealth and fortune tempted the fidelity of his chiefs, not one was found base enough to desert him. The sons of Jeimul shed their blood in his cause, along with the successors of Putta; the house of Saloombra redoubled the claims of Chonda to fidelity; and these five lustres of adversity are the brightest in the checkered page of the history of Mewar. The brilliant acts he achieved during that period live in every valley; and Colonel Tod, who has climbed the rocks, crossed the streams, and traversed the plains, which were the theatre of Pertap's glory, and conversed with the lineal descendants of Jeimul and Putta on the deeds of their forefathers, has often seen the tears start into their eyes at the tales they recited. To commemorate the desolation of Cheetore, which the bardic historian represents "as a widow despoiled of the ornaments of her loveliness," Pertap interdicted to himself and his successors every article of luxury or pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside for pateras of leaves, their beds henceforth of straw, and their beards left untouched. And in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune, and stimulate to its recovery, he commanded that the martial nakaras, which always sounded in the van of battle or processions, should follow in the rear. Being unable to keep the field in the plains of Mewar, he followed the system of his ancestors, and commanded his subjects, on pain of death, to retire into the mountains.

Many tales are related of the unrelenting severity with which Pertap enforced obedience to this stern policy. Frequently with a few horse he issued forth to see that his commands were obeyed. The silence of the desert prevailed in the plains; grass grew in place of corn; the highways were all choked with strong thorns; and beasts of prey made their lairs in the habitations of his subjects. In the midst of this desolation, a single goatherd, trusting to elude observation, disobeyed his prince's injunctions, and pastured his flock in the luxuriant meadows of Ontalla, on the banks of the Bunas. He was killed and hung up *in terrorem*. By such patriotic severity, Pertap rendered the garden of Rajast'han of no value to the conqueror; and the commerce already established between the Mogul court and Europe, conveyed through Mewar, Surat, and other ports, was intercepted and plundered.

But the odds were fearful against the hero. For with such examples before them as Amber and Marwar, and with less power to resist the temptation, the minor chiefs of Rajast'han, with a brave and numerous vassalage, were transformed into satraps of Delhi; and truly did the Mogul historian designate them as "at once the props and ornaments of the throne." When Hindu prejudice was thus violated by every prince in Rajast'han, Pertap renounced all alliance with those who were thus degraded; and, in order to carry on the line, he sought and incorporated with the first class of the nobles of his own kin, the descendants of the ancient princes of Delhi, of Puttun, of Marwar, and of Dhar. To the eternal honour of Pertap and his issue, be it told, that, to the very close of the monarchy of the Moguls, they not only refused such alliance with the throne, but even with their brother princes of Marwar and Amber, whom such alliances had degraded.

In this condition of the country, Prince Selim, the heir of Delhi, at the head of a great army, marched against Pertap, who trusted to his native hills and the valour of twenty-two thousand Rajpoots. The approaches to his new capital, Komulmer, among the Aravulli mountains, are so narrow as to be defiles; on each side lofty perpendicular rocks, with scarcely breadth for two carriages abreast, across which are those ramparts of nature, termed *Col* in the mountain scenery of Europe, which occasionally open into spaces sufficiently capacious to encamp a large force. Such was the plain of Huldighat, at the base of a neck of mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible. Above and below the Rajpoots were posted; and on the cliffs and pinnacles overlooking the field of battle, the faithful aborigines, the Bhil, with his native weapon the bow and arrow, and huge stones ready to roll down upon the invaders. At this pass Pertap was posted with the flower of Mewar; and during the battle, he strove in vain to encounter the traitor Rajah Maun, hewing his way close to the person of Prince Selim. His guards fell before Pertap, and, but for the steel plates which defended his howda, the lance of the Rajpoot would have deprived Akber of his heir. His steed, the gallant Chytuc, is represented in all the historical drawings of this battle, with one foot raised upon the elephant of the Mogul; but the infuriated animal bore Selim out of the field. Marked by the "royal umbrella," which he would not lay aside, and which collected the might of the enemy against him, Pertap was thrice rescued from the press; and was at last nearly overwhelmed, when the Jhala chief gave a signal instance of fidelity, and extricated him with the loss of his own life. He seized upon the insignia of Mewar, and rearing the "golden sun" over his head, made good his way to an intricate position, drawing after him all the brunt of battle, while his prince was forced from the field. With all his brave vassals the noble Jhala fell; and, in remembrance of the deed, his descendants have, since the day of Huldighat, borne the regal ensigns of Mewar, and enjoyed the "right hand of her princes."

But this desperate valour was unavailing against such a force, with a numerous field artillery, and a dromedary corps of mounted swivels; and of twenty-two thousand Rajpoots, only eight thousand quitted the field alive. Of the nearest kin of the prince, five hundred were slain, and the exiled prince of Gwalior, Ramsah, his son Khandirao, with three hundred and fifty of his brave Tuar clan, paid the debt of gratitude with their lives; Manah, the devoted Ghala, lost one hundred and fifty of his vassals; and every house of Mewar mourned its chief support. Pertap, unattended, fled on the gallant Chytuc, who saved his master by leaping a mountain stream, when closely pursued by two Mogul chiefs. But Chytuc, like his master, was wounded, and his pursuers gained fast upon him, when, in the broad accents of his native tongue, the salutation of "Ho! Rider of the Blue Horse," made Pertap look back, and he beheld his brother Sukta, whose personal enmity to the Rana had made him a traitor to Mewar. Resentment was extinguished, and a feeling of affection, mingling with sad and humiliating recollections, took possession of his bosom. He joined in the pursuit, but only to slay the pursuers; and now for the first time in their lives the brothers embraced in friendship. Here Chytuc fell; and as the Rana unbuckled his caparison to place it upon Unkarro, presented to him by his brother, the noble steed expired. An altar was raised, and yet marks the spot where Chytuc died; and the entire scene may be seen painted on the walls of half the houses of the capital.

This battle was fought in July, 1576; and in the following spring, the Mogul attacked Pertap in his capital, Komulmer. Pertap withdrew, in consequence of treachery, to Chaond, a town in the heart of the mountainous tract on the south-west of Mewar; and Bhau, the Sonigurra chief, defended the place to the last, and was slain in the assault on that occasion; also fell the chief Bard of Mewar, who inspired, by his deeds as well as his song, the spirit of resistance to the "ruthless king;" and whose laudatory couplets on the deeds of his lord, are still in every mouth. But the spirit of poetry died not with him; for princes and nobles, Hindoo and Toork, vied with each other in exalting the patriot Pertap, in strains replete with those sentiments which elevate the mind of the martial Rajpoot, who is inflamed into action by this national excitement.

Beset now on every side, dislodged from the most secret retreats, and hunted from glen to glen, there appeared no hope for Pertap. Yet even while his pursuers supposed him panting in some obscure lurking-place, he would by mountain signals reassemble his bands, and assail them unawares, and often unguarded. By a skilful manœuvre, Khan Ferid, who dreamed of nothing less than making the Rajpoot prince his prisoner, was blocked up in a defile, and his force cut off to a man. Unaccustomed to such warfare, the mercenary Moguls became disgusted in combating a foe seldom tangible, while the monsoons swelled the mountain streams, filling the reservoirs with mineral poisons, and the air with pestilential exhalations. The periodical rains, accordingly, always brought some respite to Pertap; and thus years rolled away, each however ending with a diminution of his means, and an increase of his misfortunes. His family was the chief source of his anxiety, and he dreaded their captivity by the Mogul. On one occasion they were saved by the faithful Bhils of Cavah, who carried them in wicker baskets, and concealed them in the tin mines of Jawura, where they guarded and fed them. Bolts and rings are still preserved in the trees about Jawura and Chaond, to which baskets were suspended, the only cradles of the royal children of

Mewar, in order to preserve them from the wolf and the tiger. Yet amid such complicated evils, the fortitude of Pertap remained unshaken; and a spy sent by Akber represented the Rajpoot and his chiefs seated at a scanty meal, maintaining all the etiquette preserved in prosperity, the Rana bestowing the *doonah* to the most deserving, and which, though only of the wild fruit of the country, was received with all the reverence of better days. Such inflexible magnanimity touched the soul of Akber, and extorted the homage of every chief in Rajast'han; nor could those who swelled the gorgeous train of the Emperor withhold their admiration. Some stanzas are preserved, addressed by the Khankhanan, the First of the Satraps of Delhi, to the noble Rajpoot, in his native tongue, applauding his valour, and stimulating his perseverance. "All is unstable in this world; land and wealth will disappear, but the virtue of a great name lives for ever. Putto [a colloquial contraction for Pertap] abandoned wealth and land; but never bowed the head; alone, of all the princes of Hind, he preserved the honour of his race."

On one occasion Pertap lost his fortitude, and was induced to demand of Akber a mitigation of his hardships. His queen and his son's wife were preparing a few cakes from the flower of the meadow grass, and Pertap was stretched beside them, pondering on his misfortunes, when a piercing cry from his daughter roused him from reflection—a wild cat had darted on the food, and the agony of hunger made her shrieks insupportable. Overjoyed at this indication of submission, the Emperor commanded public rejoicings, and exultingly shewed Pertap's letter to Pirthi Raj, a Rajpoot, compelled to follow the victorious car of Akber. Pirthi Raj was one of the most gallant chieftains of the age; and, like the Troubadour princes of the West, could grace a cause with the soul-inspiring effusions of the Muse, as well as aid it with his sword. In an assembly of the bards of Rajast'han, the palm of merit was unanimously awarded to the Rahtore cavalier. He adored the very name of Pertap, and the intelligence filled him with grief. He obtained permission from the king to transmit by his courier a letter to Pertap, ostensibly to ascertain the fact of his submission, but really with the view to prevent it. On this occasion he composed those couplets still admired all over Rajast'han. "The hopes of the Hindu rest on the Hindu; yet the Rana forsakes them. But for Pertap, all would be placed on the same level by Akber; for our chiefs have lost their valour, and our females their honour. Akber is the broker in the market of our race; all has he purchased but the son of Oodoh; he is beyond his price. What true Rajpoot would part with honour for nine days; yet how many have bartered it away? Will Cheetore come to this market, when all have disposed of the chief article of the Khetri? Though Putto has squandered away wealth, yet this treasure has he preserved. Despair has driven many to this mart to witness their dishonour; from such infamy, the descendant of Hamir alone has been preserved. The world asks, whence the concealed aid of Pertap? None but the soul of manliness and his sword; with it well hath he maintained the Khetri's pride. This broker in the market of men will one day be overreached; he cannot live for ever; then will our race come to Pertap, for the seed of the Rajpoot to sow in our desolate lands. To him all look for its preservation, that its purity may again become resplendent."

This effusion of the Rahtore was equal to ten thousand men; it nerved the drooping mind of Pertap, and roused him to heroic action. But unable to stem the torrent, he formed a resolution worthy of his character—to abandon Mewar and the blood-stained Cheetore, no longer the stay of his race, and to lead his Seesodias to the Indus, plant the "crimson banner" on the insular capital of the Sogdi, and leave a desert between him and his inexorable foe. With his family, and all that was yet noble in Mewar, he descended the Aravulli, and had reached the confines of the desert, when an incident occurred that made him change his measures, and still remain a dweller in the land of his forefathers. The minister of Pertap, whose ancestors had for ages held the office, placed at his Prince's disposal their accumulated wealth, which, with other resources, is stated to have been equivalent to the maintenance of twenty-five thousand men for twelve years. The name of Bhama Sah is preserved as the saviour of Mewar. Pertap collected his bands; and while his foes imagined that he was endeavouring to effect a retreat through the desert, he surprised Shabaz in his camp at Deweir, whose troops he cut in pieces. The fugitives were pursued to Amait, the garrison of which shared the same fate. Ere they could recover from their consternation, Komulmer was assaulted and taken; Abdoola and his garrison were put to the sword; and thirty-two fortified posts in like manner carried by surprise, the troops being all put to death without mercy. Pertap made a desert of Mewar; he made an offering to the sword of whatever dwelt in its plains. In one short campaign (1530) he had recovered all Mewar, except Cheetore, Ajmer and Mandelgurh; and he invaded Amber, sacking its chief mart of commerce, Malpoora. Oodipoor also was regained.

Pertap was indebted to a combination of causes for the repose he enjoyed during the latter years of his life. This may be ascribed principally to the new fields of ambition which occupied the Mogul arms, but in no small degree to the influence which his great character exerted upon Akber, together with the general sympathy of his fellow princes, who swelled the train of the conqueror, and who were too powerful to be regarded by him with indifference. Throughout his whole work Colonel Tod is eloquent, as our abridgement has shewn; but never so much so as when bringing before his mind's eye his favourite hero, at the close of his glorious career. A mind like Pertap's, he finely says, could enjoy no tranquillity, while, from the summit of the pass which guarded Oodipoor, he beheld the Kangras of Cheetore, to which he must ever be a stranger. Imagine the warrior, yet in manhood's prime, broken with fatigues and covered with scars, from amidst the fragments of basaltic ruin (fit emblem of his own condition,) casting a wistful eye to the rock, stained with the blood of his fathers; whilst, in the "dark chamber" of his mind, the scenes of glory enacted there appeared with unearthly lustre. First, the youthful Bappa, on whose head was the "Mor he had won from the Mori." The warlike Samarsi arming for the last day of Rajpoot independence, to die with Pirthi Raj on the banks of the Caggar. Again, descending the steep of Cheetore, the twelve sons of Ursi, the "crimson banner" floating around each; while, from the embattled rock, the guardian goddess looked down on the carnage which secured a perpetuity of sway. Again, in all the pomp of sacrifice, the Deola chiefs, Jeimul and Putta; and, like the Pallas of Rajast'han, the Chondawut dame leading her daughter into the ranks of destruction—examples for their sons' and husbands' imitation. At length, clouds of darkness dimmed the walls of Cheetore; from her battlements, Kangra Ranee, the turreted Queen Cybele of Rajast'han had fled; the tints of dishonour began to blend with the visions of glory; and, lo! Oody Sing appeared flying from the rock to which the honour of his house was united. Aghast at the picture his fancy had portrayed, imagine him turning to the contemplation of his own desolate condition, indebted for a cessation of persecution to the most revolting sentiment that can assail a heroic mind, compassion; compared with which scorn is endurable, contempt even enviable; these he could retaliate; but for the high-minded, the generous Rajpoot, to be the object of that sickly sentiment—pity, was more oppressive than the arms of his foe. A premature decay assailed the Pride of Rajast'han—a mind diseased preyed on an exhausted frame, and prostrated him in the very summer of his days. A powerful sympathy is excited by the picture which is drawn of this final scene. The dying hero is represented in a lowly dwelling; his chiefs, the faithful companions of many a glorious day, awaiting round his pallet the dissolution of the prince, when a groan of mental anguish made Saloombra enquire "what afflicted his soul that it would not depart in peace?" He rallied—"It lingered," he said, "for some consolatory pledge that his country should not be abandoned to the Toork." He then recalled to their remembrance a day on which his son, Prince Umra, when sheltered along with them among some miserable huts, shewed symptoms of an unheroic spirit. "These sheds," said he, "will give way to sumptuous dwellings, thus generating the love of ease, and luxury with its concomitants will ensue, to which the independence of Mewar, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed; and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example." They pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince, "by the throne of Bappa Rawul," that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Mewar had recovered her independence. The soul of Pertap was satisfied, and with joy he expired. It is worthy, says Colonel Tod, of those who influence the destinies of states in more favoured climes, to estimate the intensity of feeling which could arm this prince to oppose the resources of a small principality against the then most powerful empire of the world, whose armies were more numerous and far more efficient than any ever led by the Persian against the liberties of Greece. Had Mewar possessed her Thucydides or her Xenophon, neither the wars of the Peloponnesus, nor the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, would have yielded more diversified incidents for the Historic Muse, than the deeds of this brilliant reign amid the many vicissitudes of Mewar. Undaunted heroism, inflexible fortitude, that which keeps honour bright—perseverance, with fidelity, such as no nation can boast, were the materials opposed to a soaring ambition, commanding talents, unlimited means, and the fervour of religious zeal; all, however, insufficient to contend with one unconquerable mind. There is not a pass on the Alpine Aravulli that is not sanctified by some deed of Pertap, some brilliant victory, or oftener more glorious defeat. Huldighat is the Thermopylæ of Mewar, the field of Deweir her Marathon. The memory of Pertap is even now idolized by every Seesodia, and will continue to be so, till renewed oppression shall extinguish the remaining sparks of patriotic feeling. But he adds, earnestly—may that day never arrive —yet, if such be her destiny, may it at least not be hastened by the arms of Britons.

Here we must conclude. In an early number we shall resume these most interesting annals—and bring them down to the present age. We shall then lay before our readers the political views of Colonel Tod respecting these gallant races, over whom is now stretched the British sceptre. And we shall finish our examination of his work (which we have now but begun) with many impressive accounts with which he has furnished us, of their manners and their religion.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

BY MRS HEMANS.

Thou falcon-hearted dove!
COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its Lily-flowers.
Aye, proudly did the banner wave,
As Queen of Earth and Air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds,
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon,
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send,
For each that touch'd it silently,
Then miss'd a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of Chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
Oh! roughly cradled was thy Babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young Queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtain'd o'er,
For the Daughter of the Minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!

---

* Queen of St Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king, her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

For the bright Queen of St Louis,
The star of court and hall!—
But the deep strength of the gentle heart,
Wakes to the tempest's call!
Her Lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the Desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad Queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rush'd thro' her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights,
From the bands of Italy!"*

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the Falcon shrinks
The Bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of Her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high,
Through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the Banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep:
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless Infidel?

---

* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Ki
of Pisa.

"Then bring me here a breastplate,
 And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
 And on the ramparts die!
And the Boy whom I have borne for woe,
 But never for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death
 Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the Lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
 The princely Babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
 To perish undefiled;
A Woman and a Queen, to guard
 Her Honour and her Child!"

Before her words they thrill'd, like leaves,
 When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
 Roused to a loftier mood.
And her Babe awoke to flashing swords,
 Unsheath'd in many a hand,
As they gather'd round the helpless One,
 Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, Lady!
 True to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling words
 On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,
 Rest—we will guard thee well.
St Dennis for the Lily-flower,
 And the Christian citadel!"

THE FREED BIRD.

By Mrs Hemans.

> Swifter far than summer's flight,
> Swifter far than youth's delight,
> Swifter far than happy night,
>   Thou art come and gone!
>
> As the earth when leaves are dead,
> As the night when sleep is sped,
> As the heart when joy is fled,
>   I am left here, alone!
>
> SHELLEY.

Return, return, my Bird!
 I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
 In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free, I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me, the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my Bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wer't thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
—Oh! had'st thou known its deep meaning well!
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd thee best,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my Bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar, away!"

Farewell, farewell, then, Bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd like *thee* to part,
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though Love might guard them, they joy'd to be free!
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven!
Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am Earth's no more!"

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

September the 18th, 1831.

A DAY I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small—
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
Once more within the Minstrel's blazon'd hall.

Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
At thought beneath His roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes?—What exiled lord
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns—
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And "wake the Minstrel's soul?"—The boy of Burns.

O, Sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine;
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—
It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
More noble than a galaxy of Peers.

And He——his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had King or Kaiser been,
And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a border spear,
While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires:—
Serene among them sat the hoary Knight;
And, if dead Bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,
Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
Health yet, and strength, and length of honour'd days,
To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
That bears her Poet far from Melrose' glen;
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
When happy breezes waft him back again.

WHAT SHOULD THE PEERS DO?

"POPULAR opinion," says the ablest of the writers in favour of Reform,* "*once allowed to take the lead, soon runs riot;* it appoints its own rulers—*it dictates to them—it deposes them;* and nothing but great temperance, and mutual forbearance, and final union on the part of the early and more moderate parties, can check its destructive career. We will not follow this St Lawrence to its Niagara; the course is fatally sure."† Never were truer sentiments uttered by man; never any of which passing events more completely demonstrate the justice. How did they find their way into a publication intended to hasten the victory of the populace over the last bulwarks of order and intelligence? Because, in a powerful mind, historic truth prevails over temporary delusion; and the experience of ages furnishes the antidote to the poison of faction.

The author we have quoted, asks, "What *will* the Lords do?" and he concludes, that "though a vast majority of the House of Lords have a general, though partially concealed hatred of the Reform Bill,"‡ they will pass it in opposition to their better judgment, from timidity, the love of ease, or the dread of an excessive addition to their numbers. We will not follow his example, or hazard a prophecy of what the Lords *will* do; but we will say firmly and fearlessly what they *ought* to do.

Popular opinion, as this author truly says, when once allowed to take the lead, soon runs riot. It was allowed to take the lead when Earl Grey ascended to office; and has it, or has it not, since run riot? What do the manufacturing cities propose as the *ends* of reform? Mr Cobbett, the member elect for Manchester, declares he is to propose the immediate confiscation of the church property—the cessation of any payment of dividends after two years—the abolition of the standing army, and the raising of a militia, with officers appointed by Parliament, in its stead, in all the counties. The electors of Bolton have declared that they are to require pledges from their representative, that he will support an immediate repeal of the corn laws, an equitable adjustment of the national debt; in other words, confiscation of one half of every man's funded property—the abolition of all taxes pressing on the middling, or lower orders — the appropriation of the church property to the public necessities—the abolition of the right of primogeniture. What must follow from the adoption, or *serious and incessant discussion,* of such projects as this?—National bankruptcy, individual ruin, the failure of every Bank in the kingdom—the stoppage of industry—the starvation of the poor—the abolition of the peerage—the overthrow of the throne.—"We will not follow this St Lawrence to its Niagara; the course is fatally sure."

"Need the anti-reformers," says the same author, "be reminded of the result of those court intrigues, and that conservative hatred which at length succeeded in driving *Neckar, the French Lord Grey,* from the ministry? Will they profit by the example? I trust they may."§ So, it is admitted by themselves that Neckar was the French Earl Grey! And what was said of Neckar by the greatest man of modern times, the one on earth who profited most by his reforms? "The projects of Neckar," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "were more ruinous to France than those of any other man. It was he that brought about the Revolution. Danton, Marat, Robespierre himself, did less injury to the country than the Swiss reformer. All the blood that was shed, rests on his head. Nothing is so fatal as such popular projects; the learned are carried away by them, the populace transported, the cautious intimidated, the public happiness is in every mouth; and meanwhile trade is suspended, industry withers, the people are without bread, they revolt, the reign of blood succeeds, and that is all that is gained by such theories."||

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* What will the Lords do? Lond. Ridgway, 1831.

† What will the Lords do? p. 23. ‡ Ibid. P. 10. § Ibid. 27. Bourrienne, vol. viii.

Neckar retired from the ministry, and there the author of this pamphlet leaves him. Was it that which occasioned the Revolution? Quite the reverse. He resigned in 1780, and the Revolution did not break out for nine years after. What then brought it on? We will follow this St Lawrence to its Niagara. He *returned* to office in 1789, instantly set on foot his projects of reform, and strained the royal prerogative to overcome the opposition of the Noblesse. He doubled, by royal ordinance, the number of the members of the Commons, set the populace on fire by the prodigal gift of political power, convoked the States-General, put the King at the head of the movement, made him for a little brief space the most popular man in France. And what was the consequence? The monarch beheaded, the nobles abolished; their estates divided, themselves guillotined, the public debt abolished, the reign of terror and the rule of Robespierre. "Will the Peers profit by the example?" We hope they may.

"Past events," says the author, "*may be regretted*, but they cannot be changed; and those who mourn over their effects, will not strongly evince the purity of their hatred of all excitement, by pursuing measures tending directly to increase it." Historic truth is already beginning to assert its eternal ascendancy over temporary error. "Past events—" the prodigal offer of political power to the people, the excitements of the dissolution, are even now spoken of by its authors as a subject of "regret." And how are its effects proposed to be remedied? By a *continuance* of the same fatal system which has brought us to this last and perilous pass. Finding that yielding has quadrupled the power of the enemy of order—that past error has become the subject of regret even to its own authors, they propose an extension of the same concession, a continuance of these errors, as the only means of averting its disastrous effects.

The Peers in England yielded to all the demands of the Long Parliament and the populace; they sent Strafford to the block—passed all the revolutionary bills sent up to them, and remained passive spectators of the Civil War. What did they get by it? The abolition of their order, the death of their sovereign, the tyranny of Cromwell.

The Peers in France not only concurred in, but voluntarily set themselves at the head of all the Reform projects with which Neckar, the "French Lord Grey," inflamed the country. They surrendered their right of sitting in a separate chamber; gave up their titles, dignities, and privileges, abandoned the church property to the people; concurred in a highly democratic constitution; and what did they obtain in return for so many concessions? Exile, contempt, confiscation, and death.

Again, in 1830, they set themselves to head the movement. They made no stand in defence of the crown. They adopted the revolutionary sovereign. They yielded, without a struggle, to the current. Where are they now? Despised, insulted, and beat down; abolished as hereditary legislators; reduced to the rank of mayors and aldermen.

The Peers in England, in 1793, boldly fronted the danger. They refused to yield to popular violence, despised the threats of Revolution, put themselves at the head of the conservative party, and nailed the colours of the constitution to the mast. What was the consequence? Returning confidence, renewed prosperity, unheard-of public welfare, unprecedented glory, the conquest of Trafalgar, the field of Waterloo.

The country, they may be assured, will be true to them, if they will be true to themselves. The rabble, the radicals, the populace, will rave and thunder and despair; but all who have a thought to bestow, a shilling to lose, will rally round the constitution, the moment that they see leaders on whom they can rely. This is what is wanted; it is not bold and determined soldiers for the army of order, it is firm and uncompromising chiefs.

They have fallen in public estimation, but it was the fatal weakness about the Catholics that lowered them. Another repetition of the same mistake, in opposition to their *known opinions*, will for ever sink them into contempt. One glorious stand will make them stronger than ever, and bury the recollection of one act of weakness, the source of all our disasters, in the remembrance of one act of firmness, the beginning of a new era of glory. "Quid in rebus civilibus," says Bacon, "maxime prodest, Audacia; quid secundum, audacia, quid tertium, audacia. Fascinat et captivos ducit omnes qui vel sunt animo timidiores vel judicio infirmiores: tales autem sunt hominum pars maxima."

If the Peers desert their duty now: if they refuse to take that lead in defence of the country which their high descent, their noble birth, their historic names, their vast possessions, their acknowledged and unrivalled abilities, entitle them to assume, they will never recover their fall, and they never ought. The Conservative party will break up in despair. They will emigrate, bury themselves in retirement, leave the field in which their generals signed a capitulation, when victory was within their grasp, and await in silent despair till suffering and wretchedness has calmed the fever of passion among their countrymen. Never need they hope to rouse the people, if they now abandon them. Vain will be their exclamations, hopeless their appeals, *contemptible* their cries, when the tide of conquest approaches their own doors; when their honours are abolished, their estates divided, their children exiled. The people will exclaim: — You abandoned us when we were in danger: Can you expect us to support you, who have delivered us over to the enemy?

We venture on no prophecies; but we trust in a very different result. We trust in it from the evident peril of the proposed measure; the consternation which, from Cornwall to Caithness, it has excited among all who are either respectable by their thoughts, or influential by their possessions; from the proof which the Cambridge election gave of the sense of the most educated, and that which the recent defeats of the Reformers has given of the returning sense of the humblest among the people; from the vast services which in times past the aristocracy have rendered to the country, the tried firmness of the present leaders of the Conservative party in the Upper House, and the great abilities and individual weight of a large proportion of their numbers. If they are true to themselves, we have no fears of the result; in times of danger, the boldest course is in the end the most prudent. We trust that the glorious example of their predecessors will not be lost on them, and that in this last crisis they will be as true to their country as they were on the field of RUNNYMEDE.

Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Co., Paul's Work, Canongate.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.
SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,

In Two Volumes,

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY
OF
A LATE PHYSICIAN.

(REPRINTED FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,)

WITH

ADDITIONS, NOTES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE EDITOR.

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1831. VOL. XXX.

CITIZEN KINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR, *London, October 8th*, 1831.

A CORONATION in times like these inspires melancholy, as well as pleasing, reflections. It tells not alone of joy, and hope, and concord, and loyalty; but, alas! it speaks also of disaffection and peril. That which was so lately witnessed in this country, shewed, even in its festivities and acclamations, that the monarchy was in jeopardy, and commanded us to calculate how far the chances were against its repetition. The dinner, illumination, and shouts, were intended to celebrate, rather the triumph of a party over the crown, than the renewal of a people's allegiance on its solemn bestowal;—to offer fidelity and obedience to the constitutional sovereign, was less their object, than to honour and dictate to a reforming King. Those were the most enthusiastic sharers in them who are the most steady enemies of kingly power, prerogative, and being.

I know of nothing that calls more loudly on the friends of mankind for serious consideration, than the altered and fallen condition of royalty. For the private benefit of kings I speak not; on the contrary, hostility to it in some measure prompts me; the things which threaten it with momentary destruction in the present race of them, also promise to sacrifice all other benefit to it in a new race. The warfare which prevails so mightily against them, prevails in a greater degree against their subjects; in them, government, law, and order are smitten, and their loss is general calamity.

That spirit, which some time since sought nothing less than the utter extinction of royalty, has been compelled, by multiplied defeats and hopeless prospects, to change or disguise its object. It cannot get rid of kings in name and person, therefore they are only to be destroyed in substance and power—they are merely to be cut down into "Citizen Kings," in the way of adaptation to "republican institutions." The novelty has had boundless success; revolution without bloodshed, deposition without dethronement, are triumphant in this country; and we are transforming our King into a citizen one with all possible expedition.

Your "Citizen King" is not to be a ruler, or even the equal of the citizens; he is to be the executory slave of the latter, destitute of discretion, and without the power to throw up his servitude when commanded to perform unholy and criminal toil. Stripped of the general rights of man, bound from all adherence of principle, and divested of conscience, he is to oppress, rob, and destroy, at home and abroad—to overturn the institutions of his country—to violate treaties, and trample on the rights of nations—in a word, to do any thing, without regard to divine or human law, at the bidding of his citizen-tyrants. If, in opposition to the latter, he follow wisdom, observe justice, obey the commands of his Maker, or hold property and life sacred, he must do it through corruption, fraud, and falsehood.

To keep his bondage wound up to

the highest point, he is to be deprived of personal respect, as well as power; he is to be carefully hated as a king, and valued only in proportion to his submission and industry as a slave. His royalty is to know no reverence; it is to have no root in the affections; it is to be the degrading badge, by which the citizens may be reminded that he owes them implicit obedience, and is never to be trusted. Of course, the state, and pomp, and grandeur, and ceremony, and elevation, which give superiority and inspire awe, are to be kept from him; the meanest are to treat him as a dependent, and mingle admonitions, command, and reproach, with ordinary civility, when he appears in public. In truth, he is to be regarded as something like a brute in harness—inferior in species, prone by nature to commit all manner of evil, and only capable of being made useful by the reins and whip of the citizen-drivers. If some of his trappings be gaudy, and he display decorations, they are not to make him a tittle less the lower animal—the beast of burden.

The King cannot be kept in chains if the Nobles be not bound with fetters of iron. The Aristocracy, of necessity, is to be treated like him; it is to be retained in name and shadow, but disarmed, placed in bondage, and covered with hatred, as a public enemy; it is only to be admitted into the management of public affairs as the slave also of the citizens. The clergy and magistracy are to be dealt with in a similar manner. Thus the portions of the population, which from interest, station, feeling, or function, might, if left untouched, take the side of the king, to give him some discretion and independent authority, are to be, not only put without the pale of citizenship, but plunged into slavery, as instruments for rendering his the more comprehensive and durable.

I cannot be ignorant that the only tangible and responsible government is to be found in the King and his servants—that in *him* constituted authorities and laws are to be kept in this slavery; of course, I must know that the matter affects my own interests very deeply. Do as you please with Kings as men, but I can give you no such license touching the Government under which I live; because, if I place it, I must also place my person and possessions at your mercy. I care not whether your first magistrate be called King, Consul, or President—whether your institutions be monarchical or republican; but I must have a government which, on the one hand, will hold my person, wealth, rights, privileges, and liberties sacred, and, on the other, will duly protect them. I have always looked with contempt on the squabbling respecting the comparative merits of a monarchy and republic, because I think it relates mainly to empty names; to have a proper government, the powers of the Executive and Legislative must be substantially the same in both.

I cordially detest robbery, restraint, and dictation; therefore, I say, heap on your "Citizen King" every limitation and disability which will bind him from taking from me a penny unjustly, or imposing the least unnecessary restraint on my words and actions. I speak in the way, not of sanction, but of demand. I insist on it from affection for myself and my own, if from no better motive. But this affection compels me to go farther:—I say also, endow him with the power to prevent others from subjecting me to robbery, restraint, and dictation. The power is quite as essential as the limitation and disabilities; his ability to prevent tyranny must be as complete, as his incapacity for its exercise.

You effectually bind your "Citizen King" from committing crime and iniquity against the will of the citizens, and in this I applaud you. But you clothe the citizens with omnipotence, which knows no exception, not even in the laws of the Deity; and, of a horrible tyranny like this, you make him the instrument. You compel him to commit crime and iniquity in every shape, when the citizens will it; and in the compulsion, you empower him to be the worst of tyrants voluntarily, as the ally, or prompter, of such will.

I have a certainty that this tyranny will be employed against me, in the avowal of those who are to possess it. Who are your citizens? The mass, or at least the majority of the people—you reply. You place all wealthy persons in the minority, and in effect exclude them from citizenship; the citizens, on your own confession, consist essentially of labourers and small tradesmen. In their public corporate character they may not employ the King to commit individual assassination or burglary; they may not send him to take purses on the highway, or fire stackyards; but they will do something more criminal and destructive. If I be a landowner, or fundholder, the King, at the command of these citizens, is to destroy my property, or seize it for their use; if I be a manufacturer, he is at such command to place me under regulations in favour of my workmen which will ruin me; if I be rich, he is in like manner to plunder me of my political rights and privileges. They proclaim that they will issue the command; you leave to him no alternative to obedience, and to me none to submission.

You may say my loss will be caused by citizens, laws, and a Parliament. I can find in it no consolation. It is the same whether my property be taken by highwaymen or citizens—by the lawless demand of a housebreaker, or the felonious law of a people. It makes no difference whether I lose my rights and privileges through the decree of a crowned despot, or the act of a tyrant Parliament.

But is it certain that this tyranny will be exercised by the body of the citizens? No; something very different is certain. Arbitrary popular power is always really wielded by a minority, as despicable in numbers as formidable in guilt. The enormities of the French Revolution were committed, not by the people, but by only a handful of them. You cannot keep the citizens, as a whole, constantly in the field, or enable them to use themselves what you endow them with: on receiving the despotism, they must, from necessity, transfer the general exercise of it to a petty faction, selected from the dregs of society.

This faction must supply your Citizen King with servants and advisers; it must give him feelings and conduct; it must familiarize him with corruption, intrigue, falsehood, injustice, and knavery; it must make him in heart a villain, despot, and traitor! He will be limited from good and wise government alone; for the contrary, he will have boundless license. Will his temptations and interests be all in favour of right and liberty? If the Citizen King and his Ministers, in obedience to their policy, should strip immense portions of the community of property and subsistence—if, to rid themselves of opposition to their popular measures, they should divest the Peers of political power, suppress the Church, and seize its possessions, incapacitate rich men for holding public trusts, and impose an *ex officio* silence on all hostile writers and speakers, they would be enthusiastically supported in it by the citizens. If, in doing this, they should trample on law, heap corrupt treasure on the King, overwhelm his illegitimate children with dignities, and secure to them the succession, and turn the revenue to the most profligate uses, the citizens would warmly sanction it.

Thus, your Citizen King will really only be limited where limitation is tyranny. Your restrictions will merely free him from the restraints and disabilities which rest on the absolute monarch. What is the latter? A sovereign who, with his servants and party, is in effect largely under the control of the privileged and wealthy classes, although he has nominally the power to do any thing. But your Citizen King and his faction are to be exempted from all control.

Where is the security that he will not use the means you place within his reach for enslaving the citizens? The House of Peers is to be practically destroyed, the aristocracy and clergy are to be deprived of power, and property is to lose both control and influence: All these are to be thrown out of your system, for good as well as evil; they are to be as effectually disabled for aiding, as for opposing the citizens. He will only have to gain the House of Commons and the army; with regard to the former, he could corrupt its source, he would have a large part under his control, and the leaders, as well as the body, would be precisely men to be easily purchased. With the army he could have no difficulty.

If I must choose between an absolute sovereign and your Citizen King, I must prefer one tyrant to millions —arbitrary power, restrained in a large degree by interest and the opinion of the world, to a restless, savage despotism, free from all restraint, and perpetually invited to wallow in the darkest crimes. I must seek shelter in the absolute monarch, from the scorpion sceptre of an absolute people.

To guard against such tyranny, I must have a due portion of power bestowed on the wealthy classes. I put aside the empty, mischievous names of aristocracy, democracy, and mixed form of government; it is the same to me whether your political fabric be a monarchy or republic. I must give power to the Peer on account of his estate, but not of his title; I must give it in a special form, to place him, as one of the people, on a fair level with the rest, and for general benefit, but not to separate him and his brethren from the people. I must mix all ranks and classes, not to produce a compound of three great independent powers, but to place the people at large in proper equality and connexion. I live under what is taken in essentials as the model of republics; therefore what matters it if it be called a monarchy? The nobles of my country have only the republican privilege of serving the people; and this, with republican rights, is all I seek for them.

You wish to deprive all wealthy men, and especially the Peers, of power. Your vote by ballot, and other things, are confessedly, or evidently, intended to exclude them from office, and make them a powerless minority. The House of Commons, you declare, chosen by the rest of the people, ought to be the supreme dictator over the other House of Parliament, as well as the Crown. The flagrant injustice and oppression of this must first be noticed. You insist that the Peers shall have no share in electing the House of Commons, and that as legislators, they shall servilely obey it in all important matters: they are excluded from sitting in it. In reality, therefore, they are to be wholly disfranchised—to be as much restricted from participating in the management of public affairs, saving minor things, as the subjects of a despotism. Republicanism, in its horror of aristocrats, still abhors and shuns the iniquity. Rich men, whom no title brands and disqualifies, are to be allowed to occupy seats in the House of Commons, but disabled for becoming the representatives of their own class—they are to be suffered to vote for its members, but incapacitated for electing any. Here, again, are virtual disfranchisement and despotism; if a republic sanction them, they are not the less criminal.

Equitable and virtuous equality looks at essentials, but not names and appearances; it seeks uniformity of end, and to produce this it diversifies its means; it does not arm one combatant, and bind the hands of the other behind him. Your equality gives the aggressive part of the people an irresistible army, and will not allow the defensive one a single soldier.

Your great object, as you declare, is to make the lower part of the people despotic over the House of Commons, and this House despotic over both the King and the House of Peers. How am I to find in this the mixed form of government? Where is the republic which makes so deep a plunge into pure democracy? If I look at that of the United States, I find in substance, though not in name, the three estates—a King and Peers, as well as Commons. I perceive that the representatives have no such power of tyranny and dictation; but on the contrary, they, like the President and Senate, have their limitations and disabilities. It is in truth an absolute monarchy compared with that you seek to establish in this country. I see very weighty reasons against going farther into actual republicanism than the most fierce republicans deem necessary.

You give the citizens despotic power over the *choice* of the House of Commons, but not over its *conduct*; consequently you only enable them to select, but not to guide, a despot. When chosen, this House must possess over them, as well as the King and Peers, the extreme of arbitrary power for seven years. Examine well the despotism you are essaying to establish. Putting aside the King and Peers, what have you to restrain it from the very worst conduct? Laws? —it is wholly above them; it can annul or make any law as easily as the absolute tyrant can issue his decree. Public meetings? It can practically repress them, by sending all men to prison who may speak against it, individually or collectively. The press? It can silence it by imprisonment; moreover, if it have the King as its menial, it can exercise the powers of the Attorney-General. The publicity of its proceedings? It can envelope them in profound secrecy. The King and Peers form the only actual restraints which rest upon it; they are the only effectual means through which the citizens can restrict it from wrong, and dissolve it for misconduct.

In thus transforming the House of Commons into as comprehensive a tyranny as ever scourged the human race, what guarantees do you offer that it will never deviate from integrity and wisdom? None. With regard to making the King its slave, it will compel him to take its own leaders for ministers, and then they will be one; the King will be the House, although the House will be the King. As it will be elected by, it will in the main consist of, one party; and this party must possess office. The House of Commons will practically be also the Ministry; and will it, in the one character, duly watch its own conduct in the other? The King, individually, will be enslaved, but his Ministers will be rendered despotic. By making the House a tyranny, you will make the Cabinet one; you will combine them into an Executive free from responsibility and restriction.

It is very evident, that if you make the House of Commons despotic over the King, and practise your present doctrines that the Peers ought to be placed—by creations and otherwise—at their joint command, you really create a despotic Executive—you in effect place institutions, laws, the public purse, right, and liberty, at the mercy of Ministers. Your scheme, therefore, for enabling the citizens to dictate to the government, will only make them its slaves; they will only gain from it the power to elect and change a sweeping tyranny septennially.

To restrain the King from tyranny, you must also restrain his servants; to restrain them, you must also restrain the legislature and all parts of the people. The limitations and disabilities which rest on the King, must extend to all below him to be effectual. Laws are worthless, if a proper power do not exist to keep them in being and operation. You can only restrain one part of the people, and thereby the government, by the privileges and weight of another; the primary elements of freedom must be found in the divisions and conflicting interests of the people, and its practice in placing these in due equipoise and relation. I grant that what is called the Aristocracy has infirmities and vices, and cannot monopolize power without being an odious tyranny; but is the case better with what is named the Democracy? Sacrificing right to expediency, is the latter more infallible and pure, or less likely to abuse power, than the former? At the best, I would trust the one as soon as the other; but, independently of this, I will not have a despotism of any description.

I must use the one to restrain the other—I must give to each sufficient power to balance and check the other—or I can have no security of person and property, privilege and liberty. A limited monarchy does not mean that the King shall be under constant dictation; it not only allows, but commands him to exercise the sovereign authority for every thing but evil. It is just as essential for him to obtain the assent of the legislature to proper measures, as it is for him to be refused it to improper ones; independent of him, as the legislature ought to be, its interests and prejudices must be so divided and balanced, that the impartial, upright part may turn the scale, or evil will be all it will suffer him to do. As in the nature of things, it must consist chiefly of interested, prejudiced men, it is only by composing it virtually of such portions of Aristocracy and Democracy, rich and poor, high and low, as will balance each other, that you can possibly extract from it wise and righteous decision on his measures.

Every one admits it to be of the first consequence for the Legislature to be independent of the Executive, and you are exceedingly anxious to make it so; it must be practically destroyed as a Legislature, if it be made in any way dependent on the Executive. If you combine them, by giving it the command, you destroy it as effectually as you would do should you place it under the command of the Ministry. To make the Legislature duly independent of the Executive, you must make the Executive duly independent of the Legislature; the independence of the one exists in that of the other. In any case, a very large part of Parliament must be identified with, and virtually a part of, the Ministry; and you can only prevent the great majority from being so, through control, on the one hand or the other, by its proper division.

It is this division, and not powerless statutes, which must enable the King to dismiss an incapable and wicked Ministry or House of Commons, compel him to do it if he lack the inclination, and prevent tyranny as much in the Legislature as in him; which must constrain both to attend to petitions and grievances, give real being and effect to the liberty of the press and the subject, and form the counterpoise in the Legislature to corruption, intrigue, servility, and profligacy.

I, of course, deem it as necessary for the Aristocracy, as for the Democracy, to possess a proper restraining power in the Legislature; therefore I deem a separate, independent House of Peers as essential as such a House of Commons. In one assembly alone, the balance could not be duly adjusted and kept in order. I speak of a restraining and preventive, but not of a controlling and aggressive power. Although you insist that the citizens should not only dispose of, but constantly exercise, the sovereignty, your schemes rigidly withhold the exercise from them; even universal suffrage and vote by ballot only permit them to elect the House of Commons—they give them no effectual means for restraining and dissolving it in case it prove imbecile, tyrannical, and traitorous. The King may use his pleasure, he may retain such a House, and it may make him despotic; and the citizens must be destitute of legal means of prevention, or they must have an independent House of Peers.

Let me now glance at your assertions that the Aristocracy is disqualified in respect of interest and capacity for exercising a due share of power.

With regard to pecuniary interest, the noble who has a large estate, the value of which necessarily fluctuates with the value of the poor man's labour, must at least have as deep an interest as the labourer in national prosperity.

The Aristocracy established and perpetuated the privileges and liberties of the nation, and this is sufficient to prove that its interests cannot be opposed to them. What is freedom of the press? It is liberty to oppose government; for liberty to support it is allowed under every despotism. Have men who possess immense property no need of a press to prevent it from being seized by tyranny, or injured by misrule? Have men who are ambitious to fill the highest offices, no need of a press to render them successful? Have men who are very rich, no personal liberty, religion, right, and privilege, which the press can defend? The Aristocracy draws its seats in the House of Commons—its power in the House of Peers—its independence of the King—its influence in the direction of public affairs—and its weight with the body of the people—from popular privileges and liberties. In the latter are based its own, and therefore it has as much apparent as well as real interest in supporting them, as any democrat whatever. A simple monarchy in every country is more fruitful of bondage and injury to the noble than to the poor man.

Touching intellect and acquirements, the debates in the House of Lords have long displayed far more of the higher attributes of eloquence, than those of the House of Commons. At this moment the Upper House ranks immeasurably above the Lower one in gifted orators; I speak of number as well as degree of talent. The followers among the Peers are at least equal to those among the Commons, without excepting the members elected by the lower part of the citizens.

Thus, while I must give a due share of power to the Aristocracy, as the only means of preserving myself and the citizens from despotism, I think it in all respects quite as trustworthy as the Democracy.

Ministers maintain that even if the House of Commons be made despotic, the King will find ample security for his independence in the love of his people. They give no proof, and I am incredulous. Why is his Majesty now so popular? Because he is obeying the wish of the people, and fighting, as they believe, their battle against the Aristocracy. It is manifest that if the present system of pledging continue, they will soon pledge their representatives, among other things, to sponge off a large part of the public debt, and strip the Church of much of her property. The King has no power to consent to this—none whatever; yet, if a despotic House of Commons should insist on his consent, and attempt to force him into robbery and perjury, it is certain enough that the people would support it; in such case, where would be his independence? Those who, while they openly endeavour to place him under the dictation of the people, assert that the love of the latter will preserve his independence, are not to be listened to.

The due independence of the King enters into the essence of national liberty. It is not only, as I have said, indispensable for establishing and protecting that of the Legislature, but it is equally so for giving due independence and freedom to the citizens. It ranks amidst the first uses of a King, to defend the minority against the majority. A government is necessary, because without it, man will injure man, one part of the people will wrong and oppress another; and the distinguishing characteristic of a free one is, it prevents not only the King, but the people, not only the few, but the many, not only the strong and rich, but the weak and poor, from possessing the power to commit injury, wrong, and oppression. A majority has no right to violate the laws of God, and indestructible natural right, because it is one; it has no more right to do so than the individual. If nine-tenths of the peoplei nsist that treaties shall be broken, the law of nations shall be trampled on, the public debt shall not be paid, or the other tenth shall be plundered and banished, it ought to be as sternly resisted in them, as in one-tenth, or the King himself. If you place, as you wish, the Legislature under the control of the majority, where must the power of resistance exist, save in the King's independence?

Even in matters of expediency, it is necessary, for the sake of the citizens, that the majority should be resisted when in error. If it should wish to suppress the state of religion, or convert the monarchy into a republic, or destroy Trial by Jury and the freedom of the Press; it does not follow that it ought to be suffered to do so. Its sovereignty is, in reason and right, not a despotic, but a limited one; freedom knows as little of an unlimited majority, as of an unlimited monarch; it ought to be as much withstood in pernicious principles and measures as the individual. A King should be in the body politic what reason is in the human body—a power to curb and guide the imagination and passions, to give due direction to the will. The widest extent of liberty, in regard to both enjoyment and preservation, calls for the greatest share of wisdom in the management of public interests. While, in ethics, it is your rule to make reason paramount, as the means of saving the individual from every ill, you do exactly the contrary in political science. Your fundamental axioms make the wealthy and learned part of the people an impotent minority; and in this they practically doom the national reason to be constantly outvoted and excluded from office; then they decide that the national imagination and passions shall be servilely obeyed by the King, without reference to truth or falsehood, wisdom or folly, profit or ruin. Here again, if it were possible for you to place the Legislature under the majority's dictation, where could the power of resistance have being save in the King's independence?

But you cannot place the Legislature under such control and dictation; its privileges render it, in conduct, independent of the people; if it attempt to plunge into destructive crime and error, in defiance of the majority, the latter can only prevent it through the independence of the King.

I, of course, speak of an independence limited according to necessity and use. The doctrine, that the King ought to have a sufficiency of positive power in the Legislature to carry his measures, is not sanctioned by me, although it has been promulgated in high quarters. I draw the line between positive power and negative, command and refusal, aggression and defence. I claim for the King power even in abundance, to *prevent* the Legislature from carrying guilty and injurious measures, but I cannot go farther, without destroying its independence. The means for enabling him to carry in it salutary, nay, necessary ones, must be found in its independent construction. It exists to restrain him from bad measures, and I cannot disable it from doing this, to enable him to carry good ones.

Your reasons for manufacturing Citizen Kings exhibit any thing rather than truth and solidity. I cannot think, with you, that because the doctrines of "divine right" and "legitimacy" are erroneous, a King has no rights whatever; claiming no more for him than for any other man, I cannot claim less. History would write liar on my forehead, were I to assert, with you, that, because it is bigotry to maintain Kings cannot err, they are, in the gross, idiots and tyrants. I admit those to be sycophants and slaves who cover royalty with adulation, and teach abject submission to its will; but I must likewise think that they are equally so who do the same touching the multitude. The man who invests what he calls the people with infallibility, misleads them, inflames their passions, panders to their guilt, and calls for unlimited obedience to their desires, is, in my judgment, a more depraved villain—a more despicable wretch—than the most unprincipled courtier that ever licked dust at the foot of a throne.

If your abuse were as true as it is false, I would sweep away Kings root and branch, but not commit the monstrous folly of binding them from abuse of power, by placing over me an Executive utterly incapable of managing public affairs, preventing civil commotion, and protecting my person and possessions. I must have an Executive strong, exceedingly strong, even mighty for the discharge of its duties; and I cannot be so far my own enemy, as to make it, though it be a kingly one, powerless, that I may make it innoxious.

For the sake of myself and the citizens, let me remonstrate with you on your conduct. You know that Kings have as much infirmity and vice as other men, but not more; history proves, that they are fully equal to the average of their species; you are sure that they are just as fit as other men to be placed at the head of the Executive. Why, then, do you cover them with these falsehoods? Boast of truth—I am its friend; let us have it in its naked severity; speak without caring whom its blaze may scathe and destroy; but let it not be kept alone from the people. You wish to obtain free and good government—I am with you; but is it to be obtained by deluding and inflaming those who are to fashion and live under it? Is it to be established by filling the people with the most groundless and mischievous opinions, touching those who are to be its leading functionaries, or preserved by teaching the subject to hate and assail the ruler? The people, and not kings, are the real victims of your falsehoods.

You wish to make kings good and wise, is it then not necessary to place their bonds and temptations on the side of goodness and wisdom? On glancing at the Citizen King of France, I find that almost ever since he received his ill-starred crown, he has been involved in a contest with his citizens, which has broken to pieces Ministry after Ministry, whether Jacobite or Royalist, Republican or Monarchial, and at times has placed him on the verge of dethronement. What has he been contending for? To observe treaties and public law, save not only France but Europe from war, and defend the institutions confided to his keeping. Recently, he has been compelled, against the conviction of himself and his servants, to introduce a measure for making a vital change in the institutions I have named. Whether he can yet save himself, without the aid of the sword and the establishment of despotism, is extremely doubtful. Here, then, is a King who cannot be upright without resorting to intrigue and corruption, who cannot keep a Ministry in being without sacrificing the public weal, who is compelled to save his sceptre by perjury, and who has the choice before him of being a tyrant or an exile! If you place a King and his servants, according to your desire and endeavours, under the dictation of the majority, they can only be honest through knavery, faithful through breach of obligation, and wise through falsehood and tyranny.

Will you serve domestic peace and order by thus involving the King and the subject in eternal conflict for the mastery? Will you benefit liberty, and those whom you call the citizens, by placing a King in circumstances which must give him the soul of a knave, deceiver, murderer, and tyrant; and infuse the same soul into every Minister who may serve him?

Are your charges against the Aristocracy true or false? For the sake of the people, let us here have the whole truth without disguise or reserve. Fiends never concocted any thing more thoroughly baseless; men more disinterested and patriotic than the Peers and country gentlemen of England, never served and adorned any nation. I speak from the history of my country; for the blood they have shed, and the wealth they have sacrificed, to secure her liberties, and promote her happiness, are not matter of assertion.

Your charges are false—they are atrocious calumnies—they are not the less so, if they be published in a newspaper by—(Oh! shame to the judge, and woe to the people)—the Lord Chancellor of England! What profit can they yield to the citizens? Is war a thing so desirable, that because we cannot conveniently find it abroad, we must light it up at home? Is the scattered and disjointed British empire of such construction, that its parts, integral and colonial, can only be preserved from falling asunder by the fire and sword of civil commotion? Is liberty to be secured by inciting one part of the community to oppress and destroy another; or prosperity to be served by making intestine animosity and convulsion the source and guide of all legislation?

You justify yourselves by the plea, that you wish to give its due share of power to the Democracy. What share? You insist that both the King and the Legislature ought to be placed under its dictation. Have, then, the people no infirmities and vices? I will adopt the Lord Chancellor's distinction, and throw out the populace as no part of the people. I do it, however, for the sake of argument; for I know that even yet the patriotism, honesty, and virtue of England, exist as extensively in the labouring, as in the middle classes. Assuming, then, that the middle classes alone constitute the people, are they incapable of being deluded and misled—of acting from interested motives—of wielding a despotism for any other purpose than to benefit right and freedom, prosperity and happiness? I cannot but perceive a wide difference between the power to elect a Legislature, and that to dictate to one; speaking with reference to the latter, I ask, on what principle of right and justice you thus scoop half a million of tyrants from the heart of the population, and make all the rest their slaves? If the people ought to dictate, why not the whole, instead of this petty, sordid, servile fraction of them? You can find no precedent or justification for vesting this dictating power in either an oligarchy of shopkeepers, or the body of the people. A limited monarchy knows it not—a republic forbids it—right and freedom cannot exist with it: Government, whether monarchical or republican, has being to prevent the whole people, or any part of them, from exercising the sovereignty, in order that the latter may be placed where it will be under proper regulation and responsibility.

The Democracy demonstrably and undeniably has its infirmities and vices as well as the King and Aristocracy; and is as unfit as either to be intrusted with absolute power. It can only be placed under due restraint by both—by the one, as well as the other. By concealing this truth from the people, and inciting them to throw their chains over both as a matter of right, you are knowingly leading them to their own ruin and slavery.

I am a comprehensive reformer—but I am so to preserve, and not to destroy, my freedom. If I cannot get rid of the nomination boroughs without practically suppressing the

House of Peers, they must remain, with all their evils. I can easily see, in the present state of the House of Commons, that when the system of pledging and agency shall be brought into full operation, it will be devoid in the last degree of talent and integrity, and moreover must of necessity be the abject slave of one Ministry or another. In such case, liberty and wise government must depend mainly on the independent existence of the Upper House. Carry the Reform Bill by a creation of Peers, and such a precedent in these times will be the virtual extinction of the Peers as an independent part of the Legislature. You cannot be ignorant of this—therefore you must be aware, that you are inciting the people to such reform through the overthrow of the constitution and liberty.

If the nomination boroughs be evils, cannot they be removed without destroying the equipoise of the three estates? Does it follow that because individual lords have no right to their members, the right belongs to petty knots of shopkeepers; or that because reform is necessary, none but a special scheme ought to be adopted? What prevents you from carrying, not trifling, but comprehensive reform—such as will include the suppression of these obnoxious boroughs? The Peers do not; a large majority of them will support you, provided you strike out of your plan things which the popular cry never made essentials, and add to it securities which the body of the people will not object to. You are, therefore, yourselves the real enemies of reform—the real opponents of popular rights, who prevent its triumph.

Reform is necessary—granted; but is it necessary to obtain it by suspending trade and plunging the people into starvation—by filling the empire with disaffection and convulsion—by throwing all the affairs of the empire into disorder—by bringing the two Houses of Parliament into conflict, destroying the independence of both, and making a profligate Ministry despotic—by producing a state of things which in this moment must give arbitrary power to the Crown, and in the next must ensure revolution? You are now seeking it at this terrible price, when you need only common honesty to gain it gratuitously.

In making great changes of law and institution, the scruples of those who resist are entitled to as much attention as the wishes of those who assail. Common right and justice, as well as constitutional practice, demand that compromise and sacrifice shall be carried as far on one side as on the other. If a King, in judging between two mighty divisions of his subjects, can only extend concession to one, and will rather act the despot than listen to those who combat for his throne, he knows but little of his duty and interest. If a Ministry, instead of making the surrender imposed on it by solemn obligations, carry its measures of change through the violation of the constitution and arbitrary power, and at the hazard of producing every possible national calamity; its members ought not to escape the punishment which is never escaped by less guilty traitors.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.
A Bystander.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—The rumour which reached you was not without foundation—the statement contained in your letter is substantially true.

I find, by enquiry, that Lord Anglesea left Ireland on Saturday last to attend his duty in Parliament; and that the vision, or apparition, or whatever it may be called, was seen by him on Sunday evening.

In one important point your information is incorrect. It was not the ghost of his father which he saw, but that of his own leg, which claimed identity with his former self, and roundly upbraided him for his desertion of his principles.

You know that, to Anglesea, fear is a stranger. He therefore regarded his most unexpected visitor with a pleased surprise, and was about to be as familiar as of old, when the dialogue ensued, of which the following is a faithful report. It was collected from his Excellency's private secretary, who was a secret witness of the whole occurrence, and who, when questioned concerning it by a friend of mine, shook his head significantly, and, with his usual tone of contemplative earnestness, replied, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

AN AUTHENTIC REPORT OF A DIALOGUE WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA, AND THE GHOST OF HIS LEG, WHICH WAS AMPUTATED UPON THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

Anglesea. Eh, What! My own Leg! Alive, as I live, and well as ever! We shall become acquainted again, my old boy ——

Leg. More than your own consent will be necessary for that.

Ang. What the devil! Speaking too! Can I believe my ears! Why, this rivals the cobbler and his cock! But, quondam helpmate, why fight shy of your old friend? You had not learned to *run away* when you and I were formerly acquainted.

Leg. When Anglesea forgets himself, his limbs may well refuse their office.

Ang. Confound the knave,—this is personal. Whatever others may have said or done, I never could think that you would have *lifted up your heel* against me.

Leg. As little could I have thought that you, my Lord Marquis, would have flown in the face of your former self, and tarnished a life of honour by a base desertion of sacred principles.

Ang. I am amazed! But come, little Hobgoblin, let us have your opinion of affairs in general? If you are what you seem to be, your judgment ought *to carry weight.* At least I have known you when you deserved the character of a *good understanding.*

Leg. I wish I could honestly return the compliment. But your Lordship was always reputed to be more witty than wise. My judgment of affairs in general does not differ materially from that which you yourself would have formed when you left me behind you upon the plains of Waterloo.

Ang. You recall proud and glorious recollections; but, I know not why, they do not bring with them the pleasure with which they were once regarded.

Leg. The reason is because they stand contrasted with your present conduct. Who could recognise the chivalrous champion of the cause of social order, the indignant queller of Jacobinism, in the person of the supporter of the radical Reform Bill!

Ang. Nay, my Leg, you are now talking like a *calf.* Times are changed. Our conduct must be governed by circumstances.

Leg. If you had any *soul*—nay, if your *understanding* were not "*levior cortice,*" you could not think so. Times are changed, but principles are eternal. You fought against revolutionary France; you now abet a measure which must revolutionize England!

Ang. There I think you will be

found a false prophet. I support the Reform Bill, because I consider it the only means of averting revolution.

Leg. Then you do not consider it a good "per se," but only that it will prevent a greater evil?

Ang. Just so.

Leg. And how will it prevent it?

Ang. By satisfying the wishes of the people.

Leg. Are you sure that, by passing the present bill, they will be satisfied? Has the popular appetite ever yet been appeased by just such concessions as may be extorted from the fears of the privileged orders? Does it not grow by what it feeds on? And can infatuation itself induce you to believe that, by increasing the power of the democracy of England, you avert the danger of revolution? As well might you feed the madman with strong drink for the purpose of bringing him to reason!

Ang. Upon my life, you talk uncommonly well. You almost make me believe that I ought to be under the sod at Waterloo, and you in the House of Lords. You give tongue a devilish deal better than I can.

Leg. It is my cause, my Lord, that makes me eloquent, and *your* cause that makes you dumb. I feel no little pleasure in perceiving that there still lingers about you a sufficiency of right feeling to render it difficult for you to defend it.

Ang. Come, come,—the Reform Bill is very susceptible of defence. Surely, we Peers could not, with any face, continue longer to exercise the prodigious influence that hitherto belonged to us in the nomination of members of the House of Commons.

Leg. Does your Lordship admit that the nobility of England ought to possess *any* such influence?

Ang. Why, yes,—to a reasonable and moderate degree, I think it might be allowed—but, as it was, it was monstrous!

Leg. Will your Lordship please to inform me whether, monstrous as it was, it enabled the House of Lords *to control* the House of Commons? whether it encroached upon the freedom of their debates, or gave an unduly aristocratical bias to their deliberations?

Ang. Why, no. I cannot say it did. But still it was confoundedly unpopular.

Leg. Then your Lordship admits two things; first, that the influence complained of is not objectionable *in a certain degree*, and, secondly, that it was not exercised in *any degree* that was dangerous in the British Parliament. Why, then, abet the senseless outcry that was raised against it? Your Lordship well knows that the Peerage of England were never so little able to invade the privileges of the other branches of the constitution as they are at present, even if it were as true as it is false that they were inclined to do so. You must also be aware that there seldom has been a period when their own peculiar privileges stood more in jeopardy. Can any thing, therefore, be more preposterous than to employ that time in fortifying the democracy against *imaginary*, which ought to be employed in protecting your own order against *real* dangers?

Ang. But is there no danger in resisting the popular momentum that at present presses upon it? Must we not yield something, if we would retain any thing?

Leg. Can this be the language of the Anglesea of Waterloo? Is it true that our nobles are come to ninepence? Well may the cause of the constitution be lost, when its champion, who burned to break a lance with Bonaparte, quails before the ragamuffins of England!

Ang. Ragamuffins! No. The King is for the Bill. It numbers on its side a goodly array of potent and right noble supporters.

Leg. If they be for it, as you are for it, either because they conceive it to be the less of two evils, or, because they have not the courage to confront popular violence, or the ability to dissipate popular delusion, the case is not materially changed. It will still be the triumph of democratic force over aristocratic weakness. The time was, when Anglesea would have spurned a compromise as inglorious and humiliating to the soldier, as it is disgraceful to the senator, and must prove ruinous to the constitution.

Ang. But how the devil can the thing be avoided now? Tell me that. Granting that we have foolishly got into a scrape, how are we to get out of it? In my mind, we have but one course to pursue, even to go on as we have commenced, whatever may be the dangers which threaten our advance. I think you will yourself allow that retreat would be ruin?

Leg. Alas! my lord, how different is the feeling with which you now give the word of command to advance, from that with which, on former occasions, you commissioned me to send the rowel of your spurs into the side of your charger? I shall only say, that if the Peerage does not possess the courage and the virtue to oppose their wisdom to the madness of the people, the monarchy of England is at an end. I, who have heard the roar of the cannon, and seen the flash of the sabres in a hundred fights, would rather, a thousand times, be cut down, like the Roman Senate of old, in the discharge of my hereditary duties, and the defence of my ancestral privileges, than be a consenting party to a measure so fraught with ruin and degradation.

Ang. A truce with politics for a short time, old friend, and give me some account of your reception in the other world.

Leg. Nothing could be more gratifying. You would scarcely regret my loss; indeed, I myself scarcely regretted the calamity which separated me from you, when I felt the benignant cordiality with which I was welcomed by the good old King, your then late royal master. He was leaning upon your venerable father, who seemed to be as high as ever in his good graces, when I was announced. There was a gleam of radiant pleasure upon the countenance of the King, as he turned to the Earl, and said—"Uxbridge, how shall I repay the debt of gratitude which I owe your family?" I could observe a tear upon the old man's cheek, as he answered, sobbingly, "My boy has only done his duty." Alas! could I then suppose that the time was so near at hand, when all memory of your sacrifices for the defence, were to be obliterated in the contemplation of your efforts for the overthrow, of the constitution!

Ang. A truce with politics, I say. What else occurred on that occasion?

Leg. The King presented me to William Pitt, who was walking with Edmund Burke, disburdened of all earthly cares, and enjoying a most tranquil serenity. He noticed me with kindness, enquired with interest concerning affairs above, and was for a moment wrapped in thought when I mentioned the downfall of Bonaparte. He then raised his eyes to Burke, and said, with a most reverential ardour, "What prophetic sagacity!" At this Sheridan came up, who, by the by, seemed to be as good a courtier below as he was a demagogue above, and, having made up all differences with his old antagonists, was filling the office of "right merry and conceited jester" to the court of George the Third, in the Elysian Fields. Pitt introduced me to him, saying, that his Majesty was very desirous I should be taken good care of, and that he wished to consult him as to how I might be most advantageously placed. "Anglesea's Leg, Anglesea's Leg?" said Sheridan, "Why, that ought to be *mounting a breach*—and, if my advice be followed, it will be placed so as that the great toe shall approach within an aim's ace of Tom Paine's seat of honour."—But, alas! how will they regard me now? I was then honoured and caressed. I must now encounter, not only the scurvy jests of Sheridan, but the tender and melancholy reproachfulness of my sovereign, the indignant reprehension of Burke, and from Pitt, cold and contumelious alienation!

Ang. Had you any conversation with my father?

Leg. I had. The old man examined my wound, and earnestly enquired how you bore the amputation? Like a soldier, I told him:—like one who thought not of life or limb, when the sacrifice was required by his country. He shrunk for a moment at the thought of your sufferings; but presently parental and patriotic pride prevailed, and he rejoiced at having given birth to a son, who so nobly trode the path of honour. I should not like to meet him now;—indeed, the last time I approached, the old man turned away from me!

Ang. What—resentfully?

Leg. No. It was more in sorrow than in anger. He seemed like one suffering poignantly under a sense of deep and painful humiliation.

Ang. Does he not know how popular I am in Ireland?

Leg. Yes. He heard that you were patronised by Daniel O'Connell, and one Lord Cloncurry. He also heard that you were so conducting yourself, as to be deservedly a favourite with the Popish clergy.

Ang. Cloncurry *is* my friend—and the priests are very good fellows; but that is not what I mean. Did not my father hear that I was prodigiously popular with the great body of the people?

Leg. Not half so popular as Philip Egalité was with the people of France but one short year before his execution. But there, of course, the comparison ceases. He was the Judas of his order; you are the "decus" and the "tutamen" of yours. But, be this as it may, your popularity in Ireland was a subject from which your good father did not seem to derive much consolation.

Ang. And yet, let me tell you, it is *something* to conciliate, as I have done, a turbulent and disorderly population.

Leg. How far you may have succeeded in so doing, I will not at present stop to enquire. But there are two modes of conciliating such a body of men—one is, by bringing them over to your way of thinking; —another, by your passing over to theirs.

Ang. I do not understand you.

Leg. Have you ever heard the story of the soldier, who, when called by his officer to join the ranks, said he was busy, and could not come. The officer asked him what he was about. He said he had caught a Tartar. The officer replied, Bring him with you. The answer was, He will not come. Then, leave him there, and come yourself, said the officer. The poor fellow replied, "*He won't let me.*" I greatly fear, my Lord, that your mode of *conciliating* the mob does not differ very widely from this method of *catching the Tartar.*

Ang. Nay, nay—I can do any thing I please with the people of Ireland.

Leg. Indeed?

Ang. Aye, that I can.

Leg. Can you reconcile them to the payment of tithes?

Ang. Umph—No. You have me there.

Leg. And yet they know, as well as your Lordship, that tithes are no real grievance. They know perfectly well, that whatever is not paid to the clergyman, must be paid to the landlord;—and that, if tithes were abolished to-morrow, the poor would not be gainers by a single farthing. If, therefore, a prejudice prevails against them, it can only be because of the hostility with which the established church is regarded;—and any acquiescence in that prejudice, amounts to a betrayal of the interests of that church. When, therefore, you talk of that sympathy of feeling which exists between you and the Popish rabble upon this subject, is it that Anglesea has become a radical, or that the mob have become enlightened?

Ang. That is a delicate subject. But, to tell you a secret, I hardly think it fair that people who profess one religion should support the clergy of those who profess another.

Leg. But the property of the church is not paid out of any funds which can with fairness be said to belong of right to any class of people but the clergy themselves. There is no estate in the kingdom which was not burdened with tithes, long before it came into the possession of its present occupant. Does he hold it by inheritance? He holds it subject to the conditions of the original grant; and one of these reserves the right of the clergy to their tithes. Has he acquired it by purchase? He has accurately calculated the value of the tithes, and taken good care that his purchase-money should be less, by that amount, than what he would consent to pay if the estate were subject to no such incumbrance; so that, if tithes were abolished to-morrow, he could pretend no right to them. The same observations apply to the humblest of the cottier tenantry. They pay at present, in two several sums, what they should pay in one sum, if the property of the church were taken away. And, when the sum total of what is exacted from them is not increased, what difference can it make to them that one of their landlords wears a blue coat, while the other wears a black one?

Ang. But, before I answer you, who the devil taught you this lingo? You never learned any thing like this from me.

Leg. My Lord, since I parted from you, I have kept good company.

Ang. You have, have you? But see—I consider church property the property of the state; and that it is competent to government to take it into their own hands, and make such a disposition of it, as may, in their view of the matter, best conduce to the religious well-being of the community.

Leg. Without either admitting or disputing your position, give me leave to ask, to what it is intended to lead?

Ang. Why, to this—for you know I love to speak my mind—a fair division of church property between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant clergy.

Leg. And it is thus that your Lordship would consult the religious well-being of the community! You would pay one set of men for preaching the gospel, and another set of men for concealing the gospel! You would pay one set of professors for teaching truth, and another set of professors for teaching falsehood! This is certainly a height of wisdom to which your noble father never attained.

Ang. No, surely, how could he? He lived in an age of prejudice. I live in an age of liberality. He may, therefore, be excused for not knowing that truth and falsehood are nothing in themselves, but only the various appearances which views or opinions assume in the eyes of those who oppose, or who entertain them. It is below the dignity of the state to busy itself with merely polemical considerations.

Leg. Assuredly he was ignorant of that great secret. He thought that there was *a reality* in religion; and that it was the bounden duty of the state to adopt and to cherish *that* religion which seemed best calculated to make men like unto Christ, their Saviour. His principles did not lead to the persecution of ANY mode of faith; but he could consent to the *establishment* of that alone which was strictly agreeable to the standard of Scripture. I need not tell you with what filial reverence he loved the Church of England, nor say how bitterly he would deplore any plunder of its patrimony, or distribution of its possessions, for the purpose of giving a substantive and permanent existence to the errors and the heresies to which it was opposed. In his judgment, no state could be led into conduct like this, which was at all solicitous "to provide good gifts for its children." By so acting, he could not but believe that it would be undoing with one hand what it sought to do with the other; and, that the only practical lesson which could in reality be learned from such a practice, was this, that all creeds were either equally true or equally false; equally insignificant, or equally important. In a word, that religion was only adopted from a kind of state necessity, and should only be attended to for political convenience.

Ang. Why, you reason like an Oxford professor. But, come, answer me this plain question, Should not the established religion of any country be that which is professed by the majority of the people?

Leg. The established religion ought to be no other than that which is conceived to be the true religion. I am not able to see any necessary connexion between truth and numbers. But that may be because of my blindness. I grant that your Lordship has high authority on your side.

Ang. Yes, the excellent Paley maintained in effect that the religion of the state should be determined by the multiplication table.

Leg. He did, my Lord. But you would scarcely rely upon his authority upon that subject, if you had seen the earnestness with which, one day in company with Burke and Pitt, he lamented having ever been betrayed into such an error. The conversation was one of the most interesting I ever listened to.

Ang. Pray give me some idea of it.

Leg. The question was, whether the Church should be regarded as merely auxiliary to those purposes to which the state is subservient, the political wellbeing of social man; or whether the state should be so fashioned as might best conduce to the accomplishment of those purposes which the church is intended to answer, namely, the progressive developement of our moral nature. Burke observed, that the decision of that question must depend upon this, whether man is, predominantly, a moral or a social being—that is, whether he is susceptible of morality for the perfection of his social qualities, or endowed with social qualities for the perfection of his morality. Now this, again, he observed, must depend upon the truth or falsehood of revealed religion. If religion be true—if the Bible be a revelation from God—man *is* predominantly a moral creature. His social qualities *were* given him for the improvement of his moral; and therefore the church, by which his moral nature is to be developed and purified, and through whose instrumentality alone he may be enabled to attain all the perfection of which he is susceptible, should be regarded as the *primary object* in all political arrangements. Paley implicitly assented to all this; and Burke acknowledged that he himself had not clear notions upon the subject, before his departure from the world.

Ang. Then, it is not here alone that individuals may be found who are chargeable with political inconsistency. That is the heaviest accusation which you bring against me, and yet you see that it may be equally alleged against your prince of sages.

Leg. Not equally. There is some difference between changing for the better and changing for the worse. You were born an aristocrat, and possessed opportunities, both of education and intercourse, which should have given you large and lofty views; and yet you have degenerated into a plebeian in politics. He was born a plebeian; and yet, by the virtuous application of his mental powers, and the due use of his natural advantages, he became an enlightened statesman.

Ang. Good words, my Leg. Recollect, that if I have disgraced myself, you yourself must share in my disgrace. But, come, you will admit this at least, that, whatever may be my notions of the church, I have made an honest and virtuous disposal of church patronage.

Leg. If that be so, it speaks very ill either for the worth or the utility of the present Irish clergy.

Ang. What do you mean? Do you mean to deny me credit for that?

Leg. Pray, who is the present Dean of Down?

Ang. He is a son of the Lord Chancellor, the Honourable Mr Plunkett.

Leg. And what, may I ask, are his claims to such preferment?

Ang. Why, he is a very worthy young man. Have you any thing to say against him?

Leg. I would only respectfully ask whether there are not very many worthy old men who might have been more suitably preferred to that dignity? Mr Plunkett may be a worthy young man; but is he a man of ability? is he a man who has distinguished himself by any service which he performed for the church? And are there not at least an hundred others who possess equal worth, and have been more distinguished for their services and ability? Why, then, should he have been preferred before them? or, what claims can he be said to possess, above one thousand others, except alone that he is the son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland?

Ang. Surely, neither Burke, nor my father, nor any one else, would deny that we must take care of our political friends?

Leg. But not by rank injustice; or by sacrificing the best interests of that great moralizing institute, for the purpose of upholding which, in its pristine perfection and dignity, a statesman should pass by any political friendships.

Ang. What? Has it not been the uniform practice of Pitt and Castlereagh, and all of them ——

Leg. Pitt bitterly acknowledged his error. I remember it was in that same conversation to which I have already alluded. Church property, he remarked, can only be esteemed sacred, when the purposes for which it was intended are sacredly observed. These are—the promotion of piety, and the encouragement of learning. Inasmuch as a devotion to these objects presupposes a separation from secular affairs, it is right that a provision should be made for the individuals who thus devote themselves; and, as they must be considered as benefactors to the community, that *that* provision should be as respectable, and as permanent, as any by which professional ability of any other kind is rewarded. This, he observed, is the only effectual mode of securing a regular supply of honest and able labourers in that sacred calling. Occasional volunteers there might be, and there would be, whose zeal would attach them to the service of religion, without any consideration of a secular nature; nay, who could not be repressed by any discouragements, from devoting themselves to what they conceived to be the cause of truth and holiness. But the age of miracles has gone by; and a regular supply of faithful labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, which is his church, can only be expected when such a provision is made, as may give them and their families some reasonable chance of not being exposed to want or dependence. This can only be done, he said, looking at Burke, by incorporating, as you have well described it, church property with the great mass of private property, which thus has the guarantee of the state for its protection; while no government should presume to exercise over it any control, for use or dominion, which they would not be equally justified in exercising over the estate of any private gentleman in the kingdom. So far, he added, I hope I have always acted upon the wise maxims of our ancestors. So far, the principle upon which church property rests has been, by me at least, untouched. But in this I blame myself, that in my promotions I did not always duly observe the sacred purposes for which it was appointed. I suffered myself in such matters to be too much influenced by political considerations. Church property, in our sense of the word, is only defensible when strictly applied to those purposes for which it was intended. If considered merely a government patronage, any other species of property would do just as well. We could not contend for its sacredness or inalienability, if it was only to be employed, as I too frequently employed it, for the purpose of purchasing Parliamentary support. We could not, with any thing like consistency, defend it as though it was intended for one purpose, while we employed it for another. I therefore consider its *misappropriation* but as the precursor of its *alienation;* and I bitterly repent of every single instance in which, while I was in power, professional services were overlooked, and political subserviency was rewarded.

Ang. Burke of course approved of all this?

Leg. He did; and added, that in sacrificing church property to merely political purposes, not only was it desecrated from its proper use, and great injustice done to meritorious individuals, but those very ends which were sought in the prostitution of it, were seldom or never attained. For instance, said he, it has been very much the practice of government to employ church property in purchasing a temporary support, by which they might be protected against Jacobinism; now I am persuaded, that the neglect of the church which was thus caused has been the most fruitful source of Jacobinism that could be assigned. For the sake of a doubtful remedy against contagion when it occurs, we were parting with an antiseptic, by which it might have been prevented. All this I remember, not only because of the instruction which I derived from it myself, but because of the delight with which it was listened to by your venerable father.

Ang. Upon my life, this is very wonderful! I protest I do not know whether I am standing on my head or my heels! You relate such things as make me almost regret that I did not accompany you to the other world.

Leg. Had you done so, I should have been spared much pain and tification.

Ang. It cannot be helped now though. But tell me, had you any companion in your late abode like yourself; I mean any honoured limb of a gallant soldier?

Leg. Yes. I was intimately acquainted with Sir Henry Hardinge's hand. He had arrived but two days before me, had been amazingly well received, and, until of late, we were inseparable. How did I envy him the feelings of honest pride with which he had occasion always to regard the conduct of his surviving master! We are, however, intimate no longer. There had been for some time a little estrangement—I think it may be dated from your second appointment to your present station; but when the news arrived of your adhesion to the framers of the Reform Bill, Pitt and Fox (for these two old antagonists are now united, and, as far as I could observe, one in sentiment and action) came and took my friend away, observing, that the King had some commands for him; and while they scrupulously avoided wounding my feelings, for they saw that I was sadly chagrined, I could too clearly perceive that they apprehended, from any contact with me, something like political contamination.

Ang. Hardinge is a good soldier, and an excellent fellow; but I do not think he is the statesman that I am.

Leg. In that you are agreed with the best judges with whom I am acquainted. He is, indeed, a statesman of a very different stamp.

Ang. Come, come, it is idle to keep up such a pother about this Reform Bill. You know it must pass; and the sooner the better. Surely it would not be wise to delay it like Emancipation, until what might have been a measure of grace became a matter of necessity.

Leg. That is a sore subject with the great ones below. I have often heard them talk of it.

Ang. They do not disapprove of Emancipation surely? Burke and Pitt were its earliest advocates.

Leg. And yet, had they been living when it was passed, they would have sooner laid their heads on the block than have been consenting parties to it. They regard it as the immediate cause of the calamities which at present impend over England.

Ang. As how, pray?

Leg. By breaking up the conservative party. Granting that Emancipation was a good, (upon which, however, I have not formed a very decided opinion,) it was not a good that should have been purchased at the risk of so tremendous an evil. Burke and Pitt were favourable to Emancipation, when it might possibly have strengthened the conservative party. To strengthen that party was the object of Pitt's whole life; upon it he relied for the faith, the honour, and the glory of England. Your modern Emancipationists (who were, be it observed, the bitterest enemies of such a measure when it might have been wise) only consented to change their policy when concession was more dangerous than exclusion; when, by departing from their principle, they lost their friends, and by yielding to threats and intimidation, they encouraged and strengthened their enemies. But it is a bitter, as well as a bygone subject; so that we had better talk of it no more.

Ang. One thing I know, that I was d——d badly treated on that occasion by the Duke of Wellington.

Leg. Which has perhaps had a greater influence upon your future conduct than you are yourself aware of. I have sometimes thought, that were it not for the Duke's unceremonious treatment of you, you never would have been known as a thorough-going supporter of the present administration.

Ang. Nay, nay; that is too bad. I support the Reform Bill from conviction. As I told you before, I think we have no other alternative but Reform or Revolution.

Leg. Pray, my Lord, have you read any thing that has been written upon the subject?

Ang. I cannot say I have, except the debates. I have been too much occupied. But is there any thing in particular that you would recommend?

Leg. The press of England never so teemed with wise precautions and admonitions as at the very moment when they are most unheeded. The Quarterly Review has most ably performed its duty; but the greatest favourite with the renowned in the other world is Blackwood's Magazine. For the last eight or nine months, it has come out with a series of papers upon the subject, each of which is excellent, and all of which together evince the ruinous nature of the present measure to any mind that is not proof against conviction. I pray you, my Lord, turn to them and read them.

Ang. Impossible! What would Lady Morgan say if she caught me reading Blackwood's Magazine! I recollect it lay on the table of Lord

Francis Leveson Gower one evening when he was First Secretary, and Lady Morgan gave it such a look as you might suppose a crow would give a fowlingpiece. Besides, I have not time—what with business, and company, which, in my situation, is a kind of business, I can scarcely find time for my private affairs.

Leg. The more the pity. For you are doing the public no good, and doing yourself much harm.

Ang. Have I not calmed the agitation about the repeal of the Union? Have I not prosecuted O'Connell, and compelled him to submit to a judgment against him in a court of justice?

Leg. Do you seriously imagine, that when the Irish Reform Bill shall become the law of the land, Great Britain and Ireland can continue united? It is impossible. In the nature of things it cannot be. You may, therefore, have quieted the present agitation about the repeal of the Union; but you have also done that by which, as far as in you lies, the Union is virtually dissolved. You *did* prosecute O'Connell, and you did compel him to plead guilty to an indictment; or rather induced him, and he himself drew the distinction, to withdraw his plea of not guilty. But were the ends of justice answered? Did you dare to punish the great delinquent? You may say what you please, and you may think what you please; but how will these questions be answered by nine-tenths of the people of Ireland? He was not punished; he went at large. In his insolent audacity, he was permitted to beard the government of the country, while the sword of justice was decimating the wretched creatures whom his seditious eloquence stimulated to the perpetration of crime. Call you this well and wisely governing Ireland?

Ang. Wait a little. We shall manage better when we have got the priests into pay.

Leg. When you have, to use the Irishman's phrase, "hired them to be your masters?" I do not augur much good from that.

Ang. Let me hear your objections.

Leg. I will let you hear the objections of wiser men. "Non meus hæc sermo." It is objected to, in the first place, upon principle. It is argued that it is not right to give a positive support to the professors of a false religion. It is contended that to do so would be to encourage fraud and delusion. This objection would not, I am aware, have much weight with those who have established Maynooth, and who pay a dissenting clergy. We will, therefore, suffer it to lie in abeyance for the present, (although it is one which I by no means abandon,) and consider the question upon grounds of policy. You say that you will pay the priests, for the purpose of securing their attachment to the state. Are you sure that, by so doing, you *will* secure their attachment? They will know well to what they are indebted for what they may get; that they owe it not to love, but to fear; and that what you once consent to bestow upon them, you cannot, and you dare not, withhold or suspend, no matter what may be their conduct. Is a boon of this kind, then, so given and so received, likely to detach them from the people? Surely not. It may, in some slight degree, relieve the people from a tribute which in many places they at present very reluctantly pay; but it will only, on that very account, give additional power to the spiritual demagogue, whose interest it will decidedly be to make himself formidable as an agitator, for the purpose of ensuring his continuance as a stipendiary of the state. No. You may depend upon it, as I heard Burke once say, that there is something exceedingly rotten in any system of government which depends for its support upon the purchased neutrality of inveterate enemies. And, least of all, is such a system calculated to answer for Ireland.

Ang. But what is to be done? These worthies have at present got the whip hand of me.

Leg. Assert the supremacy of the laws; and, if your power be not sufficient for that at present, demand greater powers; but beware of placing any dependence upon the priests, who, if they are once resorted to as auxiliaries by the government, will act as other foreign mercenaries have often acted, and subdue for themselves the country which they were employed to defend for others. But it is vain to talk. If the Reform Bill pass, the country is theirs already. The policy to be pursued towards it will always be dictated by its representatives; and its representatives, in the event alluded to, will be their nominees. So that, unless it shall please Providence to arrest this great calamity, Popery must become ascendant in that country; in which case, the time will not be far distant when British connexion will be given to the winds.

Ang. There, I think, you are mistaken. If any serious effort were made for separation, England would resist it as one man, and it must be very speedily, and very effectually crushed.

Leg. What if England should be engaged in foreign war? If she had to contend again for her existence with a second Bonaparte?

Ang. Much error prevails upon that subject. The fact is, that England is more powerful when at war, than when at peace. There is an energy which pervades the community, and which communicates itself to the government, that renders all their efforts more prompt, energetic, and decisive. I am persuaded that if all our troops were engaged in foreign service, we should have volunteers in sufficient numbers to quell any disturbances in Ireland. When you return to the place from whence you came, ask Pitt whether I am not right in what I now say.

Leg. When Pitt was at the helm of affairs, the rudder of the state was in his hand by means of the close boroughs. How will the case be altered in a reformed Parliament! You say that England is more powerful when at war, than when at peace. Such, I acknowledge, was the case: but we live in a new era. Suppose such a case as this—England in a state of war with the continent; Ireland in a state of rebellion; two or three great neutral powers obtruding themselves as arbitrators, as was lately done in the cases of Turkey and Holland, and insisting, as the basis of their arbitration, upon the dissolution of the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland! I tell you such things have been, and such things may be again. It is a policy which we ourselves have most unwisely, and, I think, iniquitously sanctioned; and "evenhanded justice" may yet "commend the poisoned chalice to our own lips," and compel us to wring out the dregs.

Ang. I will hope better things for old England.

Leg. It is of *new* England that I am apprehensive;—of England as it will be after the passing of the Reform Bill.

Ang. But surely you have not conversed with any one in the other world who denies the necessity of all reform? At least there is no one here who does not acknowledge that some reform is absolutely necessary. Something, undoubtedly, must be done.

Leg. But what that something is to be, is the question. I think it is as certain that the democracy is too strong at present, as it is that the monarchy and the aristocracy are too weak. By a reform which should strengthen these two estates of the realm, the constitution would be preserved; by a reform which should add to the already preponderating influence of the democracy, without providing any counter weight, it must be overthrown; and a feather would at present destroy the balance between them.

Ang. But the people do not require any such reform as that.

Leg. The question is not what *they* require, but what is required by the present state of things. Surely Anglesea will not consent to legislate upon compulsion?

Ang. Upon compulsion! — Umph —no. But the opinions of the people must be attended to. I do not see how the Lords can refuse to pass a bill that has been sanctioned by the other House of Parliament.

Leg. I will content myself with repeating what Pitt said upon that subject. "Either the House of Lords is a substantive estate of the realm, or it is not. If it be a substantive estate of the realm, it is entitled to have an opinion of its own. If it be not, it is a mockery, and should be abolished." He added, "upon this particular question, it is more important that the House of Lords should exercise an independent judgment, than upon many others, *because the House of Commons have not exercised an independent judgment, they having been, to an unprecedented degree, shackled by their constituents.* Their vote must therefore be considered rather the exponent of the popular will, than the digested result of the national judgment; and should be sifted with the most anxious scrutiny by the Upper House, before it is suffered to pass into a law. Never was there an occasion upon which a duty more awfully important devolved upon them. They are called upon to stand between the people and the precipice down which in their madness they are ready to rush. In the present conjuncture," he said, with great warmth, "the Tarpeian Rock should be the portion of any noble betrayer of the constitution."

Ang. He may talk as he pleases, safe as he is, and at a distance from popular commotion; but if he were here he would think otherwise.

Leg. Nay, my Lord, dishonour not the dead. You ought to have known your illustrious friend better. Never was there a man who could less be moved by the

> "Civium ardor prava jubentium;"

were it not so, he would not have been "the pilot that weathered the storm."

Ang. He did very well for his day; but, were he living now, I think he would see the expediency of a different policy.

Leg. What! He who lived but to put down Jacobinism then, should see the expediency of setting up Jacobinism now! Impossible. Depend upon it, my Lord, "he was too fond of the right, to adopt," to that extent at least, "the expedient."

Ang. Then he should go out of office.

Leg. And he would go out of office an hundred times, rather than consent to become the puppet of a faction, who are either senselessly or wickedly bent upon the destruction of every thing ancient or venerable in the constitution of the country. No—no. It was not for *that*, that, placing his foot upon the hydra of Jacobinism in England, he hurled the thunderbolt, which, although he did not live to see it, struck down the tyrant of the continent from his throne, and liberated prostrate Europe.

Ang. Aye, and incurred the national debt; what do you say to that?

Leg. Are these the words of the chivalrous Anglesea? Glory, honour, deliverance from foreign danger, the preservation of all that was valuable to Englishmen as men and as Christians, the accumulation of a boundless store of military renown, the creation of a co-rival force by land to our hitherto unrivalled navy, so that it has become doubtful whether our soldiers or our sailors are the more invincible—Does Anglesea consider these as no set-off against the national debt! If he do, how must he be changed from that Anglesea whom I once knew, and with whom I loved to be identified! How miserably must he have unlearned, under the tuition of Mr Joseph Hume, all that he had previously learned in the school of patriotism and honour!

Ang. That is all very fine talk; but you cannot persuade the generality of people that the national debt is not a national evil. Pitt and all of us danced very merrily while the war was going on. The country now must pay the piper.

Leg. Granting that the debt is an evil, (and I am by no means prepared to say that it is so in the extent that is supposed,) it was contracted for the purpose of averting a greater evil. Debt, by which national protection has been ensured, no matter how we may be burdened by it, is preferable to national subjugation. Take the most honourable terms that could possibly be granted to us by the conqueror, (and conquered we should have been but for the debt,) our condition must have been a thousand times more deplorable than it is at present, even as it appears in the eyes of the most radical reformer. I will bring the matter to a short issue; suppose France, or Austria, or Russia, were willing to-morrow to pay our debt, upon condition of our surrendering our independence, could you find, even amongst the vehement supporters of the Bill, a single individual who would listen to such a proposal?

Ang. I could not.

Leg. A plain proof that even they are not altogether demented; and that, although they may declaim against the debt, they would be heartily sorry not to be burdened by it, if its contraction was necessary for the defence of their liberties.

Ang. But yet, their liberties having been defended, I believe there are very many of them who would gladly get rid of the debt.

LEG. And as they cannot do so while any thing like good faith or gentlemanlike feeling is respected in the House of Commons, you are for facilitating their object, by helping them to a radical Parliament? I know that much pains has been taken, by wicked and designing demagogues, to mislead and to abuse the public mind. They have taught their dupes, (and these are, alas! too many,) to regard a reformed House of Commons as a kind of political millennium. But you, my noble master, have never yet harked in with that vulgar and senseless cry; and although you have of late laboured to become a Whig, yet you can never, I trust, so completely succeed, as to be capable of countenancing so gross and so mischievous a delusion.

ANG. Reform of some kind we must have. That's pos. I will not object—on the contrary, I shall be very glad—if it may be effected in a manner less likely to endanger the old institutions of the country.

LEG. The only object of any reform should be, and the professed object of all reforms has been, to uphold and to strengthen our old institutions. This has always been pretended, even when it was very well known that the real object of such political perfectionists was to undermine and to destroy them. But the present impending calamity must pass away, before any sane project of practicable reform can be even thought of.

ANG. I am afraid that a position like that would only exasperate the people, and cause them, perhaps, to force the present measure in a manner that they may not otherwise be disposed to do; at least, if they do not see any disposition to give a reasonable attention to their demands.

LEG. Arguing, I suppose, thus, that because we would not take physic, we should take poison!—that if we did not redress, after their own fashion, *imaginary ills*, they would take care to create real ones, which could not be remedied by human wisdom! Thus it is that mobs reason, and thus it is that they act; but be it far from my noble master to be a consenting party to the foulest and the most wicked deceit that ever was practised upon the credulity of the people. The present Reform Bill, while it literally unsettles every thing, establishes nothing. It is powerful enough to disorganize, to subvert, to derange, to dislocate the framework and the machinery of our old constitutional monarchy; but no one deceives himself with the belief that any thing fixed or permanent can result from it. It will be, if it should pass, but the beginning of changes. Do you yourself imagine that things can remain stationary, precisely at that point where the Reform Bill proposes to leave them?

ANG. It would be very hard to say. We live in an age when nothing is stationary. If we *could* remain as we are, I confess that I do not very earnestly desire to experience "that untried form" of political being towards which we are tending. But that cannot be;—the people have spoken out, and something must be done.

LEG. If the people are right, it is pleasant to agree with them; if they are wrong, it is both wicked and cowardly to do so. In the case last mentioned, it would be both base and cruel not to make an effort to protect them from the fatal consequences of their own importunities. I am, however, agreed with you, that something may be done. This, however, is not the time to make the experiment. To use an illustration of Burke's, no sane individual would attempt alterations in the structure of his house during a thunder-storm.

ANG. But what if the thunder-storm should blow it down?

LEG. In that case we will be guiltless of having aided in its overthrow. But if the Lords are firm, that calamity need not be feared. God and our own good genius will still protect the constitution of Old England. The only thing formidable in the present state of the public mind is, that it has been produced by the government. You, perhaps, do not know, that the most seditious and stimulating of all the paragraphs which have appeared in the public papers, *have come direct from the Treasury;* most of the noise which would seem to be made for the government, and urging them on in the prosecution of their revolutionary measure, has been produced, by a species of political ventriloquism, by themselves. The people are beginning to find that out. They also begin to see that the only motive which prompted the present scheme was, that they might keep their places. You may depend upon it, therefore, that if the Lords are firm and do their duty, they have nothing to apprehend from popular violence; although I will not disgrace that august assembly by supposing that they could be influenced by such apprehensions.

Ang. The times are out of joint. Look to the state of France. If they reject the Bill, one does not know what may happen.

Leg. But if they pass the Bill, it is very easy to foresee *what must happen*. Their legislative functions will henceforth be at an end. They will no longer be the Peers of England. Your Lordship says, look to France; and I say, look to France. What do we see there? The shadow of a monarchy, the substance of a republic; nay, I should rather say, the expense and the pageantry of a monarchy, without its solidity or its dignity; and the turbulence and capriciousness of a republic, without its simplicity, its economy, or its freedom. And how has this been produced? By the very measures which our worthy reforming Ministry are now recommending with respect to England! Oh! my Lord, if we look to France, we are to look to it as a warning, and not as an example.

Ang. You are certainly wrong there. The present state of France has been produced by the violent and unconstitutional aggression of the Ministers upon the rights of the people.

Leg. And what produced that aggression? Mind, I do not justify it; I say not one word in its vindication. But I ask, What produced it? Your Lordship does not suppose that the French Ministers, of mere wantonness, incurred such a tremendous responsibility as that to which they must have been conscious of being liable, when they suspended the constitution? No. Polignac thought himself excusable for the course which he adopted, by a most deplorable state necessity—a necessity which was mainly induced *by the want of an efficient aristocracy, and those checks to democratic influence which we possess in the nomination boroughs.* The power of the commonalty overbore that of the nobility and the crown. The French Ministers merely attempted (certainly in a most unconstitutional way) to restore the balance. They failed; and the consequences are at present sufficiently visible—a shattered monarchy, a degraded nobility, and a government the creature of popular caprice, and the ready instrument of national ambition and injustice. These are things which ought not, surely, to draw the wise people of England from "the ancient ways" of their old constitutional policy, or induce them to abandon those safeguards which are their only security against the miseries of revolution.

Ang. What do you mean?

Leg. The influence which the Crown and our Nobility possess, by means of the nomination boroughs, which causes the House of Commons to act in sympathy with, and not in opposition to, the other two estates of the realm, without in the slightest degree impairing its efficiency, or compromising its independence,—an impulse which tempers without restraining, which guides without controlling, and which directs, without unduly encroaching upon, the rights and privileges of the democracy of England.

Ang. It is, however, deemed unpopular.

Leg. But not, on that account, the less just or necessary. Let their acknowledged guides only tell the people truth, and they will not long continue under delusion. Indeed, the delusion is already very rapidly passing away; and the wicked ones who have caused all this turmoil, have almost exhausted the ingredients by which their caldron has been kept boiling. The people have been persuaded by the demagogues to believe, that the influence which the nobility possessed in the House of Commons, was an influence which existed only for selfish purposes, and which owed its origin to most unconstitutional usurpation. The public looked at the question in that one point of view, and never at first adverted to the important uses to which that influence is subservient, and which I have already described. They are, indeed, very fully and clearly set forth in a paper of the Edinburgh Review, written either by Lord Brougham or Mr Jeffrey, and to which much attention has of late been directed. If I wished to evince, in the clearest manner, the expediency and the necessity of borough influence, I should not go beyond the masterly exposition, and the powerful reasoning, which are to be found in that admirable paper. What a pity that the love of office should have induced the writer of it to eat his words! Words which will live, despite all he can say or do, for the confutation of his errors and the exposure of his apostasy.

Ang. I know very well that the influence of our House, which has been so much complained of, was strictly defensive, and could not in the nature of things become aggressive. The time has passed by when that could possibly be the case. But then it was made to appear such an offence in the eyes of the people, that, for my part, I am willing to give it up rather than contend any longer about it.

Leg. There would, perhaps, be no great criminality in so acting, if the thing in question merely concerned yourself or your order. But the people have, in truth, as real an interest in maintaining your privileges as in maintaining their own. They have been created, or conferred, not for the sake of any particular individual, or any particular order; but of every individual, and every order. The world is surely now too old to require to be told over again the pithy story of the belly and the members. But it was not more applicable to the divisions which were created between the patricians and the plebeians of Rome, than to the disputes which at present are carried on between the democracy and the aristocracy of England. I say, perish the privileges of any order which are incompatible with, or even not conducive to the welfare of the whole state! But I say also, let no narrow or invidious feeling prevent us from preserving and perpetuating the privileges of every order, as long as they are found essential to the wellbeing of the empire. If you abandon the particular privilege in question, shew me how the nobility are to be preserved from falling into contempt; and, when they have once fallen into contempt, what is to guarantee their existence? And if they cease to exist, what becomes of the King? What becomes of the constitution? What becomes of the monarchy of England? Now, on the other hand, are any such fears to be entertained respecting the democracy, supposing that the present measure should be rejected? Will *it* be weakened—will *it* be enervated—will *it* be rendered insufficient as a counterpoise to the other two estates of the realm? So far from apprehending these things, the advocates of the Bill tell us, if it does not pass, that popular violence will rise to such a height as to threaten the very foundations of social order. Their argument, in fact, amounts to this—the crown and the nobility must become less powerful, because they have already so little power. The House of Commons must become possessed of more power, because it is already so very powerful!

Ang. I know very well that, abstractedly considered, the changes contemplated are not necessary. But what can we do? We are pressed on all sides. How can we alone resist the united influence of the King and the people?

Leg. You may depend upon it, that the events in France are producing their proper effect upon the mind of the Sovereign—and that he begins to feel the precarious tenure by which Philip holds the royal bauble. I have already spoken of the people. The wealth, the respectability, the worth, the learning, and the talent of the country, are all arrayed against the Bill. This was so, even at the period of the elections. Witness the conduct of the three Universities. I believe you have yourself had an opportunity of seeing some little proof of the reaction which has since taken place, at no great distance from the seat of the Irish government.

Ang. Come, come, no allusion to the Dublin election. The corporation of that city are the greatest set of ——

Leg. My good Lord, it was not my purpose to excite your wrath. I came here upon no such idle errand, My object was not to reproach, but to expostulate; not to provoke, but to reason with you; seeing that, from the period of my departure from earth, you seem to have acted like one who was bereft of half his understanding.

Ang. I'll be bound to say, also, you are ready to add the better half. But tell me, did my father hear any thing of the Dublin election?

Leg. He did.

Ang. And what did he say? Come, be candid with me.

Leg. I cannot tell you. He said little, but he thought the more.

Ang. Well, I assure you most solemnly——

Leg. My Lord, upon that subject assure me of nothing, except that you repent of the part that you acted.

Ang. What! will you not listen to my defence?

Leg. I do not put you upon your defence. I do not come here to accuse you. In truth, my Lord, the less that is said upon that subject the better. I will not say whether your eagerness to make defence anticipates accusation, argues the confidence of innocence, or the consciousness of error and humiliation.

Ang. Error and humiliation! Why, no government that ever existed——

Leg. If I must speak, your Lordship must bear with me while I say, that the late election differed essentially from any that had taken place within the memory of man. It was, as the Ministers expressed it, a direct appeal to *the unbiassed sense* of the people; and, *as such*, an argument was founded upon it in favour of the Reform Bill. I ask, then, was it fair—was it honourable—was it just towards either King or people, to construe forced and reluctant consent into voluntary preference? To say, the people must become reformers, because the bill must be passed; and also, the bill must be passed, because the people have become reformers?

Ang. Well, but it is an undoubted fact, that a vast majority of the people did desire the Reform Bill.

Leg. The less necessary, and therefore the less excusable, was the bribery, the corruption, and the undue influence of which both the candidates and the government were convicted at the Dublin election. Oh! my Lord, this is not the only instance in which puritans in politics resemble the Pharisees of old. They make clean, indeed, *the outside* of the cup or platter, but *within* are full of all uncleanness.

Ang. What, quoting Scripture against me! Well, if you take to that I am done.

Leg. Yes. And I should not have communed so long with you if I did not know, perhaps better than you yourself know, that you have a secret reverence for the word of God. I do not think you contemplate the overthrow of the Established Church, which would seem to be so near at hand, with indifference. You would save it if you could.

Ang. I would, so help me God! But what is to be done? Admitting the danger of passing the Bill, can I shut my eyes to the danger of resisting it? How would you have the Peers to act?

Leg. Reject the present measure, by all means.

Ang. What! not modify it? Not conform to it as far as might be safe?

Leg. *Not in the first instance.* To do so would carry with it an appearance of timidity. They may, and they ought, to accompany their rejection of it by declaring their readiness to entertain, *at the proper time*, any other measure which may be originated in the Lower House, less incompatible with the permanency and the wellbeing of existing institutions. The Lords should leave to the Commons the initiative in all proceedings which peculiarly affect their branch of the legislature. Not only because, in point of delicacy, it would be right, but because a different conduct might, in the present temper of men's minds, be very seriously misrepresented. Therefore, next to the maintenance of their own rights and dignities, those of the coordinate estate ought to be most scrupulously respected.

Ang. But if they throw out the Bill altogether, will there not be a prodigious outcry?

Leg. Not greater—not so great as there would be if they passed it with what would appear to the Commons inadmissible modifications. Depend upon it, the straight and the simple course in this, as in other things, is always the best and safest. Let the Lords exercise their undoubted privilege of rejecting the measure as it at present stands, and the matter must rest, for a time at least, (and time is every thing in such matters,) as they leave it. Let them send it back to the Commons, complaining, like the Irishman, that it has been changed at nurse, and I cannot contemplate the discussions and the bickerings to which such a proceeding may give rise, without uneasy apprehensions. Not that I, in either case, have any serious fears for the result; but the first appears to me to be more clearly within the line both of dignity and delicacy, and less likely to provoke an angry collision.

Ang. I do not know what to say; I am very deeply pledged to the Ministers; but you have put such a point of view——

Leg. I exact no promise—I require no declaration from you. I only say, consider what has been said, and do not vote in any other way than may be approved of by your reason and your conscience. It is not, however, too much to require of you not to leave the latter any longer in the joint custody of Lord Plunkett and Mr Anthony Blake, nor to suffer the former to be hag-ridden by Lady Morgan. Farewell. When I meet you again, it will be in another place. I hope it may be under circumstances which may render it possible for us to be reunited. But, so help me honour! I would rather become the property of the most rascally radical that ever wanted a leg, than, having been what I was to you in your better days, when you were the pink of courtesy and the flower of chivalry, become incorporated with you again, only for the purpose of being associated with the worst enemies of my King and country. Remember what Horace says, it is my motto,

> "Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
> Curat reponi deterioribus."

Once more, farewell. If you vote in favour of this accursed measure, I am glad that I shall not be present to enable you "*pedibus* ire in sententia" against the best interests of the state. If you act the better part, and resolve to oppose it, I could willingly come from Paradise for the purpose of enabling you to take your noble stand in the Thermopylæ of the Constitution.

The Spirit here disappeared, and left the noble Lord strangely perplexed by his communication. Whether what he heard produced any effect upon his mind respecting the Reform Bill, my informant was unable to say; but he was certainly far less confident respecting either its efficacy or its necessity than he had been previously. What may come of it, no one can conjecture. He has, for the last few days, been unusually silent and self-involved; and was this morning silently engaged in reading some of the late numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. Should I learn any thing further, you may depend upon having the earliest intimation of it.

Your obedient servant,

GLANVILLE REDIVIVUS.

London, September 30, 1831.

MODERN FRENCH HISTORIANS.

No. II.

COUNT SEGUR.

The peculiar character and singular talent of the French people, is nowhere so conspicuous as in the number and merit of the historical memoirs which have in every age proceeded from their exertions. Regular histories, indeed, of great merit, have been rare among them, till after the fall of Napoleon: nor is this surprising; for a despotic government, whether monarchical, republican, or imperial, is inconsistent with the deliberate thought and fearless discussion which history requires. But since that time, the ability of their historical works has been most extraordinary. The republican historians, Mignet and Thiers—the royalists, Chateaubriand and Lacretelle—the descriptive, Thierry and Michaux—the philosophical, Guizot and Salvandy,—have each opened a new view in the literature of their country; and if they have not equalled the great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, they have greatly exceeded any historical productions which have since that time appeared in this country. We propose in this series to make our readers acquainted with these authors, most of which have not yet appeared in the popular form of an English translation; but which constitute a great and splendid series of pictures of the human race in different ages of its progress, dazzling from the brilliancy of their colouring, and graphic from the fidelity of their drawing.

Inferior in solidity and thought, but superior in vivacity and entertainment, the *French Memoirs* during the same period exhibit a view of manners, thoughts, and adventures, unequalled by the writings of any other age or country. For a very long period these popular productions have constituted a most entertaining fund of reading; and the great collection edited by Guizot, consisting of 160 volumes, is perhaps the most curious picture of life and manners which exists in the world. But since the Revolution, they have assumed a graver and sterner cast. No longer confined to the details of courts, the gossip of saloons, or the incidents of gallantry, they have shared in the tragic and thrilling character of revolutionary life: the dreams of philosophers, the visions of enthusiastic nobles, the hopes of patriots, are portrayed in the vivid colours of actual life, and with the illusion which seduced their original authors. Presently succeed a more melancholy class. The prison, the judgment-seat, the scaffold, pass before our eyes: the agonizing suspense of the Reign of Terror—the hairbreadth escapes of persecuted virtue—the heroism of female devotion—exceed all that fiction has conceived of the grand or the terrible, and leave an impression on the mind, of the magnitude both of virtue and vice, which no other productions can produce. With the rise of Napoleon, and the era of conquest, commences a different, but a not less heart-stirring series of adventures: the achievements of valour, the energy of patriotism, the conquest of empires, are laid before us in true and vivid colours. We share in the enthusiasm of the youthful soldier; we follow the footsteps of the mature leader; we sympathize with the grief of the veteran in renown:—the din of battles, the charge of squadrons, the roar of artillery, are almost made present to our senses; and the varied picture of life and adventure, from the sentinel to the throne, from the Pyramids to the Kremlin, is brought before our eyes with all the fulness of recent recollection, and all the vivacity of undecaying impression.

M. Segur, whose memoirs form the subject of this article, stands midway between these different classes of narrative. Born of a noble family, the son of the Minister at War to Louis XVI., early initiated into the frivolities and pleasures of a Parisian life, he conveys one of the latest and best images of the high-bred circles of French society; of that last refinement of courtly manners, where talent was associated with elegance, and simplicity of manner with pride of feeling; where vice had "lost half its guilt by losing all its grossness," and genius all its usefulness by the sacrifice of most of its independence. But though such were his habits and his early sphere, his inclinations, his talents, and his friendships, led him to a more useful existence. Gifted with singular and varied ability; the friend of D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire, of Mirabeau, Sieyes, and Lafayette, he shared alike in the philosophical circles, the political connexions, and the frivolous pleasures of the French metropolis. As life advanced, and the storm of political passion became more vehement, he withdrew from the world of amusement to that of action. An ardent friend of freedom, he followed Lafayette to combat in America for the independence of another hemisphere; and sent, after his return, as ambassador to Russia, he sustained, even in presence of Catherine, the ascendency both of freedom and of ability. On his return to France, during the fervour of the Revolution, he shared in the feelings with which its early supporters regarded its frightful excesses; and lived to nurse, by his example and precept, that vivid genius which was destined in his son to bequeath to the world the immortal picture of the campaign of Moscow.

There is no other writer whose works so clearly and vividly portray the state of transition, when the human mind passed from the old to the new state of society; from the world of aristocracy to that of ability; from the pacific slumbers of monarchical institutions to the heart-stirring events of revolutionary action. In his pages we see alike the grievances which rendered a great change necessary for the improvement of society, the delusion which precipitated its course, the feelings with which it was regarded by the most enlightened persons of the time, and the causes which stained its progress with blood.

Of the corrupted state of society in the latter years of the reign of Louis XV., and the rapid descent which ideas were even then taking towards a Revolution, our author gives the following curious account:

"The King was resolved to have repose at any price; the courtiers to have money at every hour. Great views, great projects, noble thoughts, would have disquieted the aged monarch and his young mistress.

"Soon there was neither dignity in the government, order in the finances, nor firmness in the national conduct. France lost its influence in Europe. England peaceably ruled the seas, and annexed to its dominions the Eastern world. The northern powers partitioned Poland; the equilibrium established by the treaty of Westphalia was destroyed.

"The feeling of shame attached to that royal lethargy, to that monarchical degradation, at once wounded and awakened the pride of the French. From one end of the kingdom to the other, it became a point of honour to join the ranks of opposition; it appeared a duty to the enlightened, a virtue to the generous, an useful weapon to the philosophers. To the young and the ardent, it was a means of distinction; a fashion, which the impetuosity of youth seized with avidity.

"The Parliaments framed remonstrances, the clergy sermons, the philosophers books, the young courtiers epigrams. Every one perceiving the helm placed in incapable hands, made it a point of honour to brave a government which no longer inspired either confidence or respect; and *even the depositaries of power, no longer opposing a solid barrier to individual ambition*, followed in the same career, and tended, without either concert or intention, to the same end.

"The old nobles, ashamed of being governed by a plebeian mistress, and ministers without glory, regretted the days of feudal power and the decline of their splendour since the days of Richelieu. The clergy looked back with bitter regret to their influence under Madame de Maintenon. The great magisterial bodies, and the Parliament, opposed to arbitrary power, and to the dilapidation of the finances, a resistance which rendered them highly popular with the multitude.

"Every thing breathed the spirit of the League and the Fronde; and as to dispositions in such a temper, nothing is wanting but a rallying point, a *cri de guerre*; it was soon furnished by the philosophers. The words liberty, property, equality, were pronounced. These magic sounds were re-echoed from afar, and soon repeated with enthusiasm by the very persons who in the end ascribed to them all their misfortunes.

"No one then dreamed of a Revolution, though it was advancing in opinions with signal velocity. Montesquieu had restored to the light of day the ancient rights of the people, so long buried in oblivion. The men of intelligence studied the English constitution: the young were carried away by the passion for English horses, jockeys, boots, and expenses.

"Prejudices of every kind found themselves at once assailed by the fine and brilliant talent of Voltaire, the seducing eloquence of Rousseau, the vehement declamations of Raynal, the encyclopædia artillery of D'Alembert and Diderot; and while this inundation of light suddenly changed both the opinions and the manners, all classes of the ancient regime, at the moment that they were losing, without perceiving it, their roots in society, preserved, with sedulous care, their native pride, their external splendour, their old distinctions, and all the outward insignia of power. They resembled in this respect those brilliant pictures formed with a thousand colours, and traced with sand on the crystal ornaments of our festive days, where you admire magnificent castles, smiling landscapes, and rich harvests, which the slightest breath of wind dissipates for ever."—I. p. 19–21.

The state of the court was totally changed by the accession of Louis XVI., and his marriage with Marie Antoinette; but the virtues and beneficent intentions of this ill-fated monarch made no change on the progress towards the Revolution.

"Concentrating in themselves the royal dignity, every public and private virtue, and the warmest attachment of the public, the purity of their manners formed a striking contrast with the license which an audacious courtesan had made to reign in the palace; the contagion of vice did not venture to approach that asylum of innocence and modesty.

"In their accession, every one anticipated for their country the most prosperous destiny. Alas! who could have anticipated that two beings, apparently formed by nature alike to bless and be blessed, should one day be the victims of the caprice of fortune, and sink beneath the stroke of the most furious and bloody anarchy! Recently presented at the court, treated with distinction by both the royal consorts, I formed part of the brilliant cortège with which they were surrounded. Who could have anticipated, from so smiling an Aurora, the gloomy tempests which were approaching?

"The old edifice of society, undermined in all its foundations, was now tottering to its fall, while as yet its surface exhibited no symptoms of decay. The change of manners had been unperceived, because it had been gradual; the etiquette was the same at the court. You saw there the same throne, the same names, the same distinctions of rank, the same forms.

"The city followed the example of the court. Ancient custom left between the noblesse and the burghers an immense interval, which the most distinguished talents could alone pass in appearance; there was more familiarity than equality between them and their superiors.

"The Parliaments, braving the power of the throne, though in the midst of the most respectful forms, were become republican without knowing it; *they struck with their own hands the hour of Revolution.* Thinking they were only following the example of their predecessors, in resisting the concordat of Francis I., or the fiscal despotism of Mazarine, they were in fact preparing the most terrible convulsions.

"The old chiefs of families, deeming themselves as immovable as the monarchy, slept without fear on the edge of a volcano. Indifferent to the affairs of the state as to their private concerns, they permitted the first to be governed by an intendant appointed by the crown, and the last by their own stewards; all their indignation was reserved for the changes of fashion, the disuse of liveries, the rage for English customs.

"The clergy, trusting to their riches and reputation, were far from believing their existence seriously menaced. They were irritated at the boldness of the philosophers, and at the defection of a large part of their own members, who, from mingling in society, had become tinged by the fashionable infidelity of the day. Not contented with attacking the license of the philosophers, they persisted in upholding puerile superstitions, mortally wounded by the torch of reason, and the light artillery of ridicule.

"As for ourselves, young and volatile nobles, without regret for the past, without disquietude for the future, we marched gaily on a carpet strewed with flowers, which concealed a yawning abyss. Thoughtless ridicule of ancient customs, of feudal pride and court etiquette, of every thing sanctioned by usage or grown venerable by age, filled our minds. The gravity of ancient manners and principles seemed intolerable; the light philosophy of Voltaire captivated our imaginations. Without weighing the arguments which he assailed, we followed his standards as the colour of freedom and resistance.

"The new fashion of cabriolets, of frock coats and English dresses, charmed us by allowing the restraint of former custom to be laid aside. Consecrating all our time to society, to fêtes, pleasures, and the trifling duties of the court and the garrison, we enjoyed at once the distinction which the ancient manners had transmitted, and the liberty which modern ideas allowed. The one régime flattered our vanity, the other our pleasures.

"Received in our chateaux by our peasants, our guards, and our stewards, with some vestiges of feudal dignity; enjoying at court, and in the city, the distinctions of birth; elevated by our names alone to the highest situations in the camp, and at liberty at the same time to mingle without pride or apprehension in every society, to taste the charms of plebeian equality, we beheld the short period of our youth glide away in a circle of illusions, which never, I believe, were before united in any generation. Liberty, royalty, aristocracy, democracy, prejudices, reason, novelty, philosophy, all combined to render our lives delightful, and never was a more terrible awakening preceded by a sweeter sleep or more seducing dreams." —I. p. 25-6.

One of the most curious and instructive parts of these interesting memoirs, is the picture which they afford of the universal delusion which seized all classes, and the writer of them among the rest, on the approach of the Revolution; and the large share which *the higher orders themselves had* in destroying the fabric which at last buried them in its ruins. This is a subject but little understood as yet in this country; but which affords subject for the most profound meditation.

"Though it was our own ranks," he observes, "our privileges, the remains of our ancient power, which was undermined under our feet, the assaults upon them were far from displeasing us. We looked upon them as mere combats of words and pens, which could never seriously affect our superiority, and which the possession of them for so many centuries made us consider as established on an immovable basis.

"The forms of the edifice remained untouched, and we did not perceive that they were incessantly undermining its foundations; we laughed at the grave alarm of the old courtiers and the clergy, which thundered against the spirit of innovation. We applauded the republican scenes at our theatres, the philosophical discourses at our academies, the bold writings of our literary men; and we felt ourselves encouraged in that disposition by the intrepid stand of the Parliaments against the government, and the noble writings of such men as Turgot and Malesherbes, who wished only moderate and indispensable reforms, but whose cautious wisdom we confounded with the spirit of universal innovation.

"Liberty, whatever was its language, pleased us by the courage which it displayed; equality, by the convenience with which it was attended. We felt a pleasure at descending from our elevation, convinced that we could ascend again whenever we chose; and, destitute of foresight, *thought we could enjoy at once the advantages of a patrician descent, and the flattery of a plebeian philosophy.* From these feelings was engendered, by degrees, the same jealousy between the manners of the new and the old court, as have since divided the opinions of mankind; and their skirmishes were the prelude of those terrible combats which have since changed the face of the world."—I. 39-41.

His account of the winter gayeties, a few years before the Revolution, is so extraordinary, that were it not supported by many other testimonies, and corroborated by what we see passing before our own eyes, it would seem incredible.

"We passed the winter of 1779 in balls and amusements; all the French there resembled those young Neapolitans who laugh, sing, and sleep, without disquieting themselves about the lava on the edge of a volcano. Who could foresee the terrible misfortunes which were about to follow in the midst of so much peace and prosperity? Who could apprehend that frightful inundation of passions and crimes, at a period when every writing, every word, every action, seemed to have but one end—the extirpation of vice, the propagation of virtue, the abolition of every arbitrary regulation, the assuaging of suffering, the amelioration of commerce and agriculture, the perfection of the human race?"

A young, virtuous, and beneficent monarch, who had no other object but the happiness of his subjects, and who desired no other sway but that of justice, gave, by his example, a new stimulus to every generous and philanthropic idea. He had chosen for his Ministers two men whom the public voice had long designated as the most learned, the most virtuous, the most disinterested. Every system of toleration and of a judicious freedom were encouraged by them. The firm friends of principle, the courageous enemies of abuse, they seemed to realize with their monarch, the prayers of that ancient sage, who said, "That happiness would never be found upon earth, till the moment when true philosophy sat upon the throne."

> "Every where the unjust persecution of the Protestants ceased; the evils of corporations were abolished; the traces of every servitude disappeared; humiliating privileges no longer dared to shew themselves; the feudal maxim was doomed to destruction, which said that 'no noble was bound to pay the *taille*, nor to be assessed for the support of the highways.'"—I. 93, 94.

Such were the philanthropic dreams, such the benevolent reforms, which ushered in the horrors of the Revolution. A nearer approach to the actors on this great theatre, tended to increase in M. Segur the illusion under which all the world laboured.

> "In the greater part of those political convulsions which have terminated in overturning Europe, I was placed, not on the stage, but in the first row of spectators. The enthusiasm excited by the new ideas of reform, ameliorations, liberty, equality, toleration, absolutely transported me.
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> "Fortune frequently brought me still nearer the principal personages on this great theatre; but far from dispelling the illusion, it tended only to confirm it. It was impossible to pass the *soirées* with D'Alembert; to visit the hotel of the Duke de la Rochefoucault; to associate in the circle of Turgot; to partake in the public breakfasts of the Abbé Raynal; to enjoy the intimate society of M. de Malesherbes; in fine, to approach the most amiable Queen and the most virtuous King who ever sat upon a throne, without feeling persuaded that we were entering upon an age of gold, of which preceding times had given no idea.
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> "Nevertheless, a closer observation of the real facts would have been sufficient to have opened the eyes of more experienced observers; and a succession of events which succeeded each other with rapidity, and might have taught us, on the one hand, the fury of the innovating passions which were so widely propagated, the *frightful jealousy which animated the plebeian order against the noblesse and the clergy*, the irritation which these privileged bodies manifested against their invaders, and, on the other, the weakness of the pilots who were charged with steering us through so many breakers."—I. 97, 98

Is it the history of the preliminary steps to the French Revolution, or of the temper and state of England, during the discussion of the Reform Bill, which is here portrayed?

> "Every one," he adds, "on the breaking out of the American war, was occupied with political subjects; and when I reflect to what a degree, even under a monarchical government, manners were become republican, it was no wonder that Rousseau predicted the approach of the epoch of great revolutions. In making that prediction, that great writer proved himself more clearsighted than the Empress of Russia, or the Kings of France and Spain, who saw in the American insurrection only the approaching downfall of the British power; without perceiving that the young eagle of liberty, rising from another hemisphere, would not be long in descending upon the shores of Europe."—I. 189.

The extent to which the revolutionary fervour spread from the revolt in America to the French monarchy, and the singular blindness with which they shut their eyes to the fatal consequences of their interference, is portrayed in vivid colours.

> "Such is the strange infatuation of the human mind, those who governed a monarchy armed it for the support of two republics against a king, and sustained, by the most painful exertions, the cause of a people in a state of insurrection! The whole youth were excited by the higher orders to regard the American patriots as the first of the human race; and our aristocratic youth, the future supports of the monarchy, rushed to the shores of America, to imbibe the principles of equality—hatred at the privileged ranks, horror at despotism, whether ministerial or sacerdotal.
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> "Though still young, and consequently carried away by the spirit of my time, this whirlwind of error did not entirely blind my eyes to the consequences it must produce. I shall never forget the astonishment with which I heard all the court in the theatre of Versailles applaud

with enthusiasm 'Brutus,' the celebrated republican play of Voltaire, and especially the two lines—

> 'Je suis Fils de Brutus, et je porte en mon cœur,
> La liberté gravée et les rois en horreur.'

"When the higher classes in a monarchy are seized with such fanaticism as to applaud the most extravagant republican maxims, *a revolution cannot be far distant, and should not be unforeseen*; but since that time, the most ardent enemies of liberty, the most zealous defenders of the ancient order of things, have completely forgot *what a large share they themselves had in pushing the people to that rapid descent, where it soon became impossible to arrest their progress.*"—I. 253-255.

Change the names of the times and actors; for the American, substitute the second French Revolution; for the French nobility, the reforming English aristocracy; and these words convey a picture of the blind political fanaticism of our times.

"In truth," says this able and impartial observer, "when I recall that era of dreams and illusions, I can compare our situation to nothing but that of a person placed on the top of a lofty tower, the turning of whose brain, by the sight of so immense a prospect, precedes by a few instants the most frightful fall.

"What was not really chimerical in our situation at that period, was the astonishing activity of agriculture, of industry, commerce, and navigation; the rapid progress of our literature and philosophy; our discoveries in physics, chemistry, mechanics; in fine, in every thing which can bring to perfection the civilisation of a people by multiplying its enjoyments.

"Adversity is severe, distrustful, full of chagrins; prosperity renders men indulgent and confiding. In consequence, at that period of unexampled prosperity, a free circulation was allowed to all the reforming writings, to every project of innovation, to thoughts the most liberal, to systems the most inconsiderate. Every one thought he was on the high road to perfection, without disquieting himself about the means by which it was to be attained. We were all proud of being Frenchmen, and, more than all, Frenchmen of the eighteenth century, which we regarded as the age of gold, brought back to the earth by our new philosophy.

"The general illusion spread even to royal heads. Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia did not, it is true, openly adopt the counsels of our modern Platos, but they applauded and consulted them. Joseph II., without asking their advice, advanced even more rapidly than they had recommended. He imprudently carried into practice what, with them, was only matter of speculation."—II. 30, 31.

Old Count Segur, the father of our author, and minister at war, though a liberal man, and the friend of freedom, was not so completely carried away by the innovating frenzy as his son. He gives the following account of the method which he took to open his eyes to the folly of the spirit which had seized the public mind.

"I well recollect, that under the influence of the passion for reform and innovation which was so much in vogue at the time, I spoke warmly to my father on the subject of the coolness of the reception which they gave to the numerous projects of reform which were presented to the government; and indulged, on this occasion, in many of the commonplace declamations on the difficulty of getting truth to penetrate the palaces of kings, or the cabinets of their ministers.

"My father smiled, and instead of any reply, sent me, on the following day, with an order to inspect all the projects of reform which had been laid before the government, in the different branches of tactics and administration. I was at the moment highly gratified; but their numbers filled me with astonishment; and I was not long of discovering that what I had looked forward to as a pleasure, was an useful lesson and a severe punishment. No words can convey an idea of the mass of visionary speculations, commonplace declamations, perilous projects of innovation, ignorant proposals for improvement, which this collection contained. Never was I happier than when my father, who, I found, was intimately acquainted with such as really deserved consideration, relieved me of the burden of proceeding farther with the investigation."—II. 35, 36.

For his distinguished services in America with Lafayette, M. Segur received, after his return to Paris, the decoration of the order of Cincinnatus from the republican government. Of its reception in Paris, he gives the following characteristic account:—

"This decoration consisted in an eagle of gold, suspended by a blue ribbon edged with white; on the one side, Cincinnatus was represented quitting his cottage to assume the office of Dictator; on the other, he was to be seen laying aside his buckler and sword, and resuming the plough.

"Such a decoration, so republican in its import, displayed with pride in the capital of a great monarchy, afforded ample subject for meditation. It was evident how profound was the impression produced by the first sight of that emblem of freedom; but Lafayette and I were too proud of displaying it on our breasts, to attend to any thing but the admiring crowds which it drew around our persons. In their eyes that new decoration appeared as a new order of chivalry; and confounding democratic passion with aristocratic distinctions, they gave it, both in the city and at the court, the name of the order of Cincinnatus.

"This expression gave rise to a ludicrous mistake on the part of an officer of high rank who had served with distinction in the American war, but whose education had not been so sedulously attended to as his manners. 'You are really,' said he to me, 'well provided with saints, for you have three, Saint Louis, Saint Lazare, and *Saint* Cinnatus. But as for the latter saint, may the devil take me if I can discover where our good friends in America have contrived to disinter him.' This officer had himself received the decoration for his gallant conduct in the transatlantic contest."—II. 38.

The French philosophers, with all their declamations about freedom, were among the most abject slaves of the aristocracy, in their private lives, which ever existed. By their incessant flattery of the young noblemen who adopted their opinions, they both degraded their own character, and precipitated the Revolution which their noble admirers had so large a share in producing.

"No one can conceive how, in that period of war against every species of prejudice, of passion for the public good, of ardour for a chimerical equality, of general inclination to introduce into the old world a primitive state of equality, the philosophers paid their court to the young nobles, who seemed disposed to become their disciples; and to what an extent they had discovered the secret of exalting our minds and our imaginations, by the incessant application of their *eloges*. These men, consulted, respected, regarded as oracles by Europe, had the disposal, to a certain extent, of renown; and our presumption was inconceivably increased by the praises which they showered upon the liberal part of the aristocracy."—II. 46.

Robespierre had a more just idea of the real character of these philosophers. On occasion of the *fête* of the Supreme Being, in June 1793, he expressed himself, in regard to them, in these memorable words:—

"The sect of the Encyclopædists," said he, "in politics, was always behind the rights of the people; in morals, they went as much too far in the destruction of religious ideas. These hypocrites incessantly declaimed against despotism, and they were pensioned by despots. They composed, by turns, tirades against the court, and dedications to kings—speeches for the courtiers, and madrigals for their mistresses. They were fierce in their writings, and rampant in antechambers. That sect propagated, with infinite zeal, the doctrine of materialism, which prevailed universally among the great and the beaux-esprits. We owe to it in part, that species of practical philosophy since so prevalent, which, reducing egotism into a system, regards human society as a game of skill; success, as the standard of what is just and unjust; probity, as an affair of taste, or good breeding; the world, as the patrimony of the most adroit among scoundrels."—*Thiers*, VI. 249.

A more emphatic and striking feature never was pronounced than that, coming from such lips.

The state of the court is thus portrayed, after the successful termination of the American war:—

"We had succeeded;—the United States were independent;—England had experienced our strength;—the disgraces of the Seven Years' War were effaced; and calm always for a short period succeeds victory. But these instants of repose were of short duration;—they were the light sleep which precedes a terrible wakening. Every one abandoned himself without reserve to enjoyment, little suspecting that the serenity of those days could ever be disturbed.

"Never did I behold any thing so brilliant as the journeys to Fontainbleau in 1783 and 1784. The queen, then in all the eclat of youth and beauty, was surrounded by the objects of her choice; she received from a crowd of distinguished strangers, as from all the French, the most sincere homage; she was universally regarded as the brightest star in the *fêtes* which embellished the court. A stranger as yet to the breath of calumny—the encourager of letters, the protector of art, profuse in her beneficence, giving offence to none—she knew, as yet, of a crown only its flowers, and little foresaw that she should ever be crushed beneath its weight."—II. 49.

In 1785, M. Segur was appointed ambassador at the court of Catherine; and one of the most interesting parts of his Memoirs, is the account which he gives of the conversations and conduct of that extraordinary woman. On his way to St Petersburg, he visited Frederick the Great; and the following account of the Poles, by that illustrious man, is well worthy of attention:—

"'Poland,' said Frederick, 'is a curious country—free, with an enslaved population; a republic, headed by a king; a vast state, almost without inhabitants; passionately devoted to war, and carrying it on for centuries without a regular army; without fortified towns; with no other force than an ardent, but undisciplined assembly of nobles; for ever divided into factions and confederacies, and so enthusiastically attached to a liberty without control, that the *veto* of a single Pole is deemed sufficient to paralyze the national will. They are brave; their temper is chivalrous; but they are fickle and inconstant; the women in that country alone display an astonishing firmness of character; they have more than masculine resolution.'"—II. 118.

At Petersburg, he contracted a great intimacy with Prince Potemkin; and that singular man gave him the following faithful picture of the Turkish policy and mode of fighting:—

"'Your cabinet,' said he, 'seems anxious to sustain an empire in its last agonies; a colossus, which is even now falling into ruins. The Turks, corrupted, effeminate, can assassinate or plunder, but not fight; for forty years they have continually committed the same errors in war, followed by the same reverses. The past to them is devoid of experience: their superstitious pride ascribes all our victories to the devil, from whom we receive, according to them, our science, our inventions, our tactics; and Allah alone, to punish their faults, is the cause of all their disasters.

"'At the signal of war we behold them flocking from the extremities of Asia, marching alike without order or discipline, consuming in a month the provisions and ammunition amassed for a whole campaign. Covering the earth with five hundred thousand combatants, they advance like a torrent broke loose; we march against them with an army, composed of forty or fifty thousand men, divided into three or four squares, bristling with cannon, and with the intervals betwixt them lined with cavalry.

"'The Barbarians make the air resound with their cries; they pour down upon us, arrayed in a sort of triangle, of which the point is composed of the most brave, with their courage elevated with opium; the ranks behind are composed of the less valiant; and in the rear of all are placed the most pusillanimous.

"'We allow them to approach within musket shot: then a continued discharge of grape and musketry throws the undisciplined mass into confusion: and the enthusiasts alone, mad with opium, throw themselves on our bayonets, or perish at the mouth of the cannon.

"'When they have fallen, the remainder take to flight and disperse;—our cavalry break their ranks, pursue them, occasion a frightful carnage, and enter pell-mell with the fugitives into the camp, of which they are speedily masters, with all the rich booty which it contains. The shattered remains of their forces take refuge behind walls, where the plague awaits them, and frequently decimates their ranks before our grenadiers carry their fortresses by assault.

"'The picture of a single campaign suffices for the whole Turkish war: in all they display the same pusillanimity, the same errors, the same ignorance, and perish by the same manœuvres. They are never really brave but behind ramparts; and even then, what inconceivable blunders they commit during the progress of a siege! They make frequent *sorties*, and, instead of making any attempt to deceive us, their stupidity stands in place of spies, and makes us acquainted with all their projects.

"'At one time we are certain, that, according to custom, they will attack us at midnight; at another during the day, they take the precaution to display on the ramparts from which the assault is to be made, as many horses' tails as there are detachments to be commanded at the *sortie*. Thus we know beforehand the hour when they will assail us, the number of the combatants we are to expect, the road they are to follow, and the means by which they are to be resisted.'

"Making allowance for a little exaggeration in the Prince's account, it must be admitted, that it was at bottom well-founded. He afterwards recounted to me some anecdotes of their conduct, which went far to support the opinion he had formed of their capacity.

"The engineer, Lafitte, sent by the

ministers of the Porte, to erect fortifications on the shores of the Black Sea, on those points where a debarkation might be accomplished with facility, was naturally desirous to place the batteries on the summit of those eminences which had a declivity down to the sea-shore. But the Turkish commander, desirous to economize the expense of the undertaking, insisted that they should be placed on a level surface, at a distance from the sea, from whence nothing was commanded. In vain the French engineer pointed out that the enemy would be enabled to effect their disembarkation without molestation, and form in security for the attack of the distant redoubts. 'Do as you are desired,' said the Pacha, 'place your cannons in the places I have pointed out. Every thing depends on Allah, and if he pleases, your artillery will kill as well from this point as from any other.' "—II. 268, 9.

When Segur arrived at St Petersburg, he found even the Autocrat of the North infected with the mania for philosophic eulogium, which was the harbinger of so many disasters to Europe.

"All the sovereigns of that age beheld our Parliaments condemn the bold speculations of our philosophers,—and yet they paid the most flattering court to those very philosophers, whom they regarded as the dispensers of renown. Catherine and Frederick, above all, were insatiable in their desire for this species of flattery; and, like the gods of Olympus, loved to be intoxicated with incense. To obtain it, they were themselves prodigal of their praises to Rousseau, Raynal, D'Alembert, and Diderot.

"We live in the atmosphere of our age—we are carried away by its whirlwind—and those who, at last, have been the greatest sufferers by its march, were then the first to accelerate it. All the noblesse followed the example of the crowned heads; and it was not *till they had, with their own hands, consolidated the foundations of the new structure of society, that they conceived the chimerical project of overturning it,*—forgetting that the human mind, like time, incessantly advances, and never recedes."—III. 38.

Of Suwarrow, who afterwards played so important a part on the theatre of Europe, he gives the following curious anecdote:—

"Suwarrow had not yet arrived at the highest military honours at the period when I was in Russia. We regarded him only as a brave soldier—an officer of great value in the army· but exceedingly strange at court. The first day he met Alexander de Lameth, who was remarkable for any thing but his pliability of manner, their conversation ran thus:—'What is your country?' said the Russian general. 'France.' 'What profession?' 'Soldier.' 'What rank?' 'Colonel.' 'What name?' 'Alexander de Lameth.' 'That's well.'

"The Frenchman, a little piqued at this brief interrogatory from a total stranger, replied in the same strain:—'What is your country?' 'A Russian,' replied Suwarrow. 'What is your profession?' 'A soldier.' 'What rank?' 'General.' 'What name?' 'Suwarrow.' 'That's well.' Upon this they both burst out a fit of laughing, and afterwards became the best friends imaginable."—III. 57.

The Steppes of the Ukraine are thus eloquently described:—

"On leaving Katerinorlaff, we entered upon, what are called in Russia, the Steppes, vast and solitary downs, entirely destitute of trees, and interrupted only at intervals by some small eminences, at whose feet wind inconsiderable streams. Frequently you travel seven or eight leagues without meeting a man, a house, or a bush.

"Africa has its deserts of sand; those of the east are less arid—they are wildernesses of verdure. Immense flocks of sheep, great herds of horses, suffered to run wild all the year, alone animated these immense solitudes.

"At the first glance, that immense and verdant horizon, where nothing arrests the view, produces on the mind the same impression as the ocean;—it communicates more grandeur to the ideas, more energy to the reflections; but as you advance, its monotony becomes fatiguing, and it is soon positively painful to behold continually nothing but the heaven above your head, and a girdle of verdure round the horizon.

"The only variety in these immense plains consists in numerous mounds or hillocks, which appear to have been constructed by the hand of man; the tombs of the chiefs among the tribes, who, from time immemorial, have wandered over them. The whole country, which in Europe extends from the Bug to Azof, and in Asia, from the chain of the Caucasus to the frontiers of China, bears the same character; it is an immense sea of verdure."—III. 115.

It was at Kioff, in Russia, that M. Segur first received the intelligence of the determination of the King of France to assemble the

States-General. To us who know the result, the different opinions of men on the consequences of that memorable event are highly interesting.

"All the strangers who arrived at Kioff, of whatever nation, congratulated me on this event: So true it is, that every where at that period liberal sentiments, noble thoughts, the desire to reform abuses, to dispel prejudices, to weaken despotism, and establish liberty, agitated every heart, warmed every bosom—individual interests, little anticipating the hideous catastrophe which awaited them, were silent—the public good alone occupied every thought.

"Happy days! never destined to return! How many virtuous illusions environed us in those days of inexperience! And why has the breath of passion, and the fury of the spirit of party, since that time, withered every soul, empoisoned the most natural sentiments, and postponed for long the happiness to which we seemed to be advancing by common consent!

"For myself, I then shared in all the brilliant hopes of the greater part of the men of my time, and could, with difficulty, comprehend the sombre presentiments of my father, whom that celebrated Assembly of Notables filled with apprehension. In his letters he spoke incessantly of misfortunes to bear, of revolutions now rendered inevitable. 'The king,' said he, in one of his letters, 'asked my opinion at his Council, of the Convocation of the Notables. *I entreated him to weigh well the consequences of his decision;* for, in the present temper of men's minds, and in the universal fermentation which prevailed, the Notables might become the *Seed of the States-General,*—and who could foretell its effects if that took place?' The event has since justified the prediction of the old minister; but it appeared to me, at the time, dictated only by the spirit of prejudice and routine, which resolutely opposed every innovation, even the most useful."—III. 69, 70.

The intelligence of the storming of the Bastile, excited the same transports over Europe which have been since revived, on much less rational grounds, by the second Revolution. Of its effects at St Petersburg, M. Segur gives the following account.

"The intelligence spread with the rapidity of lightning, and was variously received, according to the disposition of those who heard it. At the Court, the agitation was extreme, and the dissatisfaction general. In the city, the effect was the reverse; and though assuredly the Bastile menaced the personal freedom of no inhabitant of St Petersburg, I cannot express the enthusiasm which its fall excited among the shopkeepers, the merchants, the men of business, and many young men of the noble families. French, Russians, Danes, Germans, English, Dutch, embraced each other, and expressed their joy in the most tumultuous manner in the streets, as they had been individually delivered from a chain of servitude. Such was the general transport, that I can hardly credit while I recount it."—III. 402.

On his return to France, after the termination of his embassy, he traversed Poland, then in all the political ferment which soon broke out in the struggle of Kosciusko. The account he gives of the aspect of the population, will be read with interest at this moment.

"On all the roads were to be seen a crowd of gentlemen on horseback and in carriages, travelling with rapidity, and crossing each other in all directions. In the middle of the cities and of the public places, they formed into circles, and spoke with animation. Every thing announced the greatest agitation; and as that effervescence presented new chances to speculation, the Jews, the numerous and formidable vampires of Poland, swarmed every where with redoubled activity. The peasants alone preserved that gloomy air, that senseless expression, that immovable apathy, the sad and uniform badge of servitude, and which the partisans of absolute power designate tranquillity and repose.

"At Warsaw, especially, the singularity of the spectacle struck one most forcibly. Instead of the peaceful and captivating circles which I had left, adorned with so much talent, graced with so much beauty, where literature, morals, and sentiment alternately were treated with the vivacity and fire of the Polish character, I saw nothing but political clubs, where the questions of the day were discussed with painful warmth.

"The nation, long crushed under the yoke of its oppressors, seemed to have recovered its dignity, and resumed its ancient character. I beheld again the fierceness of the time of the Jagellons; the same turbulence, the same passion for independence, the same contempt for the dangers with which it was attended; the chivalrous spirit, sole and noble relic o the feudal system which was every wher falling into ruins, and of which the vestiges only were to be found in the courts of Germany and the forests of Sarmatia.

"I hardly could recognise the Poles whom I had seen only a few years before; their occupations, their customs, their language, all were changed; these empassioned warriors had laid aside the modern dress, which was associated with their disgrace, and had resumed their furred cloaks, their tall plumes, their military mustaches, their glittering sabres. All the ladies, to inflame their courage, had with their own hands embroidered the scarfs which flowed over their shoulders, and studded with brilliants the rich girdles which glittered on their waists."—III. 427.

On his return to Paris, he found the metropolis burning with all the fury of faction; the nobles, wakened from their illusions, now saw the fatal consequences of the spirit of innovation which they had so blindly worshipped, and were doing their utmost to resist the current which they themselves had put in motion. The following conversation with his old friend and fellow soldier, Lafayette, will shew how little he was aware of the inevitable course of Revolutions, and how impotent had been all his efforts to arrest it.

"'I know not,' said Lafayette, 'by what fatality a hideous party, hitherto hid in darkness, has issued forth to mingle with the true people in every great crisis, and to stain them by their excesses. There issued forth, I know not whence, a certain number of brigands, seemingly paid by unknown hands, and who, in spite of all our efforts, have committed the most frightful excesses. In vain we chased them and dispersed them; they incessantly reappeared. After the taking of the Bastile, their fury led them to infamous murders, and Paris itself was menaced with pillage; the spontaneous organization of the National Guard alone saved it from destruction.

"'We have in vain made the most vigorous search for these wretches; the source from which the miscreants issued who have inundated the capital, and all the towns of the kingdom, is as much unknown to us as to the government. I can only on that subject entertain suspicions supported by no sort of proof. In the month of last October, that band of ruffians, mingling with the disorderly movements of the crowd, assembled every thing which was most abandoned in the capital. While I was using my utmost efforts at the Hotel de Ville to maintain order, I learned that a numerous band of these ruffians had taken the road to Versailles: there they broke into the royal apartments, and were within a hair-breadth of committing the most terrific murders. Such scenes have mingled chagrin with the just hopes of our country, and blighted the hopes of the immense majority who longed for salutary reform, and the establishment of the true representative government.'

"'How could it be otherwise?' replied I; 'your march has been so rapid that it could produce no other effects. You have destroyed the distinction of the three orders, reduced to one chamber the national representation, abolished the privileges of the noblesse, confiscated the property of the church, concentrated in the National Assembly all the powers of the state. How many enemies have these violent acts created! You have swept every thing away in legislation; you have indeed travelled far in a short time.

"'Consider that when you overturn an edifice, its ruins remain without movement, lifeless on the earth; but it is not thus with human institutions; they have given to a multitude of individuals, to entire classes of society, subsistence, enjoyments, and distinction; rights consecrated in their eyes by custom, and to which they cling with as much tenacity as to life itself. Such a destruction, so sudden, so audacious, promises a long night of suffering.'

"'That may be very true,' replied Lafayette; 'but you imagine that we have acted from design, when in truth we have only been impelled by the force of circumstances. The great judicial bodies, the clergy themselves, almost all those who are now so vehement in condemning us, have for a long series of years attacked the authority of government, and contributed to the overthrow of existing institutions. The Parliaments, after a host of remonstrances, fully as vehement as the speeches of our tribunes, *have appealed to the nation; but hardly had it responded to their cries when they wished to silence it.* The States-General were promised; the ministers hoped to substitute in its room a *Lit de Justice*—Vain attempt!—the Court was compelled to give way, and the States-General were assembled.

"'You see now the causes of the explosion under which we are suffering. Judge then whether, in the midst of such an effervescence, it was in human power to prevent the disorders with which we are reproached. *It is generally those whose imprudence has lighted the conflagration,* *who, when the flames approach themselves, are the first and the loudest in raising the cry of fire.'* "—III. 452-455.

"It was evident that in bringing about this great Revolution every person in the kingdom has contributed his share. Every one has done something, according to his force or stature. From the king to the humblest individual in the kingdom, no one has been idle in the work; the one wished only that the changes should ascend to the buckle of his shoe, another to his knee, a third to his waist, a fourth to his shoulders; in fine, many have been willing that it should rise over their head.

"What surprised me most was the sudden metamorphosis which a large part of our philosophers had undergone; they were never tired of declaiming against a Revolution which their words and actions had first put in motion; they liked it only when in theory, and when they had the monopoly of the distinction arising from its doctrines. The Abbé Sabatier was one day reproached with his bitterness at the States-General, which he had been the first to demand, and which he had mainly contributed to bring about. 'Yes,' said he, 'but they have changed my States-General at nurse.'"

"I observed with attention the temper of the other classes in Paris; they were animated with a sincere love for liberty, but with a still more ardent passion for equality. Certainly the people of France would have been truly happy, if, in the course of their long contest for that liberty, and that equality, they had maintained the first with as much resolution as the last."—III. 468, 469.

"No one can imagine," he continues, "the varied aspect which Paris offered at that time to the impartial spectator. A single example will give an idea of it. One morning I learned that my father, aged and broken down by wounds and the gout, had gone out on foot to visit the Baron de Begenval, then a prisoner at the chatilet. I learned also that a seditious rabble was uttering the most vehement cries round his place of confinement. Uneasy at the intelligence, I ran to join him, and soon found an immense crowd assembled on the quay, and in spite of the efforts of the National Guard, making the air resound with their execrations. These wretches accused the judges of treason, the authorities of tardiness, and demanded with loud cries the head of their prisoner.

"After infinite exertion, I succeeded in reaching the gate of the prison, through the midst of a frantic multitude. Arrived at the door, I entered by a low wicket, and found my father with the prisoner, calmly engaged with a circle of friends in conversation; their serenity in the midst of danger formed the most striking contrast to the furious mob which surrounded the building. After remaining there for some hours, I went out and continued my rambles. On the Place de Grève I found a large assemblage of revolutionists, whom the National Guard had great difficulty in dispersing. Their object was to excite a tumult, with a view to attacking the prison again on the following day.

"Shortly after, I went to the Palais Royal, and entered the garden, the centre of business, of opulence, and of pleasure, the arena always open to faction, the rendezvous of their plots, and the theatre of their combats. I found an impassioned mob crowding round a man mounted on a table, who was declaiming with the utmost vehemence against the perfidy of the court, the pride of the nobles, the cupidity of the rich, the dilatory conduct of the legislature; at intervals he heightened the passions of his auditors by the most violent gesticulations, all of which were followed by loud acclamations.

"Disgusted with his vehemence, I set out for the Tuileries, where I entered the gardens at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was superb; the alleys, the promenades, were filled with peaceable citizens; the most beautiful women, whose dresses were as varied as a parterre of flowers, were exhibiting in that beautiful spot their decorations and their charms. Every thing wore the aspect of a *fête*, and for a moment I forgot the tumultuous scene I had so lately witnessed.

"But my illusion was not of long duration. Descending near the Pont Tournant, and perceiving a great crowd running towards the Elysian Fields, I followed them, and soon reached the great square. I there beheld a multitude of armed men, the remains of the *Gardes Francaises*, who, to carry into execution a project of revolt, had assembled in that quarter. Lafayette soon appeared at the head of several regiments of National Guards. The rebels were surrounded, and disarmed.

"Returning home with slow and pensive steps, I began to meditate on the dismal fate which to all appearance awaited my country. To divert my melancholy, I resolved to go to the opera in the evening. I did so, and the brilliancy of the spectacle which there presented itself, inclined me to believe that all I had witnessed was a dream. The brilliant concourse of spectators, the charms of the music, the elegant variety of the dances, the lustre of the decorations, the magic of the spectacle, the assemblage in the boxes of every thing most distinguished in the court and the city; the gayety which seemed reigning in every countenance; the image of peace, security, and union, which every where presented itself, rendered it impossible to believe that Paris was at that moment the centre of those furious factions, whose ebullitions I had so recently witnessed, and which so soon after bathed the monarchy in blood."—III. 472.

We make no apology for the length of these quotations; they are both more entertaining and more instructive than any thing we could add of our own. They throw a great and hitherto unknown light over the causes which precipitated the terrible disaster of the French Revolution. Not the abuses of power, not the despotism of the government, not the real grievances of the people, produced that catastrophe; for they had existed for centuries without occasioning any disturbance, and might have been gradually removed without producing any convulsion. It was the *passion for innovation* which produced this effect; the chimerical notion of suddenly reforming all the grievances of the state; the lamentable error that those who set the torrent in motion can at pleasure arrest its progress, that produced all the calamities. The nobles, the great judicial bodies, the clergy, the monarch himself, were the real authors of the Revolution, by the fervour with which they embraced the doctrines of innovation, the support they gave to insurrection in other states, and the intemperance of the language which they so long addressed to the people. The first victims of the Revolution, were the very persons whose imprudent passions had created it. In Lafayette's words, "those whose foolish conduct had raised a conflagration, were the loudest and the most vehement in their cries of Fire."

Great changes in the political state of France were unavoidable from the changes of ideas and manners; but it was not necessary that they should have been produced by a Revolution. The current was in motion, and could not be arrested; but it was the precipitance and folly of the higher ranks which urged it into a cataract. Changes as great as those produced by the French Revolution are incessantly going forward in a progressive state of society. The transition from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Henry V., and from that of Henry V. to that of James I., was as great as from the era of 1789 to that of 1800. The gradual and unseen changes of time steal unperceived upon society, and are made palpable only by the benefits they produce, and the altered state they gradually induce. Those urged on by human folly tear generations to pieces in their course, exterminate whole classes of the people by their effects, and leave deep and melancholy furrows, which the healing powers of nature require centuries to obliterate.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Letter to Earl Grey, First Lord of the Treasury, &c. &c.

From James Macqueen, Esq.

MY LORD,

It was my intention to have laid before your Lordship, without lengthened prefatory remarks, the magnitude and importance of the trade, the commerce, the revenue, the industry, and the wealth of the whole Colonial Empire of Great Britain, and to have pointed out how the greatness and wealth of this colonial empire encreased and supported the resources, the strength, and the power of the mother country; but the appearance of a venomous Anti-colonial Manifesto, *tagged in the shape and in the place of an advertisement* to the end of the influential publication through which I have again the honour to address you, compels me first to expose to the scorn of your Lordship, and to the scorn and indignation of the public, that infamous and baneful system which a set of mischievous moles employ to undermine our colonial empire, and of which this manifesto forms a part.

The anti-colonial advertisement alluded to, must have cost its authors a considerable expense for insertion, exclusive of the expense for paper and printing the large number of copies required to attach to the Magazine,* a proof of the importance which the moles in question attach to the circulation and the influence of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, and also of the deep wounds which his columns have inflicted on the system of calumny, mischief, injustice, and robbery.

In the month of February last, I laid before your Lordship, in the particular cases of *Mr and Mrs Moss of the Bahamas*, and of *Mr and Mrs Telfair* of the Mauritius, specimens of the hideous falsehoods and misrepresentations which are advanced against the colonists by their enemies in this country; another, and, if possible a blacker, specimen remains to be noticed and exposed. This is to be found in their pretended history of their despicable tool, MARY PRINCE, compiled and published by an individual named, to use, and to retort emphatically, his own words, "*the well known*" Mr Pringle. This great personage, "well known" to the Colonial Office, has, in the labour of the craft by which he lives, given to the world the history of the profligate slave mentioned, for the purpose of destroying the character of two respectable individuals, her owners, MR AND MRS WOOD of Antigua. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, a man in every respect fitted to support such a cause, guarantees the authenticity of this history. With the sayings, the doings, and the designs of these worthies, contemptible as they are, it is necessary that your Lordship and this country should be made as intimately and extensively acquainted as can be effected by the columns of Blackwood's Magazine.

The limits of a monthly publication restrict me to notice only the leading points of the accusations; but if I can extract, as I trust by the aid and strength of truth to be able to do, Pringle's sting, and Pringle's venom, out of Mary's tale, all her other accusations must of necessity drop off harmless and despicable.

Mary Prince was a native of, and a slave in, the Bahamas. Fifteen years ago, she was, at her own particular request, as she herself admits, purchased by Mr Wood, brought to Antigua, and kept as a domestic servant in his family. In it she was treated with superior kindness and confidence. Alleging that she could not be separated from the family, she was brought by Mr and Mrs Wood to England about four years ago. In England she was free. The prowling anti-colonial fry in London quickly got about her. Encouraged by them, she rendered the family of Mr

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* A great expense must also have been incurred for inserting it in the Quarterly Review, and several other periodicals.

Wood miserable. She refused to work, despised and rejected the food and the accommodation which the white servants of the family received, and with which they were content. Accustomed to receive hot meat in Antigua, she refused to take cold meat in England. Mr Wood was directed by his physicians to go to Cheltenham on account of his health. Mary refused to accompany Mrs Wood and himself, nor would she go to one of the suburbs of London to reside with a lady of their acquaintance, who promised to take charge of her until their return. She was told, that if she did not conduct herself differently, she must return to Antigua, or quit Mr Wood's family. Instead of behaving better, Mary behaved worse, and at last she left Mr Wood's house, without any communication with him or any of his family, and proceeded to fraternize with her new friends and advisers, till we find her planted in Pringle's family, and at his washing-tub. From it she was frequently called to his closet to give a narrative of the severities inflicted upon her by several owners, but more especially by her last owners, Mr and Mrs Wood.

Mary's washing-tub tales, and "the tub to catch the whale," were getting into a book and proceeding rapidly through the press, when the Rev. Mr Curtin, belonging to the Church Missionary Establishment, arrived in England. This gentleman had resided forty years in Antigua. He had been particularly referred to in the history. Old Macauley, who had known him previously, introduced him speedily and as "*a God-send*" to his friend Pringle, who as speedily put the sheets of the history into his hands, earnestly soliciting from him a corroboration of the statements which they contained. Pringle, however, was disappointed. Mr Curtin was a Christian minister. Truth was with him a paramount object. He refuted the points where he himself was referred to, and contradicted the tale as it bore against Mr and Mrs Wood. Here common sense and common honesty would have stopped the publication, but Pringle was not made of such stuff. He printed it off with the greater rapidity, even while impudently asserting that he kept it back for a fortnight, in order to receive from a lady, a friend of Mr Wood's, a vindication of his character. Pringle's correspondence, however, with Mr Curtin, proves that the publication was delayed for a few days only, and that merely in the hope of receiving from Mr Curtin a corroboration of Mary's statements. Let the correspondence speak for itself.

9, Solly Terrace, Claremont Square,
5th Feb. 1831.

"Rev. Sir,—Having learned from my friend, Mr Macauley, that you are now in London, I think it right to submit to your inspection the accompanying pamphlet, in which your name is mentioned in page 17. If you can afford any information respecting the woman's character at the time she was baptized by you, or *throw light* on any other part of her statement, I shall feel much obliged, &c.

"[Thomas Pringle.]

"P.S.—The whole pamphlet having been printed off *except a few pages*, I shall feel particularly obliged by an early reply."

On Monday the 7th, Mr Pringle sent Mary to Mr Curtin with a note which concludes thus: "If you can in any respect CORROBORATE HER STORY, I shall feel much obliged, &c." On the 19th February, Mr Pringle writes Mr Curtin from that great emporium of lies, No. 18, Aldermanbury Street, thus: "I now beg your acceptance of a copy of Mary Prince's history as published. You will find a note containing the *substance* of the remarks in your letter, for which I beg to return due acknowledgments. I shall feel obliged by your returning the copy formerly sent for your inspection, as it was only a proof, and of course *confidential*, being in several respects imperfect, &c."

Not a syllable is said in this correspondence about delaying the publication, to give time to receive testimony from any quarter in Mr Wood's favour. Pringle had no wish to receive any communication of, to use his own words, "*this sort*." The unmanly desire alone appears, to get Mr Curtin to "corroborate her story," but which when he found he could not accomplish, he garbled Mr Curtin's letters, suppressed the important parts which pointedly contradicted Mary, and attempted, by the basest quibbling, to destroy the testimony favourable to Mr Wood's character, contained in the passages which he inserted!

To do the subject justice, I must bring Mary's history, where it connects itself with Mr and Mrs Wood, shortly but faithfully under your Lordship's review. In reference to purchase of her by Mr Wood, Mary, page 14, after the blasphemy of her teachers, proceeds:—

"*It was ordained to be, I suppose. God led me there!* My work there was to attend the chambers and nurse the child, and to go down to the pond and wash clothes. I got the rheumatism and the St Anthony's fire also in my left leg, and became quite a cripple. No one cared much to come near me, and I was ill a long time; for several months I could not lift the limb. I had to lie in a little old outhouse that was swarming with bugs and other vermin, but I had no other place to lie in. The person who lived in the next yard (a Mrs Green*) could not bear to hear my cries and groans. She was kind, and used to send an old slave woman, who sometimes brought me a little soup. When the doctor found I was so ill, he said I must be put into a bath with hot water. Every night the old slave came and put me into the bath, and did what she could for me. I don't know what I should have done, or what would have become of me, had it not been for her. My mistress, it is true, did send me a little food, but no one from our family came near me but the cook, who used to shove my food in at the door, and say, *Molly, Molly,* there's your dinner. My mistress did not care to take any trouble about me, and if the Lord had not put it into the hearts of the neighbours to be kind to me, I must, I really think, have lain and died."

During Mary's illness, Mrs Wood hired Martha Welcox to nurse her child.

"She was a saucy woman—very saucy, and she went and complained of me without cause to my mistress, and made her angry with me. Mrs Wood told me, if I did not mind what I was about, she would get my master to strip me, and give me fifty lashes. You have been used to the whip, she said, and you shall have it here. This was the first time she threatened to have me flogged. The mulatto woman was rejoiced to have power to keep me down. She was constantly making mischief. There was no living for the slaves. No peace after she came. I was also sent by Mrs Wood to be put in the cage one night, and was next morning flogged by the magistrate's order, at her desire, and all this for a quarrel I had about a pig with another slave woman. I was flogged on my naked back on this occasion, although I was in no fault at all. Every week I had to wash *two large bundles* of clothes; but I could give no satisfaction. My mistress was always abusing and fretting after me. It is not possible to tell all her ill language. One day she followed me foot after foot scolding and rating. I bore in silence a great deal of ill words. At last my heart was quite full, and I told her she ought not to use me so. That while I was ill I might have lain and died for what she cared, and no one would then come near me to nurse me, because they were afraid of my mistress. This was a great affront. She called her husband, and told him what I had said. He flew into a passion, abused, and swore at me. The next day my master whipped me."

Next comes a story about one *Mr Burchell* wanting to purchase Mary, and to advance the sum necessary for that purpose, beyond the sum, about L.40 currency, which she had saved. The fact turns out to be, that she had lent Burchell the money, and could only get it back by Mr Wood's assistance.—At page 17, Mary proceeds:—

"I was admitted a candidate for the holy communion. I had been baptized long before this, in August, 1817, by the Rev. *Mr Curtin,* of the English church, after I had been taught to repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. I wished at that time to attend a Sunday school taught by Mr Curtin; but *he would not* receive me without a written note from my master, granting his permission. I did not ask my owner's permission, from the belief that it would *be refused,* so that I got no further instruction at that time from the English church."

About Christmas, 1826, Mary, after "taking time to think about it," was married to *Daniel James*, a man of colour, and a carpenter and cooper to trade.

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* Mrs Brascomb, 8th April, in contradiction to Mary's assertion, that Mrs Green relieved her distress, writes, that her mother Mrs Green's charity "was never, to her knowledge, bestowed on any of Mrs Wood's servants, as their appearance shewed they enjoyed every comfort. This Mrs Brascomb most conscientiously asserts, as, from Mr Wood's living in the neighbourhood, she daily saw them, and ever considered Mr and Mrs Wood as humane owners."

"When Mr Wood heard of my marriage he flew into a great rage. Mrs Wood was more vexed about my marriage than her husband. She could not forgive me for getting married, but stirred up Mr Wood to flog me dreadfully with the horsewhip. I thought it very hard to be whipped at my time of life for getting a husband. I told her so. She said she would not have *Nigger* men about the yards and premises, or allow a *Nigger* man's clothes to be washed in the tub where hers were washed. I was obliged to put out my own clothes, though I was always at the wash-tub. It made my husband sad to see me so ill treated. Mrs Wood was always abusing me about him. She did not lick me herself, but she got her husband to do it for her. Mr Wood afterwards allowed Daniel to have a place to live in our yard, which we were very thankful for. After this, I fell ill again with the rheumatism, and was sick a long time; but whether sick or well, I had my work to do. I was earnest in the request to my owners to let me buy my freedom, but their hearts were hard, too hard, to consent. Mrs Wood was very angry. She grew quite outrageous. She called me a black devil, and asked me who had put freedom in my head. To be free is very sweet, I said; but she took good care to keep me a slave. I saw her change colour, and I left the room."

After this, Mary accompanies her master and mistress to England.

"A day or two after our arrival," continues Mary, "my mistress sent me into the wash-house to learn to wash in the English way. In the West Indies, we wash with cold water; in England, with hot. I told my mistress I was afraid that putting my hands first into the hot, and then into the cold, would increase the pain in my limbs. But Mrs Wood would not release me from the tub, so I was forced to do as I could. I grew worse, and could not stand to wash. I was then forced to sit down with the tub before me, and often, through pain and weakness, was reduced to kneel, or to sit down on the floor to finish my task. When I complained to my mistress of this, she only got into a passion, as usual, and said, washing in hot water would not hurt any one—that I was lazy and insolent, and wanted to be free of my work; but that she would make me do it," &c.

It may here be worth while to shew, from the inconsistencies and contradictions which are to be found in this narrative, the total disregard for truth which runs throughout the work.

Pringle states, that Mary's "religious instruction, notwithstanding the pious care of her Moravian instructors in Antigua, is still but *very limited*, and her views of Christianity *indistinct*." Yet with this great deficiency of right mind, Pringle, and the "females of his family," would have the world to believe that this woman could not tell an untruth! Mr and Mrs Wood are described by Pringle as the fairest specimen of colonial character. What, then, becomes of the blasphemy which he has put into Mary's mouth, namely, "If the Lord had not put it into the hearts of neighbours to be kind to me?" &c. This at least shews that the Lord was in Antigua, and amongst her neighbours, and that he could move, and did move, the hearts of its free inhabitants to do good—a point which Pringle, in his general character of them, contradicts and denies point-blank. *Joseph Phillips* tells us that Mary was "a *confidential and favourite servant*." The Rev. Mr Curtin says she told him she was so, and that her dress and appearance bespoke the fact. Mary herself states, that while Mr Wood's slave, she saved a considerable sum of money, "because," says she, "when my master and mistress went from home, as they sometimes did, and left me to take care of the house and premises, I HAD A GOOD DEAL OF TIME TO SPARE TO MYSELF, and made the most of it. I took in washing, and sold coffee, yams, and other provisions, to the captains of ships. I did not sit still idling during the absence of my owners. Sometimes I bought a hog cheap on board a ship, and sold it for double the money on shore, and I also earned a good deal by selling coffee. By this means, I by degrees acquired a little cash."

During those periods at least, Mary's sickness seems to have forsaken her. The sophistry of Pringle and Macauley can never make any rational mind believe that people, who put so much in the power of their slaves, and treated them so confidentially, would treat them either with severity or cruelty. It is impossible—it is incredible, that they could do so. It is plain they treated

Mary kindly; and it is clear that her master and mistress have been most grievously imposed upon, and most cruelly deceived by this woman. That she was instigated to calumniate them by others, is unquestionable; for when reproached by an Antigonian for her baseness and ingratitude in stating such falsehoods as her narrative contained, she replied that she was not allowed to state any thing else, and that those who questioned her desired her to state only that which was bad concerning her master and mistress!

In direct refutation of the falsehoods which Mary and Pringle have advanced, I adduce the following testimony:—

Daniel James, Mary's husband, states, that "Mr Wood *never punished* Mary to his knowledge; that she lived in a house of two rooms adjoining his own; that the house was very comfortable, and no vermin in it;* that Mr Wood told him he had long wished Mary to take a husband, and that he would protect and treat him well while he continued to merit it; that Mrs Wood sent him his dinner and wine from her own table by Molly whenever he was at home, but particularly on Sunday; and that when he had heard what she had said in England, he wrote a letter to Mr Wood, regretting that Molly had been so base and so badly advised." The original of this letter, dated 12th June, 1829, is in my hands. In it James speaks of Mary as his "*late wife*," and adds, that "he thinks some *stratagem* or other must have induced her, which she will ere long regret."

The Rev. Mr Curtin says, in reply to Mr Pringle's letter of 7th February, 1831, "It was on the 6th of April, being Easter day, 1817"—(not on the 6th August, as she has stated)—"after having been previously a *Catechumen,* duly instructed and examined in the principles of the Christian religion, that Mary was baptized. On her first application, some time before her baptism, she brought me a note from HER OWNER, Mr Wood, *recommending* her for the purpose of religious instruction," &c. "With regard to her statement, that I would not receive her at a Sunday school without a written note from her master, I beg to say that it was usual with me, when any adult slaves (for she was then 25 years of age) came on week days to school, to require permission from their owners for them to stop there any time, but on Sunday the chapel was open *indiscriminately to all.*" —"I find in my books, a remark that she had a quarrel with a free man, of dark complexion, named *Osterman,* who, she told me, had disturbed her, and that she had taken up with Captain L——, I believe, a mariner." "*With regard to Mr Wood, owner of the said Mary, it is but due to him to insert here, that I have known him for many years in Antigua, and always heard him spoken of as an honest, industrious man, and a respectable father of a family. Mr and Mrs Wood were both, I believe, from Bermuda, where the owners of slaves are remarkable for their humanity and attention to their domestics,*" &c. "Mrs Wood I have not the pleasure of knowing, and only heard her spoken of by those of her acquaintance, as *a lady of very mild and amiable manners.*"†

The next evidence is Martha Wilcox, the free woman of colour, whom Mary accuses of having instigated her mistress to punish her. Of this female, *Mr Langford Lovel Hodge,* writes:—"She is our present nurse, with whom we are much pleased, and of her integrity there can be no doubt, in regard to which there are many respectable families who can speak, particularly the Moravian clergy, with some of whom, I believe, she has just been living," &c. Martha's evidence against Molly's statements runs thus— "Molly had the very same food that her master and her mistress had. Mrs Wood, herself, gave her her food; and when Mrs Wood was sick, I gave it to her. Mrs Wood gave her, the last year I was in the family, three suits of clothes at Christmas; and Mr Wood gave her 8lbs. of flour, 8lbs. of pork, 4 dollars, and a bottle of rum. She got four or five suits during each year, independent of Christmas clothing; very good Irish linen, muslin to make gowns with, shoes for constant wear, and stockings. She was treated so well, not like a servant, that she had a regular breakfast and dinner out of the house, independent of her allowance of 9 bits, 6s. 9d. per week. The house she had was a very good house; as nice a room as any body would wish to put their head in; very comfortable—never saw any vermin whatever in her room—never remembered Molly being punished at all. She never was at peace with any servant that ever lived in the house. The principal cause of her ill temper was because she was not allowed to go out after bedtime; but she, nevertheless, several times, when I was there, contrived to do so, procuring the key, by sending up a little boy to Mr Wood's bedroom, and getting it from the table. If the boy was asked what he was going to do with the key, he was desired to say it was one of the *goats* that had got loose. She let in, by this stratagem, a Captain *William*, who, she afterwards told me, slept there the whole night. A woman, named *Phibba*, came to lodge a complaint to Mrs Wood, that Molly had taken away, not her '*pig*,' but '*her husband*,' and she, Molly, in the presence of Mrs Wood, and myself, fought the woman until she tore her down on the steps. The woman then took Molly before a magistrate, (*Mr Dyett*,) where she was punished. She was turned out of the Moravian chapel, and afterwards went and abused the Moravian parson for it. She took in washing, and made money by it. She also made money *many*, *many* other ways by her badness; I mean, by allowing men to visit her, and by selling

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* The vermin were all anti-colonial vermin created by Pringle—*Solly Terrace* "BUGS!"

† The strong testimony in Mr Wood's favour, given by Mr Curtin, in the passages of the letter marked in italics, Mr Pringle, with his customary disingenuity, passes over with a mutilated reference, while in a note he asserts, that to "the reverend J. Curtin, among other acquaintances of Mr Wood's in this country, the *entire proof sheets* of this pamphlet had been sent for inspection;" whereas, the correspondence between Mr Pringle and Mr Curtin, which I have quoted, shews that only part of the sheets of the pamphlet were sent, and these sent, not because Mr Curtin was the friend of Mr Wood, but because Mr Curtin was the *friend* of Mr Macauley; and because Mr Pringle expected to receive from Mr Curtin, in conformity to his earnest request, a corroboration of Mary's or Molly's story!

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to worthless men," &c.

Ann Todd, another respectable female of colour, who had resided in Mr Wood's family for fifteen years, states:—"In 1815, Mr Wood purchased the woman Molly, and from that time to the year when he left this for England, I do not know that this woman was ever punished but once by Mr Wood, and that was with a horsewhip, and for quarrelling with a fellow-servant, and being insolent to Mrs Wood on her desiring her to be quiet. Any thing that Molly asked for that would contribute to her comfort, was given her by her master and mistress. Her character was very bad. For one act, which is too base to be here related, she was taken before a magistrate and excluded the Moravian Chapel."—Grace White, another respectable female, says,—"I was obliged to quit Mr Wood's service, in consequence of Molly's violence and scandalous language towards me. She threatened to kill me more than once or twice. Molly had abundance of clothes—could dress like a lady; indeed, more like the mistress than the servant. On some occasions she would be seen in silks. Mrs Wood was very kind to Molly's husband, Mr James."—Mr Blizard, twelve years a clerk in Mr Wood's employ, speaks strongly of the kind treatment which their servants, and Molly in particular, received from Mr and Mrs Wood. "They were treated," says he, "with kindness. Never did I hear them murmur at their treatment. I really do not think it possible that any negro rooms in the country, nay, in the island, can be more comfortable than yours." Mr Moore, brother-in-law to Phillips, and five other clerks who had been employed by Mr Wood, add similar testimony. Mr Moore says,—"You never, to my knowledge or belief, punished any of your slaves in any other manner than by stopping the extra quarter dollar a-week allowed them, and seldom have you done even that."

On the 7th April, 1831, the Rev. Mr Holberton writes Mr Wood thus,—"I am concerned to hear that your character as a kind master should be called in question in England. From all that I have conversed with you on the treatment of slaves, as well as from all I have invariably heard of you, I have never formed of you any other opinion than that of being *benevolent and liberal*, and if my testimony in your behalf will be of any avail, I am sure you are fairly entitled to it." Of the same date, Mr Garland, a member of the Assembly, writes,—"I have had the pleasure of knowing you for upwards of twenty years. In my estimation, and that of the community at large, no man's character can stand higher for humanity to your dependents—uprightness of conduct as a merchant—and, in the bosom of your family, a kind, affectionate husband, and exemplary parent. I deem this tribute necessary, understanding that a *Mr Phillips*, to whom *you acted kindly* here, has attempted to corroborate the reports. However, the testimony of such a man has no weight here, and certainly ought not to have elsewhere," &c.—The following medical gentlemen come still closer to the point. Dr Coull writes to myself thus,—"The pamphlet that I sent you, published by a Mr Pringle, and entitled the Life of Mary, Princess of Wales, a West India slave, is nothing but a combination of falsehoods, particularly respecting her treatment by her owners, Mr and Mrs Wood. Their family was under my medical care for many years, and I confidently assert, that the account she gives of neglect and inattention during her illness, is a complete violation of truth. So far from there being any want of care, I considered the attentions paid to her, particularly by Mrs Wood, were such as to prove that she was a particular favourite," &c.—Dr CHAPMAN, who had been intimate in Mr Wood's family for four years, under date 5th April, writes Mr Wood thus,—"I have frequently attended Molly in my medical capacity during illness, and never heard her complain of unkind treatment from her master or mistress. On the contrary, I know she received every attention to her personal comforts, &c., which the ever active benevolence of both master and mistress could bestow. She was always fed from Mr Wood's own table. The conduct of Mrs Wood to the slaves about her is more that of a parent than a mistress. Ever attentive to their wants, her benevolence and liberal charity to the poor of all classes ought never to be forgotten by the inhabitants of Antigua."

5th April, Dr MUSGRAVE gives similar testimony, and on the same date Dr NICHOLSON writes,—"I occasionally (1826 to 1828) attended Molly. She then complained of symptoms which, *if real*, could only be ascribed to chronic rheumatism, but I had some doubts of their reality. She occupied a comfortable and well ventilated room, and was furnished with a suitable diet, as prescribed by me. She was always of a very sullen disposition. I can conscientiously affirm that no master can be more humane than Mr and Mrs Wood in their treatment of their slaves generally, but the conduct of Mrs Wood towards Molly partook more of the familiarity and kindness of an alliance by blood than by bondage."

5th April, Dr WESTON thus writes:—"During the time I had the medical care of your slaves, every degree of kindness, care, and attention, was always manifested by Mrs Wood and yourself, and nothing left undone in any way which could contribute to their general comfort. They were always comfortably
lodged, clothed, and well fed; and when-
J. er any of them were sick, no indivi-
sheets from any quarter of the world could
between have evinced more tender feel-
the sheets ols them than Mrs Wood and
friend of Mr Veed, such was Mrs Wood's
because Mr Pringitude *in particular* about
request, a corrobo

the woman Molly, [whom you took with you to England,] that whenever she was ill, my visits to her were if any thing more frequent than to most of your other slaves: being aware that it afforded Mrs Wood considerable satisfaction and relief to her mind, as it appeared to me that Molly was more in the character of a *confidential servant*," &c. "Your generous and kind conduct towards your slaves has always been highly conspicuous, and therefore to say more on the subject would be superfluous. I feel a source of regret that you should be plagued in any way about Miss Molly, whose ingratitude towards Mrs Wood and yourself must never be forgotten. She will meet her reward elsewhere."

To add more in defence of Mr and Mrs Wood, and of the colonial character in general, attempted to be debased through their moral degradation, or to expose in stronger characters than has been done the reckless falsehoods which Mr Pringle has chosen to bring forth, would be an insult to the understanding of your Lordship, and the good sense of the public. Pringle may conceive himself to rise beyond the reach of human laws, but let him rest assured that there is a tribunal, superior to human tribunals, where the intentions of the heart and the works of the hand, in the guilty labour of bearing "false witness against your neighbour," will be impartially tried, and terribly punished.

Pringle, with a sneer, asks Mr Wood, why, if Mary was a dissolute character, he retained her so long in his family? The reply in kind, is, did no family in Great Britain ever retain a dissolute female for years, before the real character of such female was ascertained? Mrs Pringle has been brought forward on this occasion, which would shew that Pringle had some secret misgivings of the figure, which, without this legal British backing, he might cut in the eyes of the public, when, after secret closetings and labours with Mary, (in London maid-servants are not removed from the washing-tub to the parlour without an object,) he stood forward publicly as her knight-errant. The delicacy also "of the females" of Mr Pringle's family, is not to be enhanced by the deterioration of the character (this is the object he has in view) of the white females in the West Indies. Pringle's labours afford a criterion to determine that the delicacy and modesty "of the females of his family" cannot be of the most exalted character. His continued labour by night and by day in the study, in the parlour, and in the drawing-room, is to call for and to nestle amidst all kinds of colonial immorality and uncleanness--every falsehood and every lie that are told or can be invented—every thing that is grovelling, despicable, and low, in the vices of semi-barbarians—and on every occasion to lay all these before the eyes, and impress them upon the minds, of the females of his family! This is his work, and truly such labours can neither tend to encourage nor to inculcate delicacy, modesty, or morality. Truth, my Lord, is the foundation of delicacy, modesty, and morality; and where it is departed from, these virtues must be departed from. The ignorance, moreover, in which Mr and Mrs Wood lived with regard to Mary's real character, no doubt arose from the fact that they did not, like Pringle and his associates, employ their time in poking their noses into every scene of black filth, debauchery, and uncleanness.*

Foiled in his object of obtaining proof from the Rev. Mr Curtin of Mr and Mrs Wood's relentless cruelty, and Mary's unimpeachable veracity, Mr Pringle has recourse to the testimony of his worthy fellow-labourer in this vineyard of iniquity, namely, JOSEPH PHILLIPS. This man readily subscribes, "I can with safety declare that I see no reason to question the truth of a single fact stated by her," &c.

This anti-colonial *fungus*, who did not leave Antigua for building churches, has, in the language of Aldermanbury Street, (he has no correct language† of his own,) been for some time past directing every species of abuse and reproach against me in this country. Joseph's ignorance and impudence have as incautiously as gratuitously thrown himself in my way; and for the sake of truth and justice, he shall at no distant day meet his deserts. In his capacity as second secretary to the deluding society entitled, "The Society for the Relief of Old Worn-out and Diseased Slaves," the Assembly of Antigua, in the name of the colony he had unjustly attacked and basely calumniated, thus speak of him in the Report of their Committee appointed to examine into his charges against the colony:—"Previously to dismissing his evidence, your committee cannot help remarking upon the character of this *second* secretary of the Society, which unfortunately ranks equally low with that of the former one, so much so, *as scarcely to leave a worse in the whole community ! !*"

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* In proof of Pringle's pre-disposition, I take the following scene from one of the Pringle papers, the Report of the Protector of Slaves for Berbice, published during the present year, by authority. One of five male negroes collected together, resolved, in face of a gang, to insult a white man. He did so by, to use the protector's phrase, "breaking wind" in his face. The delinquent being screened, the overseer slightly punished the five. This kicked up a tempest in the colony; protector, magistrates, crown-lawyer, and governor, were all put in motion by this "*wind.*" Passing the Atlantic, it reached England. Taylor and Co., in the Colonial Office, like vultures in quest of carrion,

"Scent the battle in the breeze;"

Pringle's directors nose it, and in the usual way get the concern stirred in the House of Commons. The Colonial Secretary, under secretary, and the clerks in the office, are all blown into motion; the filth laid upon the table of the House of Commons; the press of the House, and the money of the country, employed to print and circulate it, for the benefit of our legislators, and of this stultified country! The official gentlemen who can employ their time to read, to write about, and to circulate such grovelling trash, are, more especially amidst the convulsions which threaten to shake Europe to its foundations, very unfit public servants to watch the unprincipled statesmen of Paris, or to match the clear-headed statesmen of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin, and consequently to watch over the interests of this country.

† The following is a specimen of Joseph's orthography, taken from a letter addressed by him to SIR PATRICK ROSS:—

"*Haveing,*" "*dureing,*" "*oppertunety,*" "*interfereance,*" "*whitch,*" "*practiced,*" "*tyranical,*" "*liberallity,*" "*volantary,*" "*oblidge,*" "*lay'd,*" &c.

Time, space, and circumstances, compel me to quit this miserable tool of anti-colonialfaction and rancour, and his bosom crony, *Mrs Thwaites;* as also, to refrain from bringing before your Lordship and the public the exposure of the calumnies and falsehoods advanced against the colonies, by that *ex-curate, Dr Thorpe,* from Jamaica; the libels advanced against the Mauritius; and the hideous misrepresentations, and exaggerations, and falsehoods, advanced by the Anti-slavery Reporter against the REVEREND MR BRIDGES of Jamaica, and various other similar calumnies and falsehoods; but they are all remembered, and will not be forgotten.

By tools like *Mary Prince*, and *Joseph Phillips*, PRINGLE, and the band of which Pringle is the tool and the organ, mislead and irritate this country, browbeat the Government, and trample upon, as they are permitted to trample upon, our most important transmarine possessions, the value and importance of which I am bound to shew to your Lordship and the public.

Sitting in London, and supported by the purses of credulous fools in this country, Pringle considers that he may libel Mr and Mrs Wood when in Antigua, or any other innocent individual in our colonies, in security and at pleasure. He knows they live at such a distance that they cannot immediately come in contact with him—he knows that to come to this country and to produce evidence to rebut in a court of law such infamous falsehoods as he advances, would, while all his expenses are defrayed out of the pockets of blockheads, cost the injured parties an expense that would ruin the most independent families; hence his impunity in the work of slander and mischief, and hence this country is inundated with, and disgraced by, the circulation over it of the basest libels and the bitterest falsehoods against truth and justice that were ever concocted, penned, and published. Mr Wood owes it in justice to himself, however, to seek at the hands of the laws of his country redress for the cruel injuries which himself and his family have sustained. A jury of independent Englishmen, notwithstanding all the prejudices which have been artfully raised against the colonies, would give damages against his libeller; but with regard to the dastardly attack on the character of the wife of his bosom, there is but one way to seek compensation for this, and that is, to come and take Pringle by the neck, and with a good rattan or Mauritius *ox* whip, lash him through London, proclaiming as he goes that the chastisement is inflicted for the base calumnies and falsehoods directed against the character and the peace of the wife that he loves; and I feel confident that if he does so, not an arm, male or female, would be raised to stop or to oppose him.

The asserted opposition to religious instruction on the part of the colonies, is a string on which the anti-colonists have long harped with a pernicious effect in this country. The assertion is wholly untrue. It is not Christian instruction, but insubordination and revolt, taught under that name, which the colonists oppose, and which they are right to oppose. On this subject let us hear what the REV. MR BLYTH, a Christian missionary in spirit and in name, and who has lately arrived from Jamaica, says in a letter addressed to the editor of "*The Edinburgh Christian Instructor,*" and dated the 9th of June last. It is in refutation of some atrocious calumnies and falsehoods, which, on the subject of religious instruction in the colonies, had previously and lately appeared in that publication.

> "During my residence in the island, I never met with any insult"—"but was uniformly treated with civility and respect; on mentioning my wish to the overseers, I readily received permission to see slaves, even if they did belong to estates where I did not instruct the negroes. I have not in a single instance detected any attempt whatever to prevent the negroes from assembling to the worship of God, either on the Sabbath, or the day I visited estates; so far from the mill being put about to prevent the slaves from receiving instruction, I have frequently seen it stopped during the

service, that every individual might have an opportunity of attending." "It has been asserted," says Mr Blyth, "that it is impossible for a minister of the gospel to be faithful in the discharge of his duties, in a country where slavery is upheld by law. This I can deny from experience. Will he, or any one else, who asserts it to be a moral impossibility to instruct the black population of Jamaica till slavery is completely ameliorated, if not totally abolished—will he, or any one who has had an opportunity of being acquainted with the state of that island (Jamaica), deny that there are thousands of negroes in it whose religious knowledge and conduct are consistent with the profession of Christianity which they make?—and have not slaves as well as free people submitted to the influence of the gospel in every age and country? Why should Jamaica be an exception? When the age of freedom, which appears to be approaching, shall arrive, it is difficult to conjecture whether equal advantages shall be afforded, at the least, for the spiritual improvement of the negro race. Such are the facilities given to Presbyterian ministers, that *three times* their present number would find sufficient and immediate employment; and such is the anxious wish of the planters, and of the respectable inhabitants, to be supplied with such clergymen, that they are already building two churches, and talking of building others, even before they have any certain prospect of obtaining ministers to fill them."

It is not therefore, my Lord, religious instruction that the colonists oppose. Mr Blyth sets that point at rest, at once and for ever, and a more monstrous stretch of arbitrary power cannot well be conceived, than to find the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain stepping forward to command almost the exclusive employment of sectarians (I use the term without any offensive meaning) to bestow religious instruction on the slaves. Even on this momentous subject, like others of minor import, the master, it appears, is not to be allowed to judge, or to interfere. So says the British Government: that government which has left the emancipated negroes in Trinidad, formerly belonging to the West India regiments, the creatures of its hand, and the work of its power, without religious instruction, or instructors of any description; till they are again become so *paganized*, as to be cutting and carving pieces of timber into the figures OF GODS, before whom they bend down and worship!! When General Grant laid the melancholy state of these people before the Colonial Office some months ago, he was requested to be quiet, and to say nothing about it! So much for Taylor and Co.'s attention and anxiety to bestow religious instruction upon *their* black population!!

The West India Colonies are particularly accused of profaning the Sabbath, by following worldly pursuits. I do not justify or extenuate these where they are followed, but remark, that the Anti-slavery Reporter may find equal profanation of the Sabbath going on every day under his own eyes in London and its neighbourhood, where shops are open, selling every thing eatable, drinkable, and wearable. At a meeting of the Magistrates of Queen's Square, [see London Courier, 2d September,] a number of butchers and bakers were fined for selling articles on Sunday. They defended themselves by stating that the practice was universal,—"that it would be *impossible to pay their rent and taxes without so doing*;" that they "*took more money on Sunday morning than on any other day*," because "the poor people would not purchase the meat on Saturday nights; many of them lived in *one room with large families*, and had no convenience for keeping meat without spoiling it, and therefore preferred buying their Sunday dinners on the same day."

I readily acknowledge the great power of my native country; but truth and justice are still more powerful than she is; and neither the power of her government, nor the command of her people, can alter human nature, nor make the lowest description of African savages, or the children's children of these savages, industrious, intelligent, and civilized, in a year, or in an age; nor can they accomplish all or any one of these desirable objects except by the application, for a long time, of arbitrary control amongst such a race of men. Yet, to improve the savage, and to exalt him in the moral and political scale, the people of Great Britain have fallen upon the inconceivably ignorant and inconceivably mischievous plan, to denounce in the senate, from the pulpit, and at the bar, the free inhabitants of the West Indies as barbarous savages, wicked beyond precedent, and debased beyond example. Thus striving, not only to reduce the master and his family to absolute beggary and despair, but by every public act and proceeding to debase him in his own eyes, and to degrade him in the eyes of his barbarous dependents, and of the whole human race!

Great Britain believes, and acts upon the belief, that the African savage whom she has transported from Africa to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, has deteriorated, and is deteriorating, under the system of personal bondage in which he is placed. A moment's enquiry would tend to shew to the most ignorant and most prejudiced, that the fact is just the reverse. Great Britain, however, will not believe the truth; she legislates in obstinate ignorance thereof, and, consequently, she legislates wrong. Such conduct is worse than insanity. It can only produce mischief; it can only drive back the slave into a state of barbarism, and it must, if further acted upon, produce the destruction of our colonies, and the consequent humiliation of our country, and dismemberment of our empire.

I am one of those, my Lord, who, from experience, know how greatly those feelings of affection and respect for our native country are increased by being removed to the distance of many thousand miles from it, and to the midst of new scenes and things; but in proportion as those feelings are strengthened by such a separation, so deep and so strong will the resentment be in the breast of children, when they find that the parent pursues a reckless cold-blooded course, which must, by precipitating destruction, burst asunder these ties. In no civilized community, but more especially in a British community, can, or ought, men for ever to submit to be calumniated, reviled, and persecuted. In commerce, and in politics, it is impossible that matters in the Colonies can go on longer without most fatal results. The consequences to this country will be, throwing altogether aside the probable destruction of human life, the LOSS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLIONS STERLING of British capital and property, vested in and secured over these colonies. The shock which this loss will occasion to this country, this country, great as it is, could not possibly sustain. Its immediate effects would cover towns and districts with poverty and distress, and its more remote effects would shake to their foundations her other strongest colonial and internal commercial establishments.

The immediate interference of government can alone prevent this tremendous catastrophe. Government must tell this misled country, that the West India colonists have been unjustly accused; they must tell this country that West India property, like every other property in the empire, must be protected and rendered productive; they must tell this country that the West India colonists are British subjects; that while they remain such, they must be treated as such, and protected as such; and they must tell this country that the West India colonists are no longer to be persecuted as they have been by ignorance, and by zeal without knowledge. If Great Britain will not act in this way; if she will continue to believe, as I am told she believes, that all her colonies, but more especially the West India colonies, are a burden to her; that they shame and disgrace her sceptre; and that they are altogether worthless; then Great Britain can speedily relieve herself of the load, the shame, and the sin, by permitting these colonies to protect themselves in the best manner that they can, or to disunite themselves from her sceptre, and to seek protection where they can find it. The hour that compels such valuable possessions to adopt such a course, will prove one clouded with the heaviest disgrace that is to be found in the annals of Great Britain. Let me hope, that there is still sufficient strength and judgment left in the British government, and common sense and justice remaining amongst the people of Great Britain, to prevent this humiliating and destructive result.

The picture here presented to your Lordship of colonial affairs, may be supposed to be highly coloured.

Others may tell your Lordship a different tale; but my long and intimate acquaintance with these possessions, and the perfect knowledge which I have of all that is at present passing amongst them, enables me, with perfect confidence, to state that the danger is neither misrepresented nor exaggerated. From every quarter in them I hear the same tale of distress and sorrow; regret and anguish; indignation and despair. The colonies are, for any useful purpose, nearly lost to Great Britain; and a short time will shew whether they are also to be lost to themselves, and to the rest of the world.

I do not for a moment mean to impute to government, that they either sanction or pursue the system of malevolent falsehood and misrepresentation which the anti-colonists have adopted; but it is a fact, as lamentable as it is undeniable, that government legislate and act in whatever concerns the colonies, as if they were fully persuaded of the truth of every accusation which the anti-colonists make. It is a fact, equally undeniable, that whenever any document which is sent from the colonies, partial and imperfect as many of these are, is demanded by the anti-colonists, that the same is readily produced; while, almost every document that comes from the colonies—however perfect it may be, which goes to refute the calumnies and falsehoods advanced by the anti-colonists, and to oppose the particular theories which government hold on colonial subjects—when demanded, is most difficult to be procured, or frequently withheld, and when produced, is frequently produced in a garbled and mutilated state. Every one about the Colonial Office is acquainted with these facts. It would be very easy for me to name documents that have been withheld or garbled; but to enter into the detail of such matters, would greatly exceed my limits. It is, moreover, painful to be compelled to observe, that scarcely in one single instance does any member of government, at any time when the anti-colonists pour forth their falsehoods and misrepresentations in Parliament, come forward to contradict them, as in duty they are bound to do; nor do the government, when the anti-colonial periodical press is spreading its false accusations and venom over the land, ever attempt to arrest the march of the pernicious system, by stating the truth through the press (a murder, a hanging-match, or cock-fight, are more important subjects!) under its influence and control; on the contrary, government continually leans to the anti-colonial side.

Under these circumstances, the defenceless colonists must think that they are despised by the mother country, and deserted by the government; and that while their ruin is pursued by the former, it is, to say the least of it, consented to by the latter. Every order and every communication that is transmitted from Downing Street to the colonies, manifestly goes upon the dangerous principle, that the slave is every thing and the master nothing, and bears the stamp of anti-colonial party and anti-colonial rancour, and tends to humiliate and to abase the master. All the measures adopted by government, are founded upon the erroneous and injurious notion, that it is impossible to be at the same time a colonist and a humane man—a colonist and a just man—or a colonist and a good man. It is impossible to conceive any state more degrading or debasing than this. The experience of all ages has shewn to mankind, that the individuals who are locally and intimately acquainted with the society and institutions of a country, are the fittest persons to legislate for that country; and every day goes to shew Great Britain, that she cannot safely legislate for possessions so many thousand miles distant from her, and with the particular interests, the habits, the character, and the pursuits of the population of which she is ignorant and unacquainted.

The anti-colonists demand and act upon measures of proscription. Government has been compelled to yield to their views. Every new law is consequently stamped with a character which wounds, which humiliates, and, in fine, which drives the colonists to despair. Thus, the order in Council, sent out last year for the government of slaves in the crown colonies, intolerant as it was, has been rendered insupportably so, by proceedings which have lately taken place in Demerara under it. The protector, and the superior courts in that colony, had it in their power, by that order, to modify the fine, for any offence committed, from L.100 to L 5, and from L.500 to L.100, according to the circumstances of the case; but the influence of the anti-colonial party, for their influence I assert it is, has lately got instructions sent out to the protector and the superior courts, commanding them in every offence, whatever may be the degree, to exact the highest penalty, without any power of modification whatever!

My Lord, the laws of Algiers, Persia, and Turkey, are justice and mercy when compared to a law like this. Yet, if the colonists oppose it, they will be set down as contumacious! Even the power of complaining is, it would appear, taken from them. In an official dispatch, addressed to Sir Benjamin d'Urban, the Governor of Demerara, by the late Under Secretary, Mr Horton, and dated 6th June, 1826, we find, amongst other restrictions which the governor was commanded to impose upon Mr Alexander Stevenson, before he obtained permission to continue the publication of the *Guiana Chronicle*, the following—"Abstinence from all comments on the slave question, *except* such as are calculated to *promote the measures recommended by his Majesty's government*, and sanctioned by Parliament!" In other words, he was to support every act emanating from government which had emancipation in view, without any reference to the property of the master, the comfort of the slaves, or the actual safety of the colony! The official gazettes of the Crown Colonies are all thus chained, and must, whatever "*ennui*" it may bring upon themselves or their readers, dance in fetters to any tune which Aldermanbury Street may drive Downing Street to play.

Throughout our colonies, those functionaries of every rank who obey the satellites of, and the mandates which are issued by, Pringle and Co., can alone enjoy peace or keep their places. If they act as the real interests of the colonies, and of this country, and as truth and honour dictate to them, then their lives are rendered miserable, and they are speedily displaced to make way for more pliable hands. Such treatment is, I learn, about to drive Lord Belmore from Jamaica; such influence tore that honest man, Colonel Young, from Demerara, and planted him in a small island in the Gulf of St Lawrence, with an income reduced one-half, by way of advantageous preferment! It would be endless to enumerate instances of a similar kind. The principles which at present guide Downing Street in its choice of colonial rulers are, that no individual who has been in, and has told the truth about the colonies, or who has in Great Britain publicly uttered one word in their defence, is fit to hold, or to be permitted to hold, authority in them!! Monstrous, my Lord, as such a system is, still the fact is, that it is the system pursued.

As an excuse for such extraordinary conduct, we are officially told that the colonists ought to be excluded from every exercise of authority, because "the *universally acknowledged* principle of justice is, that no man should be a judge in a case where he is himself united by any tie of common interest with one of the parties concerned." By acting in this manner, the government do not, they say, insult the feelings, or depreciate the characters of the colonists, any more than they do the subordinate authorities established in this country, where it is not thought right in those parts of it "in which disputes between manufacturers and their workmen are of frequent occurrence, that one of the former class should act as a magistrate!" To the people of this country, the fact is notorious, that magistrates are indiscriminately appointed from, and act indiscriminately amongst, the manufacturing and agricultural population, and those chosen are properly selected on account of their local knowledge and experience. The principle, therefore, which the government applies to establish subordinate authority in the colonies, is directly at variance with the principle adopted in this country; but of the operation of which, and also of the fact, the Downing Street rulers of the colonies, it would appear from what has just been stated, are completely ignorant; nay, more, when injustice, under the mask of law, runs riot in a West India colony against the property of absent white and free British subjects, the Colonial Office turns round upon the complaining sufferer, and tells him that he suffers because proprietors do not reside in the colonies to aid in the administration of the laws! Will my *Lord Howick* deny the truth of that which I now state?

The most pernicious principles prevail in those departments of government connected with the colonies. These state, We know that the measures which we pursue will ruin British North America and North American merchants; but what about that?—we shall in their room have Norway and Baltic merchants! We know that the measures which we pursue will ruin the West India colonies, and the whole mercantile and shipping interests connected with them; but what about that? we shall in their stead have Brazil, Cuba, &c. trade and shipping interests, and the nation will lose nothing. These colonial dictators cannot be brought to comprehend that the loss of the whole property and capital of all the proprietors and merchants alluded to, is not only so much dead loss to the nation, but that by this loss, an equal value is placed in the hands of foreign and rival nations, which will enable them to wrest more wealth from us; and ultimately to shackle, to degrade, and to enslave us.

The blindness of Great Britain upon all these subjects is quite unaccountable. On the part of her government, it is separated from the principles of reason and all right feeling. The judgment of a schoolboy would lead that schoolboy to comprehend, that the more pains Great Britain takes to degrade and to ruin her extensive and valuable colonial possessions, the more pains foreign nations will take to exalt and to render theirs prosperous; in order that when those belonging to Great Britain are destroyed, these nations may reap all the advantages, commercial and political, which the British colonies have so long given to the parent state. Hence the extension of the African slave-trade to Cuba and the Brazils. Into the latter alone, according to official documents just published, 76,000 slaves were imported last year! The sinews of our commercial and financial strength are, in fact, and in more ways than one, drawn from us to support that trade.

If, my Lord, the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies is to prove, commercially and politically, so great an advantage as it is asserted it will do, why does not the nation purchase the whole, take the management of the concern into their own hands, and thus enrich herself? Admitting that it would be a meritorious and right thing to enlighten and to civilize the African barbarians, planted by Great Britain in the western world, still, it is asked, why should the heavy burden, and the trouble of effecting that object, be imposed upon the West India colonist without any remuneration for his labour? Why should the colonist be called upon, without reward, to enlighten and reclaim savages for the good of the nation, while the Macauley's, "*et hoc genus omne*," are richly rewarded for merely trying to do the same thing in Sierra Leone? I say merely trying; for while, after a vast expense to this country, they have effected nothing, the West India colonists, without any expense to the country, but at a great expense to themselves, have effected a great deal.

The West India colonists assert, that neither the government nor this country ever will accomplish the objects which they propose by the measures and course which they pursue, and they assert this from local knowledge and experience. Let the government and the country therefore take the property in the colonies into their own hands, and then experiment upon it as they please; but till they do this, the colonists cannot be called upon to be at the risk and the expense of experiments, which we are told are undertaken for the national good. In this country, where a turnpike-road, a rail-road, or a canal, or any public edifice or thing is undertaken, or to be erected for public use, *private property* cannot be appropriated or invaded to do so until its value is ascertained and paid by the public, and the consequent consent of the proprietor obtained. The same principle ought to guide Britain in her conduct to her colonies;

and until she acts in this manner, she has no right to call upon the colonists to become her slaves—under such circumstances, slaves they would in reality be—to attempt to carry her crude and dangerous schemes into effect.

The extent to which the minds of their countrymen are poisoned against, and alienated from the colonies, is best shewn by the opposition, coupled with revilings, which is always made to every just and rational measure which is proposed to relieve them from their undeniable and overwhelming distress. Thus the landed interest determined that foreign grain shall continue to be used in British distillation, in preference to British colonial molasses,—nay, the landed interest, and the distillers combined, have determined that neither the brewers nor distillers shall have it in their power to use the latter, even if they were inclined, and felt it their interest to do so; in like manner, and notwithstanding all the clamours which the anti-colonists and the people of this country raise against the African slave-trade, they advocate and permit the admission of Brazil sugar into Great Britain to refine it for the foreign market, although the Brazilians not only maintain personal slavery, but carry on the African slave-trade to a prodigious extent! *Mr Poulett Thomson* boldly told us (*House of Commons, Sept. 28th*), that "a very large amount of *British capital* was employed in producing sugar in the Brazils, and that it was for the advantage of this country that those capitalists should be allowed to bring the sugar so produced to this country in British ships!" In like manner, also, the clamourers against the West India colonies advocate the free admission of grain from Poland and Eastern Prussia, which grain is all produced by the labour of slaves! Such conduct, my Lord, is as impolitic and unwise as it is inconsistent.

The colonial possessions of Great Britain may properly be divided into two heads: *first*, such colonies as are commanding military and naval stations and outworks of the national citadel—such as the Ionian islands, Malta, Gibraltar, &c., where the expenditure is necessarily beyond the apparent advantages which the nation receives; *secondly*, the North American colonies, the West India colonies, and the Cape of Good Hope, &c. These are not only military and naval stations of the very first importance to the strength of the British empire, but also commercial and agricultural points of the greatest possible importance in the scale of commerce and finance, and from which the returns to the nation and to individuals far exceed in value the expense which is incurred. I shall place these before your Lordship in the different bearings of the question, and with the accuracy which the latest official returns that have come into my hands enable me to do.

Commerce of British Colonies to other Places than Great Britain.

1. *West India Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Imports into.	Exports from.
St Vincent's,	1824,	L.195,337	L.114,089
Trinidad,	1826,	162,870	125,982
Tobago,	1826,	40,607	11,599
St Christopher,	1826,	49,382	15,942
Tortola,	1826,	4,193	2,572
Grenada,	1826,	101,487	146,999
Barbadoes,	1824,	412,069	307,495
Berbice,	1826,	33,650	74,700
Demerara,	1826,	119,232	178,637
Honduras,	1826,	108,945	67,294
Mauritius,	1826,	372,915	345,635
Bahamas,	1826,	47,906	120,286
Carry forward,		L.1,618,593	L.1,511,230

Colony.		Imports into.	Exports from
	Brought forward,	L.1,648,593	L.1,511,230
Jamaica, Antigua, Nevis, Montserrat, Dominica, St Lucie,	*	1,650,000	1,520,000
	Total,	L.3,298,593	L.3,031,230

2. *North American Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Imports into.	Exports from.
Bermudas,	1826,	L.105,175	[1824] L.5,984
New Brunswick,	1830,	250,500	113,972
Port St John's,	1826,	22,134	91,150
Newfoundland,	1826,	660,600	155,660
Nova Scotia,	1830,	852,600	187,700
Canadas,	1828,	335,630	111,390
P. Edward's Island,			
	Total,	L.2,226,639	L.1,299,156

3. *Eastern Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Imports into.	Exports from
Sierra Leone,	1828,	L.39,911	L.6,724
Van Dieman's Land,	1826,	26,988	19,683
New South Wales,	1825,	50,000	1,673
Ceylon,	1826,	262,861	126,851
Cape of Good Hope,	1824,	98,160	67,294
Malta,	1827,	347,271	,,
Ionian Islands,	,,	,,	,,
Gibraltar,	,,	,,	,,
	Total,	L.825,191	L.222,225

ABSTRACTS.

1. *West India Colonies.*

	Exports to.	Imports from.
1829, Great Britain and Ireland,	L.9,539,916	L.5,801,786
1826, Other Places,	3,031,230	3,298,593
Total,	L.12,571,146	L.9,100,379

2. *North American Colonies.*

	Exports to.	Imports from.
1829, Great Britain and Ireland,	L.1,119,146	L.2,131,993
1826 and 1830, Other Places,	1,299,156	2,226,639
Total, †	L.2,418,302	L.4,358,632

3. *Eastern Colonies.*

	Exports to.	Imports from.
1829, Great Britain and Ireland,	L.793,005	L.1,935,821
1826, Other Places,	222,225	825,191
Total,	L.1,015,230	L.2,761,312

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* Of the trade of these Colonies under this head I can find no correct returns; but as they contain above half the population of our other Slave Colonies, so their trade under the head mentioned may safely be taken in the same proportion, exclusive of goods (value L.700,000) re-exported from Jamaica.

† The exports greatly exceed this amount, but I cannot obtain more correct returns.

4. *East Indies and China.*

		Exports to.	Imports from.
1829, Great Britain and Ireland,	.	L.7,859,884	L.6,462,128
1818, Other Places,	. .	7,654,963	5,612,808
	Total,	L.15,514,847	L.12,074,936

GENERAL ABSTRACT.

	Exports to.	Imports from.
1. West India Colonies,	L.12,571,151	L.9,100,379
2. North American do.	2,148,302	4,358,632
3. Eastern do.	1,015,230	2,761,312
4. East Indies and China,	15,514,847	12,074,936
Grand total,	L.31,549,530	L.28,295,259
British Whale Fisheries,	361,086	2,179

British Tonnage employed in this Trade.

	Tons.
West Indian Colonies, with Great Britain and Ireland,	253,187
North American do. do.	419,421
With Asia, . . .	111.659
East Indies, with Canton, &c. &c. . .	45,000
Africa, with Great Britain and Ireland. .	46,639
Gibraltar, Mediterranean, and do. do. .	21,516
North American Colonies, with British West Indies,	91,000
West India Colonies with Foreign ports, . .	100,000
North American Colonies—colony with colony, .	187,387
Do. do. to Foreign ports, .	50,000
British Whale Fisheries, . .	39,510
Total,	1,365,379

COLONIES—REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

1. *West India, or Slave Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Income.	Expenditure.
St Vincents,	1824	L.35,131	L.35,131 Sterlin
Trinidad,	1826	54,921	44,589
St Lucia,	1826	12,978	13,096
Tobago,			
Jamaica,	1826	177,173	167,318
Antigua,	1826	16,778	16,778
St Christopher,	1825	12.031	9,420
Anguilla,			
Nevis,	1826,	2,496	3,698
Tortola,	1827,	745	614
Grenada,	1826,	16,660	15,933
Barbadoes,	1824,	32,822	13,662
Berbice,	1826,	12,103	13,103
Dominica,	1826,	7,784	5,896
Demerara and Essequibo,	1826,	10,628	14,625
Honduras,	1826,	9,468	9,825
Bahamas,	1826,	19,195	18,328
Mauritius,	1826,	245,852	228,527
		L.666,765	L.610,573

2. *North American Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Income.	Expenditure.
Bermudas,	1826,	L.14,816	L.9,967
Upper Canada.	1823,	24,944	24,941
	Carry forward,	L.39,760	L.34,908

Colony.	Year.	Income.	Expendit
	Brought forward,	L.34,908	L.39,760
Lower Canada,	1823,	93,777	88,063
New Brunswick,	1826,	39,709	60,814
Newfoundland,	1826,	25,772	28,251
Nova Scotia,	1826,	49,605	51,209
Prince Edward's Island,	1826,	12,514	12,514
		L.261,137	L.275,789

3. *Eastern Colonies.*

Colony.	Year.	Income.	Expenditure
Sierra Leone,	1828,	L.25,670	L.25,670
Gibraltar,	1826,	45,786	45,786
Van Dieman's Land,	1826,	57,318	57,318
Cape of Good Hope,	1824,	97,167	126,194
Ceylon,	1826,	300,822	333,052
Ionian Islands,	1828,	115,000	135,000
Malta,	1827,	106,832	109,237
New South Wales,	1825,	295,655	51,205
		L.1,074,280	L.883,492

REVENUE—ABSTRACTS.

	Income.	Expenditure
Slave Colonies, . .	L.666,765	L.610,573
North American Colonies, .	261,137	275,789
Eastern Colonies, . . .	1,074,280	883,492
Total,	L.2,002,182	L.1769,854

EAST INDIES.

	Income.	Expenditure.
East Indies, 1823—1824,	L.21,663,721	L.18,828,249
Interest of debt, .	”	1,735,033
Expense, St Helena, .	”	112,268
Total,	L.21,663,724	L.20,675,550

GENERAL ABSTRACT.

	Income.	Expenditure.
East Indies, .	L.21,663,724	L.20,675,550
All the Colonies. .	2,002,182	1,769,854
Grand total,	L.23,665,906	L.22,445,404

The preceding tables have been compiled from the following authorities, viz.:—The Report of the *Foreign Trade Committee* of 1821; the papers printed for the sole use of the *Finance Committee* in 1828; Parliamentary Papers of the present year, Nos. 388, 252, and 253; and from Colonial Returns and Gazettes containing the official documents for the respective periods and years. To understand the subject fully, it is necessary to state, that the value of the trade above given, is THE VALUE IN PRODUCE ALONE, and includes no specie or bills, except the specie exported and imported in the trade between India and China. The given amount also is exclusive of all *freights and charges*, and which to the country will render the total value about ONE-FOURTH MORE!!

Is it possible, my Lord, that the affairs of an empire can be prosperous, where such enormous interests as are concerned in a commerce yielding L.75,000,000 sterling annually, are either despised and sacrificed, or neglected, disorganized, insulted, oppressed, and placed in jeopardy?

It will be observed, that some returns for the Eastern Colonies are wanting, but these are of less importance, as the exports from these places, from Gibraltar, for example, consist principally of goods imported from Great Britain. I have had considerable difficulty in ascertaining the trade of the British North American colonies, and have been obliged to take it, for different provinces, in different years, say 1826, 1828, and 1830. Thus, Quebec is taken for 1828, though the trade of that port is increased from L.1,324,550 imports, and L.825,386 exports, in 1828, to L.1,617,749 imports, and L.1,316,000 exports, in 1830; but in the exports the returns cannot be separated. The trade of these colonies greatly exceeds, for this year, what I have been obliged to take it at, particularly with the West Indies and Great Britain. The imports from the latter, for the year ending 1st July last, were, to Quebec, L.1,147,845, and to Montreal, L.549,209. The trade also to the Eastern Colonies, viz.—New South Wales, &c., is greatly increased. According to the previous statement, the British tonnage employed in the colonial trade, amounts to nearly 1,400,000 tons, while, by Par. Pap. No. 252, dated 21st September, 1831, the whole British tonnage employed in the trade, to every quarter of the world, except our own dominions, was, for 1829, 1,074,171 tons outwards, and 1,176,867 tons inwards; and, by Par. Pap. No. 253, of the same date, the imports into Great Britain and Ireland, from our transmarine possessions, for 1829, amounted to L.19,863,840, and exports to these possessions, L.17,299,961 sterling, and nearly all British produce and manufactures; while it may be remarked that the imports from these possessions are exclusively the productions of the soil and agriculture of these countries. By the same paper, we find that the imports into Great Britain, for 1829, from all other parts of the world, amounted to L.24,139,183, (*almost one half of it carried in foreign ships!*) L.10,600,000 of which were from the United States, and Russia; and the exports of British manufactures, L.40,683,080, L.18,000,000 of which were to Germany, the United States, and Brazils; but which exports of L.40,000,000, when they are reduced to the fair value from the extravagant rate which the official scale fixes upon cotton goods exported, namely, 2s. and 2s. 2d. for each yard which is not worth above 4d., will bring the actual value of British produce and manufactures exported to all quarters of the world, except to our own dominions, to be about L.16,000,000 to L.17,000,000, and to the level of the exports to our own transmarine possessions. All these points must be kept steadily in view, in order to appreciate correctly the value and importance of these transmarine possessions to the trade, to the wealth, to the finances, and to the strength of Great Britain. By encouragement, also, and proper care extended to the cultivation of cotton in the East Indies, this country might quickly supply the raw material for her cotton manufactures from that quarter, and thus give to the inhabitants of Hindostan, our own subjects, L.6,000,000 sterling per annum, which we at present give to the United States of America for the same article; and, by the same means, we would give employment to 130,000 tons additional of British shipping, and we would also enable the population of India to take British produce and manufactures to the amount of L.6,000,000 sterling per annum additional from us.

Such, my Lord, is the extent and the amount of the trade and commerce of the British colonial empire—a trade and commerce exceeding that of the most powerful empires. It exceeds the whole foreign trade of France, and it also exceeds the foreign trade of the whole Russian empire, which, in 1818, amounted to 184,910,632 roubles imports, and to 256,075,059 roubles exports. The capital necessarily engaged in carrying on this trade and commerce, it is evident, must be great indeed. The replacing, the tear, the wear, and the outfits of the tonnage employed, taking these only at L.7 per ton, will occasion an expenditure in this country of near *ten millions annually*, in articles almost exclusively the productions of British soil, British capital, and British labour. The wealth which this trade and commerce throws into the coffers of the state, is great and undeniable; the productions of the West India colonies alone yield government a revenue of nearly *seven millions* a-year. The various branches of this extensive trade and commerce, also give profitable and constant employment, not to many thousands, but to many millions of people in Great Britain and in her transmarine possessions, *while the value of the whole*, and *the profits upon the whole, are spent in our own dominions.* The value of these transmarine possessions also is prodigiously enhanced, when it is remembered that almost all the articles of trade are the productions of the soil of the respective possessions, and, moreover, of a description which give employment to the greatest number of labourers, and to the greatest quantity of tonnage; the latter, of itself, a point of vast importance to a naval power like Great Britain.

The British North American colonies, so little known, and so much despised in Great Britain, are, nevertheless, of the greatest importance to her strength and prosperity. Their trade and population are increasing in an astonishing manner. They give unlimited scope to the employment of British capital, and to the productive labour of the numerous emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, who are daily seeking refuge on their shores. The number of emigrants this year gone out to British North America, amounts to 60,000. In the course of next year, these will require imports from this country, of British articles, equal to L.6 sterling each. The timber and the lumber trade gives them, in various ways, immediate employment. The lofty primeval forests in North America are hewn down, exported, and converted into cash. The land thus cleared is, by agricultural labour, rendered productive in all kinds of grain and vegetables, whether for the food of man or of beast. The forests of Canada, by the application of labour, are turned into agricultural capital, and the history of every country shows, that a prosperous and productive agriculture must precede manufactures. There can be no manufactures where the soil is not cultivated, and where there is not a superabundant agricultural population to turn their efforts to manufactures. Experience has also shewn, that an agricultural population is always the most industrious and contented, and hence the great advantage of having such possessions as our North American provinces, to which the superabundant population of Great Britain and Ireland can emigrate. The fisheries around the shores of these provinces, are really mines of wealth, if attentively worked. The province of New Brunswick has abundance of excellent coal, which the United States are without, at least such as is most valuable and best adapted for steam navigation; and accordingly the trade in coals from New Brunswick to the United States, has already become a trade of importance, and hence the propriety and policy of encouraging and protecting these colonies, instead of bestowing our favours upon Norway, and the States round the Baltic, which neither take our manufactures nor our pauper population from us. In case of need, the coal of New Brunswick may furnish steam to shut up the Gulf of St Lawrence from every hostile attack, and thus render the Canadas invincible and invulnerable.

Besides the immense command which, as naval and military stations, our various colonies afford us, they are placed in such a variety of climate that each yields those productions which are most wanted to supply the wants and the deficiencies of the other; and thus Great Britain possesses within her own dominions, in peace and in war, inexhaustible fields for commerce with which no foreigner has a right to interfere, and which are or ought to be placed completely beyond their control.

We have only to contrast the colonial commerce alluded to, with the whole commerce which Great Britain carries on with every foreign power, in order to shew how much the former ought, in preference to the latter, to engage our attention, to command our care, and to receive our protection. But it is a lamentable fact, that, for several years past, Great Britain has pursued a course directly the reverse. These transmarine possessions have not only been despised, but a theoretical system of legislation has been applied to them in all things, and which is not merely retarding their improvement, and crippling their energies, but fast undermining the strength of each, and threatening to bring ruin on the whole. Error succeeds to error in the government of the colonies. The Canadian timber trade is threatened to be undermined, to benefit Norway and Prussia. The sugar trade of the West Indies is about to be thrown away, to benefit the Brazils and Cuba. The East Indian cotton ade has long been despised, while he United States have risen on its ruin; and the wine-growers at the Cape of Good Hope, after having vested their property in vineyards under the faith of Parliament, are about to be sacrificed to the wine-growers of France, which country sends us every thing she can, and takes as little from us as possible! The mismanagement of our colonial empire is always reprehensible, sometimes distressing, and at other times ludicrous. Thus, the mother country sent to the Mauritius, where the French language alone is spoken, as chief judge, an individual who did not understand a word of French, and who was moreover perfectly deaf! Early this year, it was determined to send all the old pensioners that could be mustered to settle in Canada. Their pensions for three years were advanced to them to supply them with funds, and when arrived there they were told they would have lands allotted to them by the local government. The pensioners came from all places to London, where they got the cash; but as no rendezvous was appointed for them, nor authority to direct them, they were quickly deprived of their money by sharpers and by gin; and when the days of sailing came, not a half could be mustered! The missing were afterwards returned to their parishes, to be supported as paupers for life! A portion sailed, and reached Quebec. They applied to the governor for the lands which had been promised them; but, to their surprise and mortification, they were informed that the Colonial Office had never written a word upon the subject! They were accordingly left in want: some of them spent their money, and became paupers at Quebec; the remainder found their passage home, after expending the funds they had remaining; and, arrived in this country, they are thrown as paupers upon the parishes to which they belonged! A more disgraceful and heartless job scarcely stands upon record in the history of Colonial Office negligence and folly.

During the last eight years in particular, the Ministers who have composed the Cabinet of Great Britain, have been so busily engaged in concocting measures to keep themselves in power when they had got possession of it, or to get hold of it again when they had lost it, that they have not had time to attend to any thing else. The consequences of this state of things have been, that the welfare, the prosperity, the interests, and the peace, of all our transmarine possessions, have been shamefully neglected, and given up to be directed and ruled by a band of theoretical boys in the secondary ranks of the government offices, who are set apart to superintend colonial interests, and who, by patronage and hypocrisy, like ———, have got themselves advanced from a three-legged stool to an easy-chair, and who imagine that, because they have been so, they may, "while blowing the trumpet of Liberty, tell their equals they are slaves." By statesmen such as these our colonial empire is now ruled, and all the enormous property, capital, and commerce, dependent upon these possessions, are endangered and rendered unsettled and unprofitable. Napoleon, my Lord, would not have acted thus; nor does any nation in the world act in this manner but Great Britain; and if she will continue to persevere in such a pernicious course, she must expect to reap the fruits of her folly, namely, severe national loss, and deep national humiliation and degradation. I am, &c.

James M'Queen.

Glasgow, 10th October, 1831.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. XI.

THE REJECTION OF THE BILL—THE SCOTCH REFORM.

WHAT *have* the Peers done? They have done their duty, and, we trust, saved their country.

We had always the greatest hopes of the resistance which in the last extremity the Peers of England would offer to the torrent of revolution, and the firmest confidence in the efficacy of their exertions to rescue the nation from the dangers with which it was wellnigh overwhelmed. But we were not prepared for, we never could have anticipated, the glorious stand which they have made against the Reform Bill.

To have thrown out that Bill by a majority, which, but for the recent unprecedented creation, would have been SIXTY-TWO; to have been proof alike against the seductions of Ministerial influence, the smiles of Ministerial favour, and the vengeance of democratic ambition; to have despised equally the threats of a revolutionary press, the intimidation of ignorant multitudes, and the fierce, though fleeting, folly of public opinion, is indeed a triumph worthy of the Barons of England. Their ancestors who declared seven hundred years ago at Mertoun, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*, the iron warriors who extorted from John at Runneymede the great charter of English freedom, did not confer so great a blessing on their country. The first contended only against the usurpation of papal ambition; the latter struggled against the tyranny of a weak and pusillanimous prince: but the victory now gained has been achieved over the united forces of ignorance and ability; over all that democracy could offer that was savage, and all that talent could array that was formidable. In Gothic ages our steel-clad barons struggled only for infant freedom, and laid the foundations of a civilisation yet to be; the Peers of our day have been intrusted with the protection of aged happiness, and the keeping of a standard grown grey in renown. Well and nobly have they discharged the trust; despising every unworthy menace, steadfastly adhering through every peril to the discharge of duty, they have achieved a triumph of immortal celebrity. They have saved us from the worst of tyrannies; the despotism of a multitude of tyrants. The future historian will dwell on the glories of Trafalgar, and the enduring valour of Torres Vedras and Waterloo; but he will rest with not less exultation on the moral firmness of our hereditary legislators; on the constancy which could remain unmoved amidst a nation's defection, and save a people who had consigned themselves to perdition.

It is for the poor themselves, for those miserable victims of democratic frenzy, that our first thankfulness arises. When an hundred and fifty thousand men assembled, at the command of the Birmingham Union, to menace their last and best friends; when the standard of rebellion was all but unfurled, and the Peers were *dared* to discharge their duty, on the edge of what an abyss of wretchedness and suffering did the deluded multitude stand! Had Providence in wrath granted the prayer of their petition, how soon would the countless host have withered before the blast of destruction; how many human beings, then buoyant with health and exulting in ambition, been soon swept away; how many wretched families writhed under the pangs of famine; how many souls been lost in the crimes consequent on unbearable misfortune! Long before the democratic flood had reached the palaces of the great, while the rich were still living in affluence on the accumulations of centuries, the poor, dependent on their daily labour, would have been involved in the extremity of suffering, and hundreds of thousands perished as in the Crusades, the victims of political, as great as religious fanaticism. The rich would ultimately have been destroyed; the higher ranks would have been swept away in the flood of misfortune, but they would have survived the wretched crowd which swelled the torrent; and the last breath of the deluded multitude, when sinking in the waves, would have been to curse the authors of a nation's ruin.

Our next cause of thankfulness, is for the preservation of the institutions of the country; of that constitution which has survived so many perils, and produced such unparalleled blessings; under which our fathers have prospered, and the old time before them; which has been transmitted, like the Mantle of Elijah, from generation to generation, and even now saved the nation, it is to be hoped, from the abyss of wretchedness. It would have been a deplorable spectacle to have seen the British constitution perish from any cause; to have beheld the fabric of Alfred, matured by the experience, and adapted to the wants of successive generations, fall even under external violence, the sword of Napoleon, or the armies of Russia: but how much more terrible, to have seen it perish under the violence of its own subjects; sink into the grave from the impious hands of its own children! It is painful to see a family in private life behave with ingratitude to the authors of their being; revolt against the hands which had lulled them in infancy; discard the wisdom which had instructed their youth, and bring down the grey hairs of age with sorrow to the grave: But what shall we say to the nation which, in a transport of fury, could pull down the institutions under which they had attained unparalleled happiness; which had been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting; which had spread the sway of an island in the Atlantic, as far as the arms of conquest could reach, or the waters of the ocean extend; which had given birth to Milton and Newton, to Scott and Shakspeare; on which were reflected the glories of Palestine, the lustre of Cressy, the triumph of Blenheim; the country of Marlborough and Wellington, of Blake and Nelson; the nation which had ever been first in the career of usefulness, and last in the desertion of duty?" All these glories, this long line of greatness, these countless millions of helpless beings, stood on the verge of destruction; with their own hands they had pushed out upon the sea of revolution, and the monsters of the deep were raging for their prey! They have been saved after they had abandoned the helm, and resigned themselves to the tempest, by the firm and intrepid hands which seized it.

Our last cause of thankfulness is for the human race—for the countless myriads who looked to the shores of Britain for the last struggle between order and anarchy; and the triumph achieved for true freedom, by the first and greatest defeat of democratic oppression. Not merely as natives of England, but as citizens of the world, we rejoice in the triumph—the victory of experience over innovation—of balanced power over oppressive tyranny—of the reign of Peace over the era of Blood. It is a proud thing for England, that, in this great crisis, she has not been wanting to her duty; that she has maintained her high place in the van of civilisation, and kept the lead alike in the ranks of Freedom, and the array of Wisdom. Centuries before the name of Liberty was known in the neighbouring states; while the nations around her were sunk in barbarism, or crouching under oppression, she erected the firm and fair fabric of public freedom; and now, when they are fawning before the career of revolution, and placing their necks beneath the many-headed monster of democratic power, she boldly stands out, erect and alone, to combat the tyrant when he is strongest, to grapple with the Hydra in his prime.

If any thing could add to the gratitude which we feel for these great achievements, it would be the satisfaction which must arise from the manner in which the great question has been treated in the House of Lords. The days are over when the people can be deluded by the old calumny of the Peers being behind the age—a set of incurables—a race of imbeciles, fit only to be discarded with disgrace. This debate has displayed their character in its true colours; it must silence the breath of vituperation, and open the eyes even of political blindness. The two great parties which divide the state have been brought into presence, each has sent forth its combatants into the field; and what a stupendous difference between them! How immeasurably superior the debates of the Lords have been to those of the Commons! How dignified the language—how statesman-like the wisdom—how great the courage of the former when compared with the declamation and vehemence of a majority in the latter body! The Peerage has produced the speeches of Wellington, Harrowby, Dudley, Caernarvon, Wharncliffe, Wynford, Lyndhurst, and Eldon; and what has the democratic party brought forward in the Lower House to counterbalance it? O'Connell, Hobhouse, Hunt, and Hume. Which of these great bodies will stand most prominent in the eyes of posterity? On the conduct of which will the historian dwell with enthusiasm; the words of which will flow down the current of time, the admiration and boast of unborn ages? Much as we respected, highly as we felt the importance of the British aristocracy, their ability and energy has exceeded any thing that could have been anticipated.

Nor is the due meed of praise less due to the noble supporters of the Bill in that assembly. In hearing their speeches, the conservative Peers might well experience

> "The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

What a contrast do the speeches of Earl Grey, Lord Lansdown, and Lord Brougham, afford to the idle declamation, the ignorant assertion, the contemptible abuse, which has been so prodigally exerted in support of the Bill, and ever proves as powerful to vulgar, as it is hateful to superior minds!

But it is from the great ability of these reforming orators in the House of Lords, that the strongest argument against the bill is to be drawn. Every thing that talent and ability, eloquence and skill, could do in its favour, was done; and to what did it amount? To this only, that, according to Lord Grey, the bill must be passed, not because it is *a good bill*, but because the people demand *reform*. To his whole speech the answer might be made with perfect success—"Supposing it granted that *some* reform is indispensable, still you have done nothing to shew that yours is the *proper reform*, or that its adoption would not make matters even worse than, according to your own shewing, they now are. Every word of your speech may be *admitted* by the most vehement opponents of the Reform bill."

Not one of the able supporters of reform could adduce a single argument in favour of *this bill*, which was the only question before the House. Lord Brougham *virtually abandoned the L.10 clause*, by admitting that in committee he would not oppose its alteration to a standard varying according to the size of the town; and he added, that it was originally *fixed at* L.20, and altered to L.10, because in *one* borough containing 1700 inhabitants, the requisite number of voters, according to that standard, could not have been found. Where would have been the shouts of the multitude if the L.20 clause had been retained? The people were worked up to a state of frenzy by this extension of the franchise to a numerous class, which some of the authors of the bill themselves intended to *abandon* in the House of Lords; and yet they urged this measure as a *final* settlement of the question! Final, when the bill would at last have excluded four-fifths of the voters on whose shoulders it was brought to the Upper House! On such causes do the convulsion of nations and the fate of the world depend.

Two facts were brought out in the debate, which, it is hoped, will for ever set this question of L.10, or 3s. 10d. voters at rest. The one was, that out of 378,000 houses returned by the Tax-office, only 52,000 are above L.20, and the other, that out of all the houses in the empire returned by the Tax-office, the majority is rated below L.12. It was admitted also by Lord John Russell, in the Lower House, that the *real number* of L.10 houses was from *three* to *fifteen* times greater than the Tax-office returns indicated; and the Reform Bill allowed a house, proved *any how* to be rented at L.10, to confer a vote. Now, if a majority of the houses, rated even in the Tax-office returns, is below L.12 a-year, what sort of a majority would it have been when the houses below that value are admitted to have been from three to fifteen times greater than the result shewn by these returns? From what a perilous set of electors have we been delivered by the defeat of the Bill! And on the edge of what a gulf of perdition did we stand, when the firmness of the Peers interposed for our salvation!

The merits of the illustrious men who have effected this great object will not be appreciated, if it is not recollected, that, unlike all other patriots, they stood opposed, not only to the weight of administration, but the fury of the people. In ordinary times, the patriot who withstands the influence of the executive, who resists temptation, and despises honours, and incurs danger in the discharge of duty, is supported by the applause and admiration of his fellow-citizens; millions repeat his words, and watch upon [illegible] actions; the perils of the mo[illegible] are drowned in the magnitude [illegible] presence in which they are incurred. But the British patriots of our day stood in a widely different, and far more disheartening situation. No admiring crowds attended their course —no grateful multitudes watched their contest—no sympathetic prayers arose from millions for their salvation. By a combination of circumstances, unprecedented in the annals of England, the weight of the executive, and the madness of the people, took the same direction; and the patriots who with magnanimous disinterestedness withstood the former, were exposed to unmeasured threats and atrocious obloquy from the latter. But, like the troops whom their noble leader headed at Waterloo, they manfully fronted on every side, with the same resolution repelled the terrors of the populace with which they flung back the efforts of the Administration; and, undazzled either by the lightnings of the throne or the thunder of the multitude, bore aloft the standard of England, conquering and to conquer.

To one body in the Peers the admi-
trium of every true patriot is in an
of Marl manner due. The bishops
Blake and been held up to public
had ever been servile courtiers;—ever
usefulness, and the Crown, and inca-
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the verge of destruction; [illegible] v had any borough influence either to lose or gain by
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rights of British statesmen. What have such calumniators now to say? Have they yielded to the mandates of the Crown, or been intimidated by the fury of the democracy? Tempted by all the seductions of court favour, threatened with all the violence of republican ambition, denied promotion by the Ministers, threatened with confiscation by the populace, how have they acted? Like true patriots, like men of firmness and integrity, the worthy successors of the primitive martyrs, whom neither menaces nor allurements could swerve from the path of duty.

Of what incalculable importance is the House of Lords in the British Constitution; and how well does it deserve the praises, so long bestowed upon it, by the greatest and best of mankind!* What other government, in ancient or modern times, could have withstood the tempest which it has now, it is to be hoped, triumphantly weathered? Where shall we find, in the energy of democratic or the tranquillity of despotic states, a conservative strength, a renewing power, an inextinguishable vigour, comparable to what it has now displayed? Before the hurricane which the standard of England has rode out, the despotism of Russia would have been prostrated, and the democracy of France rent in shreds.

The extraordinary ability, the moral courage, the magnanimous disinterestednessd, isplayed by the British Peers, were the direct and immediate consequence of the intermixture of plebeian ability with aristocratic feeling in their ranks; and the fortunate exertions to which the youth of the nobility are driven to maintain their ground against the incessant pressure of talent from the lower classes of society. It is in this circumstance of inestimable importance, that the real cause of the elastic vigour of the British aristocracy is to be found. Who were the men who have stood forth pre-eminent in this memorable contest? The Duke of Wellington, trained to exertion in the wars of India and the fields of Spain; Lord Harrowby, bred in laborious exertion in domestic government; Lord

Eldon, whose great abilities forced him from a humble station to the Chancellorship of England; Lord Lyndhurst, whose talents pressed through the terrible competition of the English bar; Lord Wharncliffe, long a tried and experienced debater in the Lower House; Lord Wynford, once the able leader of the Southern Circuit. It is the competition with such men; the incessant measuring of their strength with the greatest abilities which the Commons can produce; the long and stormy education in the Lower House of Parliament, which developes the intellectual powers of the English nobility; and compels even those, bred in the lap of wealth and luxury, to submit to the severe labour, and strenuous exertion, by which alone greatness in any walk of life is to be attained. We admire, as much as any men, the dignified energy of Lord Dudley, the manly vehemence of Lord Winchelsea, the ardent eloquence of Lord Carnarvon; but we cannot forget that, but for the salutary intermixture of plebeian ability, their great powers might have lain dormant; and the talents which have now saved a nation, been wasted in the frivolity and dissipation of fashionable life.

One deplorable effect of the Reform bill would have been, that it threatened to extinguish this collision of the aristocracy with the democracy; and by vesting the powers of government practically in the House of Commons, consign the Peers to that life of frivolous pleasure and inglorious ease, which constitutes at once the disgrace and the weakness of continental states. Young men, of noble blood or independent feelings, would have disdained to seek admission into the Lower House, when it could be obtained only by pandering to the diseased appetites and insatiable ambition of a fierce and vain democracy; or, if they had submitted to the degradation, they would, as in ancient Rome, have generally proved unsuccessful. The nobles of England would have retired in indignant silence to their palaces or their estates,—the career of usefulness would have been closed to their ambition,—the attractions of pleasure have drawn them into its whirlpool. Even although the House of Peers had not been formally abolished, as in the days of Cromwell, by the fury of democratic ambition, its power and its usefulness would have been at an end; deprived of the feeders to its ability, its weight in the constitution, its power of regulating the machine of government, its moral courage and capacity for exertion would have incessantly declined, and the practical extinction of the third estate left the Crown in open and hopeless hostility with republican ambition.

"When it was put to the members of the French Convention to say, whether Louis was guilty or innocent, the Assembly *unanimously* voted him guilty; and those who wished to save him, ventured only to divide upon the subordinate question, whether there should be an appeal to the people. 'Upon a question," says the republican Mignet, "on which posterity will unananimously decide one way, the Assembly unanimously decided another."* We quoted this in July last, but recent events have strikingly demonstrated its application to these times. Such are the slavish shackles in which democratic ambition retains its representation. Servility worse than that of the senate of Tiberius; pliancy more disgraceful than that of Henry's parliaments; injustice more crying than the executions of Nero, were openly displayed by an Assembly in the first transports of revolutionary zeal, and with the words of justice and liberty incessantly on their lips. The fierce supporters of new-born equality, the ardent declaimers against regal oppression, were constrained to an act of *unanimous* injustice, as shameful as ever stained the seraglio of a Turkish despot.*

Whence is it that liberty is so completely extinguished by the first triumph of democracy; that
of deliberation is so soon
from the delegates of the
that clubs and committees
real powers of government,
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mitted only to register the

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* Mignet, i. 372.

ignorant demagogues? Because the *balance* of government is at an end; because democratic has become as imperious as regal power; because the many-headed monster is as impatient of control upon his passions as the single tyrant of Eastern infamy. Truth is as little heard in the halls of democracy as in the antechambers of princes, and the guillotine of the populace soon becomes as effectual a stifler as the bowstring of the sultan.

Symptoms of this terrible ascendency were beginning to display themselves during the late revolutionary tempest. Not only did the imperious electors generally require pledges from their representatives as to their votes on every material question, but they constituted committees permanently sitting to control their conduct, and often called them to immediate and humiliating account, if they deviated in the slightest degree from their commands. The effect of this fatal assumption of power distinctly appeared in the debates of the Lower House. Not only were they distinguished by smaller ability, but incomparably less freedom of expression or independence of thought than formerly characterised that assembly. The reformers evidently spoke with the terrors of popular indignation hanging over their heads, and the knowledge that a single unlucky expression might lose them their seats in the next Parliament.

The consequences were such as in every age of the world have attended, and will attend, the undue and degrading exertion of authority. Genius deserted the reforming ranks; she shrunk from the unholy alliance with violence and constraint; learning disdained to lend its treasures to the cause of oppression; thought spurned at the control of vulgar assemblies. Those who felt the powers to govern would not submit to be governed. Certainly on no former occasion was the cause of reform supported by such large numbers and small ability in the House of Commons. With the exception of Mr Macauley, Mr Sheil, Mr Stanley, and Lord Althorp, who were all members for nomination boroughs before the reform tempest arose, who signalized themselves in its support in the Lower House? The democrats were triumphant at the elections; they returned a great majority in their own interest; the influence of property was overturned; and what sort of rulers have they chosen for themselves? Men strong in voting, but weak in arguing, who could advance nothing in support of their measures, who shrunk into obscurity before the powerful array of talent by which they were assailed from the Opposition benches. We speak not of individuals, we allude to the general consequences of measures and institutions. The weakness of the reformers in debate was the subject of incessant obloquy even from their own supporters in the country; they were repeatedly told by the most vehement of the reforming journals, that if they said nothing night after night to counterbalance the heart-stirring speeches with which they were attacked, the thoughtful part of the nation would conclude that nothing was, because in truth nothing could be said. The cause of this silence is to be found, not in the *impossibility of finding arguments for reform—for* enough, especially on the popular side, can be urged, as the House of Peers proved, in its support, and arguments *ad captandum vulgus* suggest themselves readily enough to every understanding—but in the pupilage in which they were kept by their constituents, and the eternal law of nature, that genius never will be found in ranks that are controlled.

In truth, the profession of a statesman requires as long a course of previous study, as extensive experience, as powerful an understanding, as either that of a general, a lawyer, or a philosopher. What should we say, if the delegates of the manufacturing towns were to prescribe to a general what to do in presence of the enemy; if, like the Presbyterian preachers of old, the popular leaders of that age, they were to compel him to abandon the ridge of Lammermoor, and rush to certain destruction in the fields of Dunbar? What sort of figure would the democratic leaders exhibit in pleading a case with the Sugdens, the Scarlets, the Denmans of the day? What progress would they make in science with the Davys, the D'Alemberts, or the La Places of the age? And yet, does not the science of government, the historical information on which it was founded, the minute investigation of facts which it requires, absolutely demand at least as long, as laborious, and as uninterrupted a course of study, as either the vocation of the soldier, the pleadings of the lawyer, or the researches of the philosopher?

This is the reason why the nomination boroughs have always been the channel by which the greatest ability in every age has found its way into the House of Commons. Men of real talent, of studious habits, of unassuming worth, disdain the servility, the intemperance, and vehemence requisite to gain the suffrages of a popular body of electors: rarely do they select a really great man, because rarely will a really great man submit to solicit their support. When they do so, it is not so much for the qualities which adorn as those which disfigure him, not for those which make him an useful but a turbulent member of the legislature. It was not Mr Fox, the learned historian, the accomplished scholar, the wise and cautious *legislator,* that the electors of Westminster returned; but Mr Fox the popular *orator,* the vehement declaimer, the intemperate supporter of democratic power. It was not Mr Canning, the eloquent debater, the firm patriot, the intrepid statesman, that the Liverpool freemen selected; but Mr Canning the skilful flatterer, the popular declaimer, the lavish dispenser of government patronage. The case has been the case in every age, from the days of Pericles and Cleon, to those of Mirabeau and Robespierre.

Experience has proved that the control of a single, is much less severe than that of a multitude of despots; that freedom of thought, generosity of sentiment, vigour of genius, is incomparably better preserved under the nomination of a single than the control of a host of electors. The reason is apparent, and being founded in the principles of human nature, will continue the same to the end of the world. Power is never so unmercifully exercised as by those who are least habituated to it. The right of control is so dear to none as to those who have escaped from the control of others. A Minister or a general is frequently indifferent to the exercise of power; a town council, a presbytery, a bench of justices, invariably grasp at it with undecaying tenacity. The patron of a nomination borough will probably appoint those only who agree with him on a few leading points of policy, but he will attempt no farther control over them, and indolence in the general case will prevent any vexatious or degrading exercise of power; the imperious commanders of a popular delegate, never cease to shackle and control their representative, because the principle of democratic ambition is perpetually alive in their undecaying numbers.

Is it then expedient that *all* the representatives in Parliament should be appointed by individuals, or small classes of men, because numerous bodies of electors are incapable of duly exercising their powers? Quite the reverse; it is from the combination of the two that the true composition of a Parliament is to be drawn. The vehement declaimers, the intemperate orators, the democratic leaders, are appointed by the popular bodies; while the great statesmen, the able Ministers, the learned legislators, flow from the selection of the superior and more select classes of society. The one set forms the leaders qualified to govern; the other the partisans fitted to watch the governors: government, without the one, would decline into despotism; without the other, it would give place to anarchy.

Lord Brougham said, in the debate in the House of Lords, that the great advantage of a representative form of government consists in this, that it prevented the popular voice from immediately influencing the legislature, and placed the destinies of the nation in the hands of those who, from their habits, are fitted to deliberate. The observation is perfectly just, and has been made in every age; but how does it tally with the imperious control and system of pledges now adopted by the democratic bodies? Where is the difference between the actual vesting of the legislative power in the whole electors at once, and the vesting it in delegates, who are bound to obey instructions, or consult committees, on every important occasion? Great bodies, he admitted, cannot deliberate; yet he strenuously advocated a measure calculated to increase immensely the influence of great bodies in the legislature, and to augment the already baneful control exercised by the imperious electors upon their representatives. Had the measure proved successful; had the firmness of the Peers not averted its ruinous effects; what could have been anticipated, but that in proportion as the *power* of the Lower House was augmented, its *usefulness* would have been diminished, and that the whole blessings of a representative assembly would have been lost by the substitution of a direct democracy in its stead?

The success of the Reform bill, therefore, would have been the certain prelude to the immediate degradation and ultimate destruction of the House of Commons. When that body becomes mainly influenced by demagogues and delegates; when vehement declamation is the general passport to its ranks; when intemperate abuse, adapted to the meridian of the galleries, takes the place of sober wisdom suited to the pit of the nation, there is an end not only of its usefulness but of its independent existence. The respectable, the thoughtful, the influential classes, will desert the legislature, as they have long ago done in America, and the walls of St Stephens will be occupied, as the halls of Congress, by the hired delegates of separate interests, or the noisy flatterers of democratic passion. The power of reason will no longer be felt, because it will be extinguished by that of faction; and the voice of eloquence no longer heard, because it will strive in vain against that of selfishness. It need not be told to what that state of government is a prelude; the great interests of a nation cannot permanently be neglected; a reaction in favour of a strong government will ensue from the suffering which anarchy has induced, and imperial power unanimously be sought, as in ancient Rome, as the only refuge from the tempests of democratic ambition.

On the other hand, how striking a contrast to the vehement declamation, but intellectual weakness, of most of the reforming orators in the public meetings do the debates on the same subject in the House of Lords afford? What manliness of thought, what vigour of expression, what truth of observation! Things were there called by their right names; no trimming to meet the ideas of vigilant electors, was to be seen. This points out another important effect of the House of Peers in moments such as the present, when, from violent excitement, the higher orders are, generally speaking, on one side, and the lower on another. Without such an assembly, without a body of legislators, *independent* alike of the Crown and the people, the language of truth could not be heard; freedom of national debate could not exist. Here again the wisdom of the English constitution manifests itself. It is its *hereditary* and *independent* nature, which constitutes the great value of the Upper House, as it did of the Roman Senate. If the House of Lords had been nominated, as is proposed in France, by the Crown; if elected, as in America, by the people; they would have been affected by the servility of the court, or tinged by the passions of the multitude. Or had they been elected by either of these powers, or by both combined, could the British Peers have withstood the portentous union of the Ministry with the populace, which has lately taken place? If the constitution is saved, it is entirely in consequence of the votes of men who were exempt by their situation from dependence on the one, or election by the other.

It has been often said, that if the journals in America combine against any individual, how virtuous, able, or upright, or innocent soever, they can succeed in driving him out of the Union. To what cause is it owing that we have not *as yet* arrived at that state of submission to journals, and slavery to the leaders of reading folly? Chiefly to this, that we possess in the Upper House a body of men influential from their property, indomitable from their courage, leading from their ability. They cannot be intimidated or borne down by the vehemence of public delusion; and from their ranks the voice of truth fearlessly emanates, when it is scarcely heard from any other quarter in the state. If the Americans possessed such a body, the baneful influence of journals would still there be restricted; when England loses it, the freedom of discussion will expire, and the despotism of the mob obtain a brief reign, till it is succeeded by that of the sword.

"It is a melancholy truth," says Jefferson, "that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits, than is done in this country *by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood.* Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious from being put into that polluted vehicle. I deplore the putrid state into which our newspapers have fallen, and the malignity, vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write for them. These ordures are rapidly depraving the public taste, and lessening the relish for sound food. As vehicles for information, and a curb on our functionaries, they have rendered themselves useless by forfeiting all title to belief."* Such is the state into which, according to the testimony of the Republican president, the democratic press of America has fallen. What has *as yet* given it a more elevated character in this country? The influence of the hereditary Peers, and the voice of truth which yet emanates from their walls.

The case of Scotland has been alluded to on both sides in the House of Lords, during the Reform debate, in terms calculated to make every thoughtful man hesitate as to the change so generally thought necessary in its internal government.

"I must repeat," said the Duke of Wellington, in the words of Lord Liverpool, "that Scotland is the best conditioned country in the world; I believe I may also say, that it is the best governed; at least, I am sure it has been one of the most prosperous during the last sixty or seventy years."† "All I can say," said Lord Lansdown, "is that, as to the prosperity of Scotland, I perfectly agree with the noble Duke. There is no person who has had an opportunity of witnessing the condition of that country, who is not aware that Scotland exhibits a most striking specimen of glorious civilisation. We all know that it has its Edinburgh, the centre of science and civilisation, that it has its Glasgow, which has covered the Clyde with its steamboats, and studded the Atlantic with its ships; but who is the man that will tell me gravely, that this is the consequence of dues and superiorities? The only superiority which I can discover in Scotland is the superiority of unrepresented education, that superiority which it is the object of this bill to introduce into the legislature." We answer that this prosperous state, admitted on *both* sides, is in a great degree owing to the state of its internal government. This position is at variance with the opinions and prejudices of the age. Let the following considerations be attended to before it is laid aside as untenable.

Scotland, say the reformers, has thriven, not in consequence of its government, but in spite of its government; it is English legislation which has done that for its inhabitants which they never could have obtained from their own institutions. Let us see how this mode of reasoning would do in ordinary life.

A traveller enters the Torrid Zone; he beholds the rich luxuriance and life-teeming vegetation of tropical climates; he gazes on the splendid plumage of the birds, the novel form of the plants, the giant growth of the trees; he sees the natives reclining in indolent ease beneath the shade of the cocoa, the alligators basking in the slime of the rivers, the elephants breaking through the covert of the forest; he is thrown into raptures by the vivifying powers of the Southern warmth, but he is checked by the answer, "This is not in consequence of the sun, but in spite of the sun."

He is borne to the regions of the Frozen Zone; he beholds the bleak mountains loaded with snow, and the cold ocean floating with ice; he admires the multitudes of birds which darken the air, and the innumerable fishes which people the sea; he sees the natives crowding round a blazing fire, and the long nights of winter enlivened by the exploits of the spear and the harpoon; he is led into reflections on the bounty of Nature, which has thus provided not only the support of life, but the means of happiness, to its varied progeny; but he is told, "This is not in consequence of cold, but in spite of cold."

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* Jefferson's Memoirs, IV. 38.

† Debate on Reform Bill.

He traverses the once smiling shores of Turkey; he beholds the undecaying luxuriance of Nature resuming its dominion over the scene of riches and cultivation; he sees the fallen pillar half overgrown with foliage, and the ruined temple rising above the forest; he sees plains, once waving with harvest, returning to desolation, and cities, once the theatre of glorious exploits, crouching beneath the sword of barbarism; but he is checked in his exclamations against human injustice by the observation, "This is not in consequence of oppression, but in spite of oppression."

He returns to the shores of Britain—he there beholds an industrious people covering with riches a barren land—he sees its artisans clothing the world with their fabrics, and its sailors whitening the ocean with their fleets—he beholds its valleys waving with harvests, and its mountains clothed with flocks—its cities teeming with animation, and its harbours crowded with masts—its armies radiant with glory, and its navy redundant with might: but when he ascribes this dazzling spectacle to the liberty it has enjoyed, he is told, "This is not in consequence of freedom, but in spite of freedom."

Any person who should reason in this manner in ordinary life, would be considered incapable of understanding what he was discussing: yet a paradox fully as great, is seriously put forward, as the foundation of a *total destruction* of the Scottish constitution!

Scotland, say the Reformers, has certainly thriven; but it has not thriven because its government was good, but because its government has not been *able to prevent* the expansion of the deep-rooted seeds of prosperity which other causes had implanted in its bosom. Is it then so very small a commendation to political institutions, that they have not prevented the nation from prospering? Have the Reformers forgot the maxim of Colbert—*Laissez nous faire*, as the principle of beneficent legislation—have they forgotten the doctrine of Mr Smith, that the best government is that which *does nothing to counteract* the tendency to improvement which arises from every man's endeavour to better his own condition? Did the government of old France, or does the government of modern Spain, exhibit no tendency to counteract the advancement of those countries? In truth, it is never government which renders or can render a nation prosperous; it is the exertions of its own subjects which does and must do so: and there cannot be a better definition of a good government, than that it permits the efforts of individuals fully to swell the tide of public prosperity. To say the government of Scotland is bad, but the efforts of the people have nevertheless made the nation eminently prosperous, is to assert a contradiction in terms.

But they reply, Scotland is not prosperous from the institutions of its own country, but it is prosperous from the infusion of English freedom, and the influence of English legislation. If this be the real cause of our happiness, how has it happened that Ireland, which has enjoyed for two centuries longer than Scotland the blessings of that legislation, is still in so miserable a state? How does it happen that English ascendency, which has fanned Scotland, according to them, with the zephyrs of spring, has desolated Ireland with the blast of destruction? Or if Scotland has contrived to make England deal towards it in a different way from the conduct adopted to the neighbouring island, from what source has that difference sprung? Is it from our superior natural advantages? The answer is plain; Scotland contains 20,000,000 acres of mountain, and 5,000,000 acres of arable land; and Ireland contains 5,000,000 acres of mountain, and 20,000,000 of the richest land. Is it from superior numbers? Scotland has hardly a quarter of the Irish population. Is it from greater independence and advantages of situation? Scotland is in the same island with England, and was for centuries exposed to the direct attack of its numerous and valiant armies, while

Ireland had the inestimable advantage of an arm of the sea lying between. It is in vain to elude the truth: Scotland has prospered in connexion with British legislation, because its own institutions are calculated to make a nation happy, and they have nursed a spirit which prevented it being oppressed by its powerful neighbour. Ireland has suffered under the same connexion, because its own institutions were calculated to make its people miserable, and they have *not* developed the spirit calculated to temper English ascendency.

But farther, if it were really true that the unexampled prosperity of Scotland is to be ascribed, notwithstanding its own vicious institutions, to English influence, what must be the intrinsic excellence of that *English* constitution, which, even struggling with such disadvantages, has produced such wonderful effects? If the sun of English freedom, even when shining through the cold mists and drenching rains of Scotch aristocracy, has been able to vivify and invigorate this barren land, what must be the brightness of the luminary, what the warmth of its rays, when shining in its own firmament? The worse they make the Scottish constitution, when they admit its prosperity, the more admirable must be the English, since it could neutralize its effects: and the more that reform is required in this country, the less is any change necessary in the centre of British freedom.

But when our reforming legislators, and even some who might have known better, declared that Scotland had owed nothing to its own institutions, and that its prosperity was entirely to be ascribed to the beneficent legislation of the neighbouring kingdom, that no spirit of freedom ever animated its people, and that gloomy fanaticism alone brought them into the field; these gentlemen either spoke on a subject of which they knew nothing, or they concealed a knowledge of facts destructive of their assertion.

Have these gentlemen forgotten that the tide of Norman tyranny, beneath which England writhed for centuries, rolled back from the resolute resistance of Scottish patriotism: that while Norman William crushed English valour in a single battle, Norman Edward sought, in vain, to stifle the unconquerable spirit of Scottish independence; that the greatest army England ever sent into the field, was destroyed by a Scottish king, and that the spearmen of Scotland routed a host at Bannockburn, before which the chivalry of France quailed at Cressy and Agincourt?

Have they forgotten, that when the Reformation had roused the spirit of freedom in both countries, it was Scottish ardour that first took the field: that years before a sword was drawn in England on the patriot side, or the royal standard waved at Nottingham, a Scottish army had fearlessly assembled, routed the English royalists at Newcastle, and driven Charles to concession at York: that when the armies of the Long Parliament were sinking under the efforts of the cavaliers, it was the arrival of 22,000 Scottish auxiliaries which turned the scale, and gave victory to the arms of freedom at Marston Moor: and that, but for the frenzy of the popular demagogues at Dunbar, Scotland would have crushed the despotism of the Long Parliament, and saved England from the rule of Cromwell?

Have they forgotten, that when tyranny resumed its ascendency under Charles II., and England saw in indignant silence the blood of Sidney and Russell staining its scaffolds, the Scottish Covenanters resolutely continued the contest, and exhibited, in a hopeless struggle, the indomitable spirit which their forefathers had shewn at Stirling and Bannockburn: and that when the cup of national indignation was full, and James was driven from the throne, while the English Parliament only ventured to enact that the throne was vacant, because the monarch had *deserted* it, the Scottish estates at once declared that it was open to a nation's election because he had *forfeited* it?

Have they forgotten, that when the patriots of both countries set themselves to establish a barrier against arbitrary imprisonment, the Scottish Parliament devised a remedy much more effective, and much more bold, than the English *habeas corpus* act: that the act of 1701 is open to none of the objections of the English statute; that it absolutely excludes imprisonment in every case beyond 140 days to those who apply for its protection, and gives a degree of security to the subject, which English liberty has never yet attained?

Have they forgotten, that four centuries[*] ago, the Scottish Parliament conferred absolute security on the leaseholder against the landlord and his successors of every description; an enactment, says Mr Smith, of "such incalculable importance, that it is sufficient of itself to account for the present flourishing state of Scottish agriculture, and conferred a greater blessing on the people than the legislature perhaps of any other country ever conferred on its subjects by a single enactment?"[†]

Have they forgotten, that two centuries ago,[‡] the Scottish Parliament effected an universal and equitable adjustment of ecclesiastical property, which has ever since that time prevented, over the whole country, the vexation arising from the drawing of the tithe in kind: and that Scotland obtained for itself, even in the arbitrary days of Charles I., a complete exemption from an evil, which the English and Irish patriots have laboured in vain to obtain for their people up to this hour?

Have they forgotten, that, whereas the unequal division of ecclesiastical estates, and the weight of the hierarchy, are an incessant and existing eyesore to the English reformers, both these evils, if evils they are, were abolished 250 years ago by the Scottish reformers, and the Presbyterian Church established on a footing of democratic equality, which French enthusiasm has not surpassed, and English democracy laboured in vain to attain?

Have they forgotten, that while the beneficial intentions of the English Poor Laws have been defeated by the multitude of enactments which have grown out of its provisions, and England in consequence labours under an oppressive and inextinguishable load of poor's rates, the relief of the Scottish poor was settled 250 years ago,[§] by its parliament, with such wisdom, that abuse has never yet fastened upon its enactments, nor real suffering been denied by it relief?

Have they forgotten, that that universal system of parochial education, which it is the glory of the present age to have, in some degree, obtained for the English poor, was established 130 years before by the Scottish Parliament, in their dominions;[||] and that the achievement, which it is the boast, and the deserved boast, of Lord Brougham, to have partially effected in this age, was completely effected at the close of the seventeenth century by the Scottish legislators?

Have they forgotten, that the humane spirit which the benevolence of Sir Samuel Romilly, the eloquence of Sir J. Mackintosh, and the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel, have successively endeavoured to introduce into the English Criminal Law, was attained three centuries ago in the Scottish customary practice; that criminal reform has never here been thought of, because criminal severity never existed; and that while the crimes punished by death in England, amount to above three hundred, those capital in Scotland are not fifty, of which above one-half have been introduced by the British Parliament since the Union?

Have they forgotten, that while the land-rights of England are involved in such intricacy, and subject to such uncertainty, that there is hardly a title to an estate in the kingdom, free from objection, and the greatest powers of the English Bar are now engaged in its amendment, those of Scotland, founded on a system of public register, are comparatively unexceptionable, and have never given rise either to disorder or complaint; and that Lord Brougham only *proposes* to establish for England, in future, that complete system of registration, which two hundred and thirty years ago was introduced among its subjects by the wisdom of the Scottish Parliament?[¶]

Have they forgotten, that the system of the administration of justice by sheriffs appointed by the Crown, in all the counties, which Lord Brougham proposes as a remedy for the enormous and ruinous delays of the English common law courts, has been in full operation for above three centuries in Scotland; that the poor of this country have had, for that time, their cases decided in their own country, at less than *a tenth* of the cost of an English litigation; and that the benevolent dream of Alfred, that justice should be brought to every man's door, but which English legislation has never yet been able to effect, was realized in Scotland before the downfall of the Catholic religion?

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[*] Act 1449.

[†] Wealth of Nations.

[‡] By act 1663.

[§] By act 1579.

[||] By 1696, c. 6.

[¶] By act 1617.

Have they forgotten, that the humane relief against imprisonment for civil debts, which has only been introduced within these fifteen years into the English practice, was established in Scotland one hundred and forty years ago;* and that the horrors of hopeless imprisonment, so long the disgrace of English legislation, have been for above a century unknown to the north of the Tweed?

Have they forgotten, that the institution of a retrospective period in bankruptcy, suggested by dear-bought experience to English legislation, and introduced by the reforming hand of Sir Samuel Romilly, was fully matured a century before, by the prophetic wisdom of the Scottish Parliament?†

Have they forgotten, that the ruinous consequences of distraining the effects of the tenant for the debts of the owner of the soil, though he has paid his rent to his immediate superior, which has so long withered the industry of the Irish tenantry, and prevented the growth of Irish agricultural capital, and for which the British Parliament is now in vain devising a remedy, were completely prevented two hundred and eighty years ago by an act of the Scottish legislature?‡

Have they forgotten, that the corruption of the blood, in other words, the punishment of the innocent children for the guilty parent, which is still the disgrace of the English treason law, was never known to the Scottish practice, and that even in the arbitrary days of Lord Stair, the grandson of a traitor might succeed to his grandfather's estate?§

Have they forgotten, that the foundations of the Scotch system of banking, which has compensated to its inhabitants for all the barrenness of their soil, which the experience of a century has so fully tried, which so narrowly escaped destruction from English innovation a few years ago, but which English wisdom is now beginning to imitate, were laid by the common law of Scotland, and the enactments of the Scottish Parliament, one hundred and forty years ago?||

All the great foundations of public prosperity, therefore—the protection of the subject from arbitrary imprisonment—the establishment of general education—the security of land rights—relief from prolonged imprisonment for debt—security to leaseholders—safety from the distraining of overlords—mildness in criminal law—an equitable system of poor laws—the fair adjustments of tithes—an equal distribution of church property—the institution of efficient local county courts, —the protection of the son from the effects of his father's treason—the protection of creditors from the frauds of bankrupts—the establishment of a judicious system of banking—were laid by the Scottish legislature prior to the English Union.

And it is in the presence of a nation flourishing from the consequences of such a long and unparalleled series of beneficent legislation—it is as representing a legislation which has done such things for their country, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland declares, in his place in Parliament, that "the spirit of real freedom never was known in this country; that Scotland owes all its prosperity to British legislation;" and that it is his glory to pull down its *whole institutions*, to tear it in shreds and patches, and not to leave one stone upon another in the Scottish constitution.

In truth, the prophetic wisdom and practical beneficence of the Scottish legislation, is one of the most curious and instructive things in the history of human improvement, and well deserving consideration in a more durable form than the fleeting pages of this miscellany. We admire the sagacity of Lord Bacon, whose vast understanding anticipated by three hundred years the progress of public thought; but what shall we say to a nation whose legislature has anticipated, by the same period, the advance of its more civilized and opulent neighbour; and not only adopted but matured and completed institutions in the seventeenth century, which were never thought of till the days of Sir Samuel Romilly and Lord Brougham in the centre of English civilisation?

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* By act 1696, c. 8. † By act 1696, c. 4. ‡ By act 1551.

§ Hume, I. 550. || By act 1696.

It is true, the fruits of this beneficent legislation did not appear till the middle of the eighteenth century; but that was not because we were in the least improved at that time by English legislation, but because the effects of English warfare then, for the first time, disappeared. For three hundred years after the reign of Edward I., Scotland was constantly the theatre of war, and times without number laid waste by English invasion. During the whole of the seventeenth century she was torn by intestine and religious contests. This long course of warfare, enduring for four hundred years, entirely destroyed domestic industry, and turned the whole energies of the nation towards the military art; and it was not till half a century of peace had followed the settlement of the kingdom by the establishment of the Presbyterian religion, that the fervent spirits of the nation began to take a new direction, and the arts of peace to supersede the dangers of war. Since that time her progress has been truly astonishing; but we will look in vain in English legislation for the causes of that progress. No act of public importance for Scotland emanated from the British Parliament during the eighteenth century, except the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions in 1746; and that was not suggested by English wisdom, but extorted by the Highland broadsword.

We are not ungrateful to England; we acknowledge with gratitude the readiness with which she has ever opened her treasures to Scotland, the vast encouragement to our industry which her market has always afforded, and the improvement which has accrued to us from a closer intercourse with her rich and civilized districts. But justice to our ancestors compels us to say, that it is in their enactments—not English legislation—that the old and deep foundations of Scottish prosperity are to be found.

It is in vain to ascribe this long progress of wise, free, and beneficent legislation to chance. Accident never makes a people happy—chance never makes government for three hundred years stumble on salutary laws. It is to the composition of the Scottish Parliaments that it is mainly to be ascribed; and it will be fortunate if our descendants three hundred years hence have as little reason to complain of the innovations with which we are now threatened, as we have cause to be thankful for the institutions which our ancestors have transmitted to us.

The great distinction between the English and the Scottish constitutions always has been, that the elective franchise in this country is vested in a *much higher class* than in the neighbouring kingdom. It was originally the same, being in both countries the possession of a freehold worth 40s. a-year; but in consequence of a curious circumstance, the constitutions of the two countries diverged in different directions from the same common point, and have arrived at very different results.

The English law took the *real value*, or actual worth of the land as the test, while the Scotch took the *valuation in the books of Exchequer*, called the *old extent*, as the rule. The consequence was, that while the English franchise, in consequence of the degradation in the value of money, constantly became lower, and daily admitted a more democratic class in society, the Scotch, immovably fixed on the old extent, a fixed valuation, became, from the same cause, constantly higher. At length it was found, that a piece of land worth 40s. of old extent, was worth nearly L.400 of modern valuation, and this was fixed on towards the close of the 17th century as another test of qualification. The practical result is, that the possession of land worth L.400 a-year at an average, holding of the crown, is now the requisite to confer a freehold.

But these freeholds are not all

really connected with land. By separating the superiority, as it is called in legal language, from the property; in other words, by conferring the *title* to the land on one person, and the possession and right of enjoying it upon another, a right of voting has been acquired by a class of persons who do not actually possess the lands described in their titles. These are called the parchment voters, concerning whom so vehement a clamour has been raised of late years by ignorant or interested men.

What has been the practical effect of these parchment votes? The *enfranchising* of a large portion of the middling ranks not adequately represented in Parliament, by enabling them to purchase freeholds at prices varying from L.300 to L.800, or L.1,000. Thus, by means of these parchment votes, which are daily exposed to public sale, *the middling ranks* of society, not possessing land sufficient to confer a qualification, have *become freeholders*. The merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, bankers, rich shopkeepers, and others of that rank, have thus acquired the elective franchise; and yet this is the part of the system which is the subject of incessant abuse from those who do not understand, but think themselves qualified to decry it.

The really defective part of the Scottish representation is to be found in the boroughs, where, the freehold being in general confined to the magistrates, the most opulent and influential of the citizens are in many places excluded. This evidently requires amendment; but the remedy required is to *strengthen*, not weaken the conservative party, by extending the franchise to such a class of citizens as, by their habits, property, and education, will rally round the cause of order.

It would be desirable, too, that all persons possessing landed property to a certain amount, *by whatever tenure*, should have a vote; for a share in the election of the legislature should never depend on mere technical form of title. By whatever standard the right of voting is fixed, it should confer the franchise alike on all proprietors to that amount, by whatever tenure it is held. This is a Reform which no sensible man can oppose: and in our next number we shall develope at large the principles on which a rational Reform might be founded.

In ancient times, prior to the Union, when the boroughs of Scotland were almost all indigent and inconsiderable, they were perfectly well represented by the mayors and deacons of their respective crafts. Now, since Glasgow, Leith, Dundee, and Aberdeen, have risen to commercial opulence, this is not the case; and that the present borough electors are, in a great proportion of the boroughs of Scotland, unfit for the trust placed in their hands, is proved by the fact, that they were carried away by the public delusion so far as, in a great majority of cases, to vote for the candidates pledged to the Reform bill, that is, to the total destruction, as the Lord Advocate boasted, of the constitution. It is evident from this, that the boroughs are in general now placed in the hands of those whose heads are turned by any vehement public delusion, and therefore that they cannot be relied on as supporters of the institutions of the country.

The conduct of the electors in the counties demonstrates the different and far sounder base on which the constitution is there rested. In the great majority of cases, they have returned the anti-reform candidates; proving thereby that the electors have discharged the first duty of those possessing a freehold—that of supporting, in perilous times, the institutions of their country.

With the exception of the boroughs, it is plain that Scotland possesses a body of electors formed on far more philosophical and rational principles than those contained in the Reform Bill; and that the admirable wisdom of its legislation, while it possessed its own parliament, is the consequence of this circumstance.

It was stated by the Lord Advocate in Parliament, that Scotland contained somewhat above two millions of souls, and that it is represented by about 5000 electors. This he considered of itself sufficient to condemn the system, and retain the country in ignominious bondage. Let us examine this opinion. Nobody will dispute the democratic tendency of the French electors, when they returned a Chamber so extremely democratical, that the Ministers could not carry on the government with it, and were driven to the famous ordinances to avoid a direct collision with the Chamber of Deputies. Nobody will deny their power, when in three days they hurled a dynasty from the throne; yet France possessed no larger number of electors prior to the accession of Louis Philip, than Scotland, and the elective franchise was at least as high. France, containing 32,000,000 of inhabitants, had 80,000 electors; and Scotland, with 2,000,000, had 5000. These proportions are exactly the same. The income of the average of voters in Scotland is probably from L.200 to L.300 a-year; and the standard in France, by the payment of 300 francs a-year of direct taxes, was, prior to the late Revolution, somewhat higher.

This coincidence is very remarkable. France, after having made a full and fair experiment of revolution, after having tried and experienced the full effect of all the democratical ideas to which we are beginning to serve an apprenticeship, deemed it indispensable to fix the standard as high as the Scottish system, which is so much the object of obloquy. The constitution which has conferred such immeasurable, and we may add, unparalleled advantages on Scotland, for so many hundred years, closely resembles, in practical working, that which, after a full experiment of revolutions, was established in the neighbouring kingdom. The theories of French equality—the experience of Scottish wisdom, have fixed legislative power in the same class in society.

The opposite system has long been established in Ireland; the elective franchise has there, for a very long period, descended to a far lower class; forty-shilling freeholders have overspread the land; and what sort of legislators and legislation have they produced in the Irish legislature? The Irish Parliaments were avowedly the most corrupt and the most absurd in Europe. The main cause of the wretchedness of Ireland has been *its own legislature,* chosen by the forty-shilling freeholders; the main cause of the prosperity of Scotland, its own legislature, chosen by the higher class of electors.

or is it difficult to see how this come to pass. The Irish freeholds have descended to a class incapable of judging on public affairs, ignorant, swayed by passion, amenable to interest, open to corruption; the Scotch have been confined to a body of men of higher rank, superior education, more property, consideration, and stake in society. Thence the legislature of the one country has been the arena in which democratic passion and aristocratic corruption have been incessantly in presence of each other; and the contests between the *Ultras* on both sides, who formed the legislature, have, in consequence, been so vehement, that no measures of real utility or practical importance have ever been thought of. This has, in every age, been the grand characteristic of the Irish legislature, vehement party spirit, furious passion, incessant contention, but not one single measure of practical or real importance; and the consequence has been, that they have converted that beautiful island into a scene of unparalleled wretchedness. In Scotland, again, the Parliament having been elected entirely by the higher class of citizens, these furious contests between the aristocracy and the democracy have been unknown; the democratic fury of the one side, and the unblushing corruption of the other, have equally been spared; and the legislature, undisturbed by these ruinous feuds, has pursued a steady course of practical beneficence, which has covered a barren land with unequalled prosperity.

Upon the character of the people of the two countries, the effects of the political institutions to which they have severally been subject, have been equally striking. Vehement party spirit has in every age distinguished the Irish character; divisions of Catholics against Protestants, of tenants against landlords, of the English settlers against the native inhabitants, has not only for centuries exasperated its nobility, but distracted its people. External misfortunes have no doubt in a great degree occasioned this unhappy state; but no man practically acquainted with the country can entertain a doubt, that it has been greatly increased by the unfortunate extension of the elective franchise to the lowest class of the people, and the consequent exposure of them to all the passions and corruptions consequent on the contentions of their chiefs. In Scotland, on the other hand, the fortunate exclusion of this needy and ignorant class from political power, has made them continue strangers to the passions and vices with which it is attended; and instead of disquieting themselves about democratic ambition, or sharing in the corruption of aristocratic vice, they have pursued the paths of useful industry, and known of government only its practical blessings.

The conclusion to be drawn from this circumstance, is not that the institutions of England are necessarily hurtful, but that a long apprenticeship is necessary to enable the lower classes to bear them, and that if *suddenly* extended to other countries, as they have been to Ireland, they will infallibly produce convulsion and ruin. England was in former times as much governed by the aristocracy as Scotland, and the elective franchise fixed in the time of Henry VI. at 40s. or L.70 of our money, limited the right to a very elevated class of the rural proprietors. The progressive depreciation in the value of money, *gradually* extended the franchise to a humbler class, until at last in these times it has descended to the owner of a cottage. Political power has thus been extended to the lower orders of the English, so gradually, that, like the changes of time, this increasing enfranchisement has been imperceptible, and the people were gradually enabled to bear their increasing importance. But it is with no such gradual enfranchisements, but a sudden and prodigious addition to political power, that we were threatened by the Reform bill in this country; and if we would ascertain its effects, we have only to look at the redundant population, exasperated ideas, and vehement contentions of the Irish peasantry.

We do not prophesy any thing of the future: we are fully aware of the perils which still involve the constitution, and need not be told, that, by a violent stretch of the Royal prerogative, even the firmest defence of the constitution may be overthrown. But we trust that better times are approaching; that the recent check will stagger even the Ministerial authors of the Bill; and that, by concession on both sides, a measure may be framed, exempt from the perils of that from which we have just been delivered, and yet satisfactory to the wealth and intelligence of the country. To the principles of such a Reform we shall direct our readers' attention in our next Number.

"Wherever democracy prevails," said Royer Collard, in his speech in the French Chamber, "you may bid a long farewell to peace, tranquillity, industry, wealth, and happiness. Democracies are ever suspicious, turbulent, irritable, prone to war, creative of suffering."* Such is the language of one of the ablest of the liberal party in France,—of the firm friend of freedom, but the stern enemy of democratic oppression. Guizot, the profound and enlightened historian—Thiers, the able republican annalist of the Revolution, have joined their great talents with him to support the hereditary Peerage—the last stay, as all really enlightened men in that country well see, of order, freedom, and happiness. At the moment that it is sinking amidst the waves of democracy, the British Peers have stood forth with unprecedented dignity; and against the ark of their patriotism the surge of revolution has beat in vain. May such ever be the conduct of the English Barons; may the great example of this year be remembered to the latest posterity; and as the waters of the deluge are beginning to recede, may the green hills ere long begin to appear, and the dove bring the olive branch to a suffering world!

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* Speech on the Hereditary Peerage.

LYTTIL PYNKIE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

LYTTIL PYNKIE caime to Kilbogye yett,
It wals on ane hallow-day;
And the ladye babyis with her mette,
To heirre quhat sho wolde say.

For Pynkie wals the lyttilest bairne,
That evir dancit on the greinne;
And Pynkie wals the bonnyest thynge
That evir on yirthe wals seinne.

Hir faice wals caste in beautye's molde,
And ower hir browe abone
Hir hayre wals lyke the streemys of golde
That tinssillis from the mone.

The smyle that playit upon hir faice
Wals comely to be scene,
And the bonnye blue that dyit the hevin
Wals nevir lyke Pynkie's eeyne.

Thre spannis from heelle to heidde sho sto
But all so meitte to se,
No mayden in hir myldest mode
Ane lovelier forme colde bee.

Quhaevir lokit at hir ane spaice,
Colde nevir calle to mynde
That she possessit not fraime and graice
Of stateliest womankynde.

The Baronne caime forth to the greene,
And hee toke hir be the hande:
"Lyttil Pynkie, you are welcome heirre,
The flower of fayre Scotlande.

"You are welcome to myne bowris, Pynkie
And to myne hallis so gaye,
And you shalle be myne lammie deirre,
And I'll fondle you nychte and daye."

"Och, no! Och, no! myne owne gode lor
For that wolde bee ane synne;
For if you toye or melle with me,
To hevin you'll nevir wynne."

"But I will taike myne chaunce, Pynkie,
For lofe is sore to thole;
The joie of maydenis leifu' charmis
Can nevir stayne the soule."

"Better to thole than wynne the goale,
Quhare pryze is nonne before;
The man quha wynnis myne lofe and mee,
Will nevir knowe mayden more.

"But I will syng ane sang to you,
And daunce ane fairye quheille,

Till you and all youre bonny may bairnis
Can daunce it wonder weille."

Were I to telle Lyttil Pynkie's sang,
It mighte doo muckle ill;
For it wals not fraimit of yirthly wordis,
Though it soundit sweitte and shrill.

But aye the owerworde of the sang
Which ladyis lernit to syng,
Wals, "Rounde and rounde, and sevin tymis rounde,
The elfynis fairye ryng!"

The firste moove that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Wals gentil, softe, and sweitte;
But the seconde rounde Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Theye colde not kenne hir feitte.

The thrydde rounde that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Sho shymmerit als lycht and gaye
Als dauncyng of the wiry lychtis
On warme and sonnye daye.

And aye sho sang, with twyrle and spang,
Arounde them on the playne,
Quhille hir feitte theye shymmerit abone theyre hedis,
Then kyssit the swairde agayne.

Then the Baronne hee begoude to bobbe,
No longer colde hee stande,
And his lyttil maydenis in ane ryng
Theye joynit him hande to hande.

And rounde and rounde, and faster rounde,
The fairye ryng theye flewe;
And aye the langer that theye daunsit,
The madder on fonne theye grewe.

And Lyttil Pynkie in the middis
Bobbyt lyke ane flee in Maye,
And everilk spryng Lyttil Pynkie gaif,
The Baronne he cryit "Hurraye!"

And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
They lyltit and they sang,
And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
They caiperit and they flang;

Quhille the Baronne hee begoude to gaspe,
And his eeyne sette in his heidde;
Hee colde not dragg ane oder lymbe,
So neirlye hee wals deidde,
And downe he felle upon the playne,
Prone lyke ane forme of leidde.

But aye quhan Pynkie made ane spryng
Betweinne him and the daye,
Hee maide a paullè with handis and feitte,
And gaif ane faynte "Hurraye!"

Hee streikit out his lymbis in dethe,
Unpytied and unbleste;

But "Hurraye!" it wals the ae laste sounde
  That gurglit in his breste.

The maydis theyre dauncit and caiperit on
  In madnesse and in blaime;
For lofe or swyke, or dethe or lyffe,
  To them wals all the saime.

But rounde and rounde the ryng theye flewe
  Swyfte als sevin burdis on wyng;
Regairdyng the deidde man ne more
  Than any yirthly thyng.

The menialis gadderit rounde and sawe
  In terrour and dismaye,
Them dauncying rounde theyre deidde fader,
  And Pynkie wals awaye.

" Och-on, och-on," the Chaiplyng cryit,
  " There's some enchauntmente heirre;
Haiste, haiste awaye, myne maydinis gaye,
  This shaimefulle course forbeirre."

The maidinis lefte the fairye ryng,
  And ceissit theyre lychtsome tonne,
But theye colde not comprehende one thyng
  Of all that had beinne donne.

The Chaiplyng ranne into the ryng
  To lifte his maisteris heidde,
And callit on six young bordlye wychtis,
  To beirre awaye the deidde;

Quhan Lyttil Pynkie in the myddis
  Stode lofelye als the sonne;
Sho sang ane staife, and dauncit it rounde,
  And all theyre grieffe wals donne.

The Chaiplyng hee begoude to bobbe,
  And wagg his heede amayne,
For the lyttil kymmeris lythlye lymbis
  Had veirlye turnit his brayne.

And rounde, and rounde, the deidde Baronne
  With caiper and with squealle,
The Chaiplyng and his six yong menne
  Wente lyke ane spynnyng quheille.

And ay they sang Lyttil Pynkie's sang,
  Als loudde als they colde braye;
But saife the burden of that sang,
  The wordis I daurna saye.

But ay quhan Pynkie made ane ryse,
  Withinne the fairye ryng;
" Agayne, agayne!" the Chaiplyng cryit,
  " Welle [illegible], myne bonnye thyng!

" Agayne, agayne! Agayne, agayne!"
  In maddenyng screimme cryit hee,
" Och, let mee se that spryng agayne,
  That I of lofe maye de!"

And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
Theye flapperit and they flewe;
And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
Theye bumpyt and theye blewe

Quhill the Chaiplyng hee begoude to gaspe
And quhizle in the throtte,
And downe hee felle upon the greinne
Lyke ane greate mardel stotte.

He streikit out his laithlye lymbis,
His eeyne sette in his heidde,
But "Agayne, agayne!" caime with ane ryfte,
Quhill after hee wals deidde.

Then all the lande togedder ranne
To prieste and holy fryer,
And there wals prayeris in every kirke,
And hymnis in every quire;

For Lyttil Pynkie helde hir plaice
At lordlye Kilbogye,
And of everilk chamber in the housse
Lyttil Pynkie keepit the ke.

So wordis gone eiste and wordis gone weste,
From Solwaye unto the Clyde,
And wordis gone to the greate Mass John
That livit on Cloudan syde.

So he is awaye to Kilbogye halle
These lordlys maidis to saive,
And conjure that wylde thyng away
Into the Reidd Sea's wave.

Quhan he caime to Kilbogye yette
He tirlit at the pynne,
And quha wals so readdye als Lyttil Pynkie
To ryse and let him in.

"Bairne, I haif wordis to say to you
On matter most sincere;
Quhare is the countreye you caime frome,
And quha wals it sente you heirre?"

"I caime from ane countreye farre awaye,
A regioune caulme and sweitte,
For all the sternis of the milky waye
Were farre benethe our feitt.

"But I haif romit this yirthlye sphere
Some vyrgin soulis to wynne,
Since maydis were born the slaives of love,
Of sorrowe, and of synne.

"By nychte and daye and glomyng graye,
By grofe and greinwode tree;
Oh if you kennit quhat I haif donne
To keippe them fayre and free!

" I haif satte upon theyre waifyng lockis
Als daunceyng on the greinne,
And watchit the blushes of the cheeke
And glances of the eeyne.

" I have whysperit dremys into theyre eirris,
Of all the snairis of lofe;
And coolit theyre yong and hopyng brestis
With dewis distyllit abofe."

" But O thou wylde and wycked thyng,
Thynk of this virgyn bande,
Thou'st taiken theyre fader from theyre heid,
Theyre pastor from theyre hand."

" That fader wals ane man so wylde,
Disgraice of human fraime;
Hee keipit sevin lemanis in his halle,
And maide it house of shaime;
And his fat Chaiplyng—worste of alle,
Theyre dedis I maye not naime.

" Before ane of those maydis had blomit
In lofely laidyhode,
Each wold hait loste hir quhite cleethyng,
But and her sylken snode.

" Then blaime me not now, good Mass John,
For workyng of this skaithe;
It wals the mennis besettyng synne
That tosted them to dethe.

" But now, Mass John, I know you are
A gude man and ane true;
Therefore I yield my vyrgin chairge
With plesure up to you.

" For O there is moche for me to doo
'Mong maydenis mylde and meike;
Men are so wycked heire belowe,
And wemyng are so weake.

" But I will baithe your eeyne, Mass John,
With unguent of the skye;
And you shall heirre with oder eirre,
And se with oder eye.

" And you shall se the richte and wrong,
With soule of dredde withynne;
Quhat habitantis you dwelle amang,
Quhat worlde you sojourne in."

Sho touchit his eye, sho touchit his eirre,
With unguent of the skye,
Distillit from flowris of hevinlye boweris,
That nevir nevir die.

Mass John hee turnit him rounde aboute,
To se quhat hee colde se;
" Quhat's this! quhat's this!" cryit goode Mass John,
" Quhat hath befallen mee!

"For outhir I am sounde asleippe,
And in ane feirsome dreime;
Or else I'm deidd, and gane to hevin,
Which raither wolde beseime.

"For spyritis come and spyritis go,
Of eviry shaipe and shaide,
With ghostis and demonis not ane few,
Sothe I am sore afrayde!

"Quhare is—quhare is Lyttil Pynkie gone?
I cannot brooke this payne;—
Oh! taik this oyntment off myne eeyne,
And maike mee blynde agayne.

"How can I live, or moove, or thynk
With spiritis to congree;
I no acquaintance haif of them,
And they haif nonne of mee!"

But Lyttil Pynkie she wals gane
Awaye by daille and glenne,
To guarde the vyrginis of the lande
From wylis of wycked menne.

And goode Mass John is lefte alone
'Mang spyritis of everilk hue;
There were spyritis blacke, and spyritis quhyte,
And spyritis greene and blue.

And theye were moovyng too and fro
'Mang thyngis of mortal birthe,
Als thicke als burdis upon the bough,
Or human thingis on yirth.

Eache vyrgin had ane guardian fere
Als fayre als flowir of Maye;
And hee himself ane great blacke dougge,
That wolde not pass awaye.

And some had devilis to bee theyre maitis,
And some had two or thre,
That playit soche prankis with maidis and sanctis,
As wals ane shaime to se.

And then the dougge—the great blacke dougge,
Kept lokyng in his faice,
With many a dark and meanyng scowlle,
And many a sly grimaice.

It wals ane lyffe hee colde not brooke,
He wals so hard bestedde;
He colde not preiche, hee colde not praye—
He colde not sleippe in bedde.

For evin within the haly kirke,
By that amaizyng spelle,
He saw some scenis before his faice
Als I can hardlye telle.

Soche als ane spyrit spreddyng clothe
Before ane tailoris eeyne;

And hee wals steillyng in his herte,
  Trowing hee wals not seene.

And some wolde shaike ane mychtie purse
  Before the courtieris sychte,
Quha solde his countrye for the saime
  With very greate delychte.

And some were throwyng cairdis and dysse
  To many a drowsye wychte,
Quha playit and cursit, and cursit and plyait,
  Before theyre pastoris sychte.

And some were wooyng maydinis dynke
  With sylkis and satynis fyne,
And some with vowis and wycked teris,
  Ane very deirre propyne.

And some were tyckelling maydinis oulde
  With thoughtis of manlye youth;
Yea, half the scenis the kirke withynne
  Were synnfulle and uncouthe.

Mass John aft tryit to close his eeyne,
  And shutte them from his sychte;
For there were prankis so very drolle,
  Theye maide him laugh outrychte.

There wals no thoughtis withynne the hertis,
  Though secret and untolde,
But theye were acted in his sychte
  By spyrits manifolde.

He wyshed for dethe, and colde not lie
  Suche strange enchantment under,
Thus wanderyng with a spyritis eye
  Amid a worlde of wonder.

For manne moste be ane mortyl thyng,
  With ane immortyl mynde,
Or passe the dore of dethe, and leive
  Mortalitye behynde.

So goode Mass John longit ferventlye
  That lyffe with him were donne,
To mix with spyritis or with menne,
  But only with the onne.

And then the dougge, the greate blacke dougge,
  Wals ever in his plaice;
Evin at the altar there it stode,
  And stairit him in the faice.

Mass John wente home and layit him downe,
  And soone wals with the deidde,
And the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
  Are lefte withoute ane heidde.

Quhan sevin long yeris had come and passit,
  With blynke and showir awaye,
Then Lyttil Pynkie sho caime backe
  Upon ane Hallow-daye.

But the straynis that Lyttil Pynkie sung
At settying of the sonne,
Were nevir forgotte by old or young,
Quhill lyffe with them wals done.

Quhat then wals sayit, or quhat wals donne,
No mynstrelle evir knewe;
But the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
With beauty blomit anewe.

Some demyt that theye wolde pass awaye
To oder lande than this;
But they lyvit the lyvis that wemyng lofe,
Of sociale yirthlie blisse.

But many a taille in westlande daille,
Quainte rhyme and fairye laye,
There yet remaynis of Pynkie's straynis,
Upon the Hallow-daye.

THE OWL.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

> " T'were better you were I, or e'en the Owl,
> Than on such gentle rhymes as these to scowl.
>
> Μηνιν ἄειδε, ϑεὰ,
> Οὐλομένην.
>
> There needs a Muse
> To find this owlish meaning."

In the hollow sat I, of a wild ash tree,
And a moping owl,
Like a monk in his cowl,
In his ivy cell sat he—
And he moped and mutter'd in sulky drone.
Sirrah, begone—and leave me alone.

To-who-whoot—To-who-who—
To-who-whoot—To-who-who,
The whole forest through,
Sir Owl's on his wing his errand to do,
To summon and call,
The elves one and all,
The sports of the night to renew;
And they peep'd with their heads,
All from their green beds,
As he cried—To-who-whoop—To-who-who.

To-whoop—To-who-whoop,
Trip, trip it, and troop;
Trip, trip it Dainty-foot—Moon-beam shoot—
To-who-who-who—To-who-whoot.
Scamper and frisk,
For see ye the disk
Of the Queen of Night in her coach of pearl,
As she rides by the clouds that round her curl?
Fays, spirits, and elves,
That with half-closing eye
All the purple eve lie
On your lichen-clad shelves
Under blanket of fern;

Or in pearly-bleached shells,
Or under the pebbles
In brown glassy wells;
Come hither, come hither,
And haste, ye know whither—
To-whit—to-who-who—to-who-who.

All ye that lie waking,
All ye that want shaking,
All ye that lie fuddled with dew—with dew,
All ye that lie fuddled with dew;
Mad-caps and crazy-heads,
Musk-rosy Muscovites, reeling o'-dusk-o'-nights,
Tipsily, tipsily, up from your lazy beds,
Up—To-who-whoot—to-who-who!

Tenants of spar-spangled palaces,
Tenants of leafy arch'd tenements,
Silken-wall'd chalices
(Drooping like penitents)
Of yellow-eyed flowers, that look into bowers,
And wood-spiders' tapestried halls for the gay;
Come away, come away,
Ye that lazily toss
Your heads on your pillows of golden moss—
To-whit—to-who-who—to-who-whit,
Come forth, here's your notice to quit, quit, quit,
Come forth, here's your notice to quit.

Gauzy-veil'd Gossamer,
Downy-coat Thistle-seed,
Velvet-ear'd Blossomer,
Shrill-piping Whistle-reed—
Winking Eye specks o' Sprites
Fine Ears and Exquisites—
Break up your elve-crowded concerts, cantatas,
Dumble-door's drowsy sonatas,
With their buz-buz-whirly-go-ramba,
And grasshoppers' scrapings on viol di gamba,
Your drone of the bagpiper gnats,
Their airs Tyroleesing, your orchestra wheezing,
On dull hurdy-gurdies that frighten the bats.
To-who-whit—to-who-who—to-who-whit,
Each of you from his cell,
Hall, court, or domicil,
Come forth—here's your notice to quit, to quit,
Come forth—here's your notice to quit.

And thou, stretch thy voice, and thy neck, oh!
My lovely sweet Echo,
Quintessence
Of all that is airy,
Sweet Fairy,
And stir with thy presence
The sluggards that loiter,
And fold themselves round in fresh leaves, reconnoitre
And brush with soft finger
The cushions of posies, and pink beds of roses,
And sweet-scented crannies, and nooks where they linger.
To-whit—to-who-who—
The whole forest through
Sir Owl, he swift flew,

And fond Echo follows,
And fills up the hollows,
Far, far, and faintly—to-whit-to-who-who.

Alone as I sat in the wild ash-tree,
I could know and could hear
All speech that was utter'd;
The while to your ear
Had you been with me,
Sir Owl would have mutter'd,
Wherever he flew,
But sulky and surly, to-whit-to-who-who,
For the Queen of the Fays had made me free
Of her language, lands, and seigniorie.

From under the leaves,
From under the spray,
From under the fern,
Rose Elf, Sprite, and Fay,
Dropt down from the trees,
And shot up from the grass,
And, struck by the moon-beam, glittered as glass;
And they sparkled and spangled
Most gorgeously dight,
And the briars thick-tangled,
Were gemm'd with the light,
That burst from their presence,
And branch'd off in rays,
Like the sun through the trees,
When he chooses to blaze—
A drop of which essence
Of brightness the glow-worms receive from the Fays.
On whatever it fell,
It shone like a star,
Whence the stones in the dell
So glitter with spar,
E'en a grain of dull sand,
In a Fairy's hand,
Like a di'mond would shine, dug fresh from the mine,
Or the rarest of jewels of Samarcand.

Their bodies elastic
Shot up into measure,
And beauty fantastic,
As suited their pleasure.
Some rode upon insects,
Kept stabled in reeds,
That the touch of the Fairy-spur
Changed into steeds.
The wings of the Dragon-fly
Dropt down in trappings
That reach'd the ground, braggingly
Struck with their flappings.
And the fringes of gold that shot forth flame,
Burnished the ground wherever they came.
The King had his courtiers,
Brave footmen, and knights;
The Queen her fair damsels,
Most exquisite Sprites,
All with beauty unveil'd;
And as they consorted,
Their Hippogriffs snorted,
And their coursers neigh'd loud, as new life they inhaled.

And say, who art thou,
Fair Lady, that now
Thus darest serenely
This glen to approach?
So gentle, so queenly—
Sure, mortal thy birth;
Or else thou art Dian,
New-stept from her coach,
In silence and beauty
To visit the earth—
So tranquil while near is
The wood's deep abyss,
As the daughter of Ceres,
Unconscious of Dis.
There is youth on thy cheek,
And the life's blood is warm,
And a look of pure innocence
Nothing can harm.
Thy silvery feet are on fairy-ground—
The sprites they are closing thee round and round,
Yet thine eye is not free
The pageant to see—
They circle thee in;
And now, the light touch of Titania's wand
Proves thee of kin unblemish'd by sin—
Thou art free of the Fairy Land.

Now the Ring it is set, and the Elves are met—
The King and the Queen are there;
Obsequious they dance, recede and advance,
Around that Lady fair.
Joyous the sport in the Fairy Court,
And the Moon in mid Heaven above
Doth her speed repress,
Sole arbitress
Of the revels of Mirth and Love.
And tier above tier
The stars they peer,
And their silent praise confer,
All winking delight,
An audience bright,
Whilst over the lunar arch is spread,
To enclose that glorious theatre.

O music, sweet music, quoth the Queen,
O, 'tis to our Elves like the summer's green—
O Lady, that gracest our Fairy Ring,
Great were the boon to hear thee sing!

The Lady's Song.

My Father has castles and acres of land,
And heaps of gold as the countless sand;
My Mother, fine maidens and serving men;
But richer am I with my suitors ten.
They come at my beck, and come at my call,
But little care I, for I laugh at them all.

Though I laugh at ten suitors that bow the knee,
There is one that is all the world to me;

But far, far is he on the foaming deep,
Yet still the same vigils of love we keep.
And I came forth to gaze on the moon to-night,
Because upon him it is shining bright.

Oh, if at thy bidding they come and go,
Hasten the winds that homeward blow.
Then give him a grace in my Father's eyes,
A charm that my Mother his worth may prize;
Or if that may not be, enrich him with gold,
For that is the thing they love to behold.

The lady ceased, and Titania then
  Thrice waved her hand to her chosen band:
" Come hither, my merry-men.
Go, Ariel, search the wide sea round,
Till ye find that tall ship homeward bound;
  Some of you lie in the sails on high,
Some upon deck below;
  Some before her track, upon Dolphin's back,
The way that she should go.
And, Ariel, thou, go watch at the bow,
  And look to the fleecy sky,
And call through the shrouds to the demon clouds,
  That they bring no tempests nigh."

Then thrice she waved her wand so white
  Towards the clear moon-beam,
And it suddenly seem'd to drink the light,
  As it were a silver stream.
Thrice did she touch the Lady fair,
  And thrice the charm repeat—
" We bless thy brow and thy raven hair,
  We bless thy ivory feet—
Thine eye—thine ear; bright beams be shed,
And Peace where'er thy feet shall tread;
May all be joy when thou art by,
  Thyself all hearts endear;
And all be pleasure to thine eye,
  All music to thine ear.

" Now bear her, ye sp'rits, to her Father's hall,
  And lay her soft on her bed of down;
Bid her not fear her Mother's eye,
  Bid her not fear her Father's frown.
But soon as she wakes with the morning sun,
Bid her in joy to her parents run;
Their hearts at the sight shall with gladness swell,
For she beareth about her a Fairy spell—
  And soon as their lips her cheek hath kiss'd,
Whatever she task her heart to ask,
  O there is not a power on earth to resist."

The clouds have pass'd over the lunar bow,
  The moon's moving on to rout them,
Close hid in her veil, and the stars grow pale,
  And have wrapt their cloaks about them.
As the cold mists fell on hill and on dell,
Hiding the Fays, the pageant, and spell.
So the curtain drops upon gilded stage,
Depriv'd of its starry patronage.

The Lark sings loud to the morning cloud,
And sweetly his notes prolongs—
'Tis but that he catches, and learns the snatches
And tunes of Fairy songs;
For he has been listening all the night
To the notes of joy and mirth,
And bears them aloft at the morning light,
As far too good for earth.

To-who-whit—to-who-who—to-who-whit—to-who-who!
Sir Owl is return'd to his old ash-tree,
And warily looking to see what is cooking;
To-whit—to-who-who, quoth he.
Art thou still here, Old Mope, Old Mope,
Hast thou been conning thy horoscope?
Little good here dost thou, I fear;
Faith, thou look'st but a sorry guest,
And I like not a thief so near my nest.

Folk may perchance subscribe to this report
Of Justice Owl, and spurn my pedlar wares,
And much it mattereth not—I've had my sport—
They may have theirs.
Yet are my goods home-spun, and textur'd well,
Made, too, to wear, and not trick'd off to sell.
You like them not, good sirs—then are you blind,
Or I not Dian's Laureate; be so kind
As look again—there's counsel yet behind:
'Twere better you were I, or e'en the Owl,
Than on such gentle rhymes as these to scowl.
Oh! I had rather be a mote,
An atom, sprung of solar birth—
Born but to bask and float
In moon-beams—than poor worm of earth,
To creep and crawl for ever in one clod;
Mine be the fountain's side, and banks by Fairies trod!

Poor worms, yea, though ye fold yourselves
In richest coil, ye must disrobe of all,
Ere you can be of Queen Titania's elves,
And lift your wings above your care-wrought thrall.
Yea, though in leaves of gold ye twist and writhe,
And wrap yourselves, unblest with other need—
Time, the stern mower, comes with horrid scythe,
Cuts to the ground you and your worthless weed—
Ye might have made you wings, and better speed.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.*

THE PICCAROON.

"Fader was a Corramantee,
Moder was a Mingo,
Black Picaniny Buccra wantee
So dem sell a me Peter, by jingo.
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery."

"Well sung, Massa Bungo," exclaimed Mr Splinter; "where do you hail from, my hearty?"

"Hillo! Bungo indeed! free and easy dat any how. Who you yousef, eh?"

"Why, Peter," continued the Lieutenant, "don't you know me?"

"Cannot say dat I do," rejoined the negro, very gravely, without lifting his head, as he sat mending his jacket in one of the embrasures near the water-gate of the arsenal—"Have not de honour of your acquaintance, sir."

He then resumed his scream, for song it could not be called:—

"Mammy Sally's daughter
Lose him shoe in an old canoe
Dat lay half full of water,
And den she knew not what to do.
Jiggery, jig"——

"Confound your jiggery, jiggery, sir! But I know you well enough, my man; and you can scarcely have forgotten Lieutenant Splinter of the Torch, one would think?"

However, it was clear that the poor fellow really had not known us; for the name so startled him, that, in his hurry to unlace his legs from under him, as he sat tailor fashion, he fairly capsized out of his perch, and toppled down on his nose—a feature fortunately so flattened by the hand of nature, that I question if it could have been rendered more obtuse had he fallen out of the maintop on a timber-head, or a marine officer's.

"Eh!—no—yes, him sure enough, and who is de Picaniny hofficer—Oh! I see, Massa Tom Cringle? Garamighty, gentlemen, where have you drop from?—Where is de old Torch? Many a time hab I Peter Mangrove, pilot to Him Britanic Magesty squadron, taken de old brig in and through amongst de keys at Port Royal!"

"Ay, and how often did you scour her copper against the coral reefs, Peter?"

His Majesty's pilot gave a knowing look, and laid his hand on his breast—"No more of dat if you love me, massa."

"Well, well, it don't signify now, my boy; she will never give you that trouble again—foundered—all hands lost, Peter, but the two you see before you."

"Werry sorry, Massa Plinter, werry sorry—What! de black cooks, mate and all?—But misfortune can't be help. Stop till I put up my needle, and I will take a turn wid you." Here he drew up himself with a great deal of absurd gravity. "Proper dat British hofficer in distress should assist one anoder—We shall consult togeder.—How can I serve you?"

"Why, Peter, if you could help us to a passage to Port-Royal, it would be serving us most essentially. When we used to be lying there, a week seldom passed without one of the squadron arriving from this; but here have we been for more than a month, without a single pennant belonging to the station having looked in: our money is running short, and if we are to hold on in Carthagena for another six weeks, we shall not have a shot left in the locker—not a copper to tinkle on a tombstone."

The negro looked steadfastly at us, then carefully around. There was no one near.

"You see, Massa Plinter, I am desirable to serve you, for one little reason of my own; but, beside dat, it is good for me at present to make some friend wid de hofficer of de squadron, being as how dat I am absent widout leave."

"Oh, I perceive, a large R against your name in the master attendant's books, eh?"

"You have hit it, sir, werry close; besides I long mosh to return to my poor wife, Nancy Cator, dat I leave, wagabone dat I is, just about to be confine."

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* See "Tom Cringle's Log," in Number of June last.

I could not resist putting in my oar.

"I saw Nancy just before we sailed, Peter,—fine child that; not quite so black as you, though."

"Oh, Massa," said Snowball, grinning and showing his white teeth, "You know I am soch a terrible black fellow—But you are a leettle out at present, Massa—I meant, about to be confine in de workhouse, for stealing de admiral's Muscovy ducks;" and he laughed loud and long.—"However, if you will promise that you will stand my friends, I will put you in de way of getting a shove across to de east end of Jamaica; and I will go wid you, too, for company."

"Thank you," rejoined Mr Splinter; "but how do you mean to manage this? There is no Kingston trader here at present, and you don't mean to make a start of it in an open boat, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't; but, in de first place—as you are a gentleman, will you try and get me off when we get to Jamaica? Secondly, will you promise that you will not seek to know more of the vessel you may go in, nor of her crew, than they are willing to tell you; provided you are landed safe?"

"Why, Peter, I scarcely think you would deceive us, for you know I saved your bacon in that awkward affair, when through drunkenness you plumped the Torch ashore, so" ——

"Forget dat, sir,—forget dat!—never shall poor black pilot forget how you saved him from being seized up when de gratings, boatswain's-mates and all, were ready at de gangway—never shall poor black rascal forget dat."

"Indeed, I do not think you would wittingly betray us into trouble, Peter; and as I guess you mean one of the forced traders, we will venture in her, rather than kick about here any longer, and pay a moderate sum for our passage."

"Den wait here five minute,"—and so saying he slipt down through the embrasure into a canoe that lay beneath, and in a trice we saw him jump on board of a long low nondescript kind of craft, that lay moored within pistol-shot of the walls.

She was a large shallow vessel, coppered to the bends, of great breadth of beam, with bright sides like an American, so painted as to give her a clumsy mercantile sheer externally, but there were many things that belied this to a nautical eye: her copper, for instance, was bright as burnished gold on her very sharp bows, and beautiful run; and we could see from the bastion where we stood, that her decks were flush and level. She had no cannon mounted that were visible, but we distinguished grooves on her well-scrubbed decks, as from the recent traversing of carronade slides, while the bolts and rings in her high and solid bulwarks shone clear and bright in the ardent noontide. There was a tarpawling stretched over a quantity of rubbish, old sails, old junk, and hencoops rather ostentatiously piled up forward, which we conjectured might conceal a long gun.

She was a very taught-rigged hermaphrodite, or brig forward and schooner aft. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong and heavy, and her mainmast was so long and tapering, that the wonder was, how the few shrouds and stays about it could support it: it was the handsomest stick we had ever seen. Her upper spars were on the same scale, tapering away through topmast, top-gallant-mast, royal and skysail-masts, until they fined away into slender wands. The sails, that were loose to dry, were old, and patched, and evidently displayed to cloak the character of the vessel, by an ostentatious shew of their unserviceable condition, but her rigging was beautifully fitted, every rope lying in the chafe of another, being carefully served with hide. There were several large bushy-whiskered fellows lounging about the deck, with their hair gathered into dirty net bags, like the fishermen of Barcelona; many had red silk sashes round their waists, through which were stuck their long knives, in shark-skin sheaths. Their numbers were not so great as to excite suspicion; but a certain daring reckless manner, would at once have distinguished them, independently of any thing else, from the quiet, hard-worked, red-shirted merchant seaman.

"That chap is not much to be trusted," said the lieutenant: "his bunting would make a few jackets for Joseph, I take it." But we had little time to be critical before our friend Peter came paddling back with another blackamoor in the stern, of as ungainly an exterior as could well be imagined. He was a very large man, whose weight every now and then, as they breasted the short sea, cocked up the snout of the canoe with Peter Mangrove in it, as if he had been a cork, leaving him to flourish his paddle in the air like the weather-wheel of a steam-boat in a seaway. The new comer was strong and broad-shouldered, with long muscular arms, and a chest like Hercules; but his legs and thighs were, for his bulk, remarkably puny and mishapen. A thick felt of black wool in close tufts, as if his face had been stuck full of cloves, covered his chin and upper lip; and his hair, if hair it could be called, was twisted into a hundred short plaits, that bristled out, and gave his head, when he took his hat off, the appearance of a porcupine. There was a large sabre-cut across his nose, and down his cheek, and he wore two immense gold ear-rings. His dress consisted of short cotton drawers, that did not reach within two inches of his knee, leaving his thin cucumber shanks (on which the small bullet-like calf appeared to have been stuck before, through mistake, in place of abaft), naked to the shoe; a check shirt, and an enormously large Panama hat, made of a sort of cane, split small, and worn shovel-fashion. Notwithstanding, he made his bow by no means ungracefully, and offered his services in choice Spanish, but spoke English as soon as he heard who we were.

"Pray, sir, are you the master of that vessel?" said the lieutenant.

"No, sir, I am the mate, and I learn you are desirous of a passage to Jamaica." This was spoken with a broad Scotch accent.

"Yes, we do," said I, in very great astonishment; "but we will not sail with the devil; and who ever saw a negro Scotchman before, the spirit of Nicol Jarvie conjured into a blackamoor's skin!"

The fellow laughed. "I am black, as you see; so were my father and mother before me." And he looked at me, as much as to say, I have read the book you quote from. "But I was born in the good town of Port-Glasgow, notwithstanding, and many a voyage I have made as cabin-boy and cook, in the good ship the Peggy Bogle, with worthy old Jock Hunter; but that matters not. I was told you wanted to go to Jamaica; I daresay our captain will take you for a moderate passage-money. But here he comes to speak for himself.—Captain Vanderbosh, here are two shipwrecked British officers, who wish to be put on shore on the east end of Jamaica; will you take them, and what will you charge for their passage?"

The man he spoke to was nearly as tall as himself; he was a sun-burnt, angular, raw-boned, iron-visaged veteran, with a nose in shape and colour like the bowl of his own pipe, but not at all, according to the received idea, like a Dutchman. His dress was quizzical enough—white trowsers, a long-flapped embroidered waistcoat, that might have belonged to a Spanish grandee, with an old-fashioned French-cut coat, showing the frayed marks where the lace had been stripped off, voluminous in the skirts, but very tight in the sleeves, which were so short as to leave his large bony paws, and six inches of his arm above the wrist, exposed; altogether, it fitted him like a purser's shirt on a handspike.

"Vy, for von hondred thaler, I will land dem safe in Mancheoneal Bay; but how shall ve manage, Villiamson? De cabin vas paint yesterday."

The Scotch negro nodded. "Never mind; I daresay the smell of the paint won't signify to the gentlemen."

The bargain was ratified, we agreed to pay the stipulated sum, and that same evening, having dropped down with the last of the sea-breeze, we set sail from Bocca Chica, and began working up under the lee of the headland of Punto Canoa. When off the Sandomingo Gate, we burned a blue light, which was immediately answered by another in shore of us. In the glare, we could perceive two boats, full of men. Any one who has ever played at snapdragon, can imagine the unearthly appearance of objects when seen by this species of firework. In the present instance, it was held aloft on a boat-hook, and cast a strong spectral light on the band of lawless ruffians, who were so crowded together, that they entirely filled the boats, no part of which could be seen. It seemed as if two clusters of fiends, suddenly vomited forth from hell, were floating on the surface of the midnight sea, in the midst of brimstone flames. In a few moments, our crew was strengthened by about forty as ugly Christians as I ever set eyes on. They were of all ages, countries, complexions, and tongues, and looked as if they had been kidnapped by a pressgang, as they had knocked off from the Tower of Babel. From the moment they came on board, Captain Vanderbosh was shorn of all his glory, and sank into the petty officer, while to our amazement, the Scottish negro took the command, evincing great coolness, energy, and skill. He ordered the ship to be wore, as soon as we had shipped the men, and laid her head off the land, then set all hands to shift the old suit of sails, and to bend new ones.

"Why did you not shift your canvass before we started?" said I, to the Dutch captain, or mate, or whatever he might be.

"Vy vont you be content to take a quiet passage and hax no question?" was the uncivil rejoinder, which I felt inclined to resent, until I remembered that we were in the hands of the Philistines, where a quarrel would have been worse than useless. I was gulping down the insult as well as I could, when the black captain came aft, and, with the air of an equal, invited us into the cabin to take a glass of grog. We had scarcely sat down before we heard a noise like the swaying up of guns, or some other heavy articles, from the hold.

I caught Mr Splinter's eye—he nodded, but said nothing. In half an hour afterwards, when we went on deck, we saw by the light of the moon, twelve eighteen pound carronades mounted, six of a side, with their accompaniments of rammers and sponges, water buckets, boxes of round, grape, and canister, and tubs of wadding, while the combings of the hatchways were thickly studded with round shot. The tarpawling and lumber forward had disappeared, and there lay long Tom ready levelled, grinning on his pivot.

The ropes were all coiled away, and laid down in regular man-of-war fashion; while an ugly gruff beast of a Spanish mulatto, apparently the officer of the watch, walked the weather-side of the quarter-deck, in the true pendulum style. Look-outs were placed aft, and at the gangways and bows, who every now and then passed the word to keep a bright look-out, while the rest of the watch were stretched silent, but evidently broad awake, under the lee of the boat. We noticed that each man had his cutlass buckled round his waist—that the boarding-pikes had been cut loose from the main boom, round which they had been strapped, and that about thirty muskets were ranged along a fixed rack, that ran athwart ships, near the main hatchway.

By the time we had reconnoitred thus far, the night became overcast, and a thick bank of clouds piled upon clouds, began to rise to windward; some heavy drops of rain fell, and the thunder grumbled at a distance. The black veil crept gradually on, until it shrouded the whole firmament, and left us in as dark a night as ever poor devils were out in. By and by a narrow streak of bright moonlight appeared under the lower edge of the bank, defining the dark outlines of the tumbling multitudinous billows on the horizon, as distinctly as if they had been pasteboard waves in a theatre.

"Is that a sail to windward, in the clear, think you?" said Mr Splinter to me in a whisper. At this moment it lightened vividly. "I am sure it is," continued he—"I could see her white sails in the glance just now."

I looked steadily, and, at last, caught the small dark speck against the bright background, rising and falling on the swell of the sea like a feather.

As we stood on, she was seen more distinctly, but, to all appearance, nobody was aware of her proximity. We were mistaken in this, however, for the Captain suddenly jumped on a gun, and gave his orders with a fiery energy that startled us.

"Leroux!" A small French boy was at his side in a moment. "Forward, and call all hands to shorten sail; but, *doucement*, you land crab!—Man the fore clew garnets.—Hands by the topgallant clew lines—peak and throat halyards—jib down-haul

—rise tacks and sheets—let go—clew up—settle away the main-gaff there!"

In almost as short a space as I have taken to write it, every inch of canvass was close furled—every light, except the one in the binnacle, carefully extinguished—a hundred and twenty men at quarters, and the ship under bare poles. The head yards were then squared, and we bore up before the wind. The stratagem proved successful; the strange sail could be seen through the night glasses, cracking on close to the wind, evidently under the impression that we had tacked.

"Dere she goes, chasing de Gobel," said the Dutchman. She now burned a blue light, by which we saw she was a heavy cutter—without doubt our old fellow-cruiser the Spark. The Dutchman had come to the same conclusion. "My eye, Captain, no use to doge from her, it is only dat footy little King's cutter on de Jamaica station."

"It is her, true enough," answered Williamson; "and she is from Santa Martha with a freight of specie, I know. I will try a brush with her, by"——

Splinter struck in before he could finish his irreverent exclamation. "If your conjecture be true, I know the craft—a heavy vessel of her class, and you may depend on hard knocks and small profit, if you do take her; while, if she takes you"——

"I'll be hanged if she does"—and he grinned at the conceit—then setting his teeth hard, "or rather, I will blow the schooner up with my own hand before I strike; better that than have one's bones bleached in chains on a key at Port-Royal.—But, you see you cannot control us, gentlemen; so get down into the cable tier, and take Peter Mangrove with you. I would not willingly see those come to harm who have trusted me."

However, there was no shot flying as yet, we therefore staid on deck. All sail was once more made; the carronades were cast loose on both sides, and double shotted; the long gun slewed round; the tack of the fore and aft foresail hauled up, and we kept by the wind, and stood after the cutter, whose white canvass we could still see through the gloom like a snow-wreath.

As soon as she saw us she tacked and stood towards us, and came gallantly bowling along, with the water roaring and flashing at her bows. As the vessels neared each other, they both shortened sail, and finding that we could not weather her, we steered close under her lee.

As we crossed on opposite tacks her commander hailed, "Ho, the Brigantine, ahoy!"

"Hillo!" sung out Blackie, as he backed his maintop-sail.

"What schooner is that?"

"The Spanish schooner, Caridad."

"Whence, and whither bound?"

"Carthagena, to Porto Rico."

"Heave to, and send your boat on board."

"We have none that will swim, sir."

"Very well—bring to, and I will send mine."

"Call away the boarders," said our captain, in a low stern tone, "let them crouch out of sight behind the boat."

The cutter wore, and hove to under our lee quarter, within pistol shot; we heard the rattle of the ropes running through the davit blocks, and the splash of the jolly boat touching the water, then the measured stroke of the oars, as they glanced like silver in the sparkling sea, and a voice calling out, "Give way, my lads."

The character of the vessel we were on board of was now evident; and the bitter reflection that we were chained to the stake on board of a pirate, on the eve of a fierce contest with one of our own cruisers, was aggravated by the consideration that the cutter had fallen into a snare, by which a whole boat's crew would be sacrificed before a shot was fired.

I watched my opportunity as she pulled up alongside, and called out, leaning well over the nettings, "Get back to your ship!—treachery! get back to your ship." The little French serpent was at my side with the speed of thought, his long clear knife glancing in one hand, while the fingers of the other were laid on his lips. He could not have said more plainly, "Hold your tongue, or I'll cut your throat." The officer in the boat had heard me imperfectly; he rose up—"I won't go back, my good man, until I see what you are made of;" and as he spoke he sprung on board, but the instant he got over the bulwarks he was caught by two strong hands, gagged and thrown bodily down the main hatchway. "Heave," cried a voice, "and with a will!" and four cold 32 lb. shot were hove at once into the boat alongside, and crashing through her bottom, swamped her in a moment, precipitating the miserable crew into the boiling sea Their shrieks still ring in my ears as they clung to the oars, and some loose planks of the boat. "Bring up the officer, and take out the gag," said Williamson. Poor Walcolm, who had been an old messmate of mine, was dragged to the gangway half naked, his face bleeding, and heavily ironed, when the blackamoor, clapping a pistol to his head, bid him, as he feared instant death, hail "that the boat had swamped under the counter, and to send another." The poor fellow who appeared stunned and confused, did so, but without seeming to know what he said. "Good God," said Mr Splinter, "don't you mean to pick up the boat's crew?" The blood curdled to my heart as the black savage answered in a voice of thunder, "Let them drown and be damned! fill, and stand on!"

But the clouds by this time broke away, and the mild moon shone clear and bright once more, upon this scene of most atrocious villainy. By her light the cutter's people could see that there was no one struggling in the water now, and that the people must either have been saved, or were past all earthly aid; but the infamous deception was not entirely at an end.

The captain of the cutter seeing we were making sail, hailed once more. "Mr Walcolm, run to leeward, and heave to." "Answer him instantly, and hail again for another boat," said the sable fiend, and cocked his pistol. The click went to my heart. The young midshipman turned his pale mild countenance, laced with his blood, upwards towards the moon and stars, as one who had looked his last look on earth; the large tears were flowing down his cheeks, and mingling with the crimson streaks, and a flood of silver light fell on the fine features of the poor boy, as he said, firmly, "Never." The miscreant fired, and he fell dead. "Up with the helm, and wear across her stern." The order was obeyed. "Fire!" The whole broadside was poured in, and we could hear the shot rattle and tear along the cutter's deck, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded, while the white splinters glanced away in all directions.

We now ranged alongside, and close action commenced, and never do I expect to see such an infernal scene again. Up to this moment there had been neither confusion nor noise on board the pirate—all had been coolness and order; but when the yards locked, the crew broke loose from all control—they ceased to be men—they were demons, for they threw their own dead and wounded, as they were mown down like grass by the cutter's grape, indiscriminately down the hatchways to get clear of them. They stript themselves almost naked; and although they fought with the most desperate courage, yelling and cursing, each in his own tongue, yet their very numbers, pent up in a small vessel, were against them. Amidst the fire, and smoke, and hellish uproar, we could see that the deck had become a very shambles; and unless they soon carried the cutter by boarding, it was clear that the coolness and discipline of my own glorious service must prevail, even against such fearful odds, the superior size of the vessel, greater number of guns, and heavier metal. The pirates seemed aware of this, for they now made a desperate attempt forward to carry their antagonist by boarding, led on by the black captain. Just at this moment, the cutter's main-boom fell across the schooner's deck, close to where we were sheltering ourselves from the shot the best way we could; and while the rush forward was being made, by a sudden impulse Splinter and I, followed by Peter, scrambled along it as the cutter's people were repelling the attack on her bow, and all three of us in our haste jumped down on the poor Irishman at the wheel.

"Murder, fire, rape, and robbery! it is capsized, stove in, and destroyed

I am! Captain, Captain, we are carried aft here—Och, hubbaboo for Patrick Donnally!"

There was no time to be lost; if any of the crew came aft, we were dead men, so we tumbled down through the cabin skylight, the hatch having been knocked off by a shot, and stowed ourselves away in the side berths. The noise on deck soon ceased—the cannon were again plied—gradually the fire slackened, and we could hear that the pirate had scraped clear and escaped. Some time after this, the Lieutenant commanding the cutter came down. Poor Mr Douglas! we both knew him well. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the blood oozed down between his fingers. He had received a cutlass wound on the head in the attack. His right arm was bound up with his neckcloth, and he was very pale. "Steward, bring me a light—Ask the doctor how many are killed and wounded; and, do you hear, tell him to come to me when he is done forward, but not a moment sooner. To have been so mauled and duped by a cursed Buccaneer; and my poor boat's crew"——

Splinter groaned. He started—but at this moment the man returned again. "Thirteen killed, your honour, and fifteen wounded, scarcely one of us untouched." The poor fellow's own scull was bound round with a bloody cloth.

"God help me! God help me! but they have died the death of men. Who knows what death the poor fellows in the boat have died!"—Here he was cut short by a tremendous scuffle on the ladder, down which an old quarter-master was trundled neck and crop into the cabin. "How now, Jones?"

"Please your honour," said the man, as soon as he had gathered himself up, and had time to turn his quid, and smooth down his hair; but again the uproar was renewed, and Donnally was lugged in, scrambling and struggling, between two seamen. "This here Irish chap, your honour, has lost his wits, if so be he ever had any, your honour. He has gone mad through fright."

"Fright be d—d!" roared Donnally; "no man ever frightened me: but as your honour was skewering them bloody thieves forward, I was boarded and carried aft by the devil, your honour—pooped by Belzeebub, by ——," and he rapped his fist on the table until every thing on it danced again. "There were three of them, your honour—a black one and two blue ones—a long one and two short ones—each with two horns on his head, for all the world like those on Father M'Cleary's red cow—no, she was humbled—it is Father Clannachan's I mane—no, not his neither, for his was the parish bull; fait, I don't know what I mane, except that they had horns on their heads, and vomited fire, and had each of them a tail at his stern, twisting and twining like a conger eel, with a blue light at the end on't."

"And dat's a lie, if ever dere was one," exclaimed Peter Mangrove, jumping from the berth. "Look at me, you Irish tief, and tell me if I have a blue light or a conger eel at my stern?"

This was too much for poor Donnally. He yelled out, "You'll believe your own eyes now, your honour, when you see one o' dem bodily before you! Let me go—let me go!" and, rushing up the ladder, he would have ended his earthly career in the salt sea, had his bullet head not encountered the broadest part of the purser, who was in the act of descending, with such violence, that he shot him out of the companion-ladder several feet above the deck, as if he had been discharged from a culverin; but the recoil sent poor Donnally, stunned and senseless, to the bottom of the ladder. There was no standing all this; we laughed outright, and made ourselves known to Mr Douglas, who received us cordially, and in a week we were landed at Port-Royal.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. LIX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.
PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]
C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Scene, the Snuggery—Time, Five o'clock—Actors, North, Tickler, **and** *the Shepherd—Occupation, Dinner.*

SHEPHERD.

WHAT'N a bill o' fare! As lang's ma airm was the slip o' paper endorsed wi' the vawrious eatems, and I was feared there micht be delusion in the promise; but here, far ayont a' hope, and aboon the wildest flichts o' fancy, the realization o' the Feast!

NORTH.

Mine host has absolutely outdone to-day all his former outdoings. You have indeed, sir.

AMBROSE.

You make me too happy, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Say owre prood, Picardy.

AMBROSE.

Pride was not made for man, Mr Hogg.—Mr North, I trust, will forgive me, if I have been too bold.

SHEPHERD.

Nor woman neither. Never mind him; I forgie you, and that's aneuch. You've made a maist excellent observe.

TICKLER.

Outambrosed Ambrose, by this regal regale!

SHEPHERD.

I ken nae mair impressive situation for a human being to find himsell placed in, than in juxtaposition wi' a mony-dished denner afore the covers hae been removed. The sowle sets itsell at wark wi' a' its faculties, to form definite conceptions o' the infinite vareeities o' veeands on the eve o' being brought to light. Can this, it asks itself in a laigh vice, can this dish, in the immediate vicinity, be, do ye think, a roasted fillet o' veal, sae broon and buttery on the ootside, wi' its crisp faulds o' fat, and sae white and sappy wi' its firm breadth o' lean, in the in? Frae its position, I jalouse that ashet can conteen nothing less than a turkey—and I cou'd risk my salvation on't, that while yon's Westphally ham on the tae side, yon's twa howtowddies on the ither. Can you——

TICKLER.

No man should speak with his mouth full.

SHEPHERD.

Nor his head empty. But you're mistaken if you meant me, Mr Tickler, for ma mouth was, at no period of my late discourse, abune half fu', as I was carefu' aye to keep swallowing as I went alang, and I dinna believe you cou'd discern ony difference in my utterance. But, besides, I evendown deny the propriety, as weel's the applicability, o' the apophthegm. To enact that nae man shall speak during denner wi' his mouth fu', is about as reasonable as to pass a law that nae man, afore or after denner, shall speak wi' his mouth empty. Some feeble folk, I ken, hae a horror o' doin' twa things at ance; but I like to do a score, provided they be in natur no only compatible but congenial.

TICKLER.

And who, pray, is to be the judge of that?

SHEPHERD.

Mysell! Every man in this warld maun judge for himsell; and on nae account whatsomever suffer ony ither loon to judge for him, itherwise he'll gang to the deevil at a haun-canter.

NORTH.

Nobody follows that rule more inviolably than Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

In the body, frae the tie o' his crawvat a' the way doon to that o' his shoon—in the sowle, frae the lightest surmise about a passing cloud on a showery day, to his maist awfu' thochts about a future state, when his "extravagant and erring spirit hies" intil the verra bosom o' eternity.

TICKLER.

James, a caulker.

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, sir, wi' a' my wull. That's prime. Pure speerit. Unchristened. Sma' stell. Gran' worm. Peetreek. Glenlivet. Ferintosh. It wud argue that a man's heart wasna in the richt place, were he no, by pronouncin' some bit affectionate epithet, to pay his debt o' gratitude to sic a caulker.

NORTH.

James, resume.

SHEPHERD.

Suppose me, sir, surveying the scene, like Moses frae the tap o' Pisgah the Promised Land. There was a morning mist, and Moses stood awhile in imagination. But soon, sun-smitten, burst upon his vision through the translucent ether the region that flowed with milk and honey—while sighed nae mair the children o' Israel for the flesh-pats o' Egypt. Just sae, sirs, at the uplifting o' the covers, flashed the noo on our een the sudden revelation o' this lang-expected denner. How simultawneous the muvement! As if they had been a' but ae man, a Briareus; like a waff o' lichtnin' gaed the hauns o' Picardy, and Mon. Cadet, and King Pepin, and Sir Dawvid Gam, and Tappitourie, and the Pech, and the Hoi Polloi; and, lo and behold! towerin' tureens and forest-like epergnes, overshadowing the humbler warld o' ashets! Let nae man pretend after this to tell me the difference atween the Beautifu' and the Shooblime.

NORTH.

To him who should assert the distinction I would simply say, "Look at that Round!"

SHEPHERD.

Aye, he wou'd fin' some diffeeculty in swallowin' that, sir. The fack is, that the mawgic o' that Buttock o' Beef, considered as an objeck o' intellectual and moral Taste, lies in—Harmony. It reminds you o' that fine line in Byron, which beyond a' doubt was originally inspired by sic anither objeck, though afterwards differently applied,

"The soul, the music breathing from that face!"

TICKLER.

Profanation!

SHEPHERD.

What! is there ony profanation in the application o' the principles and practice o' poetry to the common purposes o' life? Fancy and Imagination, sirs, can add an inch o' fat to roon or sirloin, while at the same time they sae etherealeeze its substance, that you can indulge to the supposable utmost in greediness, without subjectin' yoursell, in your ain conscience, to the charge o' grossness—ony mair than did Adam or Eve when dining upon aipples wi' the angel Raphael in the bowers o' Paradise. And Heaven be praised that has bestowed on us three the gracious gift o' a sound, steady, but not unappeasable appeteet.

TICKLER.

North and I are Epicures—but you, James, I fear are a——

SHEPHERD.

Glutton. Be't sae. There's at least this comfort in ma case, that I look like ma meat——

TICKLER.

Which at present appears to be cod's head and shoulders.

SHEPHERD.

Whereas, to look at you, a body wou'd imagine you leev'd exclusively on sheep's head and trotters. As for you, Mr North, I never cou'd faddom the philosophy o' your fondness for soops. For hotch-potch and cocky-leeky the wisest o' men may hae a ruling passion; but to keep plowterin', platefu' after platefu', amang broon soop, is surely no verra consistent wi' your character. It's little better than moss-water. Speakin' o' cocky-leeky, the man was an atheist that first polluted it wi' prunes.

NORTH.

At least no Christian.

SHEPHERD.

Prunes gie't a sickenin' sweetness, till it tastes like a mouthfu' o' a cockney poem; and, scunnerin', you splutter out the fruit, afraid that the loathsome lobe is a stinkin' snail.

TICKLER.

Hogg, you have spoiled my dinner.

SHEPHERD.

Then maun ye be the slave o' the senses, sir; and your verra imagination at the mercy o' your palat—or rather, veece versa, the roof o' your mouth maun hauld the tenure o' its taste frae another man's fancy—a pitiable condition—for a single word may change luxuries intil necessaries, and necessaries intil something no eatable, even during a siege.

NORTH.

'Tis all affectation in Tickler this extreme fastidiousness and delicacy.

SHEPHERD.

I defy the utmost power o' language to disgust me wi' a gude denner. My stammach wou'd soar superior——

TICKLER.

Mine, too, would rise.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir, you're wutty! But I hate puns.—Tickler, is that mock?

TICKLER.

I believe it is: but the imitation excels the original, even as Byron's Beppo is preferable to Frere's Giants.

SHEPHERD.

A' but the green fat.

NORTH.

Deep must be the foundation, and strong the superstructure of that friendship, which can sustain the shock of seeing its object eating mock-turtle soup from a plate of imitation silver——

SHEPHERD.

Meaner than pewter, as is the soop than sowens. An invaluable apophthegm!

NORTH.

Not that I belong, James, to the Silver-fork School.

SHEPHERD.

The flunkies—as ye weel ca'd them, sir—a contumelious nickname, which that unco doure and somewhat stupit radical in the Westminster, would try to make himsell believe he invented owre again, when the impident plagiary changed it—as he did t'ither day—into "Lackey."

NORTH.

I merely mean, James, that at bed or board I abhor all deception.

SHEPHERD.

Sae, sir, duve I. A plated spoon is a pitiful imposition; recommend me to horn; and then nane o' your egg-spoons, or pap-spoons for weans, but ane about the diameter o' my luf, that when you put it weel ben into your mouth, gars your cheeks swall, and your een shut wi' satisfaction.

TICKLER.

I should like to have your picture, my dear James, taken in that gesture.

NORTH.

Finely done in miniature, by MacLeay.

TICKLER.

No. By some savage Rosa.

SHEPHERD.

A' I mean, sirs, is sincerity and plain-dealing. "One man," says the auld proverb, "is born wi' a silver spoon in his mouth, and another wi' a wooden ladle." Noo, what wou'd be the feelings o' the first, were he to find that fortune had clapt intil his mooth, as Nature was gien him to the warld, what to a' appearance was a silver spoon, and by the howdie and a' the kimmers sae denominated accordingly, but when shewn to Mr Morton the jeweller, or Messrs Mackay and Cunninghame, was pronounced plated? He would sigh sair for the wooden ladle. Indeed, gents, I'm no sure but it's better nor even the real siller metal. In the first place, it's no sae apt to be stawn—in the second, maist things taste weel oot o' wud—thirdly, there's nae expense in keepin't clean, whereas siller requires constant pipeclay, leather, or flannen—fourthly, I've seen them wi' a maist beautifu' polish, acquired in coorse o' time by the simple process o' sookin' the horn as it gaed in and out the mouth—fifthly, there's ten thousand times mair vareety in the colours—sixthly——

TICKLER.

Enough in praise of the Wooden Spoon. Poor fellow! I always pity that unfortunate annual.

SHEPHERD.

Unfortunate annual! You canna weel be fou already; yet, certes, you're beginnin' to haver—and indeed I have observed, no without pain, that a single caulker somehoo or other superannuates ye, Mr Tickler.

NORTH.

James, you have spoken like yourself on the subject of wooden spoons. 'Twas a simple but sapient homily. "*Seems*, madam! nay it *is*." Be that my rule of life.

SHEPHERD.

The general rule admits but o' ae exception—Vermicelli? What that sort o' soop 's composed o' I never hae been able to form ony feasible conjecture. Aneuch for me to ken, on your authority, Mr North, that it's no worms.

NORTH.

I have no recollection of having ever given you such assurance, James.

SHEPHERD.

Your memory, my dear sir, you'll excuse me for mentionin' 't, is no just what it used to be——

NORTH.

You are exceedingly im——

SHEPHERD.

Pertinent. Pardon me for takin' the word out o' your mouth, sir—but as for your judgment——

NORTH.

I believe you are right, my dear James. The memory is but a poor power after all—well enough for the mind in youth, when its business is to collect a store of ideas——

SHEPHERD.

But altogether useless in auld age, sir, when the Intellect——

NORTH.

Is Lord Paramount—and all his subjects come flocking of their own accord to lay themselves in loyalty at his feet.

SHEPHERD.

There he sits on his throne, on his head a croon, and in his hawn a sceptre. Cawm is his face as the sea—and his brow like a snaw-white mountain. By divine right a king!

NORTH.

Spare my blushes.

SHEPHERD.

I was no speakin' o' you, sir—sae you needna blush. I was speakin' o' the Abstrack Power o' Intellect personified in an Eemage, " whose stature reached the sky," and whose coontenance, serenely fu' o' thocht, partook o' the majestic stillness o' the *region* that is glorified by the setting sun.

NORTH.

My dear boy, spare my blushes.

SHEPHERD.

Hem. (His face can nae mair blush than the belly o' a hen red-breast.) What philosopher, like an adjutant-general, may order out on parawde the thochts and feelings, and, strick though he be as a disciplinawrian, be obeyed by that irregular and aften mutinous Macedonian phalanx?

NORTH.

The Philosophy of the Human Mind, I am credibly informed, James, is in its infancy——

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins, sir, in its second childhood—witness Phrenology.

NORTH.

You have a very fine forehead, James.

SHEPHERD.

Mind, sir, that I was no sayin' that Phrenology was fause. On the contrar, I think there's a great deal o' truth in what they say about the shape and size o' the head—but——

TICKLER.

That with the exception of some half dozen or so, such as Combe and the Scotts, the Edinburgh Phrenologists are the Flower of our Scottish Fools——

NORTH.

See their Journal—*passim*.

SHEPHERD.

That wou'dna be fair, sir—to judge o' a periodical wark, by merely passin' the shop wundow where it may be lyin' exposed like a dead ool, wi' wings extended on a barn-door——

NORTH.

Passim and *en passant* have not the same meaning, James, though I could mention one ingenious modern Athenian who appears to think so.

SHEPHERD.

Words that have the same soun' ought to have the same sense—though, I admit, that's no aye the case—for itherwise langage misleads. For example, only yestreen at a party, a pert, prim, pompous prater, wi' a peerie-weerie expression about the een, asked me what I thocht, in this stormy state o' the atmosphere, would become o' the Peers? I answered, simply aneuch, that if wrapped up in fresh straw, and laid in a dry place, safe frae the damp, they would keep till Christmas. The cretur, after haen said something, he supposed, insupportably severe on me for the use o' feegurative language on sic a terrible topic, began to what he ca'd " impune ma opinion," and to grow unco foul-mouthed on the Duke of Wellington. I thocht o' Saughton-ha'; but that painfu' suspicion was soon removed frae ma mind, for I fand that he was speakin' o' the Peers in Parliament, and me o' jargonells.

NORTH.

Timothy, is not James very pleasant?

TICKLER.

Very.

SHEPHERD.

There's the doctrine o' the association o' Ideas. Thomas Broon, who kent as muckle about poetry as that poker, and wrote it about as weel as that shovel, and criticeesed it about as weel as thae tangs, pretended to inform mankind at large hoo ae idea took place o' anither, for he was what is ca'd a great metaphysician. The mind, he said—for I hae read his lecturs—had nae power—frae which I conclude that, according to him, it's aye passive—a doctrin I beg leave maist positeevely to contradick, as contrar to the hail tenor o' ma ain experience. The human mind is never, by ony chance, ae single moment passive—but at a' times, day and nicht—

NORTH.

"Sleep hath her separate world, as wide as dreams!"

SHEPHERD.

Tuts. What for are you aye quottin that conceited cretur Wudsworth? Canna ye follow his example, and quott yoursel?

NORTH.

I should despise doing that, James—I leave it to my brethren of mankind.

SHEPHERD.

Day and nicht is the mind active; and indeed sleep is but the intensest state o' wakefu'ness.

TICKLER.

Especially when through the whole house is heard a snore that might waken the dead.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae. It's a lee to say there can be sic a state as sleep without a snore. In a dwawm or fent man nor woman snores none—for that is temporary death. But sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sae by ane who shou'd hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life.

TICKLER.

Come, James, let us hear you on dreams.

SHEPHERD.

No—till after sooper—whan we shall discuss Dreams and Ghosts. Suffice it for the present to confine mysell to ae sentence, and to ask you baith this question—what pheelosopher has ever yet explained the behaviour o' ideas, even in their soberest condition, much less when they are at their wildest, and wi' a birr and a bum break through a' established laws, like "burnished flees in pride o' May," as Thomson says, through sae mony speeders' wabs, carryin' them awa' wi' them on their tails up alaft into the empyrean in amang the motes o' the sun?

NORTH.

None.

SHEPHERD.

The Sowle has nae power!!! Has na't??? Hae Ideas, then, nae power either? And what are Ideas, sirs? Just the Sowle herself, and naething but the Sowle. Or, if you wou'd rather hae't sae, the Evolutions and Revolutions, and Transpositions, and Transfigurations, and Transmigrations, and Transmogrifications o' the Sowle, the only primal and perpetual mobile in creation——

NORTH AND TICKLER.

Hear! Hear! Hear!

SHEPHERD.

What gies ae idea the lead o' a' the rest? And what inspires a' the rest to let him tak the lead—whether like a great big ram loupin' through a gap in the hedge, and followed by scores o' silly sheep—or like a michty coal-black stallion, wi' lang fleein' mane and tail, galloping in front o' a thoosand bonny meers, a' thundrin' after the desert-born—or like the despot red-deer, carryin' his antlers up the mountain afore sae mony hundred handsome hinds, bellin' sae fiercely that the very far-off echoes are frichtened to answer him, and dee fently awa amang the cliffs o' Ben-y-Glo?

NORTH.

Tickler!

TICKLER.

North

SHEPHERD.

Or like the Sovereign Stork, that leads "high overhead the airy caravan"——

TICKLER.

Or like the great Glasgow Gander, waddling before his bevy along the Goose-dubs——

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! What plausible explanation, you may weel ask, cou'd ever be gien o' sic an idea as him—were you to be alloo'd to confine yoursell even to his dowp, an enormity alike ayont adequate comprehension and punishment!—But the discussion's gettin' owre deep, sir, for Mr Tickler—let's adapt ourselves to the capacities o' our hearers—for o' a' conversation that is, if not the sole, the sovereign charm.

TICKLER.

An old saying, Hogg—throw not pearls before swine.

SHEPHERD.

It aye strikes a cauld damp through me, Mr North, to hear a man, for whom ane entertains ony sort o' regard, wi' an air o' pomposity gien vent to an auncient adage that had served it's time afore the Flood, just as if it were an apophthegm kittled by himsell on the verra spat. And the case is warst ava, when the perpetrawtor, as the noo, happens to be in his ain way an original. Southside, you sometimes speak, sir, like a Sumph.

TICKLER.

James, what is a Sumph?

SHEPHERD.

A Sumph, Timothy, is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin', without hae'n chose to mak him just altogether an indisputable idiot.

NORTH.

Hem! I've got a nasty cold.

SHEPHERD.

His puir pawrents haena the comfort o' being able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taucht the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar.

NORTH.

A booby of promise.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir—I've ken't sumphs no that ill spellers. But then, you see, sir, about some sax or seven years auld, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd—sae that at about twenty, and at that age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him, he has vera little mair sense nor a sookin' babby.

NORTH.

Tickler—eyes right—attend to the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Nevertheless, he is in possession o' knowledge ayont the reach o' Betty Foy's son and heir, so rationally celebrated by Mr Wudsworth in his Excursion——

NORTH.

Lyrical Ballads.

SHEPHERD.

I mean Bauldy Foy's excursion for the doctor.

NORTH.

! Well?

SHEPHERD.

Kens sun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt weel man frae woman; for it is a curious fact, that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsell, and ye generally find him married and standin' at the door of his house like a schoolmaster.

NORTH.

Like a schoolmaster—How?

SHEPHERD.

The green before his house owrflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny; and his wife, a comely body, wi' twins on her breast, is aiblins, with a pleased face, seen smiling over his shoulder.

NORTH.

O fortunati nimium! sua si bona norint
Sumphiculi!

SHEPHERD.

I doubt, sir, if you hae *ony* authority for the formation o' that diminutive. Let's hae gude Latin, or nane.

NORTH.

Mine is always good—but in Maga often miserably marred by the printing, to the horror of Priscian's ghost.

SHEPHERD.

Sumphs are aye fattish—wi' roon' legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-a-viced, and no ill-lookin', were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' every thing—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' sowle—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply—and then, oholoos! but they're doure, doure, doure—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive alang the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a string to the hint leg o' a grumphy, and keepin' jerk jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrits by fits and starts, and the maist contumacious cuddy you can transplant at last, by pour, pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by priggin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumph.

NORTH.

Too true. I can answer for the animal.

SHEPHERD.

Sometimes he'll staun for hours in the rain, though he has gotten the rheumatics, rather than come into the house, just because his wife has sent out ane o' the weans to ca' in its father at a sulky juncture—and in the tantrums he'll pretend no to hear the denner-bell, though ever so hungry; and if a country squire, which he often is, hides himsell somewhere amang the shrubs in the policy.

NORTH.

Covering himself with laurel.

SHEPHERD.

Then, oh! but the sumph is selfish—selfish. What a rage he flees intil at beggars! His charity never gangs farther than sayin' he's sorry he happens no to hae a bawbee in his pocket, When ane o' his weans at tea-time asks for a lump o' sugar, he either refuses it, or selects the weeist bit in the bowl—but takes care to steal a gey big piece for himsell, for he is awfu' fond o' sweet things, and dooks his butter and bread deep into the carvey. He is often in the press——

NORTH.

What! an author?

SHEPHERD.

In the dining-room press, stealin' jam, and aften lickin' wi' his tongue the thin paper on the taps o' jeely cans—and sometimes observed by the lad or lass comin' in to mend the fire, in a great hurry secretin' tarts in the pooches o' his breeks, or leavin' them in his alarm o' detection half-eaten on the shelve, and ready to accuse the mice o' the rubbery.

NORTH.

What are his politics?

SHEPHERD.

You surely needna ask that, sir. He belangs to the Cheese-paring and Candle-end Saveall School—is a follower o' Josey Hume—and's aye ready to vote for retrenchment.

NORTH.

His religion?

SHEPHERD.

Consists solely in fear o' the deevil, whom in childhood the sumph saw in a woodcut—and never since went to bed without sayin' his prayers, to escape a charge o' hornin'.

NORTH.

Is all this, James, a description of an individual, or of a genus?

SHEPHERD.

A genus, I jalouse, is but a generic name for a number o' individuals having in common certain characteristics; so that, describe the genus and you hae before you the individual—describe the individual and behold the genus. True that there's nae genus consisting but o' ae individual—but the reason o' that is that there never was an individual stannin' in nature exclusively by himsell—if there was, then he would undoubtedly be likewise his ain genus. And, pray, why not?

TICKLER.

What is the meaning of all this botheration about sumphs?

SHEPHERD.

Botheration about sumphs! In answer to some stuff of Southside's, I said, he spoke like a sumph. Mr Tickler then asked me to describe a sumph —and this sketch is at his service. 'Tis the merest outline; but I have pented him to the life in a novelle. Soon as the Reform Bill is feenally settled, Mr Blackwood is to publish, in three volumes, "The Sumph; by the Shepherd." He'll hae a prodigious rin.

NORTH.

Cut out Clifford.

SHEPHERD.

Na, Bullmer's a clever chiel—and, in ma opinion, describes fashionable life the best o' a' the Lunnuners.

NORTH.

Except the author of Granby.

SHEPHERD.

I hae never read the Marquis o' Granby. Sen' him oot to the Forest.

TICKLER.

In *your* opinion!

SHEPHERD.

Aye—in ma opinion. What's to prevert him that wons in huts frae judgin' o' the life in ha's, ony mair than him that wons in ha's frae judgin' o' the life in huts? Na—I'm no verra sure gif the lord's no the best critic on the lucubrations o' the lout, and the lout on the lord's. For whatever's truly good, and emanates brichtly frae the shrine o' natur, will strike wi' a sudden charm on the heart o' him that is made acquainted wi't frae a distance, as if it were a revelation o' the same law pervadin' a' spheres o' being alike, though vainly thocht to be separate pairts o' ae great and vawrious system. Canna a King, if worthy to wear a croon, contemplate wi' delicht Burns's Cotter's Saturday Nicht, and canna a peasant admire the pictur o' piety in a palace?

TICKLER.

James—good.

SHEPHERD.

Think ye that Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd had to learn muckle either in the way o' mind or manners, when discovered to be by birth a baronet?

NORTH.

I verily believe not much.

SHEPHERD.

Strip a kintra lad or lass o' their claes——

TICKLER

No, no, James.

SHEPHERD.

But I say aye, aye. Strip a kintra lass, o' laigh degree, perfectly skuddy, and set her aside a toon belle o' noble bluid, equally naked, on a pedestal, like twa sister statues by Chauntrey or Macdonald, wi' their arms leanin' wi' affectionate elegance on ilk ither's snawy showther, or twined roun' their lily necks, and wha micht be able to tell the ewe-milker frae the duchess?

TICKLER.

Not I—without my specs.

SHEPHERD.

Or watch first the ane and then the ither doin' some duty to a pawrent, suppose leadin' a blin' father out intil the sun, and sittin' aside him, aiblins at his feet, wi' ae ivory arm hangin' owre his knees, and the ither haun' haudin' a book—best o' a', if the Bible—while her tearfu' een can yet weel discern the words o' comfort that her smilin' lips do musically receet—and will ony Christian man tell me, that they are na baith angels, and however far apart they may leeve on earth, willna dwall thegether in heaven?

NORTH.

I confess it does surprise me, to hear you, James, express yourself so beautifully over haggis.

SHEPHERD.

What for? What's a wee haggis but a big raggoo? An' a big raggoo, but a wee haggis? But, will you believe me, Mr Tickler, I was sae ta'en up wi' the natural sentiment, that I kent na what was on my plate.

TICKLER.

And probably have no recollection of having, within the last ten minutes, eat a howtowdie.

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil are you twa aboot? Circumnavigating the table in armchairs! What! Am I on wheels too?

[*The Shepherd follows North and Tickler round the genial board.*

NORTH.

How do you like this fancy, my dear James?

SHEPHERD.

Just excessively, sir. It gies us a perfeck command o' the entire table, east and wast, north and south; and, at present, I calculate that I am cuttin' the equawtor.

NORTH.

It relieves Mr Ambrose and his young gentlemen from unnecessary attendance—and, besides, the exercise is most salutary to persons of our age, who are apt to get fat and indolent.

SHEPHERD.

Fozey. So ye contrive to rin upon horrals, halting before a darling dish, and then away on a voyage of new discovery. This explains the itherwise unaccountable size o' this immense circle o' a table. Safe us! It would sit forty! And yet, by this ingenious contrivance, it is just about sufficient size for us Three. Hae ye taen oot a pawtent?

NORTH.

No. I hate monopolies.

SHEPHERD.

What! You, the famous foe o' Free-tredd!

NORTH.

With our national debt——

SHEPHERD.

Dinna tempt me, sir, to lose a' patience under a treatise on taxes——

NORTH.

Well—I won't. But you admire these curricles?

SHEPHERD.

Movable at the touch o' the wee finger. Whase invention?

My own.

SHEPHERD.

You Dædalus!

NORTH.

The principle, James, I believe is perfect—but I have not been yet able to get the construction of the vehicle exactly to my mind.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken what mair you cou'd houp for, unless it were to move at a thocht. Farewell, sirs, I'm aff across the line to yon pie—nae sma' bulk even at this distance. Can it be pigeons?

[*Shepherd wheels away south-east.*

NORTH.

Take your trumpet.

SHEPHERD.

That beats a'. For ilka man a silver speakin' trumpet! Let's try mine [*Shepherd puts his trumpet to his mouth.*] Ship, ahoy! Ship, ahoy!

NORTH. (*Trumpet-tongued.*)

The Endeavour—bound for——

SHEPHERD.

Whisht—whisht—sir—I beseech you whisht. Nae drums can staun siccan a trumpet, blawn by siccan lungs. [*Laying down his trumpet.*] This is, indeed, the Pie o' Pies. I houp Mr Tickler 'll no think o' wheelin' roun' to this quarter o' the globe.

TICKLER. (*On the trumpet.*)

What sort of picking have you got at the Antipodes, James!

SHEPHERD.

Roar a little louder—for I am dull o' hearin'. Is he speakin o' the Bench o' Bishops?

TICKLER. (*As before, but louder.*)

What pie?

SHEPHERD.

Aye—aye.

TICKLER. (*Larghetto.*)

What pie?

SHEPHERD.

Aye--aye. What'n a gran' echo up in yon corner!

[*Tickler wheels away in search of the north-west passage—and on his approach, the Shepherd weighs anchor with the pie, and keeps beating up to windward—close hauled—at the rate of eight knots, chased by Southside, who is seen dropping fast to leeward.*

NORTH.

He'll not weather the point of Firkin.

SHEPHERD (*Putting about under North's stern.*)

I'll rin for protection frae the Pirrat, under the guns o' the Old Admiral—and, being on the same station, I suppose he's entitled to his ain share o' the prize. Here, my jolly veteran, here's the Pie. Begin wi' a couple o' cushats, and we'll divide atween us the croon o' paste in the middle, about as big's the ane the King—God bless him—wore at the coronation.

[TICKLER *wheels his chair into the nook, on the right of the chimney-piece.*

Southside, hae you deserted the diet? O, man! you're surely no sulky? Come back—come back, I beseech you—and let us shake hauns. It 'll never do for us true Tories to quarrel amang oursells at this creesis. What'n a triumph to the Whigs, when they hear o' this schism? Let's a' hae a finger in the pie, and as the Lord Chancellor said, and I presume did, in the House o' Lords—"on my bended knees, I implore you to pass this bill!"

[*The Shepherd kneels before Tickler, and presents to him a plateful of the Pie.*

TICKLER (*returning to the administration.*)

James, you have conquered, and we are reconciled.

NORTH.

Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

GURNEY (*Rushing in alarm from the ear of Dionysius.*)

Gentlemen, the house is surrounded by a mob of at least fifty thousand Reformers, who with dreadful hurrahs are shouting for blood.

SHEPHERD.

Fifty thousan'! Wha counted the radical rascals?

GURNEY.

I conjecture their numbers from their noise. For Heaven's sake, Mr North, do not attempt to address the mob——

NORTH.

Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

GURNEY (*Retiring much abashed into his Ear.*)

Miraculous!

AMBROSE (*Entering with much emotion.*)

Mr North, I fear the house is surrounded by the enemies of the constitution, demanding the person of the Protector——

SHEPHERD.

Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers. Exit* AMBROSE, *in astonishment.*)

NORTH.

Judging from appearances, I presume dinner is over.

SHEPHERD.

A'm staw'd.

NORTH.

There is hardly any subject which we have not touched, and not one have we touched which we did not adorn.

SHEPHERD.

By soobjects do you mean dishes? Certes, we have discussed a hantle o' them—some pairtly, and ithers totally; but there's food on the brodd yet sufficient for a score o' ordinar men——

TICKLER.

And we shall have it served up, James, to supper.

SHEPHERD.

Soun' doctrine. What's faith without warks?

NORTH.

Now, gentlemen, a fair start. Draw up on my right, James—elbow to elbow. Tickler, your place is on the *extrême gauche.* You both know the course. The hearth-rug of the Snuggery's the goal. All ready? Away!

[*The start is the most beautiful thing ever seen—and all Three at once make play.*

Scene second, the Snuggery—Enter North on his Flying Chair, at the rate of the Derby, beating, by several lengths, Tickler and the Shepherd, now neck and neck.

NORTH. (*Pulling up as soon as he has passed the Judges' stand.*)

Our nags are pretty much on a par, I believe, in point of condition, but much depends, in a short race, on a good start, and there the old man shewed his jockeyship.

SHEPHERD.

'Twas a fause start, sir—'twas a fause start—I'll swear it was a fause start, sir, till ma deein' day—for I had na gotten mysell settled in the saddle, till ye was aff like a shot, and afore I cou'd get intil a gallop, you was half way across the flat o' the saloon.

NORTH.

James, there could be no mistake. The signal to start was given by Saturn himself; and——

SHEPHERD.

And then Tickler, afore me and him got to the fauldin'-doors, after some desperate crossin' and jostlin', I alloo, on baith sides, ran me clean aff the coorse, and I had to make a complete circle in the bow-window or I cou'd get the head o' my horse pinted again in a right direction for winnin' the race. Ca' ye that fair? I shall refer the hail business to the decision o' the Jockey Club.

NORTH.

What have you to say, Tickler, in answer to this very serious charge?

TICKLER.

Out of his own mouth, sir, I convict him of conduct that must have the effect of debarring the Shepherd from ever again competing for these stakes.

SHEPHERD.

For what steaks? Do you mean to manteen, you brazen-faced ne'er-do-weel, that I am never to be alloo'd again to rin Mr North frae the saloon to the snuggery for ony steaks we chuse, or chops either? Things 'll hae come to a pretty pass, when it sall be necessar to ask your leave to start—you blacklegs.

TICKLER.

He's confessed the crossing and jostling.

SHEPHERD.

You lee. Wha' began't? We started sidey by sidey, you see, sir, frae the rug afore the fire, where we was a' Three drawn up, and just as you was gaun out o' sight atween the pillars, Tickler and me ran foul o' ane anither at the nor'-east end o' the circular. There was nae fawte on either side there, and am no blamin' him, except for ackwardness, which was aiblins mutual. As sune's we had gotten disentangled, we entered by look o' ee, if no word o' mouth, intil a social compact to rin roun' opposite sides o' the table—which we did—and in proof that neither o' us had gain'd an inch on the ither, no sooner had we rounded the south-west cape, than together came we wi' sic a clash, that I thocht we had been baith killed on the spat. There was nae fawte on either side there, ony mair than there had been at the nor'-east; but then began his violation o' a' honour; for havin' succeeded in shovin' mysell aff, I was makin' for the fauldin'-doors—due west—ettlin' for the inside, to get a short turn—when whuppin' and spurrin' like mad, what does he do, but charge me right on the flank, and drive me, as I said afore, several yards off the course, towards the bow-window, where I was necessitated to fetch a circumbendibus, that wou'd hae lost me the race had I ridden Eclipse. Ca' ye that fair? But it was agreed that we were to be guided by the law of Newmarket, sae I'll refer the hail affair to the Jockey Club.

TICKLER.

Hear me for a moment, sir. True, we got entangled at the nor'-west—most true at the sou'-west came we together with a clash. But what means the Shepherd by shoving off? Why, sir, he caught hold of my right arm as in a vice, so that I could make no use of that member, while, at the same time, he locked me into his own rear, and then away he went like a two-year-old, having, as he vainly dreamt, the race in hand by that manœuvre, so disgraceful to the character of the carpet.

NORTH.

If you please—turf.

TICKLER.

Under such circumstances, was I to consider myself bound by laws which he himself had broken and reduced to a dead letter? No. My subsequent conduct he has accurately described—off the course—for we have a bit of speed in us—I drove him; but as for the circumbendibus in the bow-window, we must believe that on his own word.

SHEPHERD.

And daur you, sir, or ony man breathin', to doubt ma word——

NORTH.

Be calm, gentlemen. The dispute need not be referred to the Club; for, consider *you were nowhere.*

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

You were both distanced.

SHEPHERD.

Baith distanced! Hoo? Where's the post?

NORTH.

The door-post of the Snuggery.

SHEPHERD.

Baith our noses were through afore you had reached the rug. I'll tak ma Bible-oath on't. Werena they, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Both.

NORTH.

Not a soul of you entered this room for several seconds after I had dismounted——

SHEPHERD.

After ye had dismounted? Haw! haw! haw! Tickler! North confesses he had dismounted afore he was weighed—and has thereby lost the race. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Noo, oors was a dead heat—so let us divide the stakes——

TICKLER.

With all my heart; but we ran for the Gold Cup.

SHEPHERD.

Eh! sae we did, man; and yonner it's on the sideboard—a bonny bit o' bullion. Let's keep it year about; and, to prevent ony hargle-barglin' about it, let the first turn be mine; oh! but it'll do wee Jamie's heart gude to glower on't stannin' aside the siller punch-bowl I got frae my friend Mr —— What's the matter wi' ye, Mr North? What for sae doon i' the mouth? Why fret sae at a trifle?

NORTH.

No honour can accrue from a conquest achieved by a quirk.

SHEPHERD.

Nor dishonour frae defeat;—then "prithee why so pale, wan lover? prithee why so pale?"

TICKLER.

I can hardly credit my senses when I hear an old sportsman call that a quirk, which is in fact one of the foundation-stones of the law of Racing.

SHEPHERD.

I maun gang back for ma shoon.

NORTH.

Your shoon?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, ma shoon—I flung them baith in Mr Tickler's face—for which I noo ask his pardon—when he ran me aff the coorse——

TICKLER.

No offence, my dear James, for I returned the compliment with both snuff-boxes——

NORTH.

Oh! ho! So you who urge against me the objection of having dismounted before going to scale, both confess that you flung away weight during the race!

SHEPHERD.

Eh? Mr Tickler, answer him—

TICKLER.

Do, James.

SHEPHERD.

(*Scratching his head with one hand, and stroking his chin with the other.*) We've a' three won, and we've a' three lost. That's the short and the lang o't—sae the Cup maun staun owre till anither trial.

NORTH.

Let it be decided now. From Snuggery to Saloon.

SHEPHERD.

What? after frae Saloon to Snuggery? That wou'd be reversin' the order o' nature. Besides, we maun a' three be unco dry—sae let's turn to till the table—and see what's to be had in the way o' drink. What'n frutes!

NORTH.

These are ribstones, James—a pleasant apple—

SHEPHERD.

And what's thir?

NORTH.

Golden pippins.

SHEPHERD.

Sic jargonels! shaped like peeries—and yon ahuns (can they be ripe?) like taps. And what ca' ye thae, like great big fir-cones wi' outlandish lookin' palm-tree leaves archin' frae them wi' an elegance o' their ain, rouch though they seem in the rhinn, and aiblins prickly? What ca' ye them?

NORTH.

Pine-apples.

SHEPHERD.

I've aften heard tell o' them—but never clapp'd een on them afore—and these are pines! Oh! but the scent is sweet, sweet—and wild as sweet—and as wild restorative. I'se tak some jargonels afterwards—but I'll join you noo, sir, in a pair o' pines.

[*North gives the Shepherd a pine-apple.*

Hoo are they eaten?

TICKLER.

With pepper, mustard, and vinegar, like oysters, James.

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin you maun be leein'.

TICKLER.

Some people prefer catsup.

SHEPHERD.

Haud your blethers. Catchup's gran' kitchen for a' kinds o' flesh, fish, and fule, but for frutes the rule is "sugar or naething,"—and if this pine keep the taste o' promise to the palat, made by the scent he sends through the nose, nae extrawneous sweetness will he need, self-sufficient in his ain sappiness, rich as the colour o' pinks, in which it is sae savourily enshrined.——I never pree'd ony taste half sae delicious as that in a' ma born days! Ribstanes, pippins, jargonels, peaches, nectrins, currans and strawberries, grapes and grozets, a' in ane! The concentrated essence o' a' ither frutes, harmoneezed by a peculiar tone o' its ain—till it melts in the mouth like material music!

NORTH.

(*Pouring out for the Shepherd a glass of sparkling champagne.*)
Quick, James—quick—ere the ethereal particles escape to heaven.

SHEPHERD.

You're no passin' aff soddy upon me! Soddy's ma abhorrence—it's sae like thin soap-suds.

NORTH.

Fair play's a jewel, my dear Shepherd.

"From the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France"——

SHEPHERD.

"See the day-star o' liberty rise."

That beats ony gooseberry—and drinks prime wi' pine. Anither glass. And anither. Noo put aside the Langshanks—and after a' this daffin' let's set in for serious drinkin', thinkin', lookin', and speakin'—like three philosophers as we are—and still let our theme be—Human Life.

NORTH.

James, I am sick of life. With me "the wine of life is on the lees."

SHEPHERD.

Then drink the dregs, and be thankfu'. As lang's there's anither drap, however drumly, in the bottom of the bottle, dinna despair. But what for are you sick o' life? You're no a verra auld man yet—and although ye was, why mayna an auld man be gaen happy? That's a' ye can expeck noo—but wha's happy—think ye—perfeckly happy—on this side o' the grave? No ane. I left yestreen wee Jamie—God bless him—greetin' as his heart wou'd break for the death o' a bit wee doggie that he used to keep playin' wi' on the knowe mony an hour when he ought to hae been at his byeuck—and when he lifted up his bonny blue een a' fu' o' tears to the skies, after he had seen me bury the puir tyke in the garden, I'se warrant he thocht there was a sair change for the waur in the afternoon licht—for never did callant lo'e colley as he lo'ed Luath—and to be sure he on his side was no ungratefu'—for Luath keepit lickin' his haun' till the verra last gasp, though he dee'd of that cruel distemper. Fill your glass, sir.

NORTH.

I have been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since I was a child, James.

SHEPHERD.

An' think ye, sir, that naebody has been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since they were a bairn, but yoursell? Wi' some it's constitutional, and that's a hopeless case; for it rins, or rather stagnates in the bluid, and meesery has been bequeathed from father to son, doon mony dismal generations—nor has ceased till some childless suicide, by a maist ruefu' catastrophe, has closed the cleemax, by the unblessed extinction o' the race. But you, my dear sir, are come o' a chearfu' kind, and mirth laughed in the ha's o' a' your ancestors. Chear up, sir—chear up—fill your glass wi' Madeiry—an' nae mair folly about fits—for you're gettin' fatter and fatter every year, and what you ca' despair 's but the dumps.

NORTH.

O, si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—passion gies vent to mony an impious prayer! The mair I meditat on ony season o' my life, the mair fearfu' grows the thocht o' leevin't owr again, and my sowle recoils alike frae the bliss, and frae the meesery, as if baith alike had been sae intense that it were impossible they cou'd be re-endured!

NORTH.

James, I regard you with much affection.

SHEPHERD.

I ken you do, sir—and I repay't three-fauld; but I canna thole to hear you talkin' nonsense. What for are ye no drinkin' your Madeiry.

NORTH.

How pregnant with pathos to an aged man are those two short lines of Wordsworth—about poor Ruth!

> "Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
> A young and happy child."

They are beautifu' where they staun', and true; but fawse in the abstrack, for the youngest and happiest child has often wept and mourned, even when its mither has been tryin' to rock it asleep in its craddle. Think o' the teethin, sir, and a' the cholic-pains incident to babbyhood!

NORTH.

"You speak to me who never had a child."

SHEPHERD.

I'm no sae sure o' that, sir. Few men hae leev'd till threescore and ten without being fathers; but that's no the pint; the pint is the pleasures and pains o' childhood, and hoo nicely are they balanced to us poor sons of a day! I ken naething o' your childhood, sir, nor o' Mr Tickler's, except that in very early life you maun hae been twa stirrin' gentlemen——

TICKLER.

I have heard my mother say that I was a remarkably mild child till about——

SHEPHERD.

Six—when it cost your father an income for taws to skelp out o' you the innate ferocity that began to break upon you like a rash alang wi' the measles——

TICKLER.

It is somewhat singular, James, that I never have had measles—nor small-pox—nor hooping-cough—nor scarlet-fever—nor——

SHEPHERD.

There's a braw time comin', for these are complents nane escape; and I shouldna be surprised to see you at next Noctes wi' them a' fowre—a' spotted and blotched, as red as an Indian, or a tile-roof, and crawin' like a cock, in a fearsome manner—to which add the Asiatic cholera, and then, ma man, I wou'dna be in your shoon, for the free gift o' the best o' the Duke's store-farms, wi' a' the plenishin'—for the fifth comin' on the other fowre, lang as you are, wou'd cut you aff like a cucumber.

NORTH.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

SHEPHERD.

That's Gray—and Gray was the best poet that ever belanged to a college—but——

NORTH.

All great (except one) and most good poets have belonged to colleges.

SHEPHERD.

Humph. But a line comes soon after that is the key to that stanza—

" My weary soul they seem to soothe!"

Gray was na an auld man—far frae it—when he wrott that beautifu' Odd—but he was fu' o' sensibility and genius—and after a lapse o' years, when he beheld again the bits o' bright and bauld leevin' images glanciu' athwart the green—a' the Eton College callants in full cry—his heart amaist dee'd within him at the sicht and the soun'—for his pulse, as he pat his finger to his wrist, beat fent and intermittent, in comparison, and nae wunner that he shou'd fa' intil a dooble delusion about their happiness and his ain meesery. And sae the poem's colour'd throughout wi' a pensive spirit o' regret, in some places wi' the gloom o' melancholy, and in ane or twa amaist black wi' despair. It's a fine picture o' passion, sir, and true to nature in every touch. Yet frae beginnin' to end, in the eye o' reason and faith, and religion, it's a' ae lee. Fawse, surely, a' thae forebodings o' a fatal futurity! For love, joy, and bliss are not banished frae this life; and in writin' that verra poem, manna the state o' Gray's sowle hae been itself divine?

NORTH.

Tickler?

TICKLER.

Good.

SHEPHERD.

What are mony o' the pleasures o' memory, sirs, but the pains o' the past spiritualeezed?

NORTH.

Tickler?

TICKLER.

True.

SHEPHERD.

A' human feelin's seem somehow or ither to partake o' the same character, when the objects that awake them have withdrawn far, far, awa' intil the dim distance, or disappear'd for ever in the dust.

TICKLER.

North?

NORTH.

The Philosophy of Nature.

SHEPHERD.

And that Tam Cammel maun hae felt, when he wrote that glorious line,

> "And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief!"

NORTH.

The joy of grief! That is a joy known but to the happy, James. The soul that can dream of past sorrows till they touch it with a pensive delight can be suffering under no severe trouble——

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps no, sir. But may that no aften happen too, when the heart is amaist dead to a' pleasure in the present, and loves but to converse wi' phantoms? I've seen pale still faces o' widow-women—ane sic is afore me the noo, whase husband was killed in the wars lang lang ago in a forgotten battle—she leeves on a sma' pension in a laigh and lonely house—that bespeak constant communion wi' the dead, and yet nae want either o' a meek and mournfu' sympathy wi' the leevin', provided only ye shaw them, by the considerate gentleness o' your manner, when you chance to ca' on them on a week-day, or meet them at the kirk on Sabbath, that you ken something o' their history, and hae a Christian feelin' for their uncomplainin' affliction. Surely, sir, at times, whan some tender gleam o' memory glides like moonlight across their path, and reveals in the hush some ineffable eemage o' what was lovely and beloved o' yore, when they were, as they thocht, perfectly happy, although the heart kens weel that 'tis but an eemage, and nae mair—yet still it maun be blest, and let the tears drap as they will on the faded cheek, I shou'd say the puir desolate cretur did in that strange fit o' passion suffer the joy o' grief.

NORTH.

You will forgive me, James, when I confess, that though I enjoyed just now the sound of your voice, which seemed to me more than usually pleasant, with a trembling tone of the pathetic, I did not catch the sense of your speech.

SHEPHERD.

I was no makin' a speech, sir—only utterin' a sort o' sentiment that has already evaporated clean out o' mind, or passed awa' like an uncertain shadow.

NORTH.

Misery is selfish, James—and I have lost almost all sympathy with my fellow-creatures, alike in their joys and their sorrows.

SHEPHERD.

Come, come, sir—chear up, chear up. It's naething but the blue devils.

NORTH.

All dead—one after another—the friends in whom lay the light and might of my life—and memory's self is faithless now to the "old familiar faces." Eyes—brows—lips—smiles—voices—all—all forgotten! Pitiable, indeed, is old age, when love itself grows feeble in the heart, and yet the dotard is still conscious that he is day by day letting some sacred remembrance slip for ever from him that he once cherished devoutly in his heart's core, and feels that mental decay alone is fast delivering them all up to oblivion!

SHEPHERD.

Sittin' wi' rheumy een, mumblin' wi' his mouth on his breist, and no kennin' frae ither weans his grand-children who have come to visit him wi' their mother, his ain bricht and beautifu' doughter, wha seems to him a stranger passin' alang the street.

NORTH.

What said you, James?

SHEPHERD.

Naething, sir, naething. I was na speakin' o' you—but o' anither man.

NORTH.

They who knew me—and loved me—and honoured me—and admired me—for why fear to use that word, now to me charmless?—all dust! What are a thousand kind acquaintances, James, to him who has buried all the few friends of his soul—*all the few*—one—two—three—but powerful as a whole army to guard the holiest recesses of life!

SHEPHERD.

An' am I accoonted but a kind acquaintance and nae mair! I wha ——.

NORTH.

What have I said to hurt you, my dear James?

SHEPHERD.

Never mind, sir—never mind. I'll try to forget it—but——

NORTH.

Stir the fire, James—and give a slight touch to that lamp.

SHEPHERD.

There's a bleeze, sir, at ae blast. An' there's the Orrery, bricht as the nicht in Homer's Iliad, about which you wrott sic eloquent havers. An' there's your bumper-glass. Noo, sir, be candid and tell me, gif you dinna think that you've been a verra great fule?

NORTH.

I believe I have, my dear James. But, by all that is ludicrous here below, look at Tickler!

SHEPHERD.

O for Cruckshank! You see what he's dreaming about in his sleep, sir, lyin' on the ae side, wi' that big black sofa pillow in his arms! He's evidently on his marriage jaunt to the Lakes, and passin' the hinny-moon amang the mountains. She's indeed a fearsome dear, the bride. She has gotten nae featurs—and, as for feegar, she's the same thickness a' the way doon, as if she was stuffed. But there's nae accountin' for taste; and mony a queer cretur gets a husband. Sleep on—sleep on—ye bony pair! for noo you're leadin' your lives in Elysium.

NORTH.

I hope, James, that neither you nor I have such open countenances in our sleep, as our friend before us.

SHEPHERD.

I canna charge ma memory wi' sic a mouth. What's the maitter? What's the maitter? Lo! Mrs Tickler has either fa'en or loupen oot o' the bed, an's tumblin' alang the floor! What'n an exposé! In decency, sir, really we twa shou'd retire.

NORTH.

The blushing bride has absolutely hidden herself under the table.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but this is gran' sport. Let's blacken his ee-brees, and gie him misstashes.

[*The Shepherd, with burnt cork, dexterously makes Tickler a Hussar.*

There—you're noo ane o' the Third at Jock's Lodge. Gie Mrs Tickler, sir, a touch wi' the crutch, under the table, and send her owre this way, that I may restore her to the bridegroom's longing arms. It's a shame to see her sleepin' at the stock—the wife shou'd aye lie neist the wa'. Sae I'll tak the leeberty to place her atween her husband's back and that o' the settee. When he waukens he'll hae mony apologies to mak for his bad manners. But the twa'll sune mak it up, and naethin in this life's half so sweet as the reconciliation o' lovers' quarrels.

NORTH.

By the by, James, who won the salmon medal this season on the Tweed?

SHEPHERD.

Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel'? I beat them a' by twa stane wecht. Oh, Mr North, but it wou'd hae done your heart gude to hae daunner'd alang the banks wi' me on the 25th, and seen the slauchter. At the third thraw the snoot o' a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds keepit steadfast in a sort o' eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin' at the tail o' yon pool—I needna name't—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heather-moss, in the season o' blae-berries. But that verra instant the flee began to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o' the wrist I had slichtly gi'en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter shot frae Heaven, than shot that saumon-beam doon intil and oot o' the pool below, and alang the sauch-shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o' cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o' the pirn, that let oot, in a twinkling, a hunner yards o' Mr Phin's best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

NORTH.

Incomparable tackle!

SHEPHERD.

Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see till him—loup—loup—loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows! Scarcely cou'd I believe, at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a saumon divertin' himsell, without ony connexion in this warld wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the inveesible gut o' destiny—and I chasteesed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up—windin' up, faster then ever ye grunded coffee—I keepit closin' in upon him, till the whalebone was amaist perpendicular outowre him, as he stapped to take breath in a deep plum. You see the savage had gotten sulky, and you micht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just muved slichtly like gossamer in a breath o' wun'—I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff; but na, na, ma man, ye ken little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws! Snuvin' up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht and steddy as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

NORTH.

An original image.

SHEPHERD.

Say rather application! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flicht o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you micht imagine that he was sailin' unseen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

NORTH.

Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

SHEPHERD.

Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causey in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. Thinks he to himsell, wi' his tail, "gin I get abreist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd." And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket——

NORTH.

That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

SHEPHERD.

Sae I used—but last season they fell doon to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—sae I trust noo to my body-guard.

NORTH.

I prefer the air life-preserver.

SHEPHERD.

If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork jacket I took till the soomin', haudin' the rod abune my head——

NORTH.

Like Cæsar his Commentaries.

SHEPHERD.

And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the Fa', and Heaven safe us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for naethin' cows the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large pairty it suddenly strikes me dumb——

NORTH.

But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum——

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—na—never i' the Snuggery, never i' the Sanctum, my dear auld man! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferiority—bein' a' on a level, and that lichtsome, like the parallel roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

NORTH.

But we forget the fish.

SHEPHERD.

No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expeckit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pairtly wae and pairtly wrathfu' to see him *dee saft!* Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likely to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a clour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in amang the bit snail-bucky-shells on the san' aroond my feet, and lay there as still as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

NORTH.

A sumph.

SHEPHERD.

No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventur. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma broos, wi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a' on a sudden, as if he had been galvaneezed, he stotted up intil the lift, and wi' ae squash played plunge into the pool, and awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thocht I sou'd hae gane mad, Heaven forgie me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma feet, and gaed head owre heels intil the water—while amang the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

NORTH.

Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

SHEPHERD.

Risin' to the surface with a guller, I shook ma nieve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, just like a man restin' himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd ma teeth intil the shouther o' him—and like a Newfoundlan' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the lift rang wi' acclamations.

NORTH.

What may have been his calibre?

SHEPHERD.

On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.

TICKLER.

(Stretching himself out to an incredible extent.)

Alas! 'twas but a dream!

SHEPHERD.

Was ye dreamin', sir, o' bein' hanged?

TICKLER.

(Recovering his first position.)

Eh!

NORTH.

"So started up in his own shape The Fiend." We have been talking, Timothy, of Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

TICKLER.

Shakspeare's Seven Ages!

SHEPHERD.

No Seven Ages—but rather seven characters. Ye dinna mean to manteen, that every man, afore he dees, maun be a sodger and a justice o' the peace?

TICKLER.

Shepherd versus Shakspeare—Yarrow versus Avon.

SHEPHERD.

I see no reason why me, or ony ither man o' genius, michtna write just as weel's Shakspeare. Arena we a' mortal? Mony glorious glints he has, and surpassin' sun-bursts—but oh! sirs, his plays are desperate fu' o' trash—like some o' ma earlier poems——

TICKLER.

The Queen's Wake is a faultless production.

SHEPHERD.

It's nae sic thing. But it's nearly about as perfeck as ony work o' human genius; whereas Shakspeare's best plays, sic as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, are but strang daubs——

TICKLER.

James——

SHEPHERD.

Arena they no, Mr North?

NORTH.

Rather so, my dear Shepherd. But what of his Seven Ages?

SHEPHERD.

Nothing—accept that they're very poor. What's the first?

NORTH.

"At first the infant,
Muling and puking in its nurse's arms!"

SHEPHERD.

An' that's a' that Shakspeare had to say about man an infant! I prefer the pictur o' young Hector, frichten'd at his father's crest—though, I dinna doot that Asteeanax was gi'en to mewlin' and pukin' in his nurse's arms, too, like ither weans afore they're speaned, for milk certainly curdles and gets sour on their stammachs——

NORTH.

Why, James, in the Ninth Book of the Iliad, old Phœnix, who was private tutor to Achilles when a younker, reminds that hero how he used to disgorge the wine on his vest.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's vest? Phœnix's, or that o' the callant Achilles himsell?

NORTH.

Phœnix's.

SHEPHERD.

I hae naething to say about that—for the propriety or impropriety o' the allusion 'll depend altogether on the place and time it is introduced, although I must just say, that there's nae settin' boun's to the natural drivel o' dotage in a fond auld man. But Shakspeare, frae a' the attributes, and character, and conduct o' infants, had to choose them he thocht best suited for a general picture o' that age, and the nasty coof chose mewlin' and pukin'——

TICKLER.

I remember once seeing a natural actor in a barn, who personated the melancholy Jaques to admiration, suiting the action to the words, and at "puking"——

SHEPHERD.

Throwin' up on the stage! It's a lee-like story.

TICKLER.

He merely made a face and a gulp, as if disordered in his stomach.

SHEPHERD.

That was a' richt;—sae did John Kemble.

NORTH.

What would Mr James Ballantyne say were he to hear that assertion?

SHEPHERD.

I dinna care what he wou'd say, though I grant he's a capital theatrical critic, and writes a hantle better on a play-bill than on the Bill o' Reform.

NORTH.

Unsay these words this instant, James, for there was a tacit agreement that we were to have no politics.

SHEPHERD.

"What's writ is writ," quoth Byron. "What's said is said," quoth Hogg. I'll eat in my words for nae man—but back again to John Kemble actin' the babby. He pronounced the word "mewlin'," wi' a sort o' a mew like that o' a wean or a kitlin, shuein' his arms up and down as if nursin'; and if that was richt, then I manteen that it was incumbent on him, in common consistency, to have gien us the "pukin" too, or, at a' events, the sort o' face and gulp the play-actor made in the barn—for what reason in the nature of things, or the art o' actin', cou'd there possibly be for stoppin' short at the "mewin'?"

NORTH.

But, my dear James, the question is not about John Kemble, but William Shakspeare.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, the verra first squeak or skirl o' a new born wean in the house, that, though little louder nor that o' a rotten, fills the entire tenement frae grun'-work to riggin', was far better for the purposes o' poetry than the mewlin' and pukin'—for besides being ony thing but disgustfu', though sometimes, I alloo, as alarmin' as unexpected, it is the sound the young Roscius utters on his first appearance on any stage; and on that latter account, if on no ither, shou'd hae been selected by Shakspeare.

NORTH.

Ingenious, James.

SHEPHERD.

Or the moment when it is first pitten, trig as a bit burdie, intil its father's arms.

TICKLER.

A man child—the imp.

SHEPHERD.

Though noo sax feet fowre, you were then, yoursell, Tickler, but a span lang—little mair nor the length o' your present nose.

TICKLER.

'Twas a snub.

SHEPHERD.

As weel tell me that a pawrot, when it chips the shell, has a strecht neb.

TICKLER

Or that a hog does not shew the cloven foot till he has learnt to grunt.

SHEPHERD.

Neither he does—for he grunts the instant he's farrow'd—like ony Christian—sae you're out again, there, and that envenomed shaft o' satire fa's to the grun'.

NORTH.

No bad blood, gents!

SHEPHERD.

Weel then—or, when yet unchristened, it lies awake in the creddle—and as its wee dim een meet yours, as you're lookin' doon to kiss't, there comes strangely over its bit fair face a something joyfu', that love construes intil a smile.

TICKLER.

"Beautiful exceedingly." Hem.

SHEPHERD.

Or, for the first time o' its life in lang claes, held up in the hush o' the kirk, to be bapteezed—while——

TICKLER.

The moment the water touches its face, it falls into a fit of fear and rage——

SHEPHERD.

Sune stilled, ye callous carle, in the bosom o' ane o' the bonny lassies sittin' on a furm in the trance, a' dressed in white, wha wi' mony a silent hushaby, lulls the lamb, noo ane o' the flock, into haly sleep.

TICKLER.

Your hand, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

There. Tak a gude grupp, sir, for in spite o' that sneering, you've a real gude heart.

NORTH.

This is the second or third time, my dear James, that we have been cheated by some chance or other out of your Seven Ages. But hark ! the timepiece strikes nine—and we must away to the Library. Two hours for dinner in the Saloon—two for wine and walnuts in the Snuggery—then two for tea-tea, and coffee-tea in the Library—and finally, two in the blue-parlour for supper. Such was the arrangement for the evening. So lend me your support, my dear boys—we shall leave our curricles behind us—and start pedestrians. I am the lad to shew a toe. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene Third—The Library. Tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. Enter the Trio on foot—North in medio tutissimus. Shepherd President of the Pots.

SHEPHERD.

Wha drinks tea, wha drinks coffee, and wha drinks chocklat ?

TICKLER.

I care na with which I commence—so that I end with a cup of congou and therein a caulker.

NORTH.

I feel the influence of the Genius Loci, and long for some literary conversation. How quickly, James, is the character of a book known to——

SHEPHERD.

Veterans like us in the fields o' literature. It's just the same to the experienced wi' the character o' a man or a woman. In five minutes the likes o' you and me see through their faces intil their hearts. Twa three words, if they shou'd be but about the weather, the sound o' the vice itsel', a certain look about the een, their way o' walkin', the mainner they draw in a chair, ony the meerest trifle in short, maks us acquented wi' the inner man, in ilka sex alike, as weel as if we had kent them for a thousan' years. An' is't no preceesely ane and the same thing wi' byeuks ? Open a poem at ony pairt, and let the ee rin doun the line o' prent atween the margins, and you hae na glanced alang a page till ye ken whether or no the owther be a free and accepted mason amang the Muses. No that you may hae seen ony verra uncommon cemage, or extraordinar thocht, for the lad in that particular passage may hae been haudin' the even tenor o' his way alang an easy level ; but still you fin' as if your feet werena on the beaten road, but on the bonny greensward, wi' here and there a pretty unpresuming wild-flower, primrose, daisy, or violet, and that you're gettin' in amang the mazes o' the pleesant sheep-paths on the braes.

NORTH.

Or the sumph is seen in a single sentence——

SHEPHERD.

And the amiable man o' mediocrity is apparent at the full piut o' the first paragraph.

TICKLER.

A compendious canon in criticism.

SHEPHERD.

And ane that I never kent err. No but that ye may hate a man or woman at first sicht, and afterwards come to regard *him* wi' muckle amity, and gang mad for *her* in verra infatuation—but then in a' sic cases they hae been inconsistent and contradictory characters; fierce fallows ae day, sulky chiels anither—on a third, to your astonishment, free and familiar—on a fourth flatterin'—freenly on a fifth—comical and wutty beyond a' endurance on a sixth—on the seventh, for that's the Sabbath, serious and solemn, as is fittin' a' mortal beings to be on the haly day o' rest—and on Monday nicht, they break and burst out on ye diamonds o' the first water, some rouch, and some polished, as ye get glorious thegither in the feast o' reason and the flow o' sowle, owre a barrel o' eisters and a gallon o' Glenlivet.

NORTH.

Heads of chapters for the Natural History of Friendship.

SHEPHERD.

Sic too is sometimes the origin and growth o' Love. The first time ye saw her, cockettin' perhaps wi' some insignificant puppy, and either seemin' no to ken that you're in the room, or giein' you occasionally a supercilious glance frae the curled tail o' her ee, as if she thocht you had mistaken the parlour for the servants'-ha', ye pairtly pity, pairtly despise, and rather hate, and think her mair nor ordinary ugly; neist time ye foregather, she's sittin' on a bunker by her lane, and drappin' doon aside her, you attempt to talk, but she luks strecht-forrit, as if expectin' the door to open, and seems stane deaf, at least on ae side o' the head, only she's no sulky, and about her mouth ye see a sort o' a struggle to haud in a smile, that makes her look, though—somewhat prim, certainly—rather bonnie; on the third meetin', at a freen's house, you sit aside her at denner, and try to fin' out the things she likes best, nor mind a rebuff or twa, till ye get first a sole on her plate, and syne a veal cutlet, and after that the breist o' a chicken, and feenally, an apple-tart wi' coostard; and sae muckle the better, if afore that a jeely and a bit blumange, takin' tent to ask her to drink wine wi' you, and even facetiously pretendin' to gie her a caulker, wi' an expression that shows you're thinkin' o' far ither dew atween the openin' o' her lips, that noo, for the first time, can be fairly said to lauch alang wi' the licht that seems safter and safter in her heaven-blue een; the mornin' after, of coorse you gie her a ca', and you fin' her at the work-table, in a gauze gown, and braided hair, wi' her wee foot on a stool, peepin' out like a moose—tak her on the whole, as she sits, as lovely-lookin' a lassie as a Shepherd may see on a summer's-day—and what's your delicht, when layin' aside her work, a purple silk purse interwoven wi' gold, she rises a' at ance like some bricht bird frae the grun', and comes floatin' towards ye with an outstretched arm, terminating in a haun' o' which the back and the fingers are white as the driven snaw! And as for the pawm—if a sweet shock o' electricity gangs na to your heart as you touch it, then either are your nerves non-conductors, or you're a chiel chisel'd out o' the whinstane rock. Your fifth meetin', we shall say, is a' by chance, though in a lane a mile ayont the sooburbs, that was ance the avenue to a ha' noo dilapidated, and that is shaded in its solitariness wi' a hummin' arch o' umbrawgeous auld lime-trees. Hoo sweet the unexpected recognition! For there was nae tryst—for, believe me, there was nae tryst—I was takin' a poetical dauner awa' frae the smoky city's stir, and she, like an angel o' charity, was returnin' frae a poor widow's hovel, where she had been drappin', as if frae heaven, her weekly alms. The sixth time you see her—for you hae keepit count o' every ane, and they're a' written on your heart—is on the Saturday nicht in the house o' her ain parents, nane at hame but themsells—a family party—and the front-door locked again' a' intruders, that may ring the bell as they like; for entrance is there nane, except through the key-hole to the domestic fairies. What'n a wife, thinks your heart, would be sic a dochter! What'n a mother to the weans! The sweet thocht, but half-supprest, accompanies her, as she moves about through the room, in footsteps Fine-ear himsell could hardly hear; and showerin' aroun' her the cheerfu' beauty o' her innocence,

"Sic as virtue ever wears
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles!"

Hark! at a look frae her father the virgin sings! An auld Scottish sang—

and then a hymn—but whilk is the maist haly it wou'd be hard to tell, for if the hymn be fu' o' a humble and a contrite heart, sae is the sang o' a heart overflowing wi' ruth and pity, and in its ain happiness tenderly alive to a' human grief! The seventh meetin's at the kirk on the Sabbath—and we sit thegether in the same pew, havin' walked a' by our lanes across the silent braes; and never never in this warld can love be love, until the twa mortal creatures, wha' may hae pledged their troth in voiceless promises, hae assurance gi'en them, as they join in prayer within the House o' God, that it is hallowed by Religion.

NORTH.

My dear James! happy for ever be your hearth.

SHEPHERD.

Bless you, sir. But let's be crouse as weel's canty. That's rich chocklat.

NORTH.

"And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!"

TICKLER.

And call you that, James, literary conversation!

SHEPHERD.

Hoots—I'm no sure, gentlemen, if an age is the better o' bein' especially charactereesed by an inclination for literatur.

NORTH.

Nor am I. Among the pleasures and pursuits of our ordinary life, there are none which take stronger hold on minds of intelligence and sensibility than those of literature; nor is it possible to look without pleasure and approbation upon the application of a young ingenuous mind to such avocations. Yet a suspicion will often steal in among such reflections, that there is some secret peril lurking in this path of flowers, which may make it necessary for the mind in the midst of its delights to be jealous of its safety.

SHEPHERD.

You're nae gaun to thraw cauld water, sir, on Poetry?

NORTH.

Hear me out, my dear James. Literature brings back to the mind, in a kind of softened reflection, those emotions which belong in nature to the agitating scenes of reality. From the storms of society—from the agony of forlorn hope—from the might of heroism,—from the transport of all passions—there is brought to us in our own still seclusion the image of life; our intelligence and sensibility are awakened, and with delight and admiration, with a shadowy representation to ourselves of that which has been absolutely acted, we consider the imaginary world.

SHEPHERD.

Nae harm sure in that, sir.

NORTH.

Love, and hope, and fear, and sorrow, shadowy resemblances of great passions, pass through our hearts; and in the secret haunts of imagination we indulge in contemplating for our mere pleasure that which has consumed the strength and the whole being of our kind. We sever ourselves for a moment from the world to become sympathizing and applauding spectators of that very drama in which our own part awaits us. We turn the dread reality of existence into a show for indolent delight.

SHEPHERD.

That's beautifu' language, sir.

NORTH.

Indeed we can scarcely describe, James, the pleasures which our imagination seeks in works of literature, without indicating the twofold and various tendency of its pleasures. As the image of our condition warms our heart towards our kind, as it enlarges our conception of our own or their nature, it tends, by raising our minds, to fit us more nobly for the discharge of its duties. But as it gives us without reality the emotions we need,—as it indulges the sensibility which it is flattering to ourselves to feel,—as it separates for our gratification the grandeur of heroic strength from its endurance,—and gives us the consciousness of all that is good in our own nature, without the pain or peril which puts its strength to the proof,—it tends to soothe and beguile us with illusory complacence in our own virtue,—to sever our spirits from that hard and fearful strife, in which alone we ought to think that we can rightly know ourselves—and therewithal it tends in the effect to sever us from our kind, to whom it seems, nevertheless, to unite us in our dreams and visions.

SHEPHERD.

Listenin' to you, sir, is like lookin' into a well: at first ye think it clear, but no verra deep; but ye let drop in a peeble, and what a length o' time ere the air-bells come up to the surface frae the profoond!

NORTH.

To the young mind, therefore, James, the indulgence in the pleasures which imagination finds in the silent companionship of books, may be regarded as often very dangerous. It is unconsciously training itself to a separation from men during the very years which should train it to the performance of the work in which it must mingle with them. It is learning to withdraw itself from men, to retire into itself, to love and prefer itself, to be its own delight and its own world. And yet a course meanwhile awaits it, in which the greater part of time, strength, thought, desire, must be given up to avocations which demand it from itself to others; in which it must forego its own delight, or rather must find its delight in service which abstracts it from itself wholly, and chains it to this weary world.

SHEPHERD.

True as holy writ.

NORTH.

Life allows only lowly virtue. Its discipline requires of us the humblest pleasures and the humblest service; and only from these by degrees does it permit us to ascend to great emotions and high duties. It is a perpetual denial to ambition, and requital of humility.

SHEPHERD.

For mony a lang year did I feel that, sir. An' I'll continue to feel't to the hour I close my een on sun, moon, and stars.

NORTH.

But imagination is ambitious, and not humble. It leaps at once to the highest, and forms us to overlook the humble possibilities, and to scorn the lowly service of earth. Not measuring ourselves with reality, we grow giants in imagination; but the dreamed giant has vanished with the first sun-ray that strikes on our eyes and awakes us.

SHEPHERD.

Yet wha will say that the pleasures o' imagination are to be withheld frae youth?

NORTH.

They cannot be withheld, James, for the spirit is full of imagination, and has power within itself for its own delusion. But bad education may withhold from imagination the nobler objects of its delight, and leave it fettered to life, a spirit of power, struggling and consuming itself in vain efforts.

SHEPHERD.

What, then, in plain words, is the bona-feedy truth o' the soobjeck?

NORTH.

I conceive that it is the habitual indulgence that is injurious, and not the knowledge by imagination of its greatest objects; and I should conceive that if we are to do any thing with reference to imagination, it should be, as the years of youth rise upon the mind, to connect its pleasure with the severest action of intellect, by never offering to the mind in books the unrestrained wild delight of imagination; but indulging to it the consciousness of that faculty only in the midst of true and philosophical knowledge.

SHEPHERD.

In science, art, history, men, and nature. Eh?

NORTH.

The pleasures of literature are thought to make the mind effeminate, which they do, inasmuch as the cultivation of letters is at variance with the service of life. The service of life strengthens the mind, by calling upon it always to labour for a present or definite purpose,—to submit its desires, its pleasures, rigidly to an object. It does not deny pleasure—it yields it; but only in subordination or subservience to a purpose. It requires and teaches it to frame its whole action by its will, and to become master of itself. And whether the purposes of life are good and honourable, or debasing, it has this effect of strengthening the mind for action. It is the part of imagination to raise the mind, and to nourish its sensibility; but it must not be allowed to unnerve and disorder its force of action.

SHEPHERD.

You're beginnin' to tawk like the Pedlar in the Excursion.

NORTH.

I do not know that you could pay me a higher compliment, James.

SHEPHERD.

Darkenin' counsel wi' the multiplication o' vain words. A' the great moral philosophical writers that I hae read, baith in prose and in verse, are in expression simple, and say, in fact, far mair than they seem to do; whereas Wordsworth amaist aye, and no unfrequently yoursell, are ower gorgeous in your apparel, and say, in fact, less than you seem to do, though it's but seldom you dinna baith utter, even amang your vapidest verbosity, a gey hantle o' invaluable truth.

TICKLER.

Let us exchange such indefinite generalities for a few pointed particulars, if you please; else, depend on't, fancy will be falling asleep.—What is your opinion, North, of Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson?

NORTH.

The same—generally—as that of the Westminster Reviewer.

TICKLER.

Aye! And pray what is that?

NORTH.

That it is the best variorum edition since the revival of letters.

TICKLER.

Croker is certainly one of the cleverest and acutest of living men.

SHEPHERD.

No unlike yourself, sir, I jalouse.

NORTH.

He is—and much more. He is a man of great abilities, and an admirable scholar. But he is much more than that—he is a political writer of the highest order, as many of his essays in the Quarterly Review prove—which are full of the Philosophy of History.

TICKLER.

Pray, what have you got to say of the charges brought against him, in the last number of the Blue and Yellow, of pitiable imbecility and scandalous ignorance?

NORTH.

James, have the goodness to hand me over the seven volumes lying yonder on the small table.

SHEPHERD.

Yon in the east nyeuck? There. And here's the Blue and Yellow sittin' on the tap o' them like an Incubus.

NORTH.

Having paid some little attention to the literary history of the period to which they refer, perhaps I may be able to amuse you for half an hour by an exposure of some of the *betises* of this prick-ma-dainty Reviewer.

SHEPHERD.

Prick-ma-denty—that's ane o' ma words. I've been alloo'd the length o' my tether the nicht on ither topics—and shall be glad noo to listen to you and Mr Tickler.

NORTH.

Of course I cannot now go over the whole of the Reviewer's ten pages of conceited and calumnious cavilling, but must restrict myself to specimens.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—on wi' the specs. Oh! Tickler! does na he look awfu' gleg?

NORTH.

The Reviewer says :—" In one place we are told that Allan Ramsay the painter was born in 1709, and died in 1784; in another, that he died in 1784, in the 71st year of his age. If the latter statement be correct, he must have been born in or about 1713."

SHEPHERD.

Hoo's that, sir? That maun be a blunner o' Crocker's.

NORTH.

No, James; it is but a dishonest trick of his Reviewer. The age is stated differently in the two notes; but one note is Mr Croker's, and one is Mr Boswell's. Mr Boswell states colloquially that " Allan Ramsay died in 1784, in his 71st year;" Mr Croker states, with more precision, that " he was born in 1709; and died in 1784," and Mr Croker is right—see, if you choose, Biographical Dictionary, voce Ramsay—and thus, because Mr Croker corrects an error, the Reviewer accuses him of making one.

SHEPHERD.

Puppy!

NORTH.

Tickler, lend me your ears. The Reviewer says, " Mr Croker says, that at the commencement of the INTIMACY between Dr Johnson and Mrs Thrale, IN 1765, the lady was 25 years old."

SHEPHERD.

Wha the deevil cares hoo auld she was?

TICKLER.

Well, North, what then?

NORTH.

Why, Mr Croker says no such thing. He says, " Mrs Thrale was 25 years of age when the *acquaintance* commenced," but *he* does not say *when* it commenced, nor when it became *intimacy*. It is *Mr Boswell* who states, that in 1765 Mr Johnson was introduced into the family of Mrs Thrale; but in the very next page, we find Mrs Thrale herself stating that the *acquaintance* began in 1764, and the more strict intimacy might be dated from 1766. So that the discrepancy of two or three years which, by a *double falsification* of Mr Croker's words, the Reviewer attributes to him, belongs really to Mr Boswell and Mrs Thrale themselves!

TICKLER.

Proceed. I was prepared for misrepresentation.

NORTH.

The Reviewer adds—"In another place he says that Mrs Thrale's 35th year coincided with Johnson's 70th. Johnson was born in 1709; if, therefore, Mrs Thrale's 35th coincided with Johnson's 70th, she could have been but 21 years old in 1765." Now, I find, James——

SHEPHERD.

Address yoursell to Tickler.

NORTH.

I find, Tickler, that Mr Croker states, that from a passage in one of Johnson's letters, " *he suspects*," and " it may be *surmised*," that Mrs Thrale's 35th and Johnson's 70th years coincided. The Reviewer says, that " the reasons given by Mr Croker for this notion are utterly frivolous." I shall look to *that* instantly; but is it not an absolute misrepresentation to call an opinion, advanced in the cautious terms of *surmise* and *suspicion*, as a *statement* of a fact?

TICKLER.

Gross.

NORTH.

The creature continues—" But this is not all: Mr Croker in another place assigns the year 1777 as the date of the complimentary lines which Johnson made on Mrs Thrale's 35th birthday. If this date be correct, Mrs Thrale must have been born in 1742, and could have been only 23 when her acquaintance with Johnson commenced."

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil can be the meanin' o' a' this bairnly botheration about the gae of Mrs Thrawl, that is, Pecosy?

TICKLER.

Literary history, James.

NORTH.

Exposure of a small malignant, James. I observe, my dear Timothy, that Mr Croker does no such thing. He inserted, I presume, the lines under the year 1777, because he must needs place them somewhere; and, in the doubt of two or three years, which, as I have already shewn, may exist between Mr Boswell's account and Mrs Thrale's own, he placed them under 1777; but, so far from positively assigning them to that particular year, he cautiously premises, "*It was about this time* that these verses were written;" and he distinctly states, in two other notes, that he *doubts* whether that was the precise date. Here again, therefore, his Reviewer is dishonest.

SHEPHERD.

The man that'll tell ae lee will tell twunty.

NORTH.

The critic adds, "Two of Mr Croker's three statements must be false." But I add, Mr Croker has made but *one statement*, and *that is not impugned;* the two discrepancies belong to Mr Boswell and Mrs Thrale, and the falsehood to the Reviewer.

SHEPHERD.

Sherp words.

NORTH.

The critic then claps his wings and crows. "We will not decide between them; we will only say, that the reasons he gives for thinking that Mrs Thrale was exactly 35 years old when Johnson was 70, appear to us utterly frivolous."

TICKLER.

What are they?

NORTH.

Mr Croker's reason is this: Mrs Thrale had offended Johnson, by supposing him to be 72 when he was only 70. Of this Johnson complains, at first, somewhat seriously, but he then gaily adds, "If you try to plague me (*on the subject of age*), I shall tell you that life begins to decline at 35." Mr Croker's note upon this passage, which the Reviewer has misrepresented as an *assertion* is, "It may be *surmised*, that Mrs Thrale, at her last birthday, was 35." Surmise appears to me too dubious an expression. The meaning seems indisputable.

TICKLER.

Why, if Mr Croker has not hit the point of Johnson's retort, what is it?

NORTH.

The deponent sayeth not.

TICKLER.

Any more of the same sort of peevish impotence?

NORTH.

Lots. Thus—"Mr Croker informs his readers, that Lord Mansfield survived Johnson full ten years. Lord Mansfield survived Dr Johnson just eight years and a quarter."

SHEPHERD.

What a wonnerfu' clever fallow, to be able to mak siccan a correction o' a date! Does ony thing depend on't?

NORTH.

Nothing. But the Reviewer is right. Doctor Johnson died in 1784, and Lord Mansfield in 1793. But the occasion on which Mr Croker used the inaccurate colloquial phrase of *full ten years*, makes the inaccuracy of no consequence at all. He is noticing an anecdote of a gentleman's having stated that he called on Dr Johnson soon after Lord Mansfield's death, and that Johnson said, "Ah, sir, *there* was little learning, and less virtue." This cruel anecdote Mr Croker's natural indignation refutes from his general recollection, and, without waiting to consult the printed obituaries, he exclaims, "It cannot be true, for Lord Mansfield survived Johnson *full ten years!*" whereas he ought to have said, "It cannot be true, because Lord Mansfield survived Johnson 'eight years and three months;'" or, what would have been still more accurate, "eight years, three months, and seven days!"

SHEPHERD.

What a bairn!

TICKLER.

A sumph, James.

SHEPHERD.

A sumph, indeed, Timothy.

NORTH.

And something worse. Listen. "Mr Croker tells us that the great Marquis of Montrose was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1650. There is not a forward boy at any school in England, who does not know that the Marquis was *hanged*. The account of the execution is one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's history. We can scarcely suppose that Mr Croker has never read the passage, and yet we can scarcely suppose that any one who has ever perused so noble and pathetic a story, can have utterly forgotten all its most striking circumstances."

SHEPHERD.

I never read Clarendon; but for a' that, I ken weel the details o' the dismal story; they're weel gien by my frien' Robert Chambers.

NORTH.

Beg your pardon, James, for a moment. I really almost suspect that the Reviewer has not read the passage to which he refers, or he could hardly have accused Mr Croker of shewing—by having said that Montrose was *beheaded*, when the Reviewer thinks he should have said *hanged*—that he had forgotten the most "*striking passage*" of Clarendon's noble "account of the execution." It is not on the *execution* itself that Lord Clarendon dwells with the most pathos and effect, but on the previous indignities at and after his trial, which Montrose so magnanimously endured. Clarendon, with scrupulous delicacy, avoids all mention of the peculiar mode of death, and is wholly silent as to any of the horrible circumstances that attended it, leaving the reader's imagination to supply, from the terms of the sentence, the odious details; but the Reviewer, if he had really known or felt the true pathos of the story, would have remembered that the sentence was, that the Marquis should be *hanged and beheaded*, and that his head should "be stuck on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh;" and it was this very circumstance of the *beheading*, which excited in Montrose that burst of eloquence which is the *most striking* beauty of the whole of the "noble and pathetic story." "I am prouder," said he to his persecutors, "to have *my head* set upon the place it is appointed to be, than I should be to have my picture hung in the King's bedchamber!" And this was the incident which the Reviewer imagines that Mr Croker may have forgotten, because he does not tell us drily that Montrose was *hanged*.

SHEPHERD.

Sma' sma' spite! Mr Croker would scorn to craw ower sic an impident bantam.

NORTH.

You know well the story of Byng, Tickler?

TICKLER.

I do.

NORTH.

So does Mr Croker; but the Reviewer thinks not, as you shall now hear. "Nothing," says Mr Croker, "can be more unfounded than the assertion that Byng fell a martyr to political party. By a strange coincidence of circumstances, it happened that there was a total change of administration between his condemnation and death, so that one party presided at his trial, and another at his execution. There can be no stronger proof that he was not a political martyr." On this passage, the Reviewer says,—"Now, what will our readers think of this writer, when we assure them that this statement, so confidently made respecting events so notorious, is absolutely untrue? One and the same administration was in office when the court-martial on Byng commenced its sittings, through the whole trial, at the condemnation, and at the execution. In the month of November, 1756, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke resigned; the Duke of Devonshire became First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr Pitt Secretary of State. This administration lasted till the month of April, 1757. Byng's court-martial began to sit on the 28th of December, 1756. He was shot on the 14th March, 1757. There is something at once diverting and provoking in the cool and authoritative manner in which Mr Croker makes these random assertions."

TICKLER.

Enlighten my weak mind, sir, on these conflicting statements.

SHEPHERD.

Confoun' a' questions o' dates!

NORTH.

Now, what do you think, sir, when I assure you, that this contradiction to Mr Croker, "so confidently made with respect to events so notorious," is absolutely untrue! But so it is. The Reviewer catches at what may be a verbal inaccuracy, (I doubt whether it be one, but at worst it is no more,) and is himself guilty of the most direct and substantial falsehood. Of all the audacities of which this Reviewer has been guilty, this is the greatest, not merely because it is the most important as an historical question, but because it is an instance of—to use his own expression—"the most *scandalous inaccuracy*."

SHEPHERD.

Ma head's confused. What's the question?

NORTH.

The question between Mr Croker and the Reviewer is this—whether *one* Ministry did not *prosecute* Byng, and a *succeeding* Ministry *execute* him. Mr Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no. I declare that the ayes have it.

TICKLER.

As how?

NORTH.

Byng's action was in May, 1756, at which time the Duke of Newcastle was Minister, and Mr Pitt and Lord Temple in violent opposition; and when the account of the action arrived in England, "the Ministers," (I quote from Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*—here it is)—"the *Ministers* determined to turn, if possible, the popular clamour and indignation from *themselves*, upon the Admiral." And again, "the hired writers in the pay of the *Ministry*, were set to work to censure his conduct in the most violent and inflammatory manner;" and it is then called "a nefarious business." And again, "The popular clamour and indignation were so extremely violent, that *Ministers* were under the necessity of making known *their intention to try Byng*, in a singular, unprecedented, and not very decorous or fair manner. Orders were sent to all the out-ports to put him, on his arrival, into close arrest. The facts seem to have been, that *Ministers* had roused the public to such a state of irritation, that it would be directed against themselves, unless *they proceeded against Byng in the most rigorous manner*."

SHEPHERD.

I like to hear the readin' o' dockiments.

NORTH.

On the *26th July*, Byng arrived at Portsmouth, and was committed to *close custody*, and removed thence "to Greenwich, where he was to remain till his trial, and where he was guarded, as if he had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. The part of the hospital in which he was confined was most scrupulously and carefully fortified; and what marked most decidedly the feeling of the *Ministers*, they took care that all these precautions should be made known."

TICKLER.

In short, if we are to believe the writers of the day, and above all, Byng's own friends and advocates, the *Ministers had already condemned him*, and had predestined him to execution to save themselves.

NORTH.

Just so. "The Ministers," says Charnock, (*Naval Biog.* vol. iv. p. 159,) "treated him like a criminal *already condemned*." The resolution to try Byng was, as I have shewn you, taken at least as early as July; but the absence of witnesses, and other formalities, delayed the actual assembling the court-martial for some months, during which the controversy between the partisans of Byng, and those of the Ministry, was maintained with the greatest rancour and animosity. In these circumstances, and while Byng was on the brink of his trial, about the 20th November 1756, his inveterate enemies, the Ministers, resigned, and a total change of administration took place. The new administration, however, resolved to execute the instructions of the former—the proceedings instituted against Byng by the Duke of Newcastle's administration, was followed up by Mr Pitt's; and the imprisonment of Byng, which was ordered by Lord Anson, was terminated by his execution, the warrant for which was signed by Lord Semple, six months after!

TICKLER.

Poz?

NORTH.

Aye, poz. Now, if Mr Croker had been writing history, or even a review, he probably might not have said that "the change of Ministers took place between the *condemnation* and death," if by *condemnation* the actual *sentence* of the court were to be understood. Certainly the actual trial happened to be held a few days after the accession of the new Ministry, but the prosecution, and the alleged persecution, the *official condemnation* of Byng, and the indictment, if I may borrow the common law expression, and the collection of the evidence in support of it, and every step preparatory to the actual swearing of the court, were all perpetrated under the auspices of the old Ministry. The new Ministry had no real share nor responsibility in the transaction, till after the sentence was pronounced, and then (without, as it would seem, any hesitation on their part, though delays from other causes arose,) *they* executed the sentence.

TICKLER.

Thank you, sir. After that, nobody can have any doubt in deciding which speaks the historic truth—he, to be sure, who says that one set of Ministers conducted the prosecution, and the *other* ordered the execution.

NORTH.

Is the editor of the Life of Johnson, or the Edinburgh Reviewer, "*scandalously inaccurate?*"

TICKLER.

The prig.

NORTH.

The truth seems to be, that the Reviewer knows nothing more of the history of the transaction, than its *dates*—the *skeleton of history*;—and because he saw in some chronological work that Mr Pitt became Minister some days before the court-martial upon Byng was opened, he imagined that Mr Pitt's Ministry were the responsible prosecutors in that court-martial. Mr Croker on this occasion, as on many others, has looked to the *spirit* of the proceeding, as well as the *letter*—to the *design* as well as the *date*—and has contributed to trace historic truth by the motives and causes of events, rather than by the day of the month on which the event happens to explode.

TICKLER.

The justification and refutation are complete.

SHEPHERD.

At him again, sir.

NORTH.

Don't be impatient, James. The critic says chucklingly, "but we must proceed. These volumes contain mistakes more gross, if possible, than any that we have yet mentioned. Boswell has recorded some observations made by Johnson on the changes which took place in Gibbon's religious opinions. 'It is said,' cried the Doctor, laughing, 'that he has been a Mahometan.' 'This sarcasm,' says the editor, 'probably alludes to the tenderness with which Gibbon's malevolence to Christianity induced him to treat Mahometanism in his history.' Now the sarcasm was uttered in 1776; and that part of the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman

Empire which relates to Mahometanism, was not published till 1788, twelve years after the date of this conversation, and nearly four years after the death of Johnson."

TICKLER.

What, does the Reviewer doubt that Mr Croker is right, and that Gibbon was the person intended?

NORTH.

Certainly not. He adopts, without acknowledgment, Mr Croker's interpretation, but then turns round and says, "You have given a bad reason for a just conclusion." Then why does the Reviewer not give a better, and state why he adopts Mr Croker's opinion, if he is not satisfied with Mr Croker's reason? The fact is, the poor creature is at his *skeleton* work again. He found that the origin of Mahometanism, which sprung up about the year 600, could not be chronologically included in the first volume of Gibbon, which ends about the year 300. And he kindly informs Mr Croker, that Gibbon's account of Mahometanism was not published till after Johnson's death; but he chooses to forget, that in every page of his *first* volume, as of his last, Gibbon takes or makes opportunities of sneering at, and depreciating Christianity; while, on the other hand, he shows every where remarkable "tenderness" for Paganism and Mahometanism.

TICKLER.

These insinuations and innuendos are to be found all through the work, and are indeed the great peculiarity of his style.

NORTH.

It is evident, too, from the concluding part of Mr Croker's note, *which the Reviewer has suppressed*, that this was his meaning; for Mr Croker adds, "*something of this sort* must have been in Johnson's mind on this occasion."

TICKLER.

He says so—does he?

NORTH.

Yes. If Mr Croker had meant to allude to the *professed* history of Mahometanism, published in Gibbon's latter volumes—he could not have spoken dubiously about it, as "*something of this sort*," for *there* the bias is clear and certain. It is therefore evident that Mr Croker meant to allude to Gibbon's numerous insinuations against Christianity in the first volumes, and if Johnson did *not* mean "*something of this sort*," I wish the Reviewer would tell us what he meant.

TICKLER.

Convicted.

SHEPHERD.

It's sometimes no unpleasant to listen to discussion ane but verra imperfeckly understaun's—especially owre sic tipple. Somebody's gettin' his licks.

NORTH.

James—read aloud, in your best manner, that passage.

SHEPHERD.

Tak awa' your thoomb. (*Reads.*) " 'It was in the year 1761,' says Mr Croker, 'that Goldsmith published his Vicar of Wakefield. This leads the editor to observe a more serious inaccuracy of Mrs Piozzi than Mr Boswell notices, when he says Johnson left her table to go and sell the Vicar of Wakefield for Goldsmith. Now Dr Johnson was not acquainted with the Thrales till 1765, four years after the book had been published.' Mr Croker, in reprehending the fancied inaccuracy of Mrs Thrale, has himself shewn a degree of inaccuracy, or, to speak more properly, a degree of ignorance, hardly credible. The Traveller was not published till 1765; and it is a fact as notorious as any in literary history, that the Vicar of Wakefield, though written before the Traveller, was published after it. It is a fact which Mr Croker may find in any common life of Goldsmith; in that written by Mr Chalmers, for example. It is a fact which, as Boswell tells us, was distinctly stated by Johnson, in a conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is therefore quite possible and probable, that the celebrated scene of the landlady, the sheriff's-officer, and the bottle of Madeira, may have taken place in 1765. Now Mrs Thrale expressly says that it was near the beginning of her acquaintance with Johnson, in 1765, or, at all events, not later than 1766, that he left her table to succour his friend. Her accuracy is therefore completely vindicated."

Thank ye, James.

SHEPHERD.

You canna do less—for sic a peck o' trashy havers never, I sincerely hope, na devootly believe, never left ma lips afore. I think it mention'd a bottle o' Madeira. Here's ane. Sir, your health.

NORTH.

Here again the Reviewer, in attempting to correct a verbal inaccuracy, displays "the error or the ignorance" of which he unjustly accuses Mr Croker. It would, indeed, have been more accurate if Mr Croker had said that Goldsmith had, in 1761, "*sold the work to the publisher*," for it was not actually published to the world till after the *Traveller;* but this fact has nothing to do with the point in question, which is the time when Goldsmith *sold* the work, and whether Johnson could have left Thrale's table to sell it for him. In other words, whether the sale took place prior to 1765. Mr Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no—and the Reviewer is decidedly in the wrong, and Mr Croker is clearly right, according to the very authority to which the Reviewer refers us. Chalmers tells us, indeed, that the novel was published after the poem—but he also tells us, to the utter discomfiture of the Reviewer, that "the novel was sold, and the *money paid for it, some time before!*" So that the sale took place, even according to the Reviewer's own admission, *before* 1765.

TICKLER.

Q. E. D.

NORTH.

But this is not all. The Reviewer states that the Traveller was *published* in 1765, but even in this fact he is wrong. The Traveller was published in 1764, and if he will open the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, he will find extracts in it from that poem. This fact corroborates Mr Croker's inference. Mrs Piozzi had said that Johnson was called away from her table, *either in* 1765 *or* 1766, to sell the novel. Mr Croker says this must be inaccurate, because the book was sold long before that date. Now it is proved that it was sold before the publication of the Traveller, and it is also proved that the Traveller was published in 1764; and finally, the Reviewer's *assertion*, that "it is quite *possible* and *probable* that the sale took place in 1765," is thus shown to be "a *monstrous blunder*."

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! but you're a terrible tyke, when you lay your mouth on a messin to gie him a bit worryin' for your ain amusement!

NORTH.

Read on, James.

SHEPHERD.

Ae paragraph, and nae mair. If you ask me again, I'll rebel. "The very page which contains this monstrous blunder, contains another blunder, if possible, more monstrous still. Sir Joseph Mawbey, a foolish member of Parliament, at whose speeches and whose pig-styes the wits of Brookes's were, fifty years ago, in the habit of laughing most unmercifully, stated, on the authority of Garrick, that Johnson, while sitting in a coffee-house at Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, used some contemptuous expressions respecting Home's play and Macpherson's Ossian. 'Many men,' he said, 'many women, and many children, might have written Douglas.' Mr Croker conceives that he has detected an inaccuracy, and glories over poor Sir Joseph, in a most characteristic manner. 'I have quoted this anecdote solely with the view of showing to how little credit hearsay anecdotes are in general entitled. Here is a story published by Sir Joseph Mawbey, a member of the House of Commons, and a person every way worthy of credit, who says he had it from Garrick. Now mark:—Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was in 1754, the first time he had been there since he left the university. But Douglas was not acted till 1756, and Ossian not published till 1760. All, therefore, that is new in Sir Joseph Mawbey's story is false.' Assuredly we need not go far to find ample proof that a member of the House of Commons may commit a very gross error. Now mark, say we, in the language of Mr Croker. The fact is, that Johnson took his *Master's* degree in 1754, and his *Doctor's* degree in 1775. In the spring of 1776, he paid a visit to Oxford, and at this visit a conversation respecting the works of Home and Macpherson might have taken place, and, in all probability, did take place. The only real objection to the story Mr Croker has missed. Boswell states, apparently on the best authority, that as early at least as the year 1763, Johnson, in conversation with Blair, used the same expressions respecting Ossian, which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas. Sir Joseph, or Garrick, confounded, we suspect, the two stories. But their error is venial, compared with that of Mr Croker."

NORTH.

Now, this is a tissue of misrepresentation. The words "*about the time of his doctor's degree*," which the Reviewer attributes to Mr Croker, are Sir Joseph Mawbey's own, and distinguished by Mr Croker with marks of quotations (omitted by the Reviewer) to call the reader's attention to the mistake, which Mr Croker supposes Sir Joseph to have made as to the date of the anecdote. But, says the Reviewer, "Mr Croker has *missed* the only real objection to the story, namely, that Johnson had used, as early as 1763, respecting Ossian, the same expressions which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas." This is really too bad. The Reviewer says, Mr Croker has *missed*, because he himself has chosen to *suppress!* Mr Croker's note distinctly states the very fact which he is accused of *missing!* "Every one knows," says Mr Croker, "that Dr Johnson said of Ossian that 'many men, many women, and many children, might have written it;" and Mr Croker concludes by inferring exactly what the Reviewer does, that Sir Joseph Mawbey was inaccurate in thus applying to *Douglas* what had been really said of *Ossian!* But the Reviewer, in addition to suppressing Mr Croker's statement, blunders his own facts; for he tells us, that Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was "in the spring of 1776." I beg to inform him it was in the latter end of May 1775. (Let him see Boswell, viii. p. 254.) The matter is of no moment at all, but shows, that the Reviewer falls into the same inaccuracies, for which he arraigns Mr Croker, and which he politely calls in this very instance "*scandalous.*"

SHEPHERD.

I'll be hang'd gin I read out anither word. There's the Blue and Yellow. Read it yourself—Sir, your health again I wus.

NORTH. (*reads.*)

"Boswell has preserved a poor epigram by Johnson, inscribed 'ad Lauram parituram.' Mr Croker censures the poet for applying the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation, and for talking of the beauty of Lucina. 'Lucina,' he says, 'was never famed for her beauty.' If Sir Robert Peel had seen this note, he possibly would again have refuted Mr Croker's criticisms by an appeal to Horace. In the secular ode, Lucina is used as one of the names of Diana, and the beauty of Diana is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of ancient mythology, from Homer, in his Odyssey, to Claudian, in his Rape of Proserpine. In another ode, Horace describes Diana as the goddess who assists the 'laborantes utero *puellas.*'"

SHEPHERD.

It's the same in the Forest.

NORTH.

Euge! by this rule, the Reviewer would prove that HECATE was famed for her *beauty*, for "Hecate is one of the names of Diana; and the beauty of Diana," and, *consequently, of Hecate,*—"is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of heathen mythology."

SHEPHERD.

Hecate a beauty! I aye thocht she had been a furious fricht—black-a-viced, pockey-ort, wi' a great stool o' a beard.

NORTH.

Mr Croker does not, as the Reviewer says he does, *censure* the poet for the application of the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation; but he says, that the designation in the first line, which was proposed as a *thesis* of the lady as *pulcherrima puella,* would lead us to expect any thing rather than the turn which the latter lines of the epigram take, of representing her as about to lie in. It needs not the authority either of Horace or the Shepherd to prove that "*puellæ*" will sometimes be found "*laborantes utero.*" But it will take more than the authority of the Reviewer to persuade me, that Mr Croker was wrong in saying that it seems a very strange mode of complimenting an English beauty.

SHEPHERD.

And has the cretur failed in pintin' out ony inaccuracies ava in Mr Crocker?

NORTH.

I have shewn, my boy, that he has charged Mr Croker, in some instances, ignorantly, and in others falsely, of ignorance and falsehood; and such being the Reviewer's own sins in the course of half a sheet of the Blue and Yellow, manifestly got up with much assiduity, for he quotes, I perceive, from all the five volumes, is it not contemptible to hear his chuckle over Mr Croker, who, in the course of between two and three thousand additions to Boswell, has been shewn to have fallen, perhaps, into some half dozen errors or inaccuracies, one of them evidently a misprint—one an expression apparently incorrect, because elliptical—and the others——

SHEPHERD.

Mere trifles if like the alledged lave o' them ye hae quoted.

NORTH.

Mr Croker has been convicted of the "gross and scandalous" inaccuracy of having assigned wrong dates to the deaths of Derrick, Sir Herbert Croft, and the amiable Sir William Forbes, biographer of Beattie.

SHEPHERD.

What'n enormities! He maun drie pennance by a pilgrimage to Loch Derg. What other crimes has Mr Croker committed?

NORTH.

He has, moreover, attributed to Henry Bate Dudley, the Fighting Parson, the Editorship of the old Morning Herald, instead of the old Morning Post.

SHEPHERD.

What a sinner!

NORTH.

And he has erroneously said, that Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga took place in March 1778, instead of October 1777. He is mistaken, too, in saying that Lord Townshend was not Secretary of State till 1720.

SHEPHERD.

In short, the seven deadly sins!

NORTH.

The perpetration of which has so incensed the immaculate and infallible Reviewer, that he has not scrupled to assert that the whole of Mr Croker's part of the work is ill compiled, ill arranged, ill expressed, and ill printed.

SHEPHERD.

Fee! faw! fum! I smell the bluid o' a pairty man.

NORTH.

Fetid in faction.

TICKLER.

Can this be the same Pseudo-Sampson who supposes he slew Southey and Sadler—and that he has now smitten Croker under the fifth rib?

NORTH.

The same; and I lament to see a young man of his endowments a prey to such pitiful impulses of malice, which, impotent as are the fumblings they excite, cannot fail to weaken the intellect they degrade down to such paltry work, and will make one who is now not unjustly the object of partial admiration, ere long that of general contempt.

SHEPHERD.

Thank heaven, sir, that I'm out o' the stoure o' pairty in the Forest! In cities, towns, and villages, frae Lunnon down to Pettycur, it keeps drivin' in your face, till in angry blin'ness you stoitter again' your fellow-creturs borin' alang in the opposite direction, or rin yoursel' wi' a dunsh again' the wa'. But a's sweet and serene oot by yonner, sir, and natur follows her ain way in obedience to the everlastin' laws that bring ae season in beauty oot o' the bosom o' the ither, the shady simmer broonin' awa by imperceptible gradations o' colour intil the gorgeous autumn—the autumn fadin' awa' in fire intil the seelent snaws o' winter—and the winter in gude time layin' aside her white mantle, and in green symar changin' afore the gratefu' gaze intil the warld-worshipped spring.

NORTH.

No Reform needed there, James.

SHEPHERD.

Weel said, sir—nae Reform—accept in oor ain hearts—and there it'll be needed as lang's St Mary's rows the silver waters o' the Yarrow, wi' a' their eemaged clouds, hills, and trees, to join her Sister Ettrick, ere the twa melt their name and natur in the sea-seeking Tweed.

TICKLER.

In spite of all that has been said, Mr North, James, is the only critic of the age, that in his judgments on literature is unbiassed by his political predilections.

SHEPHERD.

I canna gang just that length alang wi' ye, Mr Tickler; for noo and then the tae o' the Tory wull peep oot frae aneath the robes o' Rhadamanthus. In soomin' up the evidence again' the prisoner at the bar (and every author's a pannel), his eloquence I've sometimes thocht has had rather a little leanin' towards the culprit that had the gude fortun no to be a Whig, although there cou'd be nae doot o' his guilt. An' sure I am, that in cases I cou'd mention, he has induced the Jury to acquit the criminal, wi' a verdict o' "no proven," when every body in the court, includin' those in the box and on the bench, kent that there was a thief afore them, as certainly as if they had grupped the plagiary wi' his haun' in the man's breeks.

TICKLER.

Every judge should lean to the side of mercy.

SHEPHERD.

That's true. But then again, sir, on the ither haun', whan the accused has happen'd to be a Whig, and the evidence, though strong again' him, admittin' o' some doot, I've thocht that I've sometimes seen a deevil darkenin' in his een, and heard a deevil thunderin' frae his lips, death to the sinner wha itherwise micht hae been allow'd to get aff wi' banishment to Botany Bay for the term o' his natural life. This is scarcely justice.

TICKLER.

Yet, granting all that to be true, what does it prove but that our venerable friend is human?

SHEPHERD.

Say rather inhuman.

NORTH.

Let me be impeached. But pray particularize.

SHEPHERD.

No—I won't—for I've nae wish to be personal. Suffeece it to say, that twa three leeterary Tories are trottin' up and doon baith toon and kintra the noo unca croose, wha, if the High Court o' Justiciary had dune their duty, o' which you are the Lord Justice Clerk, wou'd hae been knappin stanes across the water, and that a wheen Whigs are, awin' to you, established in sma' shops in Hobart's Toon, wha micht hae been tryin' to pick up a no very dishonest livelihood in their ain kintra o' Cockayne, say by sellin' saloop.

NORTH.

This much I must say in my own vindication, James, that I have never known an instance of one such delinquent, on his return from transportation, after expiry of his term, conducting himself in such a way as to leave any doubt on my mind that he should originally have been hanged.

SHEPHERD.

Safe us! What do you mean by being hanged originally? You haena invented, I howp, a mair savage style o' strangulation? You're no for layin' aside the rape, and for garrin' the executioner do his duty wi' the finger and thoom?

NORTH.

I have now my eye on some delinquents, who, if tried before me——

SHEPHERD.

Wull be convicket——

NORTH.

And if convicted, put to death in the way you mention——

SHEPHERD.

But for that purpose ye maun bring in a new Bill.

NORTH.

My Lord Melbourne has promised to do so immediately after the prorogation—provided it appears, that during the dark nights spring-guns have worked well——

SHEPHERD.

And that Swing has been gruppit in a man-trap.

NORTH.

Look, James, at the Lord Chancellor——

SHEPHERD.

I do. An' in that mane o' his, he looks like a lion-ape—at ance ludicrous and fearsome—a strange mixture o' the meanest and the michtiest o' a' beasts. Hairy Broom——

TICKLER.

The Besom of Destruction——

SHEPHERD.

Soopin' the Court o' Chancery like a strang wun the chaff frae a barn-floor. See that he does na' scatter in the air the wheat that o' richt belangs to the suitors. Auld Eldon used to lay't up carefully in heaps, that it micht be carried awa' afterwards by the richt owners, aften difficult to be determined——

TICKLER.

In the decision of a judge, James, what the world demands now—is despatch.

SHEPHERD.

The idea o' the balance, tremblin' to a hair, is noo obsolete! Yet it was an idea, sir, o' the finest grandeur, and I've gazed on't personified in a pictur, till I hae sworn a seelent oath in a' cases o' diffeeculty to ca' on my conscience wi' the same nicest adjustment to look alang the beam ere she decided that it had settled intil the unwaverin' and everlastin' richt.

NORTH.

Brougham is a great orator, as orators go, James, sober or——

SHEPHERD.

What?

NORTH.

And some of his speeches in the House of Commons, in favour of the mitigation of our penal code, were noble in eloquence and in argument. He boldly denounced the doctrine of the justice of capital punishments in cases of forgery, the doctrine of its expediency even in a country that had grown great and glorious by commerce.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae doots on baith.

TICKLER.

And I have none either. Fauntleroy performed an appropriate part in the character of Swing. Yet, so cheap is pity, that the most vulgar pauper can afford to pipe his eye for the fate of the unfeeling forger, who has wasted on unsatiable prostitutes the pittances of widows and orphans, forgetting their faces and their hands held up to Heaven in resignation by their cold hearths, in the mournful sight, forsooth, of the white cheeks and closed eyes of a cowardly and hypocritical convict quivering, not in remorse for his crime, but in terror of its punishment, on the scaffold that has shook to the tread of many a wretch, unpitied, because poor—and unpetitioned for, because no—Banker.

NORTH.

Let us, at another time, argue this great question. But hark! the thunderous voice of the great Commoner subdued down to the timid tone of the Lord Chancellor, who, on the very same petition being presented by the Duke of Sussex, which, in former times, called for Henry Brougham's indignant denunciations of cruelty and injustice, lately opened his mouth and emitted nothing but wind, like a barn-door fowl agape in the pip!

SHEPHERD.

What lang, thin folios are thae you're lookin' at, Mr Tickler? Do they conteen picturs?

TICKLER.

The Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second, a series of portraits illustrating the Memoirs of De Grammont, Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers; with Memoirs, Critical and Biographical, by Mrs Jameson, authoress of Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets, and the Diary of an Ennuyee.

NORTH.

One of the most eloquent of our female writers—full of feeling and fancy—a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.

SHEPHERD.

Mrs Jameson's prose aye reminds me o' Miss Landon's poetry—and though baith hae their fawtes, I wou'd charactereese baith alike by the same epithet—rich. I hate a simple style, for that's only anither word for puir. What I mean is, that when you can say nae better o' a style than that it's simple, you maun be at a great loss for eulogium. There's naething simpler nor water, and, at times, a body drinks't greedily frae the rim o' his hat made intil a scoop; but for a' that, in the lang rin, I prefer porter.

TICKLER.

Much.

NORTH.

In calling water the best of elements, Pindar was considering it as the groundwork of Glenlivet.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt, Glenlivet's pure speerit, and in ae sense simple; but then it's an essence—an ethereal essence o' the extract o' mawte—and water's but the medium in which it's conveyed. But o' a' the liquids, no ane's simple except water. Even milk and water's a wee composite, and has its admirers—though no here. But let me look at the Beauties.

TICKLER.

Avast hauling.

SHEPHERD.

That's richt—every man his ain nummer. And wha's fa'en to my share, but her wham Mrs Jameson weel ca's "the pretty, witty, merry, open-hearted Nelly"—that jewel o' a cretur, Nell Gwynn! Gie me a kiss, ma lassie! Better for thee had'st thou been born in the Forest!

NORTH.

La Belle Hamilton! La Belle Stewart! Superb Sultana with voluptuous bust! Divine Diana, dreaming of delight and Endymion!

SHEPHERD.

What's that you're sayin, sir? Her bosom's no worth lookin' at, I'm sure, in comparison wi' wee Nelly's, that reminds ane o' the Sang o' Solomon. I wunner hoo Sir Peter cou'd controol himsell, sae as to be able to draw't. Surely King Charlie keepit watch on the penter a' the time he was shapin' and colourin' thae buddin', budded, full-blawn blossoms o' the bower o' Paradise!

TICKLER.

James!

SHEPHERD.

The penter, in ae sense, has the advantage ower the poet, when dealin' wi' female charms; in anither, the poet ower the penter. He has the material objeck afore his material ee, and the brush maun obey the breast in a' its swellin's, and that's the definition o' a portrait. But we, sir, set an immaterial shadow afore our spiritual een, an' in words which are but air—in verse, which is o' a' air the finest, we breathe intil being the beauty we idealeeze, and the vision o' Bonny Kilmeny gangs up the glen, floatin' awa' in poetry!

NORTH.

La Belle Hamilton!—She who was "grande et gracieuse dans le moindre de ses mouvements!" "Le petit nez delicat"——

SHEPHERD.

Snivelin' French! La bonny Gwynn! quelle fut sae fu' de feu d'amour sur les yeux——

TICKLER.

What is that?

SHEPHERD.

French.

NORTH.

Among her luxuriant tresses, a few pearls negligently thrown—

"Tresses that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.
Each ruby there,
Or pearl, that dares appear,
Be its own blush—be its own tear."

SHEPHERD.

Nae pearlins amang ma Nelly's hair, curlin' and clusterin' roun' her lauchin' cheeks, and ae ringlet lettin' itsel' doon alang her neck, amaist till her bonny breist, wi' sic a natural swirl, ane thinks it micht be removed by the haun'—sae—or blawn awa'—sae—by a breath. Wha's she you're glowerin at, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Castlemaine—Cleveland. Voluptuous vixen! Insatiate harpy!

SHEPHERD.

An' by what depraved instinct, sir, select ye and fasten upon her? It speaks vollums.

TICKLER.

Coarse, cruel, insolent, and savage—yet, by some witchlike art, the fair fury cou'd wind round her finger all the heartstrings of the laughter-loving King.

SHEPHERD.

Yet, believe me, sir, that strange as micht hae been his passion for sic a limmer, he wou'd hae been glad, on awakenin' some mornin', to find her lyin' aside *him* stiff-and-stark-stane-dead. Infatuation is fed by warm leevin flesh and bluid, and ae cauld touch o' the unbreathin' clay breaks the pernicious spell; but true love outlives the breath that sichs itsell awa frae the breist even o' a faithfu' leman, and weeps in distraction owre the frail and her frailties when they hae drapped into the dust.

NORTH.

Let us close the fair folios, for the present, my boys. I do not deny that many worthy people may have serious objections to the whole work. But not I. 'Tis a splendid publication, and will, ere long, be gracing the tables of at housand drawing-rooms. The most eminent engravers have been employed, and they have done their best; nor do I know another lady who could have executed her task, it must be allowed a ticklish one, with greater delicacy than Mrs Jameson. "She has nought extenuated, nor set down aught in malice," when speaking of the frail or vicious; and her own clear spirit kindles over the record of their lives, who in the polluted air of that court, spite of all trials and temptations, preserved without flaw or stain the jewel of their souls, their virtue.

SHEPHERD.

That's richt. Mony a moral may be drawn by leddies in high life *yet* frae sic a wark. "Dinna let puir Nelly starve!!!"

NORTH.

When from the picture of Castlemaine, in her triumphant beauty, we turn, says Mrs Jameson, to her last years and her death, there lies in that transition—a deeper moral than in twenty sermons. Let woman lay it to her heart!

SHEPHERD.

Amen.

NORTH.

Come, my dear James—before going to supper—give us a song.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no in vice, sir. But I'll receet you some verses I made ae gloomy afternoon last week—ca'd "The Monitors."

NORTH.

Better than any song, I venture to predict, from the very title.

SHEPHERD (*recites.*)

THE MONITORS.

The lift looks cauldrife i' the west,
  The wan leaf wavers frae the tree,
The wind touts on the mountain's breast
  A dirge o' waesome note to me.
  It tells me that the days o' glee,
When summer's thrilling sweets entwined,
  An' love was blinkin' in the ee,
Are a' gane by an' far behind ;

That winter wi' his joyless air,
  An' grizzly hue, is hasting nigh,
An' that auld age, an' carkin' care,
  In my last stage afore me lie.
  Yon chill and cheerless winter sky,
Troth but 'tis eereisome to see,
  For ah! it points me to descry
The downfa's o' futuritye.

I daurna look unto the east,
  For there my morning shone sae sweet;
An' when I turn me to the west,
  The gloaming's like to gar me greet;
  The deadly hues o' snaw and sleet
Tell of a dreary onward path ;
  Yon new moon on her cradle sheet,
Looks like the Hainault scythe of death.

Kind Monitors! ye tell a tale
  That oft has been my daily thought ;
Yet, when it came, could nought avail,
  For sad experience, dearly bought,
  Tells me it was not what I ought,
But what was in my power to do,
  That me behoved. An' I hae fought
Against a world wi' courage true.

Yes—I hae fought an' won the day,
  Come weal, come woe, I carena by,
I am a king! My regal sway
  Stretches o'er Scotia's mountains high,
  And o'er the fairy vales that lie
Beneath the glimpses o' the moon,
  Or round the ledges of the sky,
In twilight's everlasting noon.

Who would not choose the high renown,
  'Mang Scotia's swains the chief to be,
Than be a king, an' wear a crown,
  'Mid perils, pain, an' treacherye?
  Hurra! The day's my own—I'm free
Of statemen's guile, an' flattery's train;
  I'll blaw my reed of game an' glee,
The Shepherd is himself again!

" But, Bard—ye dinna mind your life
  Is waning down to winter snell—
That round your hearth young sprouts are rife,
  An' mae to care for than yoursell."
  Yes, that I do—that hearth could tell
How aft the tear-drap blinds my ee;
  What can I do, by spur or spell,
An' by my faith it done shall be.

And think—through poortith's eiry breach,
  Should Want approach wi' threatening brand,
I'll leave them canty sangs will reach
  From John o' Groats to Solway strand.
  Then what are houses, goud, or land,
To sic an heirship left in fee?
  An' I think mair o' auld Scotland,
Than to be fear'd for mine or me.

True, she has been a stepdame dour,
  Grudging the hard-earn'd sma' propine,
On a' my efforts looking sour,
  An' seem'd in secret to repine.
  Blest be Buccleuch an' a' his line,
For ever blessed may they be;
  A little hame I can ca' mine
He rear'd amid the wild for me.

Goodwife—without a' sturt or strife,
  Bring ben the siller bowl wi' care;
Ye are the best an' bonniest wife,
  That ever fell to poet's share;
  An' I'll send o'er for Frank—a pair
O' right good-heartit chiels are we—
  We'll drink your health—an' what is mair,
We'll drink our Laird's wi' three times three.

To the young Shepherd, too, we'll take
  A rousing glass wi' right good-will;
An' the young ladies o' the Lake,
  We'll drink in ane—an awfu' swill!
  Then a' the tints o' this warld's ill
Will vanish like the morning dew,
  An' we'll be blithe an' blither still—
Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

This warld has mony ups an' downs,
  Atween the cradle an' the grave,
O' blithsome haun's an' broken crowns,
  An' douks in chill misfortune's wave;
  All these determined to outbrave,
O'er fancy's wilds I'll wing anew,
  As lang as I can lilt a stave,—
Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

NORTH.

Yes—it makes a man proud of his country, my dear James, to hear from living lips such noble strains as these—as full of piety as of poëtry—and flowing fresh from the holiest fount of inspiration—gratitude to the Giver of all Mercies.

TICKLER.

That's the kind of composition I like, my dear Shepherd, rich and racy, bold, vigorous, and free, at once high and humble—such a strain as, under other circumstances, might have been sung by some high-souled covenanter on the mountain-side.

"Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires!"

NORTH.

James, do you love me?

SHEPHERD.

That I do, mine honoured Christopher—for your ain sake—for the sake o' Geordy Buchanan—and for the sake o' auld Scotland.

NORTH.

And do you forgive me all my——

SHEPHERD.

What? Gie me the lend o' the crutch till Christmas, and if I dinna floor a' the fules that ever said a single syllable again your public character—as for your preevat, there detraction's self's a dumbie—may I be droon'd neist time I tak Yarrow Ford!

NORTH.

I should feel, my dearest Jamie, defenceless, and what is perhaps worse, offenceless, without——

SHEPHERD.

What? And me brandishin't roun' about my head like a flail, till it becam' invisible to the naked ee, and its existence was kent but by the crood o' Cockneys sprawlin' afore my path.

NORTH.

It shall be yours, James, during the Recess.

SHEPHERD.

An' for fear o' its breakin' in my hauns, I shall hae't whupt wi' twine——

NORTH.

'Tis a bit of tough timber—and when it snaps, you may be expecting to hear that the Caledonia has sprung her mainmast, and flung all her guns overboard.

SHEPHERD.

I fear, sir, we're likely to hae troubled times.

NORTH.

My mind is naturally hopeful——

SHEPHERD.

I dinna think it, sir. Your frame o' body's sanguine aneuch, and you've still a red spat on ilka cheek, like an unwithered rose; but you're sowle's far owre sage to be sanguine—You're o' a melancholy temperament, my dear freen', like maist ither men o' genius—and there's aye a still sad look, bricht though their flashes may be, in the een o' an auld prophet. You're a seer, Mr North, and the second sicht seldom shows ony ither vision than o' bluid or tears.

NORTH.

The spirit of the land will have settled down into tranquillity by about Candlemas—and then we shall see carried a salutary and satisfactory Measure of Reform, the principle, if not the details of which, I shall lay before you, James, at our next Noctes.

TICKLER.

Think of a Prime Minister of England brow-beaten and bearded in his own house by a deputation of pawnbrokers headed by a tailor!

NORTH.

And think of a Chancellor of the Exchequer exulting in the honour conferred upon him in a vote of thanks by a ragged rabble of radicals, collected to swear by all the filth on their fingers, that, unless government did as they desired, they would pay no more taxes!

SHEPHERD.

And anither wee bit cretur o' a lordie, that can hardly speak abune his breath, tellin' the same seditious scrow o' scoonrels, that their cause and his wou'd sune triumph owre "the whusper o' a faction." That's ae way o' strengthenin' the Peerage.

NORTH.

All will be right again, James, I repeat it, about Candlemas. What pure delight and strong, James, in the study of Literature, Poetry, and Philosophy! And with what a sense of hollowness at the heart of other things do we turn from such meditations to the stir and noise of the passing politics of the day!

SHEPHERD.

It's like fa'in frae heaven to earth—frae a throne in the blue sky, amang the braided clouds, doon upon a heap o' glaur—frae the empyrean on a midden.

NORTH.

And why? Because selfish interests, often most mistaken, prevail over the principles of eternal truth, which are shoved aside, or despised, or forgotten, or perverted, or desecrated, while people, possessed by the paltriest passions, proclaim themselves patriots, and liberty loathes to hear her name shouted by the basest of slaves.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna froon sae fiercely, sir. I canna thole that face.

NORTH.

Now it is Parga—Parga—Parga! Now the Poles—the Poles—the Poles!

SHEPHERD.

Noo daft about the glorious Three Days—and noo routin' like a field o' disturbed stirks for Reform.

NORTH.

Speak to them about their hobby of the year before, and they have no recollection of ever having bestridden his back.

SHEPHERD.

They're superficial shallow brawlers, sir, just like thae commonplace burns without ony character, that hae nae banks and nae scenery, and, as it wou'd seem, nae soorce, but that every wat day contrive to get up a desperate brattle amang the loose stanes, carryin' awa' perhaps some wee wooden brig, and neist mornin' sae entirely dried up that you mistak the disconsolate channel for an unco coorse road, and pity the puir cattle.

NORTH.

But Poetry, which is the light of Passion and Imagination; and Philosophy, which is the resolution of the prismatic colours——

SHEPHERD.

Stap that eemage lest you spoil't—are holy and eternal—and only in holiness and in truth can they be worshipped.

TICKLER.

Hark!

SHEPHERD.

The Timepiece! The Timepiece! I heard it gie warnin', but said naething. Noo it has dune chappin'. Let's aff to the Blue Parlour—sooper—sooper—hurraw—hurraw—huraw!

(They vanish.)

Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Co., Paul's Work, Canongate.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1831. Vol. XXX.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON,

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1831. Vol. XXXI.

SOTHEBY'S HOMER. CRITIQUE IV.

ACHILLES. PART I.

It is to little purpose, we think, to attempt to enter into critical disquisitions on what does or does not fall under the description of beauty or of sublimity. Nor is it, in our opinion, of much avail, to go far into metaphysical enumeration of the different elements of which they may be constituted.

We should say, generally, that all the powers of our nature to which delight is annexed, are capable of a beauty of their own. Nor does more appear to be required to produce this perception, than the intimate blending of delight with the object presented; a blending so deep, that the object, when incapable of sense, shall appear to the mind invested with that power of emotion which the mind indeed brings forth from itself. In connexion with the fact of this dependence of beauty on the capacity of delight in the soul, and on the power of the object to raise up such a sudden suffusion of that feeling as shall spread over itself, it may be observed, that our feeling to beauty is very variable; and that a state of greatly excited and joyous sensibility is capable of shedding the appearance of beauty over objects and scenes, like the sudden lighting up of sunshine, which do not at other times so recommend themselves to the imagination.

As delight is the source of beauty, so pain and fear, and power, which subdues pain and fear, are the sources of sublimity. There may be said, as possibly we may have somewhere else hinted, to be two classes of sublime objects; those which shake the soul and make it tremble in its strength, and those on the contemplation of which it feels itself elated and full of power. Or rather, it may be said, that both these kinds of emotion belong to sublimity; for both may perhaps be felt towards the same object in varying tempers of the mind.

In Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, we believe the first attempt was made to establish terror as the source of sublimity; and assuredly it is one of its great elements. The error of the theory seems to have consisted in describing this as its sole constituent. Thunder, and the roar of ocean, and the roar of human battle, is sublime, because fear and power are there mingled into one. Mountains that lift up their eternal heads into the sky, that hang their loose rocks aloft, and pour the rage of cataracts down their riven cliffs, mingle power and fear together to the human soul that beholds them in its awe. Hence it is, that the imagination of men, fearfully awakened in its superstitions, has gathered signs and voices which to *our* apprehension are now sublime; because the fears of those who were terror-stricken, and the unknown powers which were the objects of their dread, are present to our mind together. How has Milton united power, and fear, and physical pangs, in vast and dread sublimity, when he has shewn those mighty fallen angels, in their yet unvanquished and seemingly indestructible strength, arraying themselves to new war, in the midst of their dolorous regions of pain, in the dark and fiery dwelling-place of their eternal punishment! Over the whole earth, then, sublimity is spread, wherever fear and power meet together. The shadow of death is sublime, when it has fallen on a whole generation, and buried them in the sleep of sin. The power of decay is sublime, when

> " Oblivion swallows cities up,
> And mighty states characterless are grated
> To dusty nothing."

Every spirit of Power is sublime in itself; every spirit of Fear is sublime, when it has ceased to gripe and crush the heart,—when it can be surveyed in Imagination. Pain, which sickens the soul, and humbles it in the dust of mortality, can yet mix with sublimity when it is only half triumphant, and the spirit in its might yet wrestles with the pangs under which it is about to expire.

> " I see before me the Gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
> And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
> Th' arena swims around him—he is gone,
> Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.
>
> * * * *
>
> ——— Shall he expire,
> And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire."

Pain, endurance, and in death a prophetic dream of retaliation and revenge! Such sublimity did Byron feel in that Dying Gladiator, that, in the troubled light of his far-seeing imagination suddenly inspired, he connected with his fall that of the mightiest of empires, and from the arena's bloody dust arose a vision of siege, storm, and sack—of Rome herself, set on fire by the yet unborn brethren of that one barbarian, "butchered to make a Roman holyday," fierce-flocking from their forests to raze with the ground all the imperial palaces of the city of the Cæsars.

Many other elements, no doubt, besides those we have mentioned, may enter into sublimity. What we have wished to indicate, is the region of the soul, where it is to be found. It dwells in the region of its power—whether that power be made present to its consciousness in calmness; or in the uprisings of its might; or in agitations that reach into its depths. In some of its forms it is totally disunited from Beauty, which lives only in the capacity of Delight. In others it is intimately and indivisibly blended with it. Who will say in the great poems of Milton or of Homer, where the quality begins or where it ceases? Who will say among the spirits of men, which are to be numbered with the Beautiful, and which with the Sublime?

We commonly seek for examples in the physical world. These offer themselves readily because they have hold upon our senses. But the passion of sublimity is as much moved, and certainly may be more strongly excited, by the delineation of spiritual power. Prometheus! a mighty persecuted spirit, subject to over-ruling power, and punished without a crime—for is it crime to "steal the fire of heaven?" Lifting up his undaunted brow and voice to call on the earth and the winds and the seas to witness his unjust sufferings, maintaining in the prospect of his interminable punishment—for so he thought it, though Hercules set him free—all the calmness of his prophetic intelligence, and all the undisturbed fortitude of his indomitable heart—let the vulture gnaw his liver, as it seemed good to it and to Jupiter—and filling with the grandeur of his own being the solitary magnificence of nature! Satan—is not he sublime? What sayeth he to his mates? "Fallen cherubs! to be *weak* is miserable—doing or suffering!" "Better to *reign* in Hell than *serve* in Heaven!" And is not Achilles sublime—sovereign even over the King of Men, and slave but to his own passions, and in the wild world of the will, whence rise up from bright or black fountains all the bliss and all the bale that enrapture or agonize life.

That man is not ignorant of Homer who has read, even in translation, the First Book of the Iliad. He knows the grandeur of the character of Achilles. Just as, if weatherwise, we may prophesy the nature of the whole day, from the lowering light of a tempestuous morning. It will be a day of storm, settling into a mild and magnificent sunset. What a gallery of pictures! Chryses, priest of Apollo, with the sacred symbols of his office, suppliant with richest ransoms for his captive daughter before the King of Men, in the midst of his assembled court. Apollo coming like night from heaven to earth, with the clang of his quiver, the angry godhead, the plague. Achilles rising in the council, to call on priest or prophet, or dream-expounder, to declare what crime had incensed the Heavenly archer, "what broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid." Calchas, the seer, afraid to awaken the wrath of kings, and asking the protection of Pelides, ere he reveal the truth hateful to Agamemnon. That immortal quarrel, full of fire and of thunder, from outburst to close, and sublimed by a celestial Apparition shedding a troubled calm over human passions. The mighty Myrmidon, gracious in his ire, receiving the heralds in his tent, come for his Briseis—

> "Hail, heralds, hail! draw nigh, your fears remove;
> Hail, heralds! messengers of men and Jove!"

Her departure—

> "Onward they went, while, lingering as she past,
> On her loved lord her look Briseis cast."

The son of Thetis supplicating his mother to hear him, "by the drear margin of the sea-beat shore." The goddess, ascending sudden like a mist, and hanging over him with these words, "why grieves my son?" Between mother and son, mournful all, "that celestial colloquy divine." Achilles again—

> "There, nigh this naval host, in sullen ire,
> Achilles fed his soul-consuming fire,
> Nor join'd the council's honour'd seat, nor deign'd
> To mingle where the warriors glory gain'd,
> But idly pining from the field afar,
> Long'd but for battle, and the shout of war."

The Nod that heaven-quaked Olympus. And now there is mirth in heaven:—

> "Fair Juno smiled, and smiling sweetly, graced
> The nectar-cup her snowy arms embraced.
> And still as Vulcan's hand the goblet crown'd,
> And past from right to left the nectar round,
> Loud laugh'd the guests, while the officious god,
> Administ'ring the wine, unseemly trod.
> From morn till night, through that continued feast,
> The harping of Apollo never ceased:
> Nor ceased the voice that closed with song the day,
> The Muses warbling their alternate lay."

And, last picture of all—Repose in Heaven—

> "But when the sun had set, each blissful guest
> From the late banquet sought his couch of rest;
> Each to his radiant palace went apart,
> Divinely wrought by Vulcan's matchless art—
> Jove past, where sleep had oft his eyelids closed,
> AND ON HER GOLDEN THRONE, NIGH JOVE, HIS QUEEN REPOSED."

All these are pictures in the First Book—and there are many more beautifully given by Sotheby, whose words we have now been quoting; and then, as for bursts of passion, and illustrations of feeling, and fine traits, and bold aspects of character, where, within the same compass, may we find them, were we to search all the records of inspired song?

Achilles is now out of sight—but not out of mind. Out of his wrath arises the Iliad; and whether he be present or absent in the flesh, there he is in the spirit, from beginning to end—from the first great line that announces the subject of the Poem,

> Μηνιν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,

to the simple last,

> Ὣς οἵγ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.

To avenge his wrongs, Jove, at the intercession of Minerva, had sworn by the Nod to send destruction among the Greeks—and destruction comes. Already has Agamemnon rued the wrong he did Achilles.

> "But Jove afflicts me. From Saturnian Jove
> My doom is altercation to no end;
> Thence came, between Achilles and myself,
> That fiery clash of words, a girl the cause,
> *Myself aggressor!*"

He looks along his vast array—but blackness is on one part of the line—where Achilles lies encamped.

"The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
Of Alus, and of Alope, and who held
Trechina, Phthia, and for woman fair
Distinguish'd, Hellas, known by various names,
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans; them
In fifty ships embarked, Achilles ruled.
But these perforce, renounced the dreaded field,
Since he who should have ranged them to the fight,
Achilles, in his fleet resentful lay
For fair Briseis' sake; her loss he mourn'd,
Whom after many toils, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he smote
Epistrophus and Mynes, valiant sons
Of King Evenus, he had made his own.
He, therefore, sullen in his tent abode,
DEAD FOR HER SAKE, THOUGH SOON TO RISE AGAIN!"

The war rages—and mighty heroes are before our eyes—Agamemnon, Menelaus, either Ajax, and god-conquering Diomed. But still in all their lustre, they are all overshadowed by Achilles. The thought of his image dims them all—so said Juno—wafted by her steeds like doves on balanced wings in among the host of Greece, where, in the form and with the voice of Stentor, clear as the brazen trumpet, and loud as fifty others, she sent her cry.

"O splendid warriors! formed to please the eye,
And shame your country! while Achilles fought,
That godlike chief, no Trojan stepped beyond
The Dardan gates, through terror of his arm;
But now they brave you even at the fleet!"

Does Hector seek the city by sacrifice to propitiate the gods—and to take farewell of Andromache? Even there and then—across our imagination comes the "dire Achilles." The image haunts that royal lady in her waking and her sleeping dreams. He it was who slew her father, and "burned him with all his arms."

But Hector challenges all the Greek chieftains to single combat. He dared not to have done so—had he not known that his challenge could not be accepted by Achilles, What says Pylian Nestor?

"Oh! day of dire calamity to Greece!
Peleus, that noble counsellor and chief
Of the brave Myrmidons, was wont to bear
With rapture my recital, while I traced
The blood of all our heroes to its source.
But learning, as he must, that one and all
They shrank from Hector, how will he lament,
How supplicate, with lifted hands to Jove,
A swift dismission to the shades below."

He thought of Achilles sitting sullen at the ships—but he does not "name his name." Neither does any one—though all thought of it—when to draw lots.

"Nor fewer, when he ceased,
Than nine arose—and, foremost of them all,
King Agamemnon; after him, the brave
Tydides; Oïlean Ajax, next,
And Telamonian, terrible in fight;
Then King Idomeneus, and grim as Mars
His friend Meriones; Evæmon's son,
Eurypylus; Andræmon's, the renowned
Thoas; and Ithaca's Ulysses last.
These nine arose"——

But what are they all Nine to One—to Achilles—who never drew lots, but rushed to battle with the Pelean spear, hewn on the hills by Chiron to be death to heroes.

Juno having spoken of Achilles, what says Jupiter?

"To whom the storm-clad sovereign of the skies:
Look forth! and if thou wilt, at early dawn,
See there exerted still the power of Jove,
And more than ever thinn'd the ranks of Greece.
For pause of Hector's fury shall be none,
Till first he have provoked Achilles forth,
And for Patroclus slain the crowded hosts
In narrow space that at the ships contend.
Such is the voice of Fate!"

Thus it is, that through all those books of the Iliad, (which we have now been skimming like an ospray the sea,) from which Achilles "sits at his ships retired," glorious old Homer has, by a few grand intimations, kept him constantly before us—a dreadful Image.—And lo! in the Ninth—behold him—again—in his Tent, singing to his harp the deeds of heroes. Phœnix, Ulysses, Ajax implore him, at the prayer of Agamemnon, to save the army. Hear Ulysses, how he aggrandizes him whom he beseeches:

" O godlike chief! tremendous are our themes
Of contemplation, while in doubt we sit,
If life or death, with loss of all our ships,
Attend us—unless Thou put on thy might!"
* * * * " Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and, by Jove assisted, heeds
Nor god nor man, but maniac-like, implores
Incessantly the morn at once to rise,
That he may hew away our vessel heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians panting in the smoke.
Dread overwhelms my spirit, lest the gods
His threats accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up! therefore, if thou canst at last relent,
O rise, and save Achaia's weary sons."

The heroic beauty of the interview in the Tent we expatiated on with delight in our last Critique; but again the scene rises before us in its characteristic grandeur. Atrides sends, says Ulysses, princely gifts—seven tripods unsullied by fire—ten talents of gold—twenty caldrons bright—twelve strong-limbed steeds, victorious in the race—seven rich-born captives, expert in domestic arts, &c., Lesbians all, (by Agamemnon received when "Thou didst conquer Lesbos,") in perfect loveliness of form and face, surpassing womankind—and Briseis self pure—so swears the king before all the gods—pure of his embrace.

" All these he gives thee now! and if at length
The blessed gods shall grant us to destroy
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,
When we shall share the spoil, and shalt beside
Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
And if once more we reach the milky land
Of pleasant Argos, then shalt thou become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,
His only son Orestes."

And with his daughter—her whom thou shalt approve—Chrysomethis, Laodice, or Iphianassa—such a dower will the king bestow as "never father on his child before,"—seven strong, well-peopled cities—

" Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage Hira; Pheræ, stately built;
And, for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Opeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus, impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shores
They stand of Pylos, by a race possessed
Most rich in flocks and herds, who, tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptered hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a god.
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside;
But shouldst thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet O compassionate the afflicted host
Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Grecians, that shall never die."

Dr Jortin, in one of his Six Dissertations, (half a dozen too many,) thus paints the portrait of Achilles—" a *boisterous, rapacious, mercenary, cruel, unrelenting brute;* and the reader pities none of his calamities, and is pleased with none of his successes." Who "the reader" may have been, and where he now may be, we shall not too curiously enquire; but a word to the Doctor. Could you, Doctor, (the Doctor has been long dead too, but that is no fault of ours,)—Could you, Doctor, have withstood, sulky as you may have been when at your sulkiest, the temptation to be sweet, and to coo even upon the bill, contained in an offer of seven silver tripods, ten talents of gold, twenty bright caldrons, twelve strong-limbed steeds, seven well-born maid-servants of all work, beautiful and handsome—your housekeeper, who had been forced or favoured from your service, returned as pure as before she left it—a wife with a tremendous tocher in lands, houses, and patronage—and to crown all, the metropolitan archbishopric, now worthily held by that enlightened and intrepid spiritual Peer, whom we knew many years ago as simple and wise Dr Howley?

How the evangelical Jortin would have acted, there can be no rational doubt; but Pelides, who was not evangelical, unseduced as unterrified, adhered to his principles in the worst of times, like a true Tory, and turned, not a deaf, but a determined ear, to the Bill of Reform, which was thrown out at the first reading—strangled by that glorious Unit. The persuasive eloquence of Ulysses was soft as snow; but his words that fell like flakes, all melted away in the fiery furnace of the wrath of Achilles. In the first sentence of his speech, what a lesson to the Peers!

"Laertes' noble son! for wiles renown'd,
I must with plainness speak my fixed resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For as the gates of Hades I detest
The man whose heart and language disagree.
So shall not mine. My most approved resolve
Is this; that neither Agamemnon, me,
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert;
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike!"

The hero then with a noble modesty alludes to the sack of twenty-four cities by himself overthrown; yet such the man, wronged, dishonoured, and insulted by the King! He thinks of Briseis, and in the bitterness of his soul seems to discard her from his love. "My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands, and let him couch with her." He disdains to receive her back, even if unpolluted. "Let the tyrant have his will of her—but let him not, hard and canine in aspect though he be, dare to look me in the face—let him not—crazed as he is, and, by the stroke of Jove, infatuate. What brought him to Troy? The fair Helen? Of all mankind can none be found who love their wives but the Atridae? Ulysses, there is no good man who loves not, guards not, provides not for his own wife—and captive though she were in battle, a slave, in my heart of hearts I loved my own beautiful Briseis. He offers me—forsooth—his daughter! Agamemnon's daughter! No—her will I never wed—could she vie in charms with golden Venus or with blue-eyed Pallas. Let him wed her to one more her equal—to some Prince superior to Achilles. Yet returning to my own country, if so it be that the gods preserve my life, Peleus shall mate me with a bride, offering me my choice of the loveliest daughters of the chiefs that guard the cities of Phthia and of Hellas."

Such are some of his sentiments—and they are such as would have done credit even to a Jortin. Unrelenting he indeed is—but here neither "boisterous, rapacious, mercenary, cruel, nor a brute;" but every inch a man, and every yard a king. Much they erred who thought that Achilles was fond of war. "It hath ever been my dearest purpose, wedded to a wife of suitable rank, to enjoy in peace, in my native kingdom, such wealth as may be bequeathed to me by my sire, the ancient Peleus." He speaks like a Bishop. Not a Spiritual on the bench could better expound the feelings of natural religion. Hear him!

"Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks,
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,
I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return. If I return
To my beloved country, I renounce
The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
Secure and long immunity from death.
And truly I would recommend to all
To voyage homeward, since you shall not see
The downfall e'er of Ilium's lofty towers,
For that the Thunderer with uplifted arms,
Protects her, and her courage hath revived."

Ulysses, Ajax, Phœnix, all silent sit—astonished at his tone—for it was vehement—and they are dumb. The old man beloved recovers his power of speech, and by all tenderest memories conjures his son to relent, for as a son he loved Achilles. But he conjures him too by the awful as well as the tender—by piety as well as by pity—not by men alone, but by the immortal gods. This conjuration and this mighty magic, continuing to use Cowper's noble version, we print across the page.

"Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down,
Thou shouldst not be thus merciless; the gods
Although more honourable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
In meekness offered, turn their wrath away.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant-eyed,
Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
Follow offence. Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs,
Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt;
Received respectfully when they approach,
They yield us aid, and listen when we pray.
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
Against us, supplicating that Offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
To Jove's own daughters, vanquished as the brave
Have often been, by honour done to Thee!"

Dr Jortin himself could not have preached such a soul-wringing sermon. Not a topic that is not touched on; not a tale that is not told; not an illustration that is not used, to persuade the soul of Achilles from its resolve; nor wanted these, you may be assured, the eloquence of voice, eye, and hand, nor yet the holy oratory of grey hairs. But the time had not come for Achilles to relent—Patroclus was alive by his side—alive to listen to his hymns when to his harp he sung the deeds of heroes. The day was near when there would be no need to rouse the lion from his den, when Antilochus had to utter but a few words that sent him to battle in that celestial armour. "Patroclus is dead—they are now fighting around his naked body—his arms are Hector's!" But now Menetiades is blooming in beauty at the board—and Achilles thus answers Phœnix.

"Phœnix! my aged father! dear to Jove!
Me no such honours interest; I expect
My honours from the sovereign will alone
Of Jove, which shall detain me at the ships
While I have power to move, or breath to draw."

How gracious to the old man! Yet somewhat sternly, he tells him to speak no more of Agamemnon, if he loves his friend—and then rekindling into kindness, asks his aged preceptor to rest all night in the tent.

What a coarse, mercenary brute! Demosthenes and Cicero were great orators — so were Chatham and Burke—so was Canning—and so is Lord Brougham. But what were they all as orators—to poor blind old Homer! Demosthenes's famous invocation to the shades of "those who had fought at Marathon;" or Cicero's "Quousque," &c. are spirited ejaculations and interrogations; Chatham's vituperation of Sir Robert Walpole is rather bitter, though it smells of the schoolmaster, that is, Dr Johnson; Burke spoke daggers, especially when he used none; Canning's words were rich when he "called a new world into existence to balance the old;" and Brougham's celebrated Peroration, seventeen times written over, was powerful when delivered in praise of her whose chastity was pure as the unsunned snow—the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple—but oh! Lords and Commons! what poor performances all, and how redolent of lamp-oil, compared with the free full flow of the oratory of Ulysses, with the river, majestic reach after reach, falling over precipices till all the green woods are wet with the spray of the cataracts, of the oratory of Achilles! What old man or woman, either in House of Lords or Commons, as now constituted, or even when remoulded and reformed, will ever be able to keep prosing away for hours without wearying her auditors, like that famous old fellow Phœnix, who

"Feeds on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,"

and soothes the unslumbering listener into a wakefulness more delightful than any sleep!

We have heard Phœnix abused for prosiness, and irreverently called an old dotard. True that he was so. We well remarked in our last Critique that all old men—that is to say, all men above forty—are more or less dotards. But, for all that, the Greeks never despised old age. They knew human nature and human life too well—better than we modern Athenians. We have heard that younkers have even laughed at Christopher North; but Achilles never laughed at Phœnix, even though that gentlemanly old Myrmidon was his private tutor. And now in the Tent he listens to him, not only without yawning, (an asinine vice,) but with manifest sympathy and delight, most grateful to mine ancient, and to his own immortal praise. The speech of Phœnix is not much short of 200 lines, and much of it is characterised by the narrative propensity of "garrulous old age." Yet the son of Thetis kept his large bright-blue unwinking eyes affectionately upon him all the while; sometimes, we may suppose, bending his head towards the Sire, and accompanying the recital of the love—and war—adventures of the old man's youth with a heroic smile. And did not the aged warrior discourse of the Boar of Caledon, and of Meleager, who, at the intercession of his own Cleopatra, rose up from his ruinous wrath, and, alas! too late for his own happy fame, saved the Ætolians? "That hero, of old, was possessed by a demon—even as Thou art, O mine Achilles! But wiser Thou! dismiss thy demon to Hades, and, timeously for thy own fame, save! O save thy country!"

Such address, though long, was listened to, then, not impatiently by the fiery Achilles—by the wise Ulysses—by the blunt Ajax—by the mild Heralds—by the gentle Patroclus—and by the charioteer-chamberlain, the Lord Automedon. And yet *you*—oh! shame to degeneracy of modern manners from those "of the great goodness of the knights of old"—*you* complain of prosiness—call for your nightcap—an absurdity unknown to the heroic ages—and make an exposure of a featureless face yet more unmeaning in a dreamless but not unsnoring sleep!

The truth is, that no great—and but little good eloquence, is to be any where found out of poetry. Passion must be at once subdued and supported by verse, ere it can possess divine power in words. Eloquence, music, and poetry, are not three—but one. Prose never seems imbued with life till upon the verge of blank verse. Be it granted that, even in the high affairs of this life, blank verse is, and will be, unpermitted speech. What then? The high affairs of this life, and all engaged in, or affected by them, are therefore worthy of our pity—almost of our contempt. For is it not pitiable—is it not even nearly contemptible—to see and hear the mightiest matters spoken of in the meanest speech? In religious worship men use poetry—and we shall all speak it in heaven, *ad libitum*, rhyme or blank verse. The soul, in its highest states, always so speaks—witness Homer and Milton—Achilles and Satan. Shew us either Passion, or Imagination, or Reason in prose (we exclude the abstract sciences—especially the pure mathematics) as glorious as in poetry, and we cry *peccavi;* but till then, we laugh at all eloquence, as it is called, out of "numerous verse," and appeal to one who never spoke absolute prose in his life, the God of Eloquence, Music, and Poetry, the unshorn Apollo.

But we are forgetting Achilles in his Tent. How kind, how courteous, how affable, how princely, how heroic! A Heathen that might almost be a model for a Christian! True, that he has not yet forgiven Agamemnon—nor have you the old lady who offended you so grievously by omitting to invite your wife and daughters to her last week's route. And you, along with Dr Jortin, accuse Achilles of being an "unrelenting brute," though you know, or ought to know, that he forgave Agamemnon at last, from the very bottom of his distracted heart, and forgot, too, all his injuries and all his insults, and lamented that even for Briseis' sake, he had dashed on the ground his gold-studded sceptre, and consigned the tyrant and all his slaves to perdition.

The Tent-scene closes in a style suitable to its opening and its continuance—heroic. The deputation, disappointed perhaps, but unoffended, take their dignified departure—Achilles praising Ajax for his sincerity, and calling him "my noble Friend," though the son of Telamon has just told his host that he is more relentless than all other men, none of whom refuse to accept due compensation for a son or brother slain, or to suffer the murderer to live secure at home, on his pacifying their revenge by the payment of the price of blood. The deputation gone—Patroclus bids the attendant youths and women prepare a couch for Phœnix with fleeces, rich arras, and flax of subtlest woof—and there lies the hoary guest in expectation of the sacred dawn.

> "Meantime Achilles in the interior tent
> With Diomeda, Phorbus' daughter fair,
> Conveyed from Lesbos by himself, reposed.
> Patroclus rested opposite, with whom
> Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won
> The lofty towers of Scyros, the Divine
> Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd."

So true is it, as Ovid says, that,

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Achilles, we have seen, had learned faithfully the Fine Arts—Music and Poetry—and thence, though at fitting time and season his mind was fierce—never at fitting time and season were his manners other than most mild; and *now*, were they "beautiful exceedingly," even as the light of the moon, not yet down, but hanging as if half-way between heaven and sea, shining peacefully on both armies, and all those Tents; a world of Pyramids, as still as cones of snow, or, should we rather say, green as shielings where the woodsmen sleep.

The Greeks, then, must try to take Troy without Achilles—and Agamemnon grows before us up into the full stature of a true warrior-king. Ulysses, Diomed, and Ajax, all tower to a more heroic height—and glorious against them comes κορυθαιολος 'Εκτωρ. Machaon, the king's physician and surgeon, the Larrey of the Greek army, is himself wounded, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles, viewing the battle from the poop of his ship, sends Patroclus to enquire who has been smitten, suspecting that it is Machaon—the highest honour ever paid to a professor of the healing art. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the incidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, (for his memory is prodigious, and only equalled by his power of speech,) tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to aid his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles's armour. After many alternations of defeat and victory, the Trojans bear down all before them, and are about to set fire to the fleet. At this crisis, Patroclus comes flying to Achilles, and pointing to the ships, where the flames are already beginning to arise, and bold in friendship, passionately beseeches him, with many upbraidings, to avert the ruin. All arguments seem to be thrown away on the Inflexible and Unrelenting—and pouring the tumbling torrent of his wrath upon Agamemnon, he enjoys the deadly discomfiture, and seems determined to deliver them all up—king and people—to death.

But suddenly, in the mid tempest of his fury, he sees a burst of fire at the fleet, and that it is kindled by the hand of Hector. The hour is come when he may keep the promise made to his pride, and yet yield to the prayers of Patroclus. "Don, then, my glorious arms; and since the Greeks are driven to the ships, lead forth my invincible Myrmidons. The Trojans no more beholding my dazzling helmet, bolder grown, all Ilium comes abroad. But had it not been for Agamemnon, soon had they fled in panic, who now besiege us, and their corpses choked the streams. No longer, rescuing the Greeks from death, rages the spear in the hand of Diomed; I hear not, issuing forth from his accursed throat, the voice of Agamemnon; but 'all around a shattered peal of savage Hector's cries,'—encouraging and insulting;—Then go—go, my Patroclus! Drive back the Trojans, and save the fleet from fire. But—mark well my words—for so shalt thou glorify me in the eyes of all the Danai; stay thy slaughtering legions ere they reach the walls of Troy,

> "Lest some Immortal Power on her behalf
> Descend, for much the archer of the skies
> Loves Ilium!"

"Oh! by all the powers of Heaven! would that of all the Greeks, and of all the Trojans, not one might escape alive! That we—I and thou, Patroclus—might alone raze Troy's sacred bulwarks to the dust."

So ceased he—frowning—and up gets that impudent Frenchman Mons. de la Motte, to prate his impertinence about the absurdity of such a wish. Upon the supposition that Jupiter had granted it, (Jupiter had too much good sense,) if all the Trojans and Greeks were destroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he asks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any spectators? Pope reprehends the puppy well—answering that Homer intends to paint a man in a passion; that the wishes and schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to reason; and that the manners are preserved the better, the less they are represented to be so. We beg to add, that a victory without any enemies must be as gratifying as glorious to the heroes who have, with their own hands, slain their thousands and their tens of thousands—which feeling justifies Achilles, in as far as he alluded to the Trojans; and that he hated and abhorred all that fought under Agamemnon, because he hated and abhorred *him* as the gates of hell—which feeling accounts for the wish, in as far as it regards the Greeks. While, as to a triumph without spectators, though it might not rejoice the soul of a vain frog-eater, it must have been gingerbread nuts and Glenlivet to a hero hungry and thirsty for revenge, and devouring and quaffing it, along with his dearest friend, all by themselves, with not an eye to look at them, up to the knees and elbows in blood, and dimly visible to each other in smoke and dust.

Pope refers us well to that curse in Shakspeare, "where that admirable master of nature makes Northumberland, in the rage of his passion, wish for an universal destruction"—"beyond the reaches of the soul" of Moshy Motte.

"Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! Let order die,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!"

Even while he speaks, another burst of fire! He smites his thigh, and cries, "Patroclus—noble charioteer—arise! arm, arm—this moment, arm!—I will call, myself, the band." Patroclus is in the arms and armour of Achilles, and, quick as the word of command, has Automedon yoked to his car Xanthus and Balius, progeny of Podarge the harpy, the immortal chargers that despise not to snort by the side of mortal Pedasus, once the pride of Aëtion, ere Achilles slew that king, nor inferior in flight to the glorious get of the wind. But, lo! the Myrmidons!

——— but they (the leaders of the Myrmidons)
Like raw-flesh-devouring wolves, in whose breasts is immeasurable strength,
And who, having slain a large horned stag on the mountains,
Tear and swallow it; the jaws of all are empurpled with blood:
And then in herds they troop—from a dark-watered fountain
To lap up, with attenuated tongues, the dark-water
From the surface—belching up the clotted blood; but the courage
In their breasts is untrembling, and distended are their stomachs:
Like (such) did the leaders and chiefs of the Myrmidons
Around the brave servant (friend) of the swift-footed grandson of Æacus
Rush vigorously on: and amid them stood the warlike Achilles,
Urging on the charioteers (horse) and the shielded heroes.

CHAPMAN.

And now before his tents
Himself had seen his Myrmidons, in all habiliments
Of dreadful war. And when you see, upon a mountain bred,
A den of wolves, about whose heart unmeasured strengths are fed,
New come from currie of a stag; their jaws all blood-besmeared;
And when from some black water-fount they altogether herd;
There having plentifully lapt with thin and thrust-out tongues,

The top and clearest of the spring, go belching from their lungs.
The clotter'd gore, look dreadfully, and entertain no dread;
Their bellies gaunt all taken up, with being so rawly fed;
Then say that such in strength and look were great Achilles' men,
Now order'd for the dreadful fight, and so with all these then
Their princes and their chiefs did shew about their General's Friend.

POPE.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs,
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings.
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furies rushed the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.

COWPER.

As wolves that gorge
Their prey yet panting, terrible in force,
When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws
Troop all at once to some clear fountain; there
To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;
No fear have they, but at their ease eject
From full maws flatulent the clotted gore.
Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic chiefs
Assembling fast around the valiant friend
Of swift Eacides. Amid them stood
Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
Encouraging, and charioteers to war.

SOTHEBY.

Meanwhile Achilles, breathing slaughter, went
Hailing the Myrmidons, from tent to tent.
As ravenous wolves that gorge their antler'd prey,
Drain his hot gore, and rend his limbs away;
Then rushing down in troops, their jaws all blood,
Lap with their tongues the surface of the flood;
And from their paunch, that labours with its load,
Belch the black gore and undigested food;
Thus the fierce leaders of each gathering band
Rush'd round Patroclus, at their chief's command;
In midst Pelides tower'd, their fury fired,
And his own spirit in each heart inspired.

Chapman is here almost as wolfish as Homer. "A den of wolves" is savage. But savage as it is, not so savage as is "raw-flesh-devouring wolves." "*Currie* of a stag" is excellent—and reminds us of our esteemed correspondent, the "old Indian." It is needless to praise the other epithets, all in the strongest style of Homer, Buffon, and Pidcock. So ferociously ought always to be translated the ferocities of the Iliad.

It was not in Pope to be sufficiently savage for such a simile. He spoils the simplicity of Homer at the very first, even before coming to the wolves. Homer says not a syllable about the Myrmidons, except that Achilles went about ordering them to arm—he lets loose upon us in a moment the wolves themselves—and seeing them, we see the Myrmidons. Whereas Pope begins with a highly-coloured description of the Myrmidons—"all breathing death," "a grim, terrific, formidable band." This is insufferable—but he will always be doing—and seldom lets Homer take his own way. "The principal design," he says, truly, in a note, "is to represent the stern looks and fierce appearance of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghastly train of raw-boned, bloody-minded fellows." Just so. Why, then, begin by telling us so, as Pope does; and not, as Homer does, by likening them, at once, to wolves? "Grim as voracious wolves," however, is good; but then, Pope had no business to introduce here the "springs," and their "scalding thirst," and "burning bowels." These come in again, afterwards, in his version—at the proper time and place—and nothing so bad as needless repetition. Who does not feel how tame the slaughtering of the stag becomes, by the change of the wolves into fed for feeding? Homer says "having slain, they tear and swallow it." Pope says that "fresh-slaughtered, it has drenched," &c. All the difference in the world. "Has drenched their wide insatiate throats with blood," is a good line—but it does not give the picture—of "the jaws of all are empurpled with blood;" "and with lolling tongue," is poor and inadequate for "lap up with their attenuated tongues"—"fire fills their eye," is not in Homer—and "gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more," is the reverse of what Homer means—for he manifestly signifies that they were satisfied with their "currie of a stag," their bellies being distended to their hearts' content—or as old Hobbes translates the line—as well as if he had done it at the close of a Noctes—"With bellies full, and hearts encouraged." Nevertheless, Pope's translation is neither to be coughed nor sneezed at—and were we not in the comparative mood, might even be pronounced excellent.

Cowper is capital, and stands comparison with Chapman. "That gorge the prey yet panting," is better even than our prose. "Mountains *wild,*" is a fine touch; "with bloody jaws troop all at once," cannot be surpassed; "*slender* tongues" is just the word; and "eject from full maws flatulent the clotted gore," as the Shepherd would say, is "fearsome." The Myrmidons!

After such vigorous versions as those of Chapman and Cowper, we should have laid two to one—at least—against Sotheby. But, he has, we think, beaten them both—by a head. No—'tis a dead heat. If in any particular point his version be inferior to theirs—and in one it is so—("antler'd prey" for "large antler'd stag") that fault is fully compensated by the greater ease of his diction and versification, which, without any effort, move powerfully along—from first to last—while the passage, in his hands, ends finely, as it began, with Achilles.

There is not another such savage simile as this in all Homer. Whether is he or Thomson wildest on wolves? Ask Wombwell.

"By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains, where the shining Alps,
And snowy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
Cruel as death and hungry as the grave;
Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murderous savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast," &c.

Both bards are great. But Thomson expatiates more in his description—as was right—for he was at liberty to revel with the "raging troops," where'er they roamed, from repast to repast, insatiate with brutal or with human food. Homer seized on them as a simile; but his imagination was unwilling to let go its grasp—and holds fast the growling gluttons, as if he had momentarily forgotten what they imaged. But he had not forgotten it. The Myrmidons underwent transformation into wolves, and the wolves into Myrmidons. No man of sense strives to see in a simile entire identity—as in a portrait. There are the wolves at their fiercest and their fellest—and there too at theirs the Myrmidons. The wolves, raw-flesh-gobblers all, are seen tearing and swallowing a large antler'd stag on the mountains —then with jaws all empurpled in blood, trooping in herds to the fountain—then lapping up the water with their thin tongues—then belching clotted blood; and then, their bellies being full to distention, untrembling courage is at their hearts. But you surely do not expect such behaviour in the Myrmidons. Homer was feasting his poetic eyes on the feasting wolves of the mountain forest—on an image of rural active life. And what a delightful glimpse of the country! At the touch of his necromantic wand, the monsters are all at once changed into Myrmidons—who are monsters too—but not quite so hairy —nor with such long tails—nor are their jaws so bloody—*as yet*—though having had their rations—their bellies are distended—and untrembling courage is at their hearts. Don't ye hear them howling? "An Achilles! An Achilles!" for that is their *slogan*, and it sounds terrible even in the ears of Hector.

Pray, who were those Myrmidonian chiefs, whom Homer thus likened to wolves? Better born and better bred than most of our readers, though we are eschewed by the radicals. Achilles was, of course, the colonel of his own regiment—and under him were five captains—Menestheus, son of Polydora, daughter of Peleus, by the ever-flowing Sperchius, that rampant river-god—Eudorus, whom Polymela, graceful in the dance, daughter of Phylus, bore by stealth (he was called the Bastard) to the Argicide who had wooed the nymph "while worshipping the golden-shafted Queen Diana, in full choir, with song and dance;" ascending with her to an upper-room—all-bounteous Mercury clandestine there "embraced her who a noble son produced"—Pisander, offspring of Maimalus, who far excelled in spear-fight every Myrmidon save Patroclus —"the hoary Phœnix, of equestrian fame, the fourth band led to battle," (a grey old growler,) and who the fifth but Laerceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon, whom you may remember in the Tent waiting on Achilles, when the Royal Commission entered, along with Lord Automedon, the celebrated charioteer. These were the wolves. Such liberties does poetry take with the human face and form divine—changing bipeds into quadrupeds "for the nonce," as our fat friend would say—and sometimes not even leaving the brave and beautiful the "likeness o' a dowg."

Let our living poets look here—and the best of them all dare to say that he could equal—much more excel—*this*. We quote from the incomparable Cowper.

"So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.
As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones erects, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of Heav'n,
So wedged the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood:
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,
And ev'ry bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.
In front of all, two chiefs their station took,
Patroclus and Automedon: one mind
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid
That closed a curious chest by Thetis placed
On board his bark, and fill'd with tunics, cloaks,
And fleecy arras; it contain'd beside
A cup embellish'd with laborious art,
From which no prince libation ever pour'd,
Himself except, and he to Jove alone.
That cup producing from the chest, he first
With sulphur fumed it, rinsed it next with lymph
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last,

(His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.
And now, advancing to his middle court,
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to Heav'n
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserved:
"Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
Snow-clad reign'st sov'reign, compass'd by thy seers
The Selli, prophets by their vow constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
I plainly see my former pray'r perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.
Now also this request vouchsafe me, Jove!
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!
That even Hector may himself be taught,
If my companion have a valiant heart
When he goes forth alone, or only then
The noble frenzy feel that Mars inspires,
When I rush also to the glorious field.
But soon as from the ships he shall have driv'n
The battle, grant him with his arms complete,
None lost, himself unhurt, and all my band
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!
"Such pray'r Achilles offer'd, and his suit
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;
To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.
Pray'r and libation thus perform'd to Jove
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,
And anxious still that conflict to behold
Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.
"Then rush'd the bands, by brave Patroclus led,
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
Their home by the way-side, provok'd by boys
Disturbing inconsid'rate their abode,
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,
For if, thenceforth, some trav'ller unaware
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
Around him fearless in their broods' defence,
With courage fierce as theirs forth rush'd a flood
Of Myrmidons all shouting to the skies,
Whom with loud voice Patroclus thus harangued:
"O Myrmidons, attendants in the field
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!
Call now to mind the fury of your might;
That even from the courage of his train
The chief most excellent in all the camp
May glory reap, and that the king of men
Himself may learn his fault, when he denied
All honour to the prime of all his host.
"So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van
Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all
The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.
Soon as the Trojans then that sight beheld,
The brave Patroclus and his charioteer
Arm'd dazzling bright, fear seized on ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry phalanx quak'd, believing sure,
That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chos'n,
Achilles' self was there; then ev'ry eye
Look'd round for refuge from impending fate."

But the bright Cheat is discovered:

"Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long used untouch'd in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine,
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod,
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god."

And from the tumult of the disastrous battle, Antilochus flies to Achilles, who, seeing his approach, instantly divines the dreadful truth, and, ere the messenger has opened his lips, exclaims, "Ah! woe is me! I tremble lest the gods my fears fulfill of the evil foretold by my mother—that during my lifetime by Trojan hands is doomed to fall the bravest of the Myrmidons, and view the sun no more!" Antilochus says—

HOMER.

Ὦ μοι, Πηλέος υἱὲ δαίφρονος, ἦ μάλα λυγρῆς
Πεύσεαι ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
Κεῖται Πάτροκλος· νέκυος δὲ δὴ ἀμφιμάχονται
Γυμνοῦ· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.

NORTH.

Woe is me! Oh son of the war-loving Peleus—verily, most mournful
Tidings shalt thou hear, (tidings) which ought not to have been.
Patroclus lies (dead), for his naked corse they fight:
Hector with the waving-plumed-helmet has his arms.

CHAPMAN.

My lord, that must be heard,
Which would to heaven I might not tell! Menætius' son lies dead,
And for his naked corse (his arms already forfeited
And worn by Hector) the debate is now most vehement.

POPE.

Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight;
His naked corse; his arms are Hector's right.

COWPER.

O brave Achilles! charged with heaviest news
Of one who well deserved a gentler fate,
I seek thee. Menætiades is dead.
Between the warring hosts his body lies
In fierce dispute, and Hector hath his arms.

SOTHEBY.

O son of Peleus! thou must hear the word,
Such as I would had been by thee unheard.
Patroclus dies; war flames his body o'er,
While Hector glories in the arms he wore.

We have quoted these few Greek lines and the translations, that you might judge of the comparative skill of the Four (or Five), in rendering into English what has been pointed out by Quinctilian, and many other critics, as an instance of the perfection of energetic brevity.* Chapman has somewhat altered the order of the words, and has erred thereby, as that of Homer is perfect. But the two first lines are all they ought to be—reverential, but mortally plain—most sorrowfully uttering sorrow. Far from bad are the others, and nothing is omitted; but they sound quaint, at least to our ears now, and should have ended with the word—Hector. Pope is very very good. Perhaps "right" is hardly the word there—"has" or "wears" is better; but rhyme is necessity with law, so we are satisfied. There is much tenderness in Cowper; but "brave" is here a poor epithet; "of one who well deserved a gentler fate," is pathetic, but not

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* See Mr H. N. Coleridge's excellent Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classical Poets. Why has not this successful volume been followed by another?

Homeric, nor do we think it is the meaning of the original; and "naked" is left out, which it should not have been; but "Menætiades is dead," and "Hector wears his arms," are just the very thing; and therefore we love the version. Sotheby, we are sorry to say it, fails. The second line is feeble and flat—nor do we altogether like the first. "Patroclus *dies*," is bad; he is dead—dead—dead. "War flames his body over," is "too bad;" and the fourth line, though well enough as a line taken *per se*, is not like the simple line and rueful, that leaves the lips of Antilochus.

But let us look on Achilles.

NORTH.

Thus he said: but him (Achilles) a dark cloud of grief enveloped.
And with both his hands lifting up dust and ashes,
He poured them on his head, and his comely countenance defiled;
On his celestial tunic the black ashes every where alighted.
Large himself, and much-room-occupying, in the dust extended
He lay; and with his own hands he plucked out and marred his locks.
But the maid-servants whom Achilles by plunder had obtained, and Patroclus,
Heart-saddened, lifted up their voices and wept, and from the doors
Out-they-rushed around the warlike Achilles; and with their hands they all
Smote their breasts; relaxed were the limbs of each:
On the other side mourned Antilochus, pouring out tears,—
Grasping the hands of Achilles; his noble heart groaned:
For he (Antilochus) feared lest he (Achilles) should cut his (Achilles') throat with
the sword.*
Horribly he howled; (him) heard his venerable mother
Sitting in the depths of the sea, beside her aged father,
And immediately wept aloud.——

CHAPMAN.

This said, Grief darken'd all his powers. With both his hands he rent
The black mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head;
Smear'd all his lovely face, his weeds (divinely fashioned)
All filde and mangled; and himselfe he threw upon the shore,
Lay as laid out for funerall, then tumbled round, and tore
His gracious curls. His ecstacie he did so farre extend,
That all the ladies wonne by him, and his now slaughter'd friend,
(Afflicted strangely for his flight) came shrieking from the tents,
And fell about him; beate their breasts, their tender lineaments
Dissolved with sorrow. And with them wept Nestor's warlike sonne,
Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in feare he would have done
His person violence; his heart extremely (streightened) burn'd,
Beate, swell'd, and sigh'd, as it would burst; so terribly he mourn'd,
That Thetis, sitting in the deepes of her old father's seas,
Heard and lamented. To her plaints the bright Nereides
Flockt all.

POPE.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears;
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to th' earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms,)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground;
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;

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* Τινες, ἐφοβεῖτο γαρ Ἀχιλλευς μὴ ἀποδειροτομήσειεν Ἑκτωρ τον Πατροκλον—says the scholiast, forgetting apparently that Patroclus had been Burked already, and that it was now of little consequence whether the jugular should be Knoxed or not.

Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
The mother goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

COWPER.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
Dishonouring, and thick the sooty shower
Descending, settled on his fragrant vest.
Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent
Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild
With his own hands, and rending off his hair.
The maidens, captured by himself in war
And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious chief around.
All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.
On the other side, Antilochus, dissolved
In tears, held fast Achilles' hands, and groan'd
Continually from his heart, through fear
Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.
With dreadful cries he rent the air, whose voice
Within the gulfs of ocean, where she sat
Beside her ancient sire, his mother heard,
And, hearing, shriek'd; around her, at the voice,
Assembled all the Nereids of the deep.

SOTHEBY.

Grief at the word, and horror's gloomiest cloud,
Cast o'er Pelides their o'ershadowing shroud.
He grasp'd the ashes scatter'd on the strand,
And on his forehead shower'd with either hand,
Grim'd his fair face, and o'er his raiment flung
The soil that on its splendour darkly hung,
His large limbs, prone in dust, at large outspread,
And pluck'd the hair from his dishonour'd head;
While all the maidens whom his arm had won,
Or gain'd in battle with Menetius' son,
Left the still shelter of their peaceful tent,
And round Pelides mingled their lament,
Raised their clasp'd hands, and beat their breasts of snow,
And swooning, sunk on earth, o'ercome with woe;
While o'er him Nestor's son in horror stood,
And grasp'd his arm, half raised to shed his blood.
Deep groan'd the desperate man, 'twas death to hear
Groans that in ocean pierced the sea-nymph's ear,
His mother's ear, where, deep beneath the tide,
Dwelt the sea-goddess by her father's side.—
She heard, she shriek'd, while gathering swift around,
Came every Nereid from her cave profound.

There is agony, grief, despair, rage, (alike against Hector, heaven, and himself!) and, perhaps—who knows—a shuddering, too, of revenge! A cloud envelopes Achilles—he covers himself with dust and ashes—down he falls all his huge length extended, in convulsions; for see how he tears his hair out in handfulls—the maniac looks like a suicide—and hear how horribly he howls! And this is the—divine Achilles! What would an American Indian say to such a sight?

> "The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear!"

Nothing. Nor do we—except that, though children of nature both, Achilles is not Outalissi—and that the moon is still the moon, though sometimes seen sailing clear and bright through a storm, and sometimes with a lowering light of blood.

Chapman feels the passion of the picture throughout, *intus et in cute*, and his copy may well content all amateurs who cannot see the original. Yet it is somewhat overcharged; and, worst of all, it presents not to our sight the size of Achilles—"large himself, and much-room-occupying," as you behold him in our Greek-imitating English. This is an omission almost as fatal as would be that of "lay floating many a rood," from Milton's picture of Satan. "Lay as laid out for funeral," is a strong line, and presents a deadly image. But it is not Homer. Homer shews us Achilles, it is true, lying extended; but not still—or, if still, only for a moment—and ere such a thought could cross us as that he was "laid out for funeral," "with his own hands he plucked out and marred his locks." These are two great crimes — of commission and omission — ay, capital crimes, for which we now order Chapman for execution. No—we respite him till next Wednesday—during pleasure—the royal clemency is extended to him—a free pardon—he walks out of prison, on his bold broad brows the unwithered laurel! Yet why, old Chapman, did you change, "lest he should cut his throat with his sword," for, "in fear he would have done his person violence?" And why, seeing that Homer had already shewn us Achilles in agony, should you have added, that "his heart, extremely straitened, burned, beat, swelled, and sighed as it would burst?" That is not only carrying coals to Newcastle—but worse—telling us that there are fiery furnaces in the Carron iron-works. It is not even for thee—to try to out-Homer Homer.

Pope, of course, commences operations with a paraphrase—but let it pass unpunished as unpraised. "Cast on the ground," in line third, applies either to Achilles, or to the ashes. If to Achilles, it is false, for he was not yet cast on the ground—*he stooped*, (Homer does not say so—but we see him,) "with both his hands lifting up dust and ashes." If it apply to the ashes, then it is foolish as well as false—for the ashes were lying there of themselves, nobody being suffered to cast ashes near the tent of Achilles. Neither were the ashes "scorching," take our word for it; Homer would not have let the hero set his hair on fire. "*Those* he deforms with dust, and *these* he tears," is an antithetical way of writing, to which it is well known Homer had a mortal aversion. "On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw," is entirely bad. It is, we believe, a repetition; neither Homer nor Achilles were thinking of the hardness of the soil; and "breast" is a poor *pars pro toto* indeed, as all men will allow, for "large himself, and much-room-occupying, in the dust extended he lay." "He rolled and grovelled" is perhaps mean, and certainly gratuitous, and "as to the earth he grew" makes it likewise ludicrous; for neither man nor tree can hope to grow to the earth by rolling and grovelling—for proof of which arboricultural remark, see Sir Henry Steuart, *passim*. "The virgin captives with disorder'd charms," is a line liable to two radical objections. They had ceased to be virgins—and their charms had not begun to be disorder'd. That their breasts were "white," is not to be doubted, and therefore Homer does not say so—leaving the enunciation of that discovery to Pope.

> "While Nestor's son sustained a manlier part,
> And mourned the warrior with a warrior's heart,"

is a pretty compliment to Antilochus, but it is paid him by Pope, and not by Homer, who merely says he "poured out tears," "that his noble heart groaned," and "that he grasped the hands of Achilles." "Prevents the meditated blow" is not good, because not perfectly clear—but it may pass perhaps after Chapman's "have done his person violence." Homer does not say that Achilles *oft* attempted to kill himself; nay, he does not say that he did so even *once*; but simply that Antilochus feared he might, seeing that agony. "Heard his loud cries" is not absolutely bad in itself—but it is a poor expression in place of "horribly howled." Thetis did not, as Pope says, "answer groan for groan." The duet would have been sung out of all tune; "she immediately wept aloud." Thetis had a "crystal throne;" but Homer does not mention it on this occasion—having probably forgotten it. Still, 'tis a good passage, though a bad translation.

No such criticisms fall to be made on Cowper's version. From all such faults it is free—nor has it any other that we can discern—it being as usual Homeric. "Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroyed," gives the sense without the shocking sound—and perhaps it is better to our ears, so often horrified by coroners' inquests. Let us say, then, that the translation is perfect.

Sotheby cannot be allowed to escape scot-free, but must with Pope share punishment.

"Grief at the word, and horror's gloomiest cloud,
Cast o'er Pelides their o'ershadowing shroud,"

are not two good lines. "At the word," is a frequent offence of his—And why "grief and horror," when Homer has but one? How far better Cowper's, "The clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son!" They envelope him in a moment. No sooner done than said—no sooner said than done. But rhyme has nothing *durius* in itself than that it makes people drawl. "The soil that on its splendour darkly hung" is picturesque, but somewhat too elaborate. Perhaps we say so from a sense of the excellence of all this part of the version, which is indeed nearly perfect. "Whom his arm *had won, or gained* in battle," seems to express a distinction without a difference, and is cumbrous. "Left the still shelter of their peaceful tent," is a beautiful line, and introduced purposely we presume—but needlessly we think—for sake of contrast. There is nothing like it in the original. Neither is "raised their clasped hands" there, though good; and as we blamed Pope for telling us their breasts were "white," so must we Sotheby for saying, they were "of snow." "O'er him Nestor's son in horror stood," is not quite right—for Achilles was lying on the ground, and if the posture of Antilochus was to be mentioned at all, (Homer does not mention it,) it should have been "stooped." Nor is that a hypercriticism; for in a picture addressed to the eye—the mind's eye—every word should be apt and unexchangeable. "Half-raised to shed his blood," is not in Homer—but it is vivid—so let it stand. "Deep groan'd the desperate man, 'twas death to hear groans," &c., is not sufficiently strong for the original, but it is stronger, with its adjuncts, than Pope's. "Sea-nymph," and "sea-goddess," is an unpleasant repetition. "She heard—she shrieked," is short, and strong, and good; and the passage closes with a fine hurrying picture. On the whole, Sotheby is here superior far to Pope—but he is inferior, think we, to Cowper.

Bewailing for a while to the Nereids the woes of her "noble son magnanimous," the chief of heroes, whom she had seen shoot under her maternal care like a prosperous plant, "Thetis leaves her cave, with all her weeping nymphs attendant, where'er they pass the parting billows opening wide a way," and, arrived at Troy, climbs the beach, where, by his numerous barks encompassed, groaning lay Achilles. "Why weeps my son?" and thus—(be gracious to the prose of Christopher!)—after much mutual suffering—during which Thetis, with streaming eyes, hath said to him, "Swift comes thy destiny, as thou hast said; for after Hector's death thine next ensues"—

NORTH.

**Her the swift-footed Achilles, greatly indignant, addressed:
Let me die forthwith, since it was not to be—that I, my friend
While being slain, should assist; he indeed far far from his father-land
Hath been cut off; me had he need of to be a harm-averter.
But now, since never shall I return to my beloved father-land,
Nor have I been a safeguard to Patroclus, nor to friends
Besides—who in numbers have been subdued by the valiant Hector—
Here sit I by the ships—a useless lump of sod, on the earth;
Such as none other of the brass-clad Greeks
In war am I; others there are better in council.**

Oh, perish discord from among gods, and from among men,
And anger, which hath impelled even the very wise to act madly;
And which sweeter far than honey dropping down
Goes-on-gathering in the breasts of men like smoke;
Thus angry now hath the king of men, Agamemnon, made me.
But pass we over these things as done before, vexed though we be,
Our wrath in our breast keeping down by necessity.
But now I go,—of that beloved person that I may find out the destroyer
—Hector;—death will I then receive whenever indeed
Jupiter shall *will* to accomplish *it*, and the other immortal gods;
For not even did the might of Hercules avoid death,
Dearest though he was to Jupiter, the Saturnian king,
But him subdued Fate and Juno's stern resentment.
I, too, if a like fate is ordained for me,
Shall lie—when I shall have died; but now bright renown let me gain,
And some one of the deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardan dames,
With both her hands from her tender cheeks
The tears wiping away, will I compel to groan often;
Let them feel that long have I been absent from the fight.
Though loving me, hinder me not from the fight; persuade me thou canst not.

What says Thetis now? "Well hast thou said, my son! No blame it is to save our suffering friends from threatened death. But thy magnificent and dazzling arms are now in Trojan hands—the hands of Hector—exulting, but doomed to exult not long in such habiliments. His death is nigh. But with yon hosts contending mix not thou—till here again thou seest thy mother—for with the rising sun I will return, and bring thee all-glorious arms, forged by Vulcan's self, the King of Fire." And having so said, she soared to Olympus.

Then Iris, sent by Juno, flung herself from heaven to earth, and bade him sally, all unarmed as he was, to the rescue of the body whose head the Trojans were threatening to cut off, that they might impale it on one of the towers of Troy. "Issuing to the margin of the fosse, shew thyself only—and, panic-seized, the whole Trojan army will fly the field!"

NORTH.

The swift-footed Iris having thus spoken, departed:
But Achilles beloved of Jove up-started: Minerva
Around his mighty shoulders threw her fringed ægis,
And the most august of goddesses crowned his head with a cloud
Of gold, and from it she kindled a flame all-refulgent:
As when smoke arising from a city into the air ascends
At a distance from an island, around which enemies are fighting,
And who, during the whole of the day, are engaged in the tug of grim war,
(Making sallies) from their own city: but along with going down of the sun
Beacon lights flare frequent, and aloft the gleam
Up-rises, that their neighbours may observe it,
If so be that they may come in ships to ward off the war:
In like manner from Achilles' head the beaming light reached the firmament.
For having advanced to the fosse beyond the wall he stood: nor with the Greeks
Mingled he: for the prudent counsel of his mother he regarded.
There standing he shouted: and apart Pallas Minerva
Shouted: and among the Trojans immense confusion caused.
Shrill and clear as is the sound, when the trumpet clangs
On account of the life-destroying enemy encompassing a city:
So shrill and clear at that time was the voice of the grandson of Æacus.
And they, when they heard the brazen shout of Æacides,
Were all stirred up in courage: but the beautiful-maned horses
Wheeled round the chariots,—for they divined the (coming) calamity in their hearts.
Astounded were the charioteers, when they saw the unwearied flame
Over the head of the magnanimous son of Peleus horribly
Gleaming,—which the blue-eyed Minerva had kindled.
Thrice on the trench loudly shouted the godlike Achilles;

And thrice were confounded the Trojans and the illustrious allies.
There then perished twelve most warlike men
Amid their own chariots and spears: but the Greeks
Having eagerly dragged Patroclus beyond the reach of weapons,
Deposited him on a couch: and his loved companions surrounded him
Lamenting: then the swift-footed Achilles followed,
Shedding scalding tears, when he looked upon his trusty friend
Lying on the bier—mangled by the sharp brass:
(Him) whom he had sent with horses and chariots
To war—and never again welcomed back returning.

CHAPMAN.

She woo'd, and he was won,
And straite Minerva honour'd him; who Jove's shield clapt upon
His mightie shoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,
That cast beams round about his brows. And as when arms enfold
A citie in an ile; from thence, a fume at first appears,
(Being in the day,) but when the even her cloudie forehead rears,
Thicke show the fires, and up they cast their splendor, that men nie,
Seing their distresse, perhaps may set ships out to their supply:
So (to shew such aid) from his head, a light rose, scaling heaven.
And forth the wall he stept and stood; nor brake the precept given
By his great mother (mixt in fight) but sent abroad his voice,
Which Pallas farre off ecchoed; who did betwixt them hoise
Shrill tumult to a toplesse height. And as a voice is heard
With emulous affection, when any towne is spher'd
With seige of such a foe, as kills men's minds; and for the town
Makes sound his trumpet: so the voice, from Thetis' issue throwne,
Won emulously th' eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were startl'd so, they yielded; and so fear'd
The faire-maned horses, that they flew backe, and their chariots turn'd,
Presaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd
A little after; and their guides, a repercussive dread
Tooke from the horrid radiance of his refulgent head,
Which Pallas set on fire with grace. Thrice great Achilles spake,
And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the Trojans started backe.
Twelve men, of greatest strength in Troy, left with their lives exhal'd
Their chariots and their darts to death, with his three summons cal'd;
And then the Grecians spritefully draw from the darts the corse,
And hearst it, bearing it to fleete,—his friends, with all remorse,
Marching about it. His great friend, dissolving then in tears,
To see his truly-loved return'd, so horst upon a herse,
Whom with such horse and chariot he set out safe and whole;
Now wounded with unpittying steele, now sent without a soule,
Never again to be restor'd, never received but so;
He follow'd, mourning bitterly.

POPE.

She spoke and pass'd in air. The hero rose,
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulders throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread,
A stream of glory flamed above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies,
(Seen from some island o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war.)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light;
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud.
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound,
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.

As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangour sounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard:
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.
Twelve in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd;
While, shielded from their darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcass of the slain.
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears,
Around his sad companions melt in tears;
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

COWPER.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd.
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast
Her ægis fringed terrific, and his brows
Encircled with a golden cloud, that shot
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.
As when some island, situate afar
On the wide waves, invested all the day
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
Upsends a smoke to Heaven, and torches shews
On all her turrets at the close of eve,
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to Heav'n.
Without the rampart and beside the fosse
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
Obedient to his mother's wise command.
He stood and shouted; Pallas also rais'd
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
As when fierce foes approach the city walls,
Shrill sounds the trumpet to alarm the town,
Such in that moment, and so shrill was heard
Thy voice, Æacides! and tumult-toss'd
Was every bosom at the brazen tone.
With swift recoil the long-maned coursers thrust
The chariots back, all boding woe at hand;
And ev'ry charioteer astonish'd saw
Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.
Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
Thrice seiz'd the Trojans, and their fam'd allies.
Twelve, in that moment, of their nobles died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Grecians from beneath a hill of darts
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
All weeping; after whom Achilles went

Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
Of his true friend on his funereal bed
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
And chariot, but received him thence no more.

SOTHEBY.

Then, as she waved her wing, and past above,
Up rose Pelides, the beloved of Jove.
Swift on his breadth of shoulders Pallas spread
The ægis fringed with death's o'ershadowing dread,
Enwreathed a cloud of gold his brow around,
And with wide dazzling flames its circle bound;
As when the smoke's dark columns heaven ascend
From some far isle where hosts with hosts contend,
And through the city gates, in mailed array,
The natives pour, and war the livelong day;
But where, at sunset, through each nightly hour,
The watch-fires blaze, and crest with flame the tower,
And to the neighbour isles the sign repeat,
The beacon beckoning to some friendly fleet:
Thus from Pelides' brow a stream of light
Flow'd forth, and far illumed th' ethereal height.
The hero pass'd the wall, and, seen from far,
Tower'd o'er the fosse, but mix'd not with the war.
Forewarn'd of Thetis, there Achilles staid—
There shouted—and a sound that Troy dismay'd
Burst as Minerva's shout his outcry swell'd,
And with unearthly fear the host repell'd;
Clear as the trumpet's voice, whose signal sound
Forewarns, ere gathering hosts the town surround,
Thus clear Pelides' voice; from man to man,
Swift through the ranks appalling horror ran,
Started each war-steed, and with wild affright,
Foreboding slaughter, wheel'd the car for flight.
Cower'd every guide, who o'er that crest illum'd,
Saw blazing forth, in brightness unconsumed,
The flames by Pallas fed. As thus his brow
Flash'd o'er the tumult in the fosse below,
Thrice burst his shout, and thrice, as doom'd to fall
On Troy, and Troy's allies, fear fell on all.
Then twelve, the noblest Trojans, bit the plain,
By their own darts and cars confusedly slain;
And joyfully the Greeks withdrew the dead,
And laid Patroclus on a peaceful bed.
His warriors round him pour'd their loud lament,
But mute with woe behind Achilles went,
While o'er his ghastly death-wounds gush'd his tear,
Gush'd o'er his brother, bleeding on the bier,
Whom, sent by him, his car, his coursers bore,
Beaming with valour, but brought back no more.

Chapman shews throughout his translation of this sublime passage, that the very Achilles stood before his imagination, who had arisen before that of Homer. He makes, indeed, Minerva throw over the hero's shoulders, not her own Ægis, but the shield of Jove—a mistake, if it be one, of no moment, for he was beloved by the King of Heaven. We believe it is no mistake, for Jove gave Minerva her Ægis. His head is then girt with a cloud of gold—and there he stands, worthy of any simile from earth or sky. What is it? The beleaguered city sends up by daylight its signal smoke—and then at night its beacon-fire. So—sayeth Chapman, well, "from his head a light rose scaling heaven." Thus arrayed in saving terror, "forth the wall he stept and stood;" nor has Homer's self better shewn the sudden sally of the Apparition. "He sent abroad his voice, which Pallas far off echoed" is great—and "who did betwixt them hoise shrill tumult to a topless height," though not in Homer, is yet Homeric, and sends the shout into the skies, trumpet-tongued. But in the Greek the clang is more dreadful; and the effect on the frightened horses more instantaneously flashed upon us; though Chapman says finely, "presaging in their augurous hearts;" "and their guides a repercussive dread took from the horrid radiance of his refulgent head," is magnificent. Towards the close, Chapman becomes cumbrous—and moves heavily under the weight of the images that seem to bear down the description. In Homer, the close is as majestic as it is mournful—as simple as it is sublime.

Pope felt the grandeur of the original, like a true poet; but ambitious to excel it—*magnis tamen excidit ausis*—his performance is noble. "*A stream of glory* flamed above his head," is one of those vague verses whose sonorous reign is over; and how poor in comparison with "from it she kindled a flame all refulgent!" The smokes and beacons are on the whole good, but too elaborate. Homer says, "Beacon-lights glare frequent, and aloft the gleam arises"—sudden and bright; whereas Pope pursues the picturesque, forgets the poet in the painter, and gives us "*with long-projected beams the seas are bright*," and "heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light,"—two fine lines undoubtedly, but the first implied to the imagination in the original, for the city is on an island. "Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies,"—is "doing into poetry;" "in like manner from Achilles' head the beaming light reached the firmament." We cannot think that "Troy starts astonished, and the shores rebound," is equally good for the occasion, as "among the Trojans immense confusion caused." But doctors differ. "And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply," is a line that Darwin must have admired, and eke Mr Price on the Picturesque. But Homer was not thinking of the roundness of bulwarks, or the thickness of towers—simply of a life-destroying-enemy-encompassed city startled by a forewarning trumpet. What follows is spirited, but too much in the same style. The concluding lines about Patroclus and Achilles, though not sufficiently infused with the scriptural simplicity of Homer, are however solemn and stately, and of powerful pathos. With such exceptions and allowances, Pope's may be pronounced a very fine translation.

Cowper catches the soul of the simile just like Chapman. Nothing can be better than, "So from Achilles' head light flashed to heaven!" "He stood and shouted," is equally good—and "tumult infinite excited," are three words more powerful than Pope's pompous line, "Troy starts astonished, and the shores rebound." But criticise the passage for yourself, which, in our opinion, is excellent; but wants, we hardly know how, something of the spirit, and more of the sublimity of Homer. Read by itself, it is good; but along with the original, somewhat tame. We desiderate the επεα πτεροεντα of the rushing original.

Sotheby soars, here, above all his competitors. He has all the raciness and vigour of Chapman, without his roughnesses and his inversions—all the splendour of Pope, without his "false glitter"--the simplicity without the tameness, if tameness it be, of Cowper; and an ease and elegance all his own, we might almost say the majesty and magnificence of Homer. This is high praise; but the most critical examination will not prove it extravagant. As literal as prose or blank verse, no translation in rhyme can ever be; but here Homer is rendered into rhyme with the consummate skill of inspiration. All, down to the body of Patroclus. There Sotheby's wing flags—he falters in his flight, and falls. There is no studied contrast in Homer, as in Sotheby, between the grief of Achilles and the other warriors. He does not say that they poured their loud lament, but that Achilles was mute with woe. They surrounded him "lamenting"—he "shedding scalding tears." We believe he was mute—but on that so is Homer. "Gushed his tear," is feeble; "bleeding on the bier," a poor repetition of "ghastly death-wounds;" "whom, sent by him," &c., very awkward; "beaming with valour," an interpolation far from felicitous; and "but brought back no more," how unaffecting, applied to the car and coursers, as it here is by Sotheby, in comparison with "never again welcomed back returning," applied to Achilles, as it is there by Homer!

All night long the Grecians weep o'er Patroclus, while, standing in the midst, Pelides leads the lamentation, on the bosom of his breathless friend imposing his homicidal hands—incensed as a grim lion, from whose lair among thick trees the hunter has carried off his whelps, and who, too late returning, growls over his loss, and then scours wood and glen, up and down on the footsteps of the robber, that he may rend him limb from limb, and drink his blood. In such mood Achilles addresses his Myrmidons—would we had room for his speech of tears and fire! All night long they stand around him deploring his dead friend, whose body, bathed in water from "the singing brass," and anointed with limpid oil, and all its ruddy wounds filled with unguents mellowed by nine years' keep, lies covered with a light linen texture from head to feet. At morning thus is he found by Thetis, "bearer of the gift of God." the Celestial Armour. "My son! however reluctant, leave Patroclus' corse—for there it lies by doom of Heaven; and receive thou these beauteous arms, 'such as no mortal shoulders ever wore!'"

The Shield—the Shield! Vulcan's masterpiece—whereof there was loud bruit in Heaven.

So has there been on earth. Thus my Lord Kames, a miscellaneous man, whom we much admire, hath said, "the decorations of a dancing-room ought all of them to be gay. No picture is proper for a church but what has religion for its subject. Every ornament upon a shield should relate to war; and Virgil, with great judgment, confines the carving upon the shield of Æneas to the military history of the Romans. That beauty is overlooked by Homer; for the bulk of the sculpture on the shield of Achilles is of the arts of peace in general, and of joy, and festivity in particular; the author of Telemachus betrays the same inattention in describing the shield of that young hero."

"Betrays the same inattention!" This, we presume, is one of the occasions on which the good Homer was nodding; and there was nobody by to give him a rap over the knuckles. Yet let Lord Kames consider that this is no ordinary shield. "None but itself can be its parallel," for 'tis the sole shield made by Vulcan, at the order of Thetis, for Achilles. The sea-goddess gave him no pattern to work by—'twas "all made out of the forger's brain," and

"Full twenty bellows working all at once,
Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free
The managed winds."

The artist allowed himself all latitude; and having formed "a triple border beauteous, dazzling bright," with what filled he the interior of the "broad circumference?" Why, with the Earth, the Heaven, the Sea, the Moon full-orbed, and he that wearieth not, the unresting Sun. Why not the Stars? They too are there—

"All the stars, which round about
As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies—
The Pleiads, and the Hyads, and the might
Of huge Orion, hungry for the morn,"

and with him, "Ursa called, known also by his popular name, the Wain," the sole star that slakes not his beams in the briny baths of Ocean.

'Tis thus the good Homer nods.

But his lordship says, "that every ornament on a shield should relate to war." And was there never war in the skies? But here we have war, too, on the earth. Here men, as Milton says of devils,

"Smote on *this sounding shield* the din of war,
Hurling defiance towards the vault of heaven."

For lo, "such as men build, two splendid cities!" In one, rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp of sumptuous banquets. But not long that peace endures; for strife arises—and citizens contend for a mulct, the price of blood, and the people, as passion sways them, clamour loud, and heralds quell the tumult, and on polished stones the Elders in a ring, each with a sceptre in his hand, pronounce sentence—and then there is silence. The other (city) is invested by two glittering hosts—and they debate whether to divide the spoil, or burn and raze the city. "Here," says Pope, "in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a sally, an ambush, the surprise of a convoy, and a battle, with scarce a circumstance proper to any of these omitted"—and what would his lordship be at, in longing for more blood?

Surely mortal men are not *always* slaughtering over the whole world. Sometimes they sleep, work, eat, drink, dance, sing, and propagate their species. On the Shield, therefore, behold a fallow field, rich, spacious, and well-tilled—ploughers not a few—and oft as in their course they come to the bourne of the many-acred breadth of blackish but golden glebe, so oft meets them a man "who in their hands a goblet placed, charged with delicious wine."

But the green spring is over and gone, and so is the yellow summer, and lo! the likeness of a field crowded with corn, and the sharp-toothed sickles gleam among the jolly reapers! Boys binding the bundles, and among them the master, staff in hand, stands "enjoying mute the order of the field." Apart beneath the shade of an oak his train prepare the banquet—as if Ambrose' self were there —"a well-thriven ox new slain, while for the hinds th' attendant maidens mix of whitest flour large supper."

See — now — a vineyard all of gold. Purple did Vulcan make the clusters, and the vines supported stood "by poles of silver set in even rows." There, in frails of wicker, blithe youths and maidens bear the luscious fruit; and in the midst, on his shrill harp, a boy harmonious plays, and ever as he smites the chords, he sings to it with a slender voice. Behind

> "Nodding their heads together go
> The merry minstrelsy,"

and how ancient the gallopade!

The pastoral age! Four golden herdsmen, by nine swift dogs attended, drive the kine afield, forth to pasture by a river side, "rapid, sonorous, fringed with circling reeds." From the brake outleaps a lion, the herdsmen fly, and as he tears the hide of a huge bull, and laps his bloody entrails, the dogs stand barking aloof, "for no tooth for lion's flesh have they."

But see—with Sotheby (in whose hands the Shield is as Dædalean as in Homer's,) a scene of perfect peace. For, as he beautifully says, in lines that shall be immortal,—

> "Now the god's changeful artifice display'd
> Fair flocks at pasture in a lovely glade;
> And folds and shelt'ring stalls peep'd up between,
> And shepherds' huts diversified the scene."

"Last scene of all, to close this strange eventful history," a Choir,

> "Such as famed Dædalus on Gnossus' shore,
> For bright-hair'd Ariadne, form'd of yore."

The fair girls, all in white raiment, in light-flowing robes of the linen fine, and the youths, in glossy tunics; flower-wreathed the paranymphs, and their heroic partners dancing armed with

> "Swords that all gold
> From belts of silver swung."

Well done Vulcan, by Jupiter!

> "Last, with the might of ocean's boundless flood,
> He filled the border of the wondrous Shield."

The shade of Kames, then, must at this moment be blushing black and blue in Elysium. And now that we are about it, we may as well give his lordship another lecture. He is a stiff stickler for congruity. We have seen his objections to the inappropriate imagery of the Shield, of which all the ornaments should have been those of war. Having humbled Homer, he mounts his hobby and charges Milton. "In reading the description of the dismal waste, Book I. of Paradise Lost, *we are sensible of a confused feeling* arising from dissimilar emotions forced into union, to wit, *the beauty of the description, and the horror of the object described*—

> 'Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
> Casts pale and dreadful?'

With respect to this and many similar passages in Paradise Lost, we are sensible, that *the emotions being obscured by each other*, make neither of them that figure they would make separately." *Euge!* What does the Paper-Lord mean, by saying that here dissimilar emotions are forced into union? No such thing. The excellence of the description consists in its accuracy and vividness; and therefore cannot be discordant, surely, with the horrors that it perfectly paints to the imagination. If, indeed, the description had *mingled images of beauty with images of horror*, then, according to Kames's theory of the matter, it might have been faulty, and the incongruity might have displeased or shocked; but as it stands, no such objection can be urged against it, and the description is censured, *because it is good.* This we call the cant of criticism. His lordship has been mouthing away in a Scotch metaphysical mist. Such in those days, and it is but little better now, was the state in Scotland (yet Kames and Beattie were contemporaries, just like Maga and the Blue and Yellow) of the Philosophy of the *Belles Lettres.*

Lo! Thetis the Sea-goddess! Well might she say—for suitable to such a shield were the offensive arms she brought along with it from heaven —"My son! receive, receive thou these beauteous arms, such as no mortal shoulders ever wore."

NORTH.

Thus having spoken, the goddess laid down the arms
Before Achilles; and they, Dædalean, all rung.
But trembling seized the Myrmidons all, nor durst any one
On them look—but were terrified; Achilles,
When he beheld them, greater anger entered—and his eyes
From under his eyelids, like a flame, horribly out-gleamed.
Delighted, however, was he, holding in his hands the splendid gifts of the god.
But when he had feasted his soul by gazing on the arms Dædalean,
Forthwith his mother, with these winged words, he addressed.
"Mother mine, these arms indeed hath a god bestowed, such as it is beseeming
That the works of immortals should be; and which no mortal man could have accomplished;
Instantly then will I arm myself."———

CHAPMAN.

Thus, setting down, the precious metal of the arms was such,
That all the room rung with the weight of every slenderest touch.
Cold tremblings took the Myrmidons; none durst sustain, all fear'd
T'oppose their eyes; Achilles yet, as soon as they appear'd,
Stern anger enter'd. From his eyes, as if the dog-star rose,
A radiance terrifying men, did all the state enclose.
At length, he took into his hands the rich gift of the god;
And, much pleased to behold the art that in the shield was show'd,
He brake forth into this applause, &c.

POPE.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground,
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around.
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmoved, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eyeballs living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire;
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all the immortal artist had design'd.

COWPER.

So saying, she placed the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
Awe-struck, the Myrmidons all turn'd away
Their dazzled eyes, and, trembling, fled the place.
Not so Pelides. He no sooner saw
The gift divine, than in his heart he felt
Redoubled wrath; a splendour, as of fire,
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand
He held the glorious bounty of the god,
And wondering at those shapes of art divine, &c.

SOTHEBY.

She spake, and laid the arms his feet before,
And loud and long burst up the brazen roar.
Fear fell on all; none, none, though bold in fight,
Dared on the gift celestial fix his sight.
But when Achilles saw them, flaming ire
Flashed from his eyelids like a stream of fire.
Firmly he grasp'd them, and, with grim delight,
Felt, as he grasp'd, unconquerable might.

Chapman is grand, sir. The second line, though not perhaps exactly what you will see by and by, we think, the hidden meaning, is most expressive of the subtile sound sleeping and waking in the exquisite finish of the arms, and the effect produced by what then happened on the Myrmidons and on Achilles, put with prodigious power—and how finely! Pope's paraphrase is magnificent—always saving and excepting "living flames," especially when said sillily to be like "streams of fire." Cowper's version is close and compact, and bright as the celestial armour. Sotheby's is splendid as it should be—and the last two lines all that could be desired; but confound "flaming ire," like a "stream of fire."

What was the nature of the noise, think ye, heard by Homer, when "τα δ' ανεϐϱαχε δαιδαλα παντα." Pope says, "clang and ring;" Cowper, the "whole bright treasure rang;" Sotheby, "and loud and long burst up the brazen roar." Pope and Cowper do not commit themselves by conjecture of the imagination as to the nature of the noise, beyond the revelation of the text. Sotheby does; and, much as we admire him, as often a matchless translator, we here charge him with gross exaggeration. There was no roar at all—much less a long and loud one—and on that we lay our ears. The noise was not like that of thunder—though thunder sometimes clangs and clatters alarmingly, as if something celestial, or rather infernal, were shivered, while it did shiver—repercussively broken back by gnarled oak, tower "cased in the unfeeling armour of old time," or by the tinkling iron of a precipice. The noise was not like that of a cataract, though sometimes a "grand water-privilege," as the Americans say, through the rumbling hollowness of the howl intermingles a metallic music that seems to come clangorous from the cliffs. Neither was the noise like that of a bull in a china-shop, which the calmest auditor pronounces decisive of the downfall of the whole Celestial Empire. Nor was the noise like that of the overturning of a huge waggon-full of cast-iron bars on the crown of a Scotch causeway of granite-pits, such as endangered the limbs and lives of the natives of great cities before the age of Macadam—a resistless species of irony that drove the deafest dumb. But it was more like *that* than the long and loud bursting up brazen roar of Sotheby. Suppose, then, the sudden clash, clatter, and clang, of ever so many cymbals savagely shattered and shivered, as if smitten all at once together in the air by the cross currents of a brace of whirlwinds. The crash would be mighty, magnificent, miraculous, and it would be *musical;* for they were all attempered and attuned; and all the time the noise continued to endure, and that might not be inconsiderable, the earth would *dirl,* and the air would quake, but harmony, not discord, would be prevailing over us, even while we clapt our hands to our ears in fear and astonishment, absconded, swooned, or died. No other noise can we imagine so near in its essential nature to that of the armour of Achilles, as Thetis from her immortal hands let it fall at the feet of the Hero of Heroes. No wonder that the Myrmidons all took up a howling and fled, like wolves on a wild night that in herds howl to the moon bursting out of the clouds, and in hideous hubbub away to the woods. No wonder that the soul of Achilles was glad within him, even as the soul of the shepherd eyeing Homer's own favourite nocturnal sky, when first a few beautiful stars appear round the shining moon, and then, as the clouds dispart from below, is seen in ascension over the infinite altitude, all the bright magnificence of heaven.

"These are no work of man!" exclaims the hero—"they are the work of Vulcan, and worthy heaven. Now will I brace them on—but sore I fear lest worm-engendering flies, piercing through his wounds, disgrace the body of my Patroclus."—"Peace—peace, my son; fresh—fresher than ever here might it lie for a year!—But call all the heroes to council—renounce thy rage against the king—and then, girding thee in the glory of thy might, away—away to battle!" Then with shouts Pelides past along the strand, the roused chiefs all flocking around him—and all those, too, who used to tarry mid the fleet, and all who used to sit immovable at the helm—and all who ministered and doled the food—all once more to behold—Achilles. Then came Ulysses and Tydides, propt on their spears, and half-forgotten their wounds—and last to the council came the son of Atreus himself—the King. The reconciliation is complete—King and Prince lay the blame of the quarrel on Jove—and the cry of Achilles is for instant battle. Ulysses and Agamemnon both counsel rest and food, that so with all the strength of soul and body they may charge the Trojans. Atrides, too, is eager to swear by all the heavenly powers that Briseis is intact—and to lay all the promised treasures at the feet of his friend. The bearing of all is kingly—but Achilles is Achilles still, his own will is his sole law, and he is subject but to his passion.

NORTH.

Him the swift-footed Achilles answering, addressed,
Son of Atreus, most illustrious, King of men, Agamemnon,
Hereafter, indeed, ought you rather to busy yourself about such things
When some pause of war shall take place,
And martial ardour is not so great in my breast:
But now cut-in-pieces lie those, whom subdued
Hath Hector the son of Priam,—since to him hath Jupiter given renown:
Do you, however, urge on (the soldiers) to take refreshments: I, for my part, would verily,
Even now, exhort to the fight the sons of the Greeks
Fasting, unfed: but along with the sun's going down
To prepare a great supper, when we shall have revenged the affront.
Until then, may never down my throat pass
Or drink, or food,—while my friend lies dead,
Who, in my tent, by sharp brass mangled
Lies (with his feet) turned to the vestibule:* and around him his companions
Lament: in no respect, then, are these things (*food and drink*) a care to my mind,
But slaughter, and blood, and the agonizing groans of heroes.

The oath is sworn—and the gifts delivered—and Briseis, restored to the tent of her lawful lord, lovely as the light and the golden Venus, clasps Patroclus in her arms, and in an immortal lay of lamentation, celebrates the gentle virtues of the fallen hero. At the close of all the *feminei ululatus*, the chiefs again would press on him the proffered food—but Achilles cries, "vex me no more—misery drinks my blood—and nor food nor drink shall be mine till the close of day bring the end of battle."

NORTH.

Thus having said, one here, one there, the chiefs he dispersed;
But there remained the two sons of Atreus, and the illustrious Ulysses,
Nestor, and Idomeneus, and the aged charioteer Phœnix,
Trying-to-comfort him (while) sorrowing exceedingly: nor in his mind
Would he be comforted, until he had rushed into the mouth of bloody war;
Calling to mind (Patroclus), closely-pressing (groans) he heaved, and spoke,
"Aye-unhappy one, thou most beloved of friends, even thou for me
Wert, of thyself, wont to prepare a sweet banquet in the tent
Speedily and carefully, when the Greeks were hastening on
To carry much-weeping-causing war among the horse-subduing Trojans:

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* The way in which the dead were laid out.

But now mangled thou liest; and my heart
Fasting from drink and food—(though these are within)—
(*On account of*) my longing for thee,—for no greater evil could I endure,
No—not even were I to hear of my father's having been cut off,
Who perchance now drops a tender tear
For the bereavement of such a son: while I, among an alien people,
For the sake of Helen the abhorred, am fighting against the Trojans.
(*No—nor*) of his—who in Scyros is being reared—my son beloved—
If indeed he still lives—the god-looking Neoptolemus.
Erst indeed was my soul in my breast wont to hope,
That I only should die far from the horse-rearing Argos,
Here at Troy, but that thou shouldst return to Phthia,
That my son, in a swift-sailing dark ship,
From Scyros thou mightst conduct—and shew him every thing—
My possessions, and my female slaves, and my lofty-roofed spacious mansion.
For Peleus, methinks, is by this time indeed
Dead, or scarcely still alive is sorrowing
In hateful old age, and of me expecting always
Doleful tidings, that he shall hear of me as dead."
Thus spoke he weeping: the chiefs, too, groaned—
As each called to mind what he had left at home.

Meantime Jove, moved by compassion for Achilles, commands Minerva to go and instil ethereal substance into his heart. And then comes such a burst of Poetry as nowhere else is to be found out of Homer, except it be in Milton; for all the world has lifted up above all other Poems Paradise Lost and the Iliad.

NORTH.

Thus having spoken, he stirred up Minerva already anxious (to obey his commands:)
But she, like a harpy, with wide-extended wings, shrill-voiced,
From heaven darted down through the air; but the Greeks
Were then arming throughout the camp . in Achilles'
Breast nectar and pleasing ambrosia
She dropped, that painful hunger might not pervade his limbs.
She to the crowded mansion of her almighty father
Departed: while they from the swift-sailing ships were issuing.
As when dense snow-showers out-fly from Jove,
Cold from the impulse of the frosty-air-producing Boreas;
So dense then were the bright gleaming helmets
Borne from the ships,—and embossed shields,
And strong cuirasses, and ashen spears:
The lustre heavenward ascended, and the earth all around laughed
With the lightning of brass: and a hollow sound started up from under the trampling
Of heroes: in the midst was armed the godlike Achilles,
Grinding his teeth, and whose eyes
Rolled glowing like a flash of fire, into whose heart
Entered intolerable pain: raving against the Trojans,
He donned the gifts divine which the artist Vulcan had made for him.
First around his thighs he placed the cuishes
Beautifully formed, and fixed with silver clasps.
Next the cuirass on his chest he placed.
Then around his shoulders he threw (the baldric of) his sword studded with silver knobs
And brass: and then his shield, large and broad,
He took, whose refulgence spread far and wide like that of the moon.
As when from the sea, there shines to mariners a beam
Of flaming fire, which blazes aloft from the mountains,
In a shepherd's solitude: them reluctant, the tempests
Bear away far from their friends over the fishy sea:
In like manner the gleam mounted heavenward from Achilles' shield
Beautiful, Dædalean. His mighty helmet uplifting
On his head he placed; like a star, shone
The horse-hair-crested helmet: there waved around him the hair
Of gold, with which in great abundance Vulcan had surrounded the crest.

The godlike Achilles essayed himself in his armour,
Whether it might fit him, and if his fair limbs should move easily:
To him it was like wings, and buoyed up the Shepherd of the people.
From the sheath his paternal spear he drew,
Ponderous, huge, strong: which none other of the Greeks was able
To brandish, and which Achilles alone knew how to rear,
—That ashen spear of Peleus which Chiron had hewed for his father
From the summit of Pelion,—to be death to heroes!

CHAPMAN.

——— This spurre he added to the free,
And like a harpye (with a voice that shrickes so dreadfully,
And feathers that like needles prickt) she stoopt through all the starres
Amongst the Grecians; all whose tents were now fill'd for the warres.
Her seres strooke through Achilles' tent; and closely she instill'd
Heaven's most-to-be-desired feast, to his great breast; and fill'd
His sinewes with that sweete supply, for feare vnsauorie fast
Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe the skies againe enchac't.
The host set forth, and pour'd his steele waues farre out of the fleete;
And as from aire the frostie northwind blows a colde thicke sleete
That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending;
So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts, and round shields neuer ending,
Flow'd from the nauie's hollow wombe; their splendors gaue Heauen's eye
His beames againe; Earth laught to see her face so like the skie;
Armes shined so hote, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast;
She thunder'd—feet of men and horse importuned her so fast.
In midst of all, diuine Achilles his faire person arm'd;
His teeth gnasht as he stood—his eyes so full of fire, they warm'd;
Vnsuffer'd griefe and anger at the Troians so combined;
His greaues first vsde, his goodly curets on his bosome shined;
His sword, his shield, that cast a brightnesse from it like the moone.
And as from sea sailers discerne a harmfull fire, let runne
By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies vp in wrastling flame,
Which being on hils, is seene farre off; but being alone, none came
To giue it quench, at shore no neighbors, and at sea their friends
Driuen off with tempests: such a fire from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance, and in heauen imprest his feruent blaze.
His crested helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place
On his curl'd head; and like a starre, it cast a spurrie ray,
About which a bright thicken'd bush of golden haire did play,
Which Vulcan forged him for his plume. Thus compleate arm'd, he tride
How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide
Their braue instruction; and so farre they were from hindering it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit,
That from the earth the princely captaine they took vp to aire.
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's speare,
Huge, weightie, firme, that not a Greeke but he himselfe alone
Knew how to shake. It grew vpon the mountaine Pelion,
From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his sire; and fatall 'twas
To great-soul'd men. — — — —

POPE.

He spoke; and sudden at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending goddess from above.
So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight addrest,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glittering breastplates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the center as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forged on the eternal anvils of the god.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
His glowing eyeballs roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs enfold:
Then o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste a light appears,
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next his high head the helmet graced; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war:
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

COWPER.

——— He urged Minerva prompt before.
In form a shrill-voiced harpy of broad wing
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet
All pour'd themselves abroad. As when the snow,
Descending thick from Jove, is driv'n by gusts
Of the clear-blowing North, so smil'd the field
With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong,
And polish'd weapons issuing from the fleet.
Upwent the flash to Heav'n; wide all around
The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,
And tramplings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, while he put on
His glorious arms, the labour of a God.

First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright
Brac'd to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon—
Such as to mariners a fire appears,
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep—
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A lustre struck the skies; his pond'rous helm
He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art.
So clad, the godlike hero trial made
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs; they buoyant prov'd
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
Forth from its case he drew his father's spear,
Heavy, and huge, and long. That spear, of all
Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield;
Achilles only could the Pelian beam
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.

SOTHEBY.

Each word Jove spake inflamed Minerva's mind,
By previous zeal to Grecia's aid inclined—
Like a shrill harpy, stretch'd on wing for flight,
The goddess darted through th' ethereal light.
Greece stood in arms, when Jove's celestial maid
With willing zeal her sire's command obey'd,
And, lest their chief should fail beneath the strife,
Pour'd in his breast the nectar, stored with life;
Then to Jove's starry realm return'd again,
While from the fleet Greece gather'd on the plain.
As flakes on flakes, thick falling, nature veil,
When the clear north-wind arms with ice the gale,
Thus dense, the dazzling helms, the hauberks blazed,
Boss'd shields, and lances to the sun upraised:
The flash beam'd up to heaven's illumined height,
And all the earth resplendent laugh'd in light,
And the wide plain with march of myriads reel'd,
While grim Pelides arm'd him for the field—
His teeth loud gnash'd, and through intense desire
Stream'd from his eyes, like flame, the living fire,—
Grief gnaw'd his soul, that mad for vengeance glow'd,
While on his limbs he clasp'd the armour of the god.—
First round his legs the greaves Achilles braced,
With radiant clasps of silver ore enchased:
Then on his breadth of breast the hauberk hung,
Then his huge sword athwart his shoulders swung:
Last, seized the bulk and burden of his shield,
That like the full-orb'd moon illumed afar the field—
As when along the ocean streams a light,
Fed by lone shepherds on the mountain height,
Beheld of those, who cleave, where tempests sweep,
Far from their friends, unwillingly the deep:
Thus from that beauteous shield's celestial frame,
Shot up to heaven's high vault its dazzling flame.
Then, raising up its weight, Achilles placed
On his brave brow the casque by Vulcan graced.
The bushy helmet like a beauteous star
Shone, and a light around it stream'd afar,
That from the fulness of the golden hair
Waved, floating o'er the crest, and fired the air.

Then Peleus' glorying son his arms essay'd,
If fit, and free for battle-action made:
And as he tried them, moving in his might,
They lifted up his limbs, like wings on flight.
Then from the case, wherein its terror lay,
The chief brought forth his father's lance to-day,
Vast, weighty, strong, which, never warrior, none
Could vibrate, save the Achillean arm alone;
The Pelian lance, the ash that Chiron gave,
From Pelion's summit hewn to slay the brave.

Let us try the Four great Translators by their respective success in grappling with, perhaps, the most glorious passage in all poetry. What sees Homer? The Grecians issuing from the ships. How? "As when dense snow-showers outfly from Jove." Such their number, and such the motion of their number—dense, driving, and multitudinous. Such were they, and such were the snow-showers. But they were more than dense, driving, and multitudinous, which the snow-showers were not, for they were gleaming helmets, and embossed shields, and strong cuirasses, and ashen spears. Something very different from snow-showers even when "they outfly from Jove, cold from the impulse of the frosty-air-producing Boreas." The snow-showers, then, have done their duty, and are gone; but "the lustre heavenward ascended, and the earth all around laughed with the lightning of brass." That is an image, not of the snow, but of the sun; no, not of the sun, but of the sunlike earth laughing in brazen light, somewhat like the appearance Milton afterwards saw it assume, when "the field all iron cast a gleamy brown." Hitherto we have the dense, the driving, the multitudinous, the heaven-ascending-lustrous, and the earth-laughing-brazen-lightning. What more would ye have? Thunder. Hark! there it is! "a hollow sound started up from under the trampling of heroes." Of heroes? Aye, and in the midst of them—Achilles! grinding his teeth, with eyes that rolled glowing like a flash of fire—raving against the Trojans—"arming for battle." He dons the gifts divine, which the artist Vulcan had made for him, and Thetis had brought, flinging them down before his feet, while the clash scared the heroes.

Well, stop here—draw your breath—and criticise Chapman. He gives the snow-storm—for it was nothing less—as a snow-storm should be given, and eke its counterpart.

"And as from air the frosty north-wind blows a cold thick sleet,
That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending,
So thick helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields never-ending,
Flow'd from the navy's hollow womb."

Admirable! Then comes the lightning and then the thunder, and then, "in midst of all, divine Achilles." Now, we call this Homeric.

Look on Achilles "arming for battle"—armed. His act is now to lift up his shield. Like what? "Its refulgence spread far and wide like the moon." Like what else? "A fire blazing aloft from the mountains in a shepherd's solitude to mariners far at sea." Even so, if you believe Homer, "the gleam mounted heavenward from Achilles' shield, beautiful, Dædalean!" The shield is like the moon, and it is also like a mountain-fire. Like what his helmet? "His mighty helmet uplifting on his head he placed—like a star. Like a star shone the horse-hair-crested helmet; for there waved around him the hair with which, in great profusion, Vulcan had surmounted the crest."

How then shines moon, mountain-fire, and star in an English sky? Chapman says, "His shield, that cast a brightness from it like the moon." Good. "Such a fire from his bright shield extends *its ominous radiance*." Better. "His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place on his curled head; and like a star, it cast a spurry ray, about which a bright thicken'd bush of golden hair did play, which Vulcan forged him for his plume." Best. But good, better, and best, are yet all inferior to Homer.

Thus armed for battle, how acts Achilles? Rushes he in among the routed ranks?—" The godlike Achilles essayed himself in his armour, whether it might fit him, and if his fair limbs should move easily; to him it was like wings, and they buoyed up the shepherd of the people."

How does Chapman here manage the grace and the grandeur? Indifferently well, my lord; but the last line is noble.—" That from the earth the princely captain they took up to air."

But Achilles unsheathed his paternal spear—and Chapman saw him do so—even as Homer, and " fatal 'twas to great-soul'd men"—" death to heroes."

Thou and we, gentle reader, and Chapman, are all full of the spirit of Homer. Pray, was Pope? Not he, indeed;—the second line of the first simile shews he was shallow—" And like a deluge poured upon the plain." A deluge! with a snow-storm at the instant driving in his eyes. This is murder in cold blood, and deserves death. " And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow." No—no—no. That gives the idea of snow-drifts. In Homer, the heroes are flakes—as we have seen—dense, driving, multitudinous, as they outfly from Jove. " From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies." Fleecy winter! How like a sheep. " Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies." Nothing to the purpose. But cease criticism; nor squander it in vain on such misery. All appearance of the original is lost; and in its place nothing but contradiction and inconsistency, inconceivable by the imagination, and impossible in nature. Then, what wretched writing?—" Poured upon the plain,"—"scatter o'er the fields,"—"whitens all the skies,"—" brighten all the fields,"—" flame the skies,"—and " laugh the fields," all huddled and hubbubbed together into one chaotic sentence.

And how could a great poet, like Pope, write so poorly thus? Because he lived in a town—in a village—in a grotto—in a brown study—and never was in a snow-storm in his life—except perhaps in a close carriage. But Homer had been in the heart of a thousand, on the sea-shore and on the mountain tops. So have we.

Having got the snow out of his eyes, Pope beholds Achilles, and he becomes himself again—though not Homer—in describing the hero. All goes on well, till the moon rises, and then he again loses his eyesight. The moon does not " blaze with long rays," Homer says, " the refulgence of the shield spread far and wide, like that of the moon." So it did. The lines that follow about the lonely watch-tower are beautiful; but nobody, in reading them by themselves, could think they were from the Iliad. It fares still worse with the star. It makes one sick to look at it. 'Tis a patchwork star—and we see in it a bit of a comet. " The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes," is little short of ludicrous—and " feels a pinion lifting every limb," excessively pretty. Yet, false and feeble as is the whole passage, and laden with all kinds of vices, splendid and mean, we must lay our account with being abused for abusing it, and with being asked, " could you, Christopher, write a better?"—a question which, as Dr Johnson suggested, might be triumphantly put to the greatest of kings on the subject of shoes, by the most contemptible of cobblers.

It is seldom we have to find fault with Cowper—but he should not have said, " So smiled the fields." It destroys the picture. " The champaign laughed with beaming brass illumed," is Homeric and Miltonic. But it would seem as if the fields first smiled and then laughed—a conceit alien from the manner of Melesigenes. " Up went the flash to heaven," is glorious; but, " and tramplings of the warriors on all sides resounded," is surely rather weak beside our " and a hollow sound started up from under the trampling of heroes." " Luminous as the moon," is fine—so is the " distant top of some lone hill";—so is " shook its curling crest of bushy gold"—and so, especially so, is " they buoyant proved as wings, and high upbore his airy tread." It almost transcends Homer.

Sotheby is almost on the same level with Cowper. He commits the same error (as we think) in directing our eyes to the " blaze of the hauberks," and " of the lances to the sun upraised," when he should have had his own (like Homer's) fixed—

if not exclusively—(that was impossible) chiefly on the density and driving of the snow-shower. Be that as it may, asssuredly "as flakes on flakes, thick-falling, nature veil," is as tame as tame can be, whereas the line ought to have been as wild as wild might be; as it is in Homer. "Nature" is here used in a sense unknown to the Ionian. "All the earth resplendent laughed with light," is admirable. "And the wide plain with march of myriads reel'd," is too good to be objected to, though not quite true to the original, as you may see by glancing again over our prose. "Streamed from his eyes *like flame* the *living fire*," is not to our taste. Fire is like flame, unquestionably; so very like, that we should not think of saying so—unless put to it for a similitude. "While on his limbs he clasped the armour of the god," is sonorous, simple, and stately, and well prepares us for the details of the Arming—all of which are given with great power and truth. Nothing can excel the grace and grandeur that Sotheby has given to the star-crested helmet. He is also very successful in Achilles essaying himself in his new arms. "They lifted up his limbs like wings on flight,"—how superior in its simplicity that line to Pope's—"And feels a pinion lifting every limb."

"Then from the case, wherein *its terror* lay,
The chief *brought forth* his father's lance *to-day*,"

we cannot away with, as say the Cocknies. We prefer our own, "from the sheath his paternal lance he drew." "Brought forth" sounds slow and sluggish; and "to-day" seems to be used for "that instant"—which is new to us in the northern part of the island. But the whole sentence is unsatisfactory in its clumsiness, running thus: "Then Achilles brought forth his father's lance to-day, from the case wherein lay its terror," so Sotheby. "From the sheath his paternal spear he drew," so North. Εκ δ' αρα συριγγος πατρωϊον εσπασατ' εγχος, so Homer. "The ash that Chiron gave." To whom? Peleus. It would seem here to Achilles. These, and other flaws, or rather specks that might be mentioned, are slight—and, if wiped off, Sotheby's version would, we verily believe, be the best of the four.

But Achilles has not yet mounted to the meridian—not yet complete is the climax. Automedon and Alcimus have prepared the car and the coursers—and armed complete Achilles ascends, "as the orient sun all dazzling."

There he stands—and to whom does he speak? To Xanthus and Balius, of Padarge's strain, about to bear him like a whirlwind "against the bosom of the Prince of Troy." "Abandon not me—your master now—in battle, as you abandoned Patroclus." Low hanging his head, and sweeping with his mane the ground, Xanthus, paragon of steeds, made vocal by Juno, replies—"This day we shall bear thee, stormy chief, safe from the battle! But thy death-day is near, not by fault of ours, but by Jove and fate. Not through our slowness or sloth did the Trojans strip Patroclus of his arms; but He, of heavenly powers the most illustrious, offspring of the bright-haired Latona, slew him in the van, and gave the glory to Hector. Swiftest though he be of all the Winds, we Zephyrus could equal in speed of flight—but doomed art thou to fall, Achilles! by mortal and by immortal hands."

"Then ceased for ever, by the Furies tied
His fateful voice—the intrepid Chief replied,
With unabated rage—'So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate; to die—to see no more
My much-loved parents and my native shore—
Enough; when heaven ordains I sink in night—
Now perish Troy!' He said, and rush'd to fight."

These lines, you know, are Pope's, which we almost agree with Beattie in thinking "equal, if not superior, to the original." They are wonderfully full of force and fire.

That Xanthus, a horse, should have not only spoken so well, but at all, has set all the wide-mouthed critics agape, who, on recovering their own powers of articulate utterance, have argued that it is very unnatural. In answer to them, Spondanus and Dacier, says Pope, "fail not to bring up Balaam's ass," which is far case in point. Livy makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the speech of one, which was "*Roma, cave tibi*;" and Pliny tells us, that these animals were particularly gifted that way—"Est frequens in prodigiis priscorum, bovem locutum." In modern times we ourselves know a stot that has spoken, and Leibnitz heard a dog soliloquize, somewhat after the style of Coleridge or Madame de Staël, we think at Amsterdam. Bronte could do every thing but speak—and therefore we acquit Homer of any unphilosophical credulity in believing that Xanthus was a powerful extemporaneous orator, and, like a Fox, shone in a reply.

Farther, is there any thing absurd, think ye, in Achilles upbraiding his horses for having left the body of Patroclus? We may be assured, says Cowper, that it was customary for the Greeks occasionally to harangue their horses, for Homer was a poet too attentive to nature to introduce speeches that would have appeared strange to his countrymen. Hector addresses his horses in the eighth book—and Antilochus, in the chariot race, whose horses were not only of terrestrial origin, but the slowest in the camp of Greece. That Achilles, then, should have spoken to his steeds, is not surprising, seeing that they were of celestial seed.

Farther, there is no saying what a man will say or do, when in a state of extraordinary excitement—in a tremendous passion. He will even, in certain circumstances, "sing psalms to a dead horse." Achilles then stands acquitted of all folly—and his address was right. That being the case, on what principle of feeling, passion, discipline, or manners, were his horses to preserve silence, on such an appeal? Silence would have shewn sulkiness—and sulkiness a cross in the breed—a taint in the blood—but they were twin-cast by Podarge, the famous Harpy mare, their Sire the Wind. Xanthus, therefore, "rose to reply," without waiting to "catch the speaker's eye;" he became "the gentleman on his legs;"—without "asking permission" "he explained;"—"our gallant friend—if he will allow to us to call him so," has unjustly accused us of forsaking Patroclus;—and that the defence of Xanthus was most triumphant, the whole Greek army testified by a "Hear! hear! hear!" that startled Neptune, Juno, and Jupiter on their Thrones.

Xanthus—and Balius too—was not only one of the most eloquent, but most amiable of horses. What were their feelings on the death of Patroclus?

"Meantime the horses of Eacides,
From fight withdrawn, *when once they understood*
Their charioteer outstretch'd in dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, *wept*."

"It adds a great beauty," says Eustathius, "to the poem, when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at Jupiter's nod, the sea parts itself to receive Neptune, the groves of Ida shake beneath Juno's feet. As also to find animate or brute creatures addressed as if rational. Here they weep for Patroclus, and stand fixed and immoveable with grief—then is the hero universally mourn'd, and every thing concurs to lament his loss." As to the particular fiction of weeping (no fiction at all) Gilbert Wakefield rightly says, that it is countenanced both by scholiasts and historians. Aristotle and Pliny write that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battle, and even shed tears for them—and Elian relates the same of elephants, who, like the Swiss, overcome with the *maladie du pays*, weep in far-off captivity to think of their native forests. Suetonius, in the Life of Cæsar, tells us that several horses which, at the passage of the Rubicon, had been consecrated to Mars, and turned loose on the banks, were observed for some days after to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. Virgil knew all this—and could not, therefore, forbear copying this beautiful circumstance in these fine lines on the Horse of Pallas:

"Post Bellator equus, positis insignibus Æthon
It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.

And Southey knew all this well—when he praised those pathetic lines in the old ballad—at which cold critics could not choose but laugh—speaking of a wretched worn-out drudge-mare dying by the ditch side—"tears were in her eyes—she looked me in the face"—And Scott knew all this well—when he speaks of horses *shrieking* as well as weeping—and Bloomfield knew all this well, else he could not have written his full and particular account of the miseries of the Post-chaise hack—and the author of the "High-mettled racer" knew all this well—though he does not mention it—else he could not have written that elegiac song—and Mr Martin, the Member for Galway, knew all this well, else he had not lugged up so many miscreants to Bow Street, for unmercifully abusing their cattle—and we know all this well, and much more, else had we not now into this episode run off the course of our Critique. Let all merciful men, then, be merciful to their beasts—horses and dogs—"and the rest;" but let all men remember, that muscle and motion, speed and strength, bone and bottom, are the characteristic peculiarities of the "noblest of animals," and that the horse is in his glory when in the fulness of his might he is running for the gold cup at Derby, or the brown brush at Melton Moubray, or crying among his enemies, Ha! Ha! in a charge on the cuirassiers at Waterloo.

But look at the horses of Achilles in Homer, when Patroclus dies. What a picture!

"Them oft with hasty lash Diores' son,
Automedon, assailed; with gentle speech
Address'd them oft; oft threaten'd them aloud;
But neither homeward, to the ships that lined
The sounding shore, nor to the Grecian host
Would they return, *but motionless alike*
Stand both, as stands the column of a tomb,
Some Chief's or Matron's; bowing down their heads,
They ceased not to deplore, with many a tear,
Whom they had lost, and each his glossy mane,
Dishevelled now, polluted in the dust."

And would ye have such horses—*not to speak*, when upbraided by Achilles for having forsaken that Patroclus, for whom they had thus wept and mourned?

What would all such people be at? Is not the whole Iliad, in conception and execution, full of *speciosa miracula*? In reading it, we can believe any thing, for we feel that all those fictions are truths. All those bold and bright beliefs burst in upon us—not through chinks—but the wide-flung open windows of our souls—and we know that this world of ours and this life, now so tame and terrorless, so chilled by civilization, was once glorious in what we vainly call barbarism—and that it is yet "mightier than it seems," in the eyes and ears of all who have had their spiritual senses purged, and vivified, and invigorated, by the divine power of Song.

But we fear that we are getting not a little extravagant—so let us calm our enthusiasm by a passage on this passage, from that beautiful Essay on Poetry and Music by Beattie, the best critic (the present company excepted) that has yet been produced by Scotland.

"The incident is marvellous, no doubt, and has been generally condemned even by the admirers of Homer; yet to me, who am no believer in the infallibility of the great poet, [We are. C. N.] seems not only allowable, but useful and important. That this miracle has probability enough to warrant its admission into Homer's poetry, is fully proved by—— [In Beattie it is "Madame Dacier;" but "oh no! we never mention her."] But neither —— nor any other of the commentators, (so far as I know,) has taken notice of the propriety of introducing it in this place, nor of its utility in raising our idea of the hero. Patroclus was now slain; and Achilles, forgetting the injury he had received from Agamemnon, and frantic with revenge and sorrow, was rushing to the battle, to satiate his fury upon Hector and the Trojans. This was the critical moment on which his future destiny depended. It was still in his power to retire, and to go home in peace to his beloved father and native land, with the certain prospect of a long and happy, though inglorious life; if he went forward to the battle, he might avenge his friend's death upon the enemy, but his own must inevitably happen soon after. This was the decree of fate concerning him, as he well knew; but it would not be wonderful if such an impetuous spirit should forget all this, during the present paroxysm of his grief and rage. His horse, therefore, miraculously gifted by Juno for that purpose, after expressing in dumb shew the deepest concern for his lord, opens his mouth, and in human speech announces his approaching fate. The fear of death, and the fear of prodigies, are different things; and a brave man, though proof against the one, may yet be overcome by the other. 'I have known a soldier,' says Addison, 'that has entered a trench, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon.' But Achilles, of whom we already knew that he feared nothing human, now shews, what we had not as yet been informed of, and what must therefore heighten our idea of his fortitude, that he is not so terrified or moved, by the view of certain destruction, or even by the most alarming prodigies."

Now that we call criticism; nor does it derogate from Beattie's merit that he shares it with Pope, whose version, so justly praised by the Minstrel, suggested the fine and profound remark. In the original, we hear a prodigy; but Homer does not call it one; it is Pope who, feeling the power of the inspiration, flings forth exultingly that fearless defiance from the mouth of Achilles, "portents and prodigies are lost on me"—and here Homer has found an empassioned translator and a congenial critic.

Finally, that greatest of philosophical writers, Aristotle, in his Poetic, says that it is from Homer principally that other poets have learned the art of *feigning well*. The poet should prefer *impossibilities* which *appear probable*, to such things as, *though possible*, appear *improbable*. He profoundly observes, " that *supposing* a thing to be, it would certainly be followed by such effects—if we see those *effects*, we are disposed to infer the existence of that *cause*." And thus in poetry and all fiction, " this," says Twining, " is the *logic* of that temporary imposition on which depends our pleasure. Every thing follows so naturally, and even, as it seems, so necessarily, that the probability and truth of nature, in the *consequences*, steals, in a manner, from our view, even in the *impossibility* of the *cause*, and flings an air of truth over the whole. With respect to *fact*, indeed, it is all equally ψεῦδος; for if the cause exist not, neither can the *effects*. But the *consequent lies* are so told, as to impose on us, for a moment, the belief of the *antecedent*, or *fundamental lie*"—in this case the speech of a horse made vocal. Twining goes on to say, that of this art, almost all the *speciosa miracula* of Homer are instances —and even the wilder and more absurd miracles of Ariosto, whose poem is indeed a striking example of the most improbable, and in themselves revolting *lies*, to which, however, every poetical reader willingly throws open his imagination, principally from the easy charm of his language and versification, and the remarkable distinctness of his painting, but partly, too, from the truth of *nature*, which he has contrived to fling into the detail of his description. And he ends with pointing to the Caliban of Shakspeare.

Last of all, so enveloped in ominous glory is Achilles in that divine armour, on his chariot yoked to heaven-sprung steeds, " like the orient sun all dazzling;" and such the superhuman power of passion by which, heaven-inspired, he is possessed, that he is already before our imagination a prodigious being—and nothing he can say or do, and nothing he can cause be said or done—" all might being given him in that dreadful hour"—can surprise or astonish our belief, or even seem at the moment to be against the laws of nature, that bend and break before his will, and bring, like his ministering servants, fuel to the fire, that at once consumes and sublimes the transcendant hero.

But on reluctantly leaving this subject, let us once for all, dismissing all enthusiasm, either poetical or religious, be allowed to remark, that miraculous as it may be for a Hellenic horse, when about to gallop to the field of battle under the walls of Troy, to speak in answer to Achilles, it is not more so than for an English Mare, within the walls of the Caledonian chapel, to address in the following lingo, without having been spoken to, the Rev. Mr Irving—" *O* *metention, a honos kolo, O do nomas kahelion, O mana terdeos kalion!—Coartoma ruramur pooah chambela mentara tsaw!"*

And now that Achilles has taken the field, not idle must be the gods. And Jupiter commissions Themis to call the heavenly powers to council. "Why are we summoned?" asks Neptune; and Jove replies—

"Myself shall, on Olympus' top reclined,
Well pleased, survey them; but let all beside,
Descending to the field, then join and aid
As each shall choose, the Trojans or the Greeks;
For should Achilles, though alone, assail
The unassisted Trojans, he would drive
At once to flight their whole collected power.
His looks appall'd them ever, and I fear,
Lest, frantic for his loss, he even pass
The bounds of Fate, and desolate the town."

Juno, Pallas, the sovereign lord of Ocean, Hermes, and Vulcan, "rolling on all sides his eyes, but on limping feet and legs unequal," seek the fleet; Mars, and Phœbus never-shorn, and Diana shaft-armed, and Xanthus, (so called in heaven, on earth Scamander,) Latona, and the Queen of Smiles, repair to the Trojans, and all because of Achilles. The knees of all the Trojans shook as they beheld him in the field again, till Pallas from the trench beyond the wall, and Mars from the lofty tower of Ilium, shouted to each other, and then both armies burned for battle. Meanwhile Jove thundered—Neptune shook the earth and the high mountains—and upstarted from his throne appalled the King of Erebus, and all because of—Achilles.

He has no eyes but for Hector. But Phœbus Apollo incites Æneas to engage him—the son he of Venus, daughter of Jove,—Achilles, but of the daughter of the deep. But Apollo forgot that Achilles had been the son of Jove himself, had not the Thunderer paused in pursuit of Thetis, at the prophetic warning that the son of Thetis would be greater than his sire. Æneas fight Achilles! Whew!

"Thee have I chaced already with my spear;
Canst thou forget that, finding thee of late
Alone on Ida, with such hasty flight
I drove thee down, that, all thy cattle left,
Thou never dared'st once look me in the face
Till thou hadst reached Lyrnessus, with whose spoils
Enrich'd by Jove and Pallas, I return'd,
And led their women captive? Thee, indeed, the gods
Preserved, but will not, as thou dream'st,
Now also. BACK INTO THY HOST—
HENCE, I COMMAND THEE, nor oppose in fight
Achilles."

Æneas makes a long speech and a shortish battle; and then Neptune, lifting him high from the ground, "heaved him far remote." "Fight on, my friends," cried Achilles,

"With hands, with feet, with spirit, and with might,
All that I can I will; right through I go,
And not a Trojan who shall chance within
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice."

Lo! Hector fronts the Destroyer! But Phœbus is at hand to admonish him, and he retires into the thick of the fight. Defrauded of him, Achilles slays and insults Iphition—and down with Demoleon. Miserably through Polydorus he splits his spear, and Hector again leaps out from the mêlée. Apollo snatches him away, wrapped round with thickest gloom, and,

"Thrice swift Achilles sprang to the assault,
Impetuous, thrice the pallid cloud he smote,
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act,
And terrible in utterance, thus exclaimed,
'Dog, thou art safe, and hast escaped again!'"

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops—turned on huge Demuchus, and piercing him with his spear, slew him with his sword. Laogonus and Dardanus then dismounting, the one he killed with his spear, "the other with his falchion at a blow." Then through ear to ear he thrusts the pointed brass through the occiput of Mulius, and drives his huge-hafted blade through the forehead of Echechlus, son of Agenor. But not till he had slaughtered Alastor, smiting the stripling through the side. Away, at one blow, went the head and casque of Deucalion. Rhigmus he put to death, pierced through the loins, with the beam fixed in his bowels; and right through the spine he struck Areithoüs the flying charioteer, and then thus scented the battle-field:—

COWPER.

As a devouring fire within the glens
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
So, on all sides, tremendous as a God,
Achilles drove the death-devoted host
Of Ilium, and the champaign ran with blood.
As when the peasant his yok'd steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With wond'rous hoofs soon triturate the grain,
So bearing terrible Achilles on,
His coursers stamp'd together, as they pass'd
The bodies and the bucklers of the slain;
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defil'd with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

And now, having separated the Trojans, he drives one part of them to the city, and the other into the Scamander, all whose sounding course is glutted with the mangled throng of horses and warriors. Leaning his spear against a tamarisk tree, sword-in-hand he plunges into the river, now redder and redder, hewing them to pieces, while the terrified Trojans secrete themselves, like the smaller fishes, in the creeks and secret hollows of a haven, flying the pursuit of some huge dolphin. Wearied at length with slaughter, he selects twelve death-doomed youths, in vengeance "for his loved Patroclus slain," and driving them forth from the river stupified like fawns, and manacling their hands fast behind them with their own lance-strings, gives them in charge to his Myrmidons to keep for the sacrifice. Suddenly he sees Lycaon, one of the sons of Priam, whom he had surprised in the fields by night, and sent in a ship to Lesbos. "Ha, ye gods! a miracle! Talk not to me of ransoms." Then slaying him, he spins him into the flood for food to fishes, who shall find "Lycaon's pampered flesh, delicious fare!" Asteropæus grazes his hand with a spear, but dies.

"Lie there! The mightiest who from rivers spring,
Quell not with ease the mightier sons of Jove.
Thou thy descent from Axius made thy boast,
But Jove himself I boast the source of mine."

Then sent he to the shades the souls of Thersilochus, and Mydon, and Thrasius, and Astypylus, and Ophelestes, and Ænius, and Mnesus—nor had these sufficed, but in semblance of a man stood before him the incensed river, Xanthus himself, the Scamander, and they too after angry parle, engage in combat.

Would we could quote the combat! Achilles prevails, and Scamander calls upon Simois.

"Thy channel fill with streams
From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;
Lift high the waters; mingle the hard stones
With uproar wild; that the enormous force
Of this man, now triumphant, and who aims
To match the gods in might, may be subdued.
But vain shall be his strength! his beauty nought
Shall profit him, or his resplendent arms;
But I will bury him in slime and ooze,
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,
Sands heaping o'er him, and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
For ever, in my bottom deep-immersed.
There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
At his last rites, his friends shall need for him."

But, at Juno's voice, comes Vulcan, burning up the dead, willows, tamerisks, elms, lotus, rushes, reeds, and "all plants and herbs that clothed profuse the margin of the flood," and Xanthus' self is in dread of extinction. "I yield to thy consuming fires—cease—cease—I reck not if Achilles drive her citizens this moment forth from Troy." "So spake he scorched, and all his waters boiled." And now all the gods and goddesses engage in conflict,

> "While the boundless earth
> Quaked under them, and all around the Heavens
> Sang them together with a trumpet's voice;
> Jove listening on the Olympian mountain sat,
> Well pleas'd, and laughing in his heart for joy."

Another time, perhaps, we may poetize and philosophize after our own fashion upon this wonderful Twenty-first Book of the Iliad—the Combat of the Celestials. But again,

> "Like a glory from afar,
> Like a reappearing star,
> First to head the flock of war,'

Achilles! Say with Homer—as when the columned smoke reaches the wide sky, ascending from some city god-fired in vengeance, "toil to all, to many misery." Priam beholds from a sacred tower the giant driving the army, and mournful cries,

> "Hold wide the portals till the flying host
> Re-enter—for Achilles is at hand,
> And hunts the people home. Now—wo to Troy!
> But soon as safe within the city-walls
> They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
> At once, lest that destroyer too rush in."

Shooting back the bars, then wide open flung they the city-gates, and the opening was salvation—while Apollo sallied to strike back ruin. Right towards the city and the lofty wall flew the whole host, "parched with drought, and whitened all with dust," while Achilles, spear in hand, "on their shoulders rode," for rabid was his heart, and he raged in the lust of glory. Then, but for Agenor, by Apollo roused to face that fury, and by Apollo saved from death, had fallen haughty Ilium. But Phœbus, from the chase of Ilium's host, by art has seduced Achilles away in far pursuit of the semblance of Antenor's son.

NORTH.

Meanwhile the other Trojans through-terror-fleeing came in a body
Eagerly to the city; but the city was-being-filled with those who had rushed towards (it.)
Nor truly durst they (while) beyond the city and the wall
Remain there for one another, and to ascertain who might have escaped
And who had died in the fight: but eagerly crowded they
Into the city, (each) whomsoever his feet and his knees had saved.

CHAPMAN.

In mean time, the other frighted powers
Came to the city, comforted, when Troy and all her towers
Strootted with fillers; none would stand, to see who staid without,
Who scaped and who came short; the ports cleft to receive the rout,
That poured itself in. Every man was for himself; most fleet
Most fortunate; who ever 'scap't—*his head might thank his feet.*

POPE.

While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy;
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask or tell
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confused, and mixed affright.
Pale Troy against Achilles shut her gate,
And nations breathed, delivered from their fate.

COWPER.

The Trojan host
Meantime, impatient to regain the town,
Tumultuous fled, and entering, closed the gates.
None halted to descry, without the walls
Who yet survived, or had in battle fall'n;

But all, whom flight had saved, with eager haste
Pour'd through the pass, and crowded into Troy.

SOTHEBY.

Meantime the rest,
Crowd urging crowd, through Troy's throng'd portals prest;
None paused to ask who 'scaped, or swelled the slain,
But all, whoe'er had strength, in fearful joy
Rushed like a flood, once more to breathe in Troy."

Homer means merely to give the liveliest picture of rout, confusion, and fear; and of fear—the blind and utter selfishness. All alike regardless of each other, and, for the time, cowards all, into the town they rush *helter-skelter, pell-mell.* He had no thought of making the picture a grand one; and though the words are strong as strong can be, and go hurrying and staggering along, there is no magniloquence. Chapman saw and felt this; and in his heart arose such scorn and contempt for the fugitives, that he gave expression to the bitterness, and closes purposely with a line almost ludicrous. We cannot find much fault with him for doing so; though we suspect he supposed—mistakenly—that something of the same sort was intended by Homer in "ὅν τ[illegible] τῶν γε πόδες καὶ γοῦνα σάωσαν." He seems to have thought these words almost equivalent with "as fast as their legs could carry them." And if Homer had said so, we really should not have objected to it. "The ports cleft to receive the rout that poured itself in," is a picturesque and powerful paraphrase, and it is Homeric.

The first four lines of Pope are admirable. The next two are in themselves good, but they are unnecessary, and had been better away—all but the "sudden joy confused," which is, though free, yet not an untrue version of "ἀσπασίως." The last two lines are exceedingly sonorous, and mighty magnificent, no doubt, but they are needless supernumeraries, and, especially the concluding one, unlike Homer's usual style, and most alien from the spirit of this particular passage, and that nobody can deny.

Neither is Cowper's version—though vigorous—all right. "Impatient" is a poor tame word for "Ἀσπάσιοι;" and "entering closed the gates," poorer and tamer still for "πολις δ' ἔμπλητο ἀλέντων"—which is indeed "the perfection of energetic brevity." "With eager haste" has the same fault—tameness; but all the rest is good—though the whole description, thus weakened, wants tumult and terror. It is not forceful.

Sotheby, perhaps, is the most successful. But what word in his version is equal to "πεφοβημένοι?" "Pause" is not, to our ears, good for "μεναι;" and "who swelled the slain," to our ears—they may be fastidious—is bad for "who had fallen in battle." The last two lines are good; yet "fearful joy" we doubt being Homeric; and ἐσέχυντο "are poured in," is better than "rushed like a flood," for it implies the flood, and saves a simile, which Homer in the hurry had no leisure for; he writes as if he himself had narrowly escaped being trampled to death, or jammed up flat against post or pillar.

But Achilles has one more fight before him, ere he be at "the top of the tree," and wear the baldrick of the Champion:

"In somnis ecce! ante oculos mœstissimus Hector
Visus adesse mihi!"

But on that combat—and on the character of Achilles—when he shall stand before us a full-length portrait—as yet he is but kit-cat—we shall ere long enter into colloquy with thee—heroic reader;—till then farewell to Homer, and his four illustrious friends—Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. XII.

PUBLIC OPINION—POPULAR VIOLENCE.

"They are little acquainted," says Marshal St Cyr, "with the progress of ambition, who are surprised that Napoleon undertook the war in Russia. It is the nature of ambition, as of all other popular passions, to be insatiable. Every gratification it receives, only renders it the more vehement, until at length it outsteps the bounds of physical nature, and quenches itself in the flame it has raised. Napoleon knew well that his empire was founded on the *prestige* of popular opinion;—that to maintain that opinion, it was necessary that he should always *advance;* that the moment his victories ceased his throne began to totter. The public, habituated to victory by his successes, were no longer to be dazzled by ordinary achievements; he felt that his latter triumphs must eclipse those of his earlier years,—that if he only equalled them, he would be thought to have retrograded,—that victories might suffice for the General of the Republic, or the First Consul, but conquest must attend the steps of the Emperor of the West. To overthrow Prussia, or conquer Italy, might suffice for his earlier years; but nothing could revive the enthusiasm of the people in later times, but the destruction of the Colossus of the North. From the moment that he launched into the career of conquest, he had perilled his fortune on a single throw—universal dominion, or a private station." *

The observation does not merely apply to the desire for military glory, but to every other passion which takes possession of the human breast. The more it is gratified, the stronger it becomes;—when the means of assuaging it decline, more extravagant measures of excitation must be resorted to. It is thus that the youth who has embarked on the stream of pleasure, is impelled onwards by an insatiable desire, at once the punishment of the past, and the tempter of the future, till he is lost in the sea of perdition; it is from the same cause that the Beauty, who has given ear to the voice of flattery, becomes insatiable for homage, and grows contemptible in age, from the attempt to continue the conquests of youth;—that the statesman, who has experienced the intoxication of popular applause, is urged forward in a headlong course, and feels the pulse of existence beat slower, when the acclamations of the people begin to subside. In all these cases, the principle is the same; and destruction is produced by the same feeling; it is the law of nature, that passion is insatiable—the more it receives, the more it desires—and its due punishment is brought about even in this world by the ruinous excesses to which it precipitates those who yield to its suggestions.

Of all the instances, however, in which the operation of this principle is to be perceived, there is none so remarkable as the rapid growth of democratic ambition. With truth it may be said of that passion, that that which a little while ago was a speck hardly visible in the horizon, soon becomes a tempest, that covers the universe with darkness. It grows with the progress of events; it gathers strength from the acclamations consequent on every success; it strengthens with the result of every acquisition. Every one must have felt how intoxicating are the cheers of a mob, how difficult it is to resist the enthusiasm of the people, even in the worst of causes. What then must be the delirium produced by the cheers of a large part of a whole nation, and the incense of adulation offered by several millions of mankind!

It is this which renders the launching of a nation into the stream of revolutionary ambition so dreadfully perilous, and has made the calm and the thoughtful, in every age, regard with such horror any attempt to open the floodgates of democracy. The time will come, when the authors of any such measures will be regarded, however benevolent or well-meaning their intentions may have been, in the same light as those who shall cut the dykes of Holland, to water the meadows on its shore; or remove the barriers of the Nile, to fertilize the fields of Egypt. When the experience of the English shall have been added to that of the French Revolution—when Europe has been torn by this double convulsion, and despotism has settled down with leaden wings on the anarchy-torn fabric of freedom, the principle we now illustrate will have passed into proverbs, and ages of suffering taught wisdom to the most impassioned of mankind.

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* St Cyr's Memoirs, III. 2.

This it is which occasions the downward progress of all revolutionary movements, and renders the people, after a few years, so ready to discard their former leaders, and follow with enthusiasm the most extravagant agitators. The reason why they do so is obvious, and must continue to operate to the end of the world. It is the same which impelled Napoleon upon the snows of Russia. The early leaders of a revolution are chosen while the passions are as yet in their infancy—when reason, moderation, and truth have still maintained some ascendency—when the old statesmen and tried rulers are still in the possession of power. But in the progress of the hurricane, stronger passions are developed—more undisguised flattery of the people becomes necessary—more extravagant measures of innovation are demanded—the early leaders of the revolution are discarded, fall into contempt, or perish on the scaffold, because they refuse to keep pace with the progress of the tempest—because they recoil at the frightful demand for human blood—because they strive to exert the now enfeebled arm of the law in repressing the excesses of the populace. Then, when it is too late, they begin to see the consequences of their actions—then they lament the winged words, never to be recalled, which lighted up a nation's flame—then they feel the weakness which their own blows have brought upon the executive authority of the realm. They are led to the scaffold—they dignify a destructive life by a noble death, and leave behind them a long catalogue of woes, which at length cure the people of their frenzy, and render the progress, which has now been figured, familiar to the meanest of mankind.

It is from this cause that the first victims of revolutionary fury are always its earliest leaders, and that those whose insane projects of innovation, in the outset, dissolved the fabric of society, are the first to perish in its ruins. The reason is, that being intrusted with the reins of government, they are the first to come in collision with democratic fury, and are soon called on to chastise, with the axe of the law, the excesses produced by the passions they have roused among the people. If they shrink from the task, the bonds of government are at once dissolved, and anarchy, with all its horrors, reigns triumphant. If they discharge their duty, their imperious masters speedily turn upon themselves, and from the idols, they become the victims of the populace. From the sublime to the ridiculous, said Napoleon, is but a step; with equal truth it may be said, that the distance is as short—with a revolutionary administration—from the height of popularity to the depths of execration.

It is impossible for a government which *is permitted* to go on with the career of innovation to avoid this catastrophe—their only chance of salvation lies in the efforts of those who oppose their progress, and bring them to anchor, before it is too late. The vessel may run for a time prosperously and triumphantly before the wind, Youth at the prow, Ambition at the helm; but that they will arrive at last on a lee shore, is as certain in the moral as the physical world. When that terrific prospect opens, then is the moment of peril —when they attempt to anchor, they are either swamped by the tempest, or driven headlong upon the breakers—they are running before a hurricane which their own hands have let loose. In the first attempt to stop, they are overwhelmed by its fury.

Since the preceding paragraph was written, a signal proof has occurred of the truth of these principles in this country. The public journals which slavishly fawned on Ministers as long as they fawned the gales of Revolution, are already preparing to turn upon them with fierce hostility, the moment that they seek to moderate the transports they have raised. "Should Lord Grey resign," says the leading Ministerial journal, "*re infecta*, let him not flatter himself that he will be allowed to sink into obscurity; that is not the fate of *great criminals;* his name will be handed down with execration through all ages; never since the *fall of Adam* has there been such a fall as his will be!"*

The truth of these principles has been illustrated in every revolutionary government which ever existed—but in none so clearly as in France. Who were the early leaders and tried friends of the Revolution? Mirabeau, whose voice of thunder so long shook the Constitutional Assembly, and precipitated the fatal rapidity of its career of innovation; Bailly, the first president of the Assembly, the author of the Tennis Court oath, the venerated Mayor of Paris; Lafayette, the adored commander of the National Guard, the tried champion of the people, whose white plume was the signal for universal transports in the streets of Paris; the Duke of Orleans, whose largesses so long corrupted the populace, who headed the nobles that deserted their order to join the Tiers Etat who voted for the death of Louis; Vergniaud, from whose eloquent lips the language of democracy so often fell, who joined in the revolt of the 18th August, and so long sustained the cause of freedom in the Legislative Assembly; Brissot, whose vehement declamations provoked the European war; Roland, whose incorruptible virtue tried, when too late, to moderate the Revolution; Carnot, whose republican austerity was proof alike against the terrors of democratic fury, and the seduction of imperial ambition. And what was the fate of these men at the hands of the people, who had so long fanned their triumphs? Mirabeau, discovering, when too late, the fatal tendency of the stream on which he was embarked, began to lean towards the cause of government, and was interrupted by death in his efforts to stem the revolution. His ashes were torn from their sepulchre by the populace, and thrown with ignominy into the filthiest sewer; Bailly, deeming it necessary, as Mayor of Paris, to subdue the mobs in its streets, hoisted the red flag of martial law, and ordered the National Guard to fire on the people. For this he was pursued with undying virulence, and subjected to a death of extraordinary cruelty in the Champ de Mars; Lafayette, proscribed and execrated by the populace for obeying Bailly's order, and directing the troops to fire, was forced to fly for his life to the enemies of his country, and owed his salvation to being immured for years in an Austrian dungeon; the Duke of Orleans, accused of leaning at last to a constitutional monarchy, was beheaded; Vergniaud and Brissot, arrested by the pikemen of the Fauxbourg St Antoine, for striving to suppress the great revolt of 31st May, 1793, were guillotined; Roland, as the reward of his upright conduct as Minister of the Interior, was persecuted with such violence, that he committed suicide, writing with his last breath,—"I am weary of a world sullied by so many crimes;" Carnot, tracked out by the revolutionary bloodhounds on the 18th Fructidor, owed his salvation to the heroic devotion of female attachment; Louis, the reforming monarch, who had yielded every thing to his people, was the first victim of their violence; and the *whole democratic and reforming Ministry of the Gironde*, who overturned the throne on the 10th August, 1792, were led out together to execution, two-and-thirty in number, within fourteen months afterwards. With truth did Vergniaud declare, that the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured all its offspring.

Nothing in the world, therefore, can be so insane, as to consider *public opinion*, during a revolutionary movement, as the slightest indication either of what is reasonable or expedient, or to justify violent measures, on the ground that the people demand it, and that it is unsafe to refuse them. As well might a sailor vindicate himself for spreading every yard of canvass by the violence of the tempest. Because the wind blows steadily and strongly in one direction, is that any ground for crowding every sail, and putting out the sweeps to receive its blasts? Is it not rather a reason for drawing in the sails, lowering the masts, and allowing the vessel only that motion which the winds and the current unavoidably produce?

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* Times, Nov. 12, 1831.

A year ago there was a considerable wish for Parliamentary Reform, springing out of the distresses consequent on a change of currency, and fanned by the French Revolution, and the intemperate speeches of the Whigs at the general election. An extraordinary coalition of Whigs, Radicals, and Tories, threw out the Duke of Wellington, and brought in a reforming Ministry, who soon set the nation on fire by the prodigal offer of power to the most inflammable of the people. Where are we now, and what opinions are now seriously urged both by the reforming orators and the revolutionary press? On the brink of a public convulsion, with the reforming journals incessantly clamouring for the remodelling—in other words, the destruction—of the House of Peers; with a government who profess that they must run before the gales of public opinion, and that *even now* they cannot halt in their course; with the confiscation of the Church incessantly recommended; an equitable adjustment of the national debt—in other words, national bankruptcy—with all its far-spread devastation, deliberately and anxiously urged; with conflagration, plunder, and ruin spreading over the land; a National Guard called for to check the progress of incendiarism, and a general arming of the Reform Clubs seriously entertained, to ensure the triumph of democratic ambition! Such have been the results of the system of conciliation and concessions. How far have we advanced in the march of revolution in so short a time—how terribly has the authority of government been loosened—what a flood of angry passions has been let loose within one year! The distance between our present state and unlimited anarchy, is not so great as between what we were a year ago and what we now are.

In considering the ultimate consequences of this system of conceding every thing to the demands of the populace, it must be always borne in mind, that the time will come, in the progress of revolution, when they *must* be refused. As they invariably go on augmenting with the successive acquisitions they receive, it is easy to see that the time *must come* when the fabric of society cannot be held together, if any farther concessions are made. If it is difficult now to resist the demand for Reform, what will it be after that great victory is gained to withstand the demand for the abolition of the Peers, the confiscation of Church property, the sweeping off of the national debt, the division of estates? Every successive acquisition augments the strength of the popular, and weakens the courage of the conservative party. It would have been much easier to have crushed the demand for Reform a year ago than it is now; it is much easier to resist the abolition or degradation of the Peers now, than it will be a year hence. The people, during the latter stages of revolutionary excitement, become as savage as beasts of prey, as lawless as soldiers in a stormed fortress, as infuriate as the rabble in a plundered city. Things are utterly distorted—the most execrable of mankind become the objects of admiration—the most noble, of universal hatred. No man was so much detested in France, in 1793, as Louis, the reforming monarch, who laid down his life for his people, while busts were erected in every village to Marat, the monster who demanded 300,000 heads; and Robespierre, in the opinion of nine-tenths of his countrymen, was the most exalted and incorruptible of mankind. As this is the natural and inevitable progress of public opinion during revolutionary excitement, it is of the last importance to throw off its fetters before it becomes irresistible; since the serpent must be grappled with in the end, let the combat begin before he has swallowed another serpent and become a dragon.

As history and experience are entirely thrown away upon our Reformers, we have long ago abandoned all hope that they would be awakened to a sense of the peril of their proceedings, by any thing which occurred elsewhere, though it was only a few years ago, and within a day's sail of the British shores—maxims which have been familiar to every man of sense from his childhood—truths repeated from the sages of ancient wisdom, by every boy at school — principles impressed by dear-bought experience upon the whole of the last generation, are now openly abandoned, not only by the multitude, but the rulers of the state. But the danger has at length appeared in its real colours—the conflagration, long smothered, has burst forth with appalling fury, and all men must now see that the truths we have so long inculcated from other states, are about to be written in characters of blood among ourselves.

Bristol, a city of first-rate commercial importance, has been the theatre of rapine, conflagration, and bloodshed, unparalleled in the memory of man—property to an incalculable amount has been destroyed —the populace, for days together, have been unbridled in their excesses —all the principal public buildings have become the prey of conflagration—hundreds of persons have been sabred by the military, or burnt in the flames. The city bears the appearance of a fortified town after being ravaged by a bombardment, and devastated by assault. Upon whom are all these deplorable evils chargeable? Upon the Reformers, and the Reformers alone.

In making this heavy charge, we would be the last to insinuate that either the administration, or the leading reforming characters in the country, have had the remotest hand in exciting or abetting these excesses. Differing from them as we do in political conduct, as far as the poles are asunder, we are yet convinced that they are men of honour and gentlemen; and that they would be the last to encourage, and the first to repress, these frightful disorders. We will go farther, and admit that the respectable Reformers in Political Unions or elsewhere, are guiltless of any *intentional* design to encourage them; although every one must see that vast bodies of that description, embracing such multitudes of the lower orders in great cities, must everywhere contain thousands who consider Reform only as another word for rapine, and are ready, like the members of the Jacobin club, to indulge in every species of revolutionary violence; and it is said that several of them were found among the rioters at Bristol. But admitting all this; admitting that Ministers sent down horse, foot, and cannon, with the utmost celerity, to stop the fires of the burning city; supposing it were true that the Political Union at length lent their aid to quench the flame their principles had raised, still, we say, with not the less confidence, and we are confident history will bear out the assertion, that all these evils are chargeable upon the Reformers, and that they will have to answer to God for all the suffering that has occurred.

The evil they have done was not in encouraging these excesses, or conniving at them, or hesitating to check them; but in promulgating principles, and forcing on measures, *which necessarily led to them.*

The strength of government, the protection of property, the authority of the law, do not consist merely in the physical force at the command of the executive, but in the habits of obedience, order, and submission, to which the people have been trained. It is not five hundred representatives of the people in St Stephen's, nor four hundred peers in Westminster Hall, nor a single individual with a sceptre in his hand on the throne, which constitutes the strength of government, and the protection of the lives and properties of the people; it is the moral awe in which the lower classes have been educated, the veneration with which they have been accustomed to regard the institutions of their country; the habit of yielding obedience to the law, in consequence of the sense of the justice with which it is administered. But when these institutions are attacked with relentless severity; when they are told in every newspaper and by every orator on the Ministerial side, that they have been subjected to the most grinding oppression; that all their taxes, all their sufferings, all their distresses, flow from the boroughmongers; that universal justice, equality, and happiness will follow their overthrow; that the King and his Ministers and the People are engaged in a desperate struggle with a domineering faction, who have so long wrung their hard-earned savings out of the poor; when they are told that 199 Peers alone oppose themselves to the regeneration and happiness of the empire; when they are urged in the leading Ministerial journals to receive the Anti-reform candidates on the hustings with showers of stones, to plaster them with mud, duck them in horseponds, and "strike at their faces;" when they are stimulated in the most vehement language to do these things, and told that the success of the great cause of King and People depends on their general adoption; when elections, carried by such atrocious methods, are made the subject of universal exultation, and the burnings of castles of Anti-reform Peers, are referred to with triumph by the Reformers at public meetings as at last calculated to overawe and subdue their antagonists; when these things are considered, and the universal license, intemperance, falsehood, and declamation of the reforming press, is taken into consideration, the surprising thing will appear to be, not that there is so much, but that there has been so little, conflagration and anarchy in the country. We always had much confidence in the good sense and pacific dispositions of the better part of the English people; but we never could have anticipated that they would so long have withstood the incessant efforts of an incendiary press, and the attempted, and, but for the firmness of the Peers, completed, destruction of the Constitution.

The leading Reformers will say that they do not approve of these things; that they injure them more than their enemies; that the cause of Reform has nothing to fear but from the violence of its friends; and that they must not be confounded with the impious crew who range themselves under their banners. This may all be perfectly true, but it does not in the least meet our argument, which is, that they are answerable *for displaying a banner round which all the worthless of mankind ever have and ever will rally.* This is the part of their conduct for which no apology has or can be offered. We are not now to learn, for the first time, that the standard of innovation is the one which ever has and ever will collect all the most abandoned of mankind; that bankrupts flock to it to restore their fortunes; the ambitious to rise to the head of affairs; the wicked to engage in plunder; the desperate to fish in a sea of troubles. We recollect the words of Sallust which every schoolboy knows by heart, "Nam semper in civitate quibus opes nullae sunt, bonis invident, malos extollunt; vetera odere, *nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student;* turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno. Sed urbana plebes ea vero præceps ierat multis de causis. Primum omnium qui ubique probro atque petulantia maxime praestabant; item alii per dedecora patrimoniis amissis; postremo omnes quos flagitium aut facinus domo expulerat, hi Romam sicut in sentinam confluxerant." And under what standard did Catiline assemble this band of ruffians? He has told us in his own words: "Nos non imperium neque divitias petimus quarum rerum causa bella atque certamina omnia inter mortales sunt; sed *libertatem* quam nemo bonus nisi cum anima amittit." It was under the standard of *freedom* that this great conspirator assembled all the desperate and worthless of the Roman people; every schoolboy knows that under this alluring banner the worthless and profligate of great cities can always be brought together, and that by giving them the least prospect of victory, they may at any time be launched out into the most atrocious crimes. And yet the Reformers, who have taken such pains for a twelvemonth past to stir up the passions of the people, and to array all the most restless and daring of the community under the banners of innovation, now express astonishment at the conflagrations they have raised, and beg it to be understood that they have nothing in common with such wretches!

There is nothing can be imagined more perilous than the assertion so earnestly and emphatically pressed both upon the legislature and the people, by all the Reformers from Lord Grey downwards, that Reform must be granted, not because it is expedient, *but because the people demand it.* To what does such a doctrine, promulgated through every alehouse in the kingdom, necessarily lead? At present they demand Reform, and as they wish it, like a spoilt child, they must get it. Next year they will demand with equal vehemence the confiscation of the Church property, and the abolition of the Bishops, and for the same reason they must get it. The year after, they will raise an hideous outcry for the abolition of the national debt; and that dreadful stroke, fraught as it will be with the starvation of many millions of men, must also be conceded. Then will come the division of the estates of the nobility, and the abolition of the Throne, as the only means of tranquillizing the minds, and providing for the subsistence, of the starving multitude, and this will follow as a matter of course. How are any of these demands to be eluded, if the great precedent of yielding to popular clamour is once set? Will they be less ambitious, less domineering, less democratical, after they have, by their outcry, got a new constitution, founded on a highly popular basis? Will the 3s. 10d. tenants in all the great towns enable Government better to withstand the increasing demands of the Republican party? Will the destruction of the boroughs who now return four-fifths of the conservative party, tend to restore the balance between those who support, and those who assail, the remaining institutions of the country? The fatal doctrine which Ministers and all their followers, without one single exception, have incessantly promulgated, that the demands of the people cannot be resisted, is the most dangerous principle which can possibly be propagated, and, though not intended with that view, is of itself amply sufficient to account for all the violence which has been perpetrated under the banners of Reform.

When the people see the Reforming administration boasting with such exultation that they have destroyed the influence of the Aristocracy, can they be surprised if they imagine that some part of the lustre will be reflected upon them, if they destroy their castles? When the Lord Advocate of Scotland, the public guardian of the realm, declares in Parliament that "he is about utterly to destroy the institutions of his country—that he will tear them in shreds and patches, and not leave one stone upon another in the Scottish constitution," can we be surprised if the ruffian followers of Reform think they will be acting the parts of true patriots, if they do not leave one stone upon another in their antagonists' edifices? His part is to wield moral, their's physical strength: it is by a combination of the two that the common cause is to be supported, and the final victory achieved. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the noble mover of the Reform bill, correspond with and express their thanks to Political Unions, at which resolutions not to pay taxes to the boroughmongers have been passed, and all but treason committed, can they be surprised if their followers think that they will promote the same object if they burn the custom-house, where these taxes were collected? In a word, is it not universally known, that, when a serious blow has been struck at the existing institutions of a country, the transition is but too easy to deeds of violence and scenes of blood, and that those are answerable for all such atrocities, who fire the train which experience has shewn invariably leads to such explosions?

The Constituent Assembly were guilty only of headlong innovations: they had a humane aversion to the shedding of blood, and during their long and stormy career sent no person but the Marquis de Favras to the scaffold. They organized national guards, established Jacobin clubs, and took all the steps now recommended as necessary for the preservation of the public peace. And what was the state of France after their furious course of innovation began? Conflagrations from Calais to the Pyrenees: every chateau in the kingdom in flames: plunder and devastation on the property of the rich in every corner of the realm. Is it any vindication for the Constituent Assembly that they did not themselves encourage, but strove to repress these excesses? Has not the voice of history pronounced that they were answerable for all the devastation that occurred, because they unhinged the fabric of society, and set the populace on fire by the violent changes which they introduced, and the prodigal gift of political power which they bestowed? And is the verdict of future ages likely to be more favourable to British innovators, because they pursued the same frantic course, after the experience of France had demonstrated the tremendous consequences of such precipitate changes, and while its soil was yet reeking with the blood which it had caused to be shed?

We cannot do better than quote the words of an able and illustrious man on this subject,—of one who in youth gave promise of great things, but who has written in his earlier the condemnation of his later years; of whom it may be said in the words of Goldsmith—

> ———" Whose genius was such,
> We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much,
> Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

" If the whole wisdom of philosophers," says an author, generally understood to be Mr Brougham, " consists in following implicitly the dictates of the multitude, who are not philosophers, we really do not perceive what benefit their country is to derive from their co-operation."

" We have examined in a former article the extent of the participation which can be fairly imputed to the *philosophers*, in the crimes and miseries of the Revolution, and endeavoured to ascertain in how far they may be said to have made themselves responsible for its consequences, or to have deserved censure for their exertions; and, acquitting the greater part of any mischievous intention, we found reason, upon that occasion, to conclude, that there was nothing in the conduct of the majority which should expose them to blame, or deprive them of the credit which they would have certainly enjoyed, but for consequences which they could not foresee. For those who, with intentions equally blameless, attempted to carry into execution the projects which had been suggested by the others, and *actually engaged in measures which could not fail to terminate in important changes, it will not be easy, we are afraid, to make so satisfactory an apology*. What is written may be corrected: but what is done cannot be recalled: a rash and injudicious publication naturally calls forth an host of answers; and where the subject of discussion is such as excites a very powerful interest, the cause of truth is not always least effectually served by her opponents. But the errors of cabinets and of legislatures have other consequences and other confutations. They are *answered by insurrections*, and confuted by conspiracies. A paradox which might have been maintained by an author, without any other loss than that of a little leisure, and ink and paper, can only be supported by a Minister at the expense of the lives and the liberties of a nation. It is evident, therefore, that the precipitation of a legislator can never admit of the same excuse with that of a speculative enquirer; that the same confidence in his opinions, which justifies the former in maintaining them to the world, will never justify the other in suspending the happiness of his country on the issue of their truth; and that he, in particular, subjects *himself to a tremendous responsibility, who voluntarily takes upon himself the new-modelling of an ancient constitution.*

" In the *first* place, the spirit of *exasperation, defiance, and intimidation*, with which from the beginning they carried on their opposition to the schemes of the court, the clergy, and the nobility, appears to us to have been as impolitic with a view to their ultimate success, as it was suspicious perhaps as to their immediate motives. *The parade which they made of their popularity; the support which they submitted to receive from the menaces and acclamations of the mob, the joy which they testified at the desertion of the royal armies; and the anomalous military force of which they patronised the formation in the city of Paris,* were so many preparations *for actual hostility*, and led almost inevitably to that appeal to force, by which all prospect of establishing an equitable government was *finally cut off*. Sanguine as the patriots of that assembly undoubtedly were, they might still have been able to remember *the most obvious and important lesson in the volume of history*, that the nation which has recourse to arms for the settlement of its internal affairs, necessarily falls under the iron yoke of a military government in the end, and that nothing but the most evident necessity can justify the lovers of freedom in forcing it from the hands of their governors. In France, there certainly was no such necessity. The whole weight and strength of the nation was bent upon political improvement and reform. There was no possibility of their being ultimately resisted; and the only danger that was to be apprehended was, that their progress would be too rapid. After the States-General were granted, indeed, it appears to us that the victory of the friends to liberty was ascertained. *They could not have gone too slow afterwards:* they could not have been satisfied with too little. The great object was to *exclude the agency of force, and to leave no pretext for an appeal to violence.* Nothing could have stood against the force of reason, which ought to have given way; and from a monarch of the character of Louis XVI., there was no reason to apprehend any attempt to regain, by violence, what he had yielded from principles of philanthropy and conviction. The Third Estate would have *grown* into power, instead of usurping it; and would have *gradually* compressed the other orders into their proper dimensions, instead of displacing them by a violence that could never be forgiven.

" Of this fair chance of amelioration, the nation was disappointed, chiefly, we are inclined to think, by the needless asperity and injudicious menaces of the popular party. They relied openly upon the strength of their adherents among the populace. If they did not actually encourage them to threats and to acts of violence, they *availed themselves at least of those which were committed,* to intimidate and *depress their opponents*; for it is indisputably certain, that the unconditional compliance of the court with all the demands of the Constituent Assembly, was the result either of actual force, or the dread of its immediate application. *This was the inauspicious commencement of the sins and the sufferings of the Revolution.* Their progress and termination were natural and necessary. The multitude, once *allowed to overawe the old government with threats,* soon subjected the new government to the *same degradation,* and, once permitted to act in arms, came speedily to *dictate* to those who were assembled to deliberate. As soon as an appeal was made to force, the decision came to be with those by whom force could at all times be commanded. Reason and philosophy were discarded; and mere terror and brute violence, in the various forms of proscriptions, insurrections, massacres, and military executions, harassed and distracted the misguided nation, till, by a natural consummation, they fell under the despotic sceptre of a military usurper. These consequences, we conceive, were obvious, and might have been easily foreseen. Nearly half a century had elapsed since they were pointed out in those memorable words of the most profound and philosophical of historians: 'By recent, as well as by ancient example, it was become evident, that illegal violence, with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever object it may pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person.'

" The *second* inexcusable blunder, of which the Constituent Assembly was guilty, was one equally obvious, and has been more frequently noticed. It was the extreme *restlessness and precipitation* with which they proceeded to accomplish, *in a few weeks, the legislative labours of a century.* Their constitution was struck *out at a heat,* and their measures of reform proposed and adopted like toasts at an election dinner. Within less than six months from the period of their first convocation, they declared the illegality of all the subsisting taxes; they abolished the old constitution of the States-General; they settled the limits of the Royal prerogative, their own inviolability, and the responsibility of Ministers. Before they put any one of their projects to the test of experiment, they had adopted such an enormous multitude, as entirely to innovate the condition of the country, and to expose even those which were salutary to misapprehension and miscarriage. *From a scheme of reformation so impetuous,* and an impatience so puerile, nothing permanent or judicious could be reasonably expected. In legislating for their country, they seem to have forgotten that they were operating on a living and sentient substance, and not on an inert and passive mass, which they might model and compound according to their pleasure or their fancy. Human society, however, is not like a piece of mechanism which may be safely taken to pieces, and put together by the hands of an ordinary artist. It is the work of Nature, and not of man; and has received, from the hands of its Author, an organization that cannot be destroyed without danger to its existence, and certain properties and powers that cannot be altered or suspended by those who may have been intrusted with its management. By studying these properties, and directing those powers, it may be modified and altered to a very considerable extent. But they must be allowed to develope themselves by their internal energy, and to familiarize themselves with their new channel of exertion. A child cannot be stretched out by engines to the stature of a man, nor a man compelled, in a morning, to excel in all the exercises of an athlete. Those into whose hands the destinies of a great nation are committed, should bestow on its reformation at least as much patient observance and as much tender precaution as are displayed by a skilful gardener in his treatment of a sickly plant. He props up those branches that are weak or overloaded, and gradually prunes and reduces those that are too luxuriant: he cuts away what is absolutely rotten and distempered: he stirs the earth about the root, and sprinkles it with water, and waits for the coming spring· he trains the young branches to the right hand or to the left; and leads it, by a gradual and spontaneous progress, to expand or exalt itself, season after season, in the direction which he had previously determined . and thus, in the course of a few summers, he brings it, without injury or compulsion, into that form and proportion which could not with safety have been imposed upon it in a shorter time. The reformers of France applied no such gentle solicitations, and *could not wait for the effects of any such preparatory measures, or voluntary development.* They forcibly broke over its lofty boughs, and endeavoured to straighten its crooked joints by violence they tortured it into symmetry in vain, and shed its life-blood on the earth, in the middle of its scattered branches.

" The *third* great danger, against which we think it was the duty of the intelligent and virtuous part of the deputies to have provided, was that which arose from the sudden transference of power to the hands of men who had previously no natural or individual influence in the community. This was an evil, indeed, which arose necessarily, in some degree, from the defects of the old government, and from the novelty of the situation in which the country was placed by the convocation of the States-General; but it was materially aggravated by the presumption and improvidence of those enthusiastic legislators, and tended powerfully to produce those disasters by which they were ultimately overwhelmed.

" No representative legislature, it appears to us, can ever be respectable or secure, unless it contain within itself a great proportion of those *who form the natural aristocracy of the country*, and are able, as individuals, to influence the conduct and opinions of the greater part of its inhabitants. Unless the power and weight and authority of the assembly, in short, be really made up of the power and weight and authority of the individuals who compose it, the factitious dignity they may derive from their situation can never be of long endurance; and the dangerous power with which they may be invested, will become the subject of scrambling and contention among the factions of the metropolis, and be employed for any purpose but the general good of the community.

" If this be at all a just representation of the conditions upon which the respectability and security of a representative legislature must always depend, it will not be difficult to explain how the* experiment miscarried so completely, in the case of the French Constituent Assembly. That assembly, which the enthusiasm of the public, and the misconduct of the privileged orders, soon enabled to engross the whole power of the country, consisted almost entirely of persons without name or individual influence, who owed the whole of their consequence to the situation to which they had been elevated, and were not able, as individuals, to have influenced the opinions of one fiftieth part of their countrymen. There was in France, indeed, at this time, no legitimate, wholesome, or real aristocracy. The noblesse, who were persecuted for bearing that name, were quite disconnected from the people. Their habits of perpetual residence in the capital, and their total independence of the good opinion of their vassals, had deprived them of any influence over the minds of the lower orders; and the organization of society had not yet enabled the rich manufacturers or proprietors to assume such an influence. The persons sent as deputies to the States-General, therefore, were those chiefly who, *by intrigue and boldness, and by professions of uncommon zeal for what were then the great objects of popular pursuit*, had been enabled to carry the votes of the electors. A notion of talent, and an opinion that they would be loud and vehement in supporting those requests upon which the people had already come to a decision, were their passports into that assembly. They were sent there to express the particular spirit of the people, and not to give a general pledge of their acquiescence in what might there be enacted. They were not the hereditary patrons of the people, but their hired advocates for a particular pleading. They had no general trust or authority over them, but were chosen as their special messengers, out of a multitude whose influence and pretensions were equally powerful.

" Mere popularity was at first the instrument by which this unsteady legislature was governed; but when it became apparent, that whoever could obtain the direction or command of it, must possess the whole authority of the state, parties became less scrupulous about the means they employed for that purpose, and soon found out that violence and terror were infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence. The people at large, who had no attachment to any families or individuals among their delegates, and who contented themselves with idolizing the assembly in general, so long as it passed decrees to their liking, were passive and indifferent spectators of the transference of power which was effected by the pikes of the Parisian multitude, and looked with equal affection upon every successive junto which assumed the management of its deliberations. Having no natural representatives, they felt themselves equally connected with all who exercised the legislative function: and, being destitute of a real aristocracy, were without the means of giving effectual support even to those who might appear to deserve it. Encouraged by this situation of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceeded to seize upon the defenceless legislature, and, driving all their antagonists before them by violence or intimidation, entered without opposition upon the supreme functions of government. The arms, however, by which they had been victorious, were capable of being turned against themselves; and those who were envious of their success, or ambitious of their distinction, easily found means to excite discontent among the multitude, now inured to insurrection, and to employ them in pulling down those very individuals whom they had so recently exalted. The disposal of the legislature thus became a *prize to be fought for in the clubs and conspiracies and insurrections of a corrupted metropolis*; and the institution of a national representative had no other effect, than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity.

"It is in this manner, it appears to us, that from the want of a natural and efficient aristocracy to exercise the functions of representative legislators, the National Assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy, first into a sanguinary democracy, and *then into a military despotism.*"[*]

Such was the cool and dispassionate judgment which this great man, along with his friend the present Lord Advocate, formed of the consequence of the precipitate innovations of the Constituent Assembly, ere yet he had attained the giddy heights of power, or was intoxicated by the passions which he has so well described in others. What will posterity say to his subsequent conduct? It will apply to him his own judgment on Mirabeau and Sieyes, and add, that he shut his eyes to the consequences of their conduct, and forgot all the wise opinions, which, at a distance from the scene, he had in early life expressed upon their proceedings.

The Reformers, as usual in all civil convulsions, endeavour to throw upon their opponents the odium arising from the frightful excesses at Bristol, and ascribe it all to the obstinacy of Sir Charles Wetherell in insisting that there had been a reaction, and going there when he should instead have *resigned his seat* as Recorder of the town. Is it then come to this, that the public peace cannot be preserved unless every functionary of Anti-reform principles resigns his situation? Have the Reformers brought this realm, so lately the picture of order, tranquillity, and happiness, to such a pass in so short a time, that the assizes must be abandoned, and the criminals remain untried, for fear of irritating the people? that the King's Judge must relinquish his sacred functions, for fear of offending the aiders and abettors of the criminals he has come to punish? Can the public peace no longer be maintained unless the leaders of Political Unions are installed in all situations of trust, and bayonets put into the hands of all their followers to repress the excesses which they have provoked? Much as we dreaded the consequences of Reform, clearly as we anticipated the anarchy into which it would plunge the country, this avowal on the part of the Reformers exceeds any thing which we could have conceived.

Of all men in the world, Sir Charles Wetherell is the last to whom the epithet of a political judge can with

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Edin. Review, vl. 151.

any justice be applied. All his opponents who have a particle of candour in their composition, admit that he is as honest, upright, and disinterested a man as breathes on the face of the earth. It is not every man who will relinquish the situation of Attorney-General on account of political scruples. It is not every man who would venture to hold the assizes in a town, in the midst of an infuriated rabble, by whom he was aware his life would be attempted. Is that man to be called a political judge, who has relinquished the highest legal situation to preserve his integrity, and braved death itself to discharge his duty? He has experienced the usual fate of public characters in a revolution: the greatest and best of men are vilified and detested, while demagogues of no principle engross the applauses of the multitude.

What did the Political Union Club do at Bristol? They proposed to the magistrates, when the Recorder was coming, that he should be invited to resign, and when they most properly refused to comply, they published a placard to the people, in which they called upon the *Magistrates themselves* to resign, and intrust the keeping of the public peace to their hands. Was there ever any thing in the world like this? A King's Judge is first invited to resign: then, because the magistrates decline to carry that arbitrary mandate into effect, they are themselves told they must resign, as the price of the Political Union doing any thing to maintain the public peace? The Jacobin Clubs in France for long did nothing so monstrous; and yet these are the men whom it is gravely proposed to arm for the maintenance of the public tranquillity.

The system of conciliation and concession was carried in Bristol to its utmost length. For two complete days the mob were in the almost uncontrolled possession of the town; the soldiers were never authorized to fire; the dragoons were actually sent away; nothing was done to intimidate or irritate the multitude. What was the consequence? Did this boasted system of throwing oil on the waves of rebellion stifle the conflagration? Did the fires cease, because nothing was done which could exasperate the people? The city burnt with relentless fury: the Reforming Monarch's Custom-house was destroyed; property to the amount of L.500,000 was consumed; two sides of a great square perished in the flames. Devastation and ruin, unprecedented in the modern history of England, were the first fruits of the great healing measure of Reform.

During all these horrible scenes, let it be recollected, the Political Union Club of Bristol was in existence, and did nothing. If their sway over the multitude is so great, why did they not appear before the third day? Where were they when the Mansion-house was in flames, when the Jail was forced, when the Shipping was threatened, when the Bishop's Palace was sacked? Is this their powerful agency over the multitude? Is this the stand which they are to make against the principles of anarchy? And these are the men who are to be armed for our preservation! Like the Jacobins of France, they are powerful only to destroy; the moment that they seek to coerce the passions they have raised, they will perish beneath their fury.

After the riots were suppressed, indeed, they offered their services to aid the military. The Colonel of the Fourteenth most properly answered, "Station the Political Union in the ruined houses; there they will be out of the way of mischief."

The Reformers say, that the insurrection at Bristol must at length open the eyes of the Tories to the nugatory amount of the reaction in public opinion on which they have recently plumed themselves. We close with the proposition: it is indeed a proof that there is no reaction among the class in that city who engaged in these atrocities: the people who hooted and reviled the King's Judge when he came to deliver the jail: the Reformers who fired the city, and were led by an unerring instinct to destroy the tread-mill, and throw the gallows into the river, are as great Reformers as ever. They will holla for Reform as long as murder can be committed,—property plundered,—buildings consumed: They will never cease to regard it as the signal for rapine, license, and anarchy—the ruin of the good, the exaltation of the bad. From the days of Catiline's conspiracy to those of the Bristol insurrection, such men have never ceased to be the most violent Reformers.

We will go farther: we will admit that there has been no reaction, but probably the reverse among the same class over the whole country. We have not the smallest doubt that the Reformers at Dundee, who burnt the jail, and under the same unerring instinct as at Bristol, destroyed the police books, to extinguish all record of previous convictions for theft; that the Reformers at Glasgow, who paraded under the tricolor flag, the ensigns of Marat and Robespierre; the Reformers at Edinburgh, who destroyed the windows of 500 of the most respectable citizens; the Reformers at Nottingham, who burnt the castle of the Duke of Newcastle; the Reformers at Derby, who destroyed the manufactories where their brethren received bread; the Reformers in London, who wounded the Marquis of Londonderry, and basely attacked the Duke of Wellington, the saviour of his country, are as vehement in their desire for political innovation as ever. A measure which they consider as synonymous with the commencement of plunder and anarchy; as the signal for an universal liberation of debtor from creditor, and the dispensing to the idle of the earnings of the industrious, will never want numerous, noisy, and declamatory supporters. An hundred thousand in London; ten or twenty thousand in every great city in the empire, will at all times be found of this description, ready to raise the most vehement outcry for Reform, or any other cry, if they have the slightest prospect by so doing of gaining any of their desirable objects.

But it won't do for the Reformers to say, as they are now attempting, We accept the conflagration of Bristol as a proof that no reaction has taken place in public opinion; but we reject it in so far as it proves that violence, flames, and blood follow in the steps of Reform; the mob were our friends as long as they hooted at Sir Charles Wetherell, but we had nothing to do with them when they began to fire the buildings. He that sows must reap the crop; he that embarks on the stream of innovation must follow it to its Niagara. It signifies nothing whether or not they were the same class who hooted the King's Judge, and tried to burn down the city; suffice it to say, that the intemperance of the one roused the other; and that, as the excitation of popular passions is invariably found to have their effects, they must answer for the subsequent excesses who excited the first moral conflagration.

Blame is thrown upon the Bristol magistrates for not having acted with more vigour in the outset of the disorders; and it is said that a few hundred resolute men might have crushed the insurrection in its infancy. We have no doubt that this is the case. It is the nature of all popular disorders to acquire vigour from impunity, to feed upon concession, and become irresistible when no resistance is timeously offered. But are the Reformers ignorant that this is the case in *all* popular tumults, whether local or national? Do they not know that the resolution to withstand the torrent of popular violence is one of the rarest gifts of nature, and that the man who can preserve his head unturned amidst the shouts of the rabble, and the conflagration of a city, is as rare as the soldier who could witness unshaken the horrors of the Moscow retreat? Do they not know, that in Lord George Gordon's time three hundred determined men could have arrested the conflagration of London, but that such were not found in its mighty population? and that Lord Mansfield declared on the bench, that even the householders of the menaced streets might have stopped the work of destruction, if they had been aware that they were entitled to act without magisterial authority? Do they not know, that five hundred horse, to follow up the success of the Swiss Guards, would have saved the throne of France on the 10th August, and prevented the unutterable anguish of the Reign of Terror? Are they ignorant of the boast of Marat, that with three hundred assassins at a louis a-day, he would govern France, and cause 300,000 heads to fall?—a boast which Robespierre lived to carry into fearful execution. In short, are they ignorant that the paralysis even of the strongest heads, and the shaking even of the stoutest hearts, is universal and invariable in civil disorders of a certain degree of violence; and are they setting fire to the nation, with the prospect of democratic ascendency, in the silly belief that they are to find in every magistrate the firmness of Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, and in every array of householders the serried ranks of the Old Guard on the bridge of Kowno?

But further, when the organs of Ministry endeavour to lay upon the magistrates of Bristol the blame of the deplorable excesses which have sprung from the flame that has been lighted up in the country, are they aware of the consequences of the system of submitting to popular clamour, which they have so loudly maintained to be necessary, and the example of yielding to popular intimidation, which has been set by the first magistrates in the realm? When Cabinet Ministers correspond with Political Union Clubs, and declare that the "whisper of a faction cannot prevail against the voice of the people of England;" when the Prime Minister urges again and again that Reform must be conceded, not because it is in itself beneficial, but because the people demand it—can they be surprised if inferior functionaries shrink from the blast of a tempest, of which they profess themselves unable to withstand the approach? With the system of yielding to every demand of the populace, incessantly inculcated and acted upon by Ministers, is it surprising if private individuals in authority are unnerved, and shrink from incurring a responsibility which the most exalted persons in the realm decline to undertake? When a general proclaims the necessity of a retreat, and admits his inability to meet the enemy in any encounter, however trifling, can he expect that his officers and soldiers are to maintain their courage unshaken, and exercise a moral resolution, of which he declares himself incapable? Let Ministers set the example of firmness—let them face the moral tempest which inflames the minds of men, and then they may indeed call upon the Mayors of cities to combat the physical conflagrations which consume their dwellings; but let them not expect courage in inferior, when surrender is proclaimed in exalted stations, or require magistrates to nail their colours to the mast, when they themselves are preparing to lower the standard of the Constitution.

Government are not aware of the extent to which they paralyze the civil authorities of the country, by the license which they give to violent clamour on occasion of every vigorous exertion of magisterial authority. In all such cases the outcry raised by the Ministerial journals is such, that it exposes the energetic magistrate not only to unmeasured obloquy, but to actual danger. The clamour raised about the Newtonbarry massacre, as it was called, the Merthyr Tydvil tumults, and the Deacles' affair, has been such, that it is not surprising if most men want the nerve to encounter it. Every officer of the law now feels that, in discharging his duty, by ordering military execution against rebels, he runs far less risk from his adversaries in the combat, than from the vehement democratic press, which will assail him upon its termination. As these mobs are all arrayed in support of the cause of Ministers, albeit sometimes without their concurrence, it is hardly possible to avoid the conviction, that the conduct of the magistrate will be more hardly dealt with, and his measures more severely judged, than if, as in ordinary times, he was combating in front with his rear secure from the throne, unless in case of illegal conduct. Without imputing to Ministers any injustice to an individual, or any wish to weaken the authority of the law, it is evident that the unnatural alliance they have formed with the mob, and the extraordinary position they have assumed in conjunction with them, have necessarily weakened the arm of all inferior functionaries, and reduced them to the condition of soldiers combating against their general.

There is nothing can be done by the friends of order, that is not said by the Reformers to be the cause of the excesses which their own inflammatory doctrines have produced. Do they disperse a menacing mob by a prompt and vigorous application of military force;—that is the massacre of Peterloo—the murder of a helpless multitude of innocent beings, who, if they had been let alone, would have been guilty of no sort of disorder? Do they make preparations for defence, and resolve, like the Duke of Newcastle and the Marquis of Exeter, to oppose force to force, and repel the assaults of Reformers with grape shot;—that is only irritating the people—putting mischief in their heads, when none would naturally enter it; and the aristocrats who made such insulting preparations, are answerable for all the bloodshed which they provoke. Do they adopt the Ministerial plan of concession—trust to the wisdom, reason, and intelligence of the people, and act upon the principle, that those who are about to be intrusted with the destinies of a mighty empire, are at least fit to take care of the dwellings of their own city;--this is the excess of pusillanimity; and the magistrates who are so negligent of the public weal, are answerable for all the disasters which ensue. This is exactly what the Jacobins did in France; all the horrors of the Revolution, they maintained, were owing, not to the Revolutionists, but the secret agents of England, and the crowned heads, who precipitated the people into excesses, in order to throw discredit on their cause. It is painful to see how exactly, in all its stages, the progress of English Reform has been parallel to that of French anarchy.

The disorders which disgrace England, say the Reformers, are not owing to Reform, but the factious opposition which it has experienced; and if the Peers would yield to the wishes of the nation, unanimity and concord would universally prevail, and the people, with grateful hearts, set about the exercise of their sovereign legislative functions. How then do they account for the unparalleled horrors of the French Revolution? The Monarch there took the lead in Reform; the Nobles were outvoted or fled; the States-General speedily became omnipotent; the Church joined the banner of Innovation; Jacobin clubs were universal; National Guards sprung up, as if by magic, in every parish of the realm. Then the much-wished-for, highly-praised, and loudly-demanded objects of the English Reformers, were all there obtained at once. No sturdy band of Anti-reformers checked the stream in the Lower House: No courageous Peers stemmed the torrent in the Upper. No patriotic Bishops perilled life and property to save their country. All, high and low, rich and poor, patrician and plebeian, joined heart and hand in the schemes of Reform. From the monarch on the throne to the captive in the dungeon, an unanimity never before witnessed in any country existed on this great question. How then do they account for the atrocities of the French Reformers? With what shew of reason can it be maintained that the present perils of England are owing to the resistance to Reform, when perils an hundred times greater in France attended its concession?

"Napoleon," says Lavalette, "was the first man in France who ventured to dismiss the fishwomen of Paris from his doors. He must be acquainted with the history of our Revolution to appreciate the moral courage required for such an undertaking." Such is the state of degradation to which those who rule by means of a Revolution subject themselves to the lowest and most abandoned of mankind. The English Government is fast approaching the state of thraldom from which the vigour of Napoleon emancipated the French. Lord Grey declared in Parliament,* "that he was *anxious* for a *long* prorogation;" two days afterwards, a deputation of the London Radicals, headed by Mr Place, the tailor, waits on his Lordship, without any previous notice, at *eleven at night*. On returning home from dinner he found his lobby full of men he had never seen before; and two days after, the King is brought in person to announce the *shortest* prorogation on the Records of Parliament for the last century! We are fast approaching the rule of the fishwomen. No man alive will feel such degradation more than the aristocratic members of the foresaid Cabinet, and none ever were less disposed intentionally to pursue measures calculated to produce it; but such is their utter ignorance of the principles of Revolutions, and their blind disregard even of common experience and schoolboy-knowledge, that they have already brought themselves to a state of thraldom, which, as noblemen and gentlemen, they must deeply feel; but which, alas! is but the foretaste of that bitter humiliation which their reckless course is preparing for themselves and their country.

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* Courier, Oct. 17.

We have often had occasion to impress upon our readers the eternal and immutable truth, that in all Revolutions the Movement Party, when their measures have produced their natural and inevitable effects of public disaster and suffering, instead of opening their eyes to their error, and retracing their steps, urge the adoption of still more vehement measures, and precipitate the nation headlong into the most extravagant innovations. Like the drunkard, who feels the lassitude and depression consequent upon grievous debauches, instead of striving to regain the habits of sobriety, they plunge still deeper into the career of dissipation: Like the gamester, who has lost his fortune at games of hazard, they at length stake their freedom and life on the throw. This is so peculiarly and invariably the attendant of revolutionary passions, that it may be considered as a distinctive character, and never-failing sign of the disease. To those who are acquainted with the history of the French Revolution, innumerable illustrations of its operations will suggest themselves. So invariably did it appear during all its changes, that when the severities of the Revolutionary Government, the Law of the Maximum and forced requisitions, had, by destroying agricultural industry, produced the dreadful famine of spring 1795, the people under the pangs of hunger, exclaimed incessantly, "Du pain et le Constitution de 1793," and had well nigh overturned the Thermidorian Government, and brought back the reign of Terror; clamouring thus in their madness for a restoration *of the very tyrannical regime* under which they were so severely suffering. It is this which renders the career of innovation so dreadfully perilous, and makes one false step into the stream of Revolution irretrievable; because it immediately produces suffering and disaster, and this, in its turn, is made the ground for demanding still greater changes, and more extravagant Revolutionary measures.

A striking example of the same principle now appears in the language and proposals of the Reforming party at this crisis. Seeing that the prodigal offer of political power to the lowest of the rabble has inflamed the democratic principle to the highest degree, and is beginning to produce its natural harvest of rapine, conflagration, and ruin, they propose, not to retrace their steps, and get out of the fatal career into which they have plunged, but to adopt *still more revolutionary measures*, and launch the nation irretrievably into the stream of perdition. A national, or, as it is hypocritically called, a "Conservative Guard," is now loudly called for; the arming of the Revolutionary Clubs suggested as the only remedy for Revolutionary violence.

When the Reformers talk of arming the Political Union Clubs, they falsify history when they compare such armed associations to the National Guard of France. It is not to the National Guard that such armed bodies will be parallel, but to the Jacobin Clubs: to those infernal bodies which were established in every town and village of France, which filled every house with mourning, and every jail with captives; which established the Guillotine, the Mitrillades, and the Noyades; which were the instruments of an avenging Heaven to punish the sins of a guilty world. The Political Union of London may be composed of the same class of pikemen and cannoneers, who never issued from the Fauxbourg St Antoine but to perpetrate deeds of blood; who came forth in thousands to overturn the throne on the 10th August, and lined the streets when Louis was led to the guillotine on the 21st January; who revolted against the Reforming Girondist Ministry, and led them captive to the Conciergerie and the scaffold on the 31st May; who assembled at the sound of the tocsin to defend Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, in the Place de Grève, on the 9th Thermidor: who carried murder into the bosom of the National Assembly, and aimed daggers at the breast of the President on the 1st of Prairial. The Political Union of Manchester may be parallel to the infernal Jacobin Club which aided the Mitrillades of Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, which decimated the population of their own city, and sent forth shouts of radical joy when the mangled limbs of two hundred chained wretches were thown into the air at once by discharges of grape-shot; the Political Union of Birmingham to the sanguinary club at Nantes, which carried into execution the unparalleled cruelties of Carrier which every night drowned an hundred victims in the Loire, and invented the execrable republican marriages and baptisms. We do not say that the Political Unions of any of these towns would now commit any of these atrocities—we are sure they would not—but neither would the Jacobin Clubs of Paris, Lyons, and Nantes have done so when they were first instituted in 1789. What we say is, that human passions and atrocity is the same in all ages when called forth by the same circumstances, and that our revolutionary clubs are blindly rushing into the same career which precipitated their brethren in France, just as well-meaning at first as themselves, into those unheard of atrocities.

It is no security against such horrible dangers to say that the Political Union Clubs will be composed of the better class—and that such a body is interested in the preservation of order. We have no sort of security that men of no property will be excluded from such associations; on the contrary, we know that at present they form an immense majority in them all; and we are quite sure that if they are armed, they will instantly be crowded with the reckless and the desperate of every description, eager to share in the spoils of the devoted nation. But if they were, they know little of the history of revolutionary violence who are not aware, that it is the smaller class of shopkeepers and householders who are the leaders in all such sanguinary measures. "The poor," says Madame De La Rochjaquelein, "in Nantes were exceedingly kind to us, and did their utmost to save the victims of the Revolution; all the rich merchants also were humane, for though they had at first supported the Revolution, yet they were soon shocked with its crimes, and in consequence were persecuted with as much severity as the Royalists. *The ferocious class who lent their aid to the massacres and the Noyades, was composed of the little shopkeepers and more opulent of the artisans, many of whom were from other towns besides Nantes.*"* It is a curious fact in the history of political recklessness, that the Reform Bill in England proposed to vest an overwhelming superiority in the *very class*, which so recently before had been found to be actuated by such detestable passions in France.

Farther, when a National Guard is talked of as the only security against the passions which the Reformers have roused among the people—it does not seem to be remembered, that the National Guard of France existed through all the horrors of the Revolution, and not only did nothing to arrest, but contributed, in a very powerful degree, to produce them. It is forgotten, that they were formed all over France in July 1789, and that they witnessed, without resistance, the devastation and conflagration of all the chateaus in the kingdom in the autumn of that very year; that they were in great force at Versailles when the Royal Palace was broken into on the 5th of October 1789, and the Royal Family all but murdered in their beds; that they witnessed in silence the irruption of a savage multitude into the Tuileries on the 20th of June 1792, and the overthrow of the Throne on the 10th of August; that they did not attempt to stop the insurrection of the Fauxbourgs on the 31st of May 1793, and saw their own darling Reforming Administration arrested in the bosom of the Convention, and led to execution by the Jacobin Clubs of the Fauxbourgs on the 2d of June; that they crouched beneath the Reign of Terror, and lined the streets for sixteen months, when the victims of the Revolution were daily led out together in appalling numbers to the scaffold.—It is forgotten, that, under our own eyes, the National Guard of Paris, 50,000 strong, has been unable to arrest the numerous disorders which have disgraced France since its last Revolution—that they themselves tore down the cross from every steeple in Paris in January last; that so little was the confidence of Lafayette in their fidelity, that, amidst an encampment of 20,000 National Guards, he did not venture in December to move the state prisoners, but stole them off at night in Montalivet's carriage; that they refused to turn out in the riots on the fall of Warsaw in September, and by their lukewarmness have produced such a disordered state in France, that the Government has recently been obliged to devote a *million sterling* to the relief of the labouring classes suffering under the severest privations.

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* La Rochjaquelein, 391.

It is impossible it can be otherwise—civil guards may do very well as an auxiliary to a powerful and faithful regular force, but they are incapable, in serious public convulsions, of taking the decided part which is necessary to check the progress of disorder. They are themselves part of the population; they share in their passions, participate in their divisions, are paralysed by their apprehensions. Arming such men is giving the signal at once for civil war.

If force is requisite to coerce the frenzy of the multitude, weakened and strengthened by the prospect of power, the only species of authority which can be relied on is that of regular soldiers. They are, as it were, detached from the State; separated in a great degree from its passions and divisions; habituated to coolness in presence of danger, and trained to habits of implicit obedience to command. Their operations are conducted with more humanity as well as decision than those of volunteer bodies, and do not leave after them those heart-burnings and bitter recollections which attend the infliction of military execution by one body of citizens on another.

This is a point upon which *no delay* can be admitted. The terror of the holders of property throughout the country has at length become extreme: organization for the purposes of defence is talked of with anxiety over the whole realm. If Ministers would avoid the *spontaneous* arming of the Political Union Clubs, they must shew the holders of property that it is unnecessary, because a sufficient legal force has been provided for their protection. What is to be done in this emergency? The answer is clear: *call out the militia*, and increase the standing army.—Here is a constitutional force guided by Government, drilled, organized, and equipped, ready instantly to stand forth in defence of public order. Let them at the same time denounce the arming of any Political Unions, or any other force whatever, not arrayed under the Lords-lieutenant of counties or the Magistrates of boroughs, as illegal, and, if attempted to constrain or intimidate any branch of the legislature, treasonable; and let these denunciations be forthwith carried into effect. By such a course alone can the horrors of civil war be averted. If they have not firmness to take such a step, let them give place to those who have. But it is obvious the thing is perfectly in their power. They have, by a most praiseworthy act of vigour, put down the proposed seditious meeting at White Conduit Fields; and by so doing, given the first check to that ruinous system of concession, excitement, and weakness, which they have so long pursued, and which has brought the country to its present distracted and miserable state. No tumults or bloodshed has attended that solitary act of vigour; while conflagration, massacre, and ruin followed the Bristol system of concession. It is easy to see, therefore, from what course of conduct the danger to public tranquillity is really to be apprehended.

But if a volunteer force is to be raised, in God's name let it be of such a class as affords a guarantee that its power will not be misapplied—that it will really be a *conservative* force, and not a band of ruffians disciplined and armed by royal authority; let them be yeomanry cavalry who furnish their own horses and accoutrements, and infantry regiments who purchase their own uniforms. The Reformers tell us the middling class is unanimous in favour of Reform, and that the "whisper of a faction" cannot prevail against the voice of the people; of course, a force so constituted must rather aid than injure the great cause; while the property which they must enjoy to meet such an expense, is the best guarantee against their engaging in deeds of spoliation. If the Reformers reject this, and insist for the organization of Political Union Clubs as soldiers, it is evident that, under the mask of preserving, they are seeking to destroy order, and preparing, under the royal name, the means of subverting the royal authority.

Taxes no doubt must be raised, and public expenditure increased, by an augmentation of the regular force; but did any man ever imagine that the people could have the luxury of a revolution without paying, and paying most dearly for it? Does not every body know that the taxes of France have been raised *a half* since the glorious days of July? That from forty millions sterling they have been raised to *sixty?* That the sale of L.8,000,000 worth of crown lands, has not enabled the government of Louis Philip to avoid a loan of L.13,000,000 in a time of peace? That the expenses of France, which were L.25,000,000 a-year under Louis the Sixteenth, were raised to L.200,000,000 yearly under the revolutionary government; and that the enormous sum of L.24,000,000 sterling a-year, was lavished by the Convention upon 500,000 civil *employés*, members of the Jacobin clubs, who carried on the Reign of Terror, and filled the jails of France with innocent victims? If we will have the excitement of Reform meetings, public speeches, Reform dinners and associations, with their natural consequences of rapine, conflagration, and murder, let us at least be prepared for the grinding augmentation of taxes, and ultimate national bankruptcy, which here, as in France, they must produce.

But let the friends of the Constitution be of good cheer; distracted as the state of the country is, it yet contains the elements and the means of safety; a reaction of the most decisive kind has taken place in the minds of all thinking, respectable men—of all who have property to lose, relations to lose, or prospects to blight. The Reformers, to disprove the assertion, are obliged to refer to the conflagration of Bristol, the burning of Nottingham, the attempted assassinations of London. We readily admit they prove no reaction among the class of incendiaries and assassins. To what do the Anti-reformers refer for a proof of a contrary assertion? The elections of all the Universities, even the Whig University of Cambridge, embracing all the most highly educated and thinking men of all professions in the kingdom—the recorded opinions of three-fourths of the young men of Oxford and Cambridge, the flower of the youth of England, ever the foremost in all times past in all projects of real freedom; the elections of Grimsby, Weymouth, Dublin, Pembroke, Forfarshire, Dorsetshire, Liverpool, in all of which the Ministerial candidates were successful at the general, and the Opposition members have been returned at the subsequent elections. In Cambridgeshire even, 1250 Anti-reform votes were polled among the 40s. freeholders in four days.

For an equally decisive proof of another kind, we refer with confidence and pride to the Anti-reform publications of the present day. The Quarterly stands as pre-eminent at the head of all quarterly, as our own Miscellany does at the summit of all monthly publications. Our circulation, which has advanced nearly 1000 since the Reform Question began, is now doublet nat of all the reforming Magazines put together. It won't do to say that this is owing to the ability of its articles; we cannot accept such a compliment at the expense of our readers' consistency. No person likes to read articles on the opposite side to that which he has espoused. Lord Althorp spoke with sincerity the voice of his party, when he said he never looked at an Anti-reform publication. The greater the ability of the argument against Reform, the more it is avoided by the Reformers; there is nothing so utterly odious to them as our Miscellany. Our circulation is so prodigious, because we speak the thoughts of the great bulk of the rational and thoughtful men in the country, and merely furnish them with facts and historical illustrations in confirmation of those doctrines which their own good sense has already suggested.

For a third proof we refer, with still greater satisfaction, to the immense array of talent which has sprung up in defence of the Constitution. The speeches of the majority in the Lords, and the minority in the Commons, are indeed a proud monument of the talent which her free institutions have nursed up among the highest classes of the British people. The vast ability of the Anti-reform publications, which are daily issuing from the press in detached pamphlets or periodical publications, demonstrates the numerous and intelligent class from which it is drawn. Such talent is the fruit of an extended cultivation; there is not one man in fifty born with real ability; where it appears prominent on one side, it is certain that the great bulk of the national talent has taken that direction.

To render this reaction and talent available to the great cause of saving the country, let the Anti-reformers remain as they now are, perfectly united among each other—let them do their utmost individually and collectively to counteract the poison which the Reformers have so generally spread through the nation; and let them be ready the moment that the signal is given—by the profound wisdom and consummate ability which presides over the glorious struggle for the Constitution, as over the long and arduous contest in Spain—to unite in any means of evincing their united opinioni n firm but respectful language to the legislature.

If we were to judge, indeed, of the feelings of the majority of the people from the language of the reforming journals, the intemperate and seditious harangues at public meetings, or the boastful speeches of the adherents of Reform in the legislature, there would appear little hope of saving the country; but nothing can be clearer than that that is a most fallacious test to assume. The noisy, the vain, and the declamatory—the impetuous, the thoughtless, and the indigent—the ignorant, the reckless, and the desperate, are indeed, in all great towns, leagued together in support of Reform. They constitute a loud and clamorous, but by no means a numerous portion of the community, taken as a whole. They outnumber the rational, sober, and industrious, in great towns; but in the country they are few in comparison. Five hundred thousand men, out of twenty-five millions, are amply sufficient to account for all the clamour which has been raised. A greater number than this may have attended the whole Reform meetings; but two-thirds of the persons present, all in the open air, were women and children, and of the men, a great proportion went from curiosity to hear the speeches, without any decided wish one way or the other.

It is astonishing to what an extent delusion and misrepresentation prevail on this subject. Lord Brougham said in the House of Peers, that all the men in Edinburgh capable of bearing arms were in favour of Reform; whereas it may confidently be asserted, that two-thirds of the educated intelligence, and nine-tenths of the wealth, are on the other side. The Political Union there was trumpeted forth in the English papers as assembling 20,000 men, whereas it does not consist of 300, and does not embrace more than two or three gentlemen, and not one, now that the historian of Cromwell has left it, distinguished for his talent or abilities. The meeting in the Palace-Yard at York, was held forth as an unequivocal demonstration of the sense of that great county; whereas we know, from personal observation, that there were not 1500 persons present, almost all of the lowest rank, and that *five shillings a-piece* was the gratuity given to most of the workmen to induce them to attend. Much was said of the great meeting of 150,000 persons near Birmingham, whereas there were not above 40,000, of whom the majority were women and children; and two-thirds of the men went there from mere curiosity, and neither knew nor understood what was going on. It is the same with all the other meetings—they were merely got up to prop up Ministers after their defeat in the House of Peers: the excitement has been industriously maintained by their emissaries; but the great bulk of the people who attended them, went from mere curiosity, and would go to any other meetings which flattered their passions, or promised them the prospect of spoliation and democratic power.

It is from the same cause that the strength of the conservative party is grievously underrated, from the silent and secluded habits to which the great bulk of that class have been habituated. People ask why, if the Tories are so strong, they do not call public meetings and address Parliament? The reason is, that it is entirely foreign to their habits, and nothing will overcome their habits but the most imminent danger.—The noisy, the vain, and the aspiring—all who have the itch of public speaking, have already taken the popular side, for this plain reason, that it is more agreeable to be applauded than hissed by the populace; and the quiet, industrious, unobtrusive class, who constitute the great body of the constitutional party, have neither the disposition nor the qualities to take a lead in such tumultuous proceedings. They form the strength, the support, and the nerve of the state; they feed its people, maintain its government, and *in the end* rule its determinations; but they are noways qualified to compete in producing a public impression at a particular moment, with a fifth part of their number composed of the needy, clamorous, and vain-glorious set who constitute the great body of the reforming party.

One great good has already resulted from the noble stand made by the Peers against the flood of democracy; that it has made the mask drop from the faces of the Radical faction, and put an end to that boasted union of Reformers in support of the Bill, of which so much use has been made in forcing it upon the legislature. We always said that this union was mere hypocrisy—that the great body of the Reformers regarded the Bill only as the stepping-stone to something else—that the moment it was passed, they would break out into fierce dissension with each other—and that the movement party would prevail against the moderate Reformers, by the same artifices, and the same vehement outcry, as they had already used with such effect against the Tories. The event has justified our prediction. The firm and able resistance in the Commons, and the intrepid stand in the Lords, have unmasked the real motives and designs of the movement men. Their ultimate objects stand confessed—they make no attempt to conceal that they take the Bill as *part payment only*—as seven shillings in the pound—because it will so strengthen their sinews of war as to render full payment, in a few years, a matter of certainty. The Political Union, and Conduit Fields Meeting, openly demand universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, vote by ballot, and *the abolition of all distinctions of birth*; and the same doctrines are held by the Unions at Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Halifax, Sheffield, Preston, Bolton, and elsewhere. It is utterly ludicrous, therefore, to pretend that the passing of the Reform Bill will prove any settlement of the question, or any mitigation of the severe distress consequent on Reform. So far from tranquillizing, it will only agitate with greater violence the public mind, by the increased influence on elections which it will vest in the populace, and the dearer interests of society which will then become the object of attack.

Mr Cobbett has announced, in thirteen propositions, what are the ulterior objects which the Radical Reformers are resolved to achieve as soon as Reform is carried. They are so singularly characteristic of the ultimate tendency and objects of the movement party, that we make the following abstract of their contents:—

1. To put an end to all pensions, sinecures, allowances, *half-pay*, and all other emoluments now paid out of the taxes, except for such public services, as, on a very scrupulous examination, may be found to merit them.

2. To discharge the standing army.

3. To make the counties equip and maintain a militia on the American plan.

4. To abolish tithes, and leave the clergy only the churches, the churchyards, and the ancient glebes.

5. To apply all the rest of the church property, of every sort, and all the crown lands, to the payment of the national debt.

6. To cease, at the end of two years after June 1832, to pay any interest on the national debt.

7. To divide the church property among the fundholders, and give them *nothing more.*

8. To make an equitable adjustment of all money contracts between man and man.

9. To abolish all *internal* taxes, except on land, whether direct or indirect.

10. To lay on as much Custom-House duties as are consistent with the interests of commerce, and no more.

11. To provide for a powerful navy.

12. To make a generous allowance to the King and royal family.

13. To value all the property in the kingdom, and collect the taxes at an allowance not exceeding L.400 a-year in any one county.*

Now, these being the avowed principles of the Radical Reformers, was ever delusion so deplorable, as that the "bill," or an "equally efficient bill," is to be a "final settlement of the question;" or that the agitation and disquietude under which the nation now so grievously labours, is to be any thing but *immensely increased*, when in a Reformed Parliament these propositions are to be brought forward? Is the public anxiety, and the distress consequent on decreasing employment, likely to diminish, when these propositions, affecting the existence of every man of property in the kingdom, are pressed upon the Reformed Legislature by their imperious radical constituents, backed by a radical Press, and radical Political Unions in every city in the empire? The general liberation of *debtor from creditor*, and destruction of the funds, which are there seriously brought forward, are particularly worthy of notice by all the Reformers now possessing property, who are exerting their influence for the promotion of Lord Grey's Bill.

From the sickening scene of concession, intimidation, and submission, which our Reformers evinced to the mandates of the rabble, we turn with pleasure and pride to the manly and energetic conduct of Lord Wharncliffe with the Yorkshire yeomanry. A paragraph made the round of the reforming papers, stating that the privates of his regiment had required him to *resign* the command, as his opinions were so adverse to theirs on the great question. A Whig commander, on the system of concession, would immediately have done so, and palsied by such an act that great force through the country; but Lord Wharncliffe was not such a man. He assembled his regiment—explained to the refractory members, who were *thirty-two* in number only, and had been led by a druggist—that they had rendered themselves amenable, by such an act, to military punishment, but that he preferred dismissing them from the regiment, which was immediately done amidst the applause of the corps, and their place supplied by an equal number of active young men, of the true patriotic race. Such is the true way to meet such conduct. Let none who mingle the spirit of faction with military duty or civil guardianship, ever wear the British uniform—let them be stripped of the colours of British glory, and banished from the standards of Azincour and Waterloo—and let none assemble round those venerated ensigns, but such as know how to separate civil division from patriotic duty, and recollect the words of the greatest and best of modern Republicans, Carnot, "the armed force is essentially obedient—it acts, but never deliberates."

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* Cobbett, Nov. 12, 1831.

FOREIGN POLICY OF THE WHIGS.

No. II.

PORTUGAL.

THE frequent reference to the wisdom of our ancestors is a constant object of ridicule to the Whigs; but let them be of good cheer, the disease is in a rapid course of cure: our posterity will never speak of our wisdom.

We endeavoured to point out, in a former Number,* the extraordinary and inconceivable infatuation which has come over our rulers in regard to the Belgian question, and the disastrous consequences which must ensue in future, as has occurred in time past, from the demolition of the fortresses which have been erected on the Flemish frontier to curb the ambitious designs of France. We showed from the experience of all former wars, that it is in Flanders that the battle of European independence must be fought; that the moment it is overrun, the armies of that restless power are in possession of a salient angle, from which they threaten alike Vienna and Berlin, and that, paradoxical as it may appear, experience demonstrates it to be true, that it requires less exertion for its armies to march from the Rhine to the Niemen than from Cambray to the Rhine. The reason is, that the fortresses on the Rhine give them such a powerful base for offensive operations, and that when they pass that stream they find themselves among a number of small and powerless states which can offer no effectual obstacle to their ambition, but, on the contrary, yield to the invader, and enable them to organize one-half of Germany against the other.

Since that time nothing has occurred to weaken, but every thing to strengthen our observations. By a vigorous resistance to the unjustifiable partition with which he was menaced, indeed, the King of Holland seems to have got somewhat better terms from the allied powers than those which were formerly demanded from him. Maestricht, the old frontier town of Holland, is no longer to be severed from his dominions, and he is to retain the fortress and part of the territory of Luxembourg. This was obtained, not in consequence of English interference, but in spite of it;—the British fleet sailed to Antwerp to assail its oldest ally at the same time that the French soldiers crossed in triumph the field of Waterloo, rejoicing at the changes which human folly can work in national affairs, and hardly believing their own eyes when they saw British hands preparing to surrender the dear-bought trophies of an hundred victories. But the patriotism and valour of the Dutch had righted their cause, so far as it could be done against such fearful odds; before they arrived, their own courage had saved them from part of the partition with which they were menaced; the cowardice and weakness of the Belgians stood proclaimed to all Europe; the revolutionary rabble had dispersed before the tried defenders of order and justice, and, by the firmness of her people, Holland saved England from the ineffable disgrace of actually staining her standards with the blood of her oldest and most faithful ally.

What is to be the ultimate fate of the contest between Holland and Belgium, does not yet appear. But in the mean time the English fleet has sailed to the coast of Walcheren. Flushing is put in a state of defence; the buoys are lifted from the mouth of the Scheldt, and preparations are made for resisting the menaced attack of the British squadron. The French armies are still on the watch; at the first cannon shot they will cross the frontier, and co-operate with us in forcing the Dutch to accept the protocols—in other words, to submit to the partition of their dominions.

The evil done is irreparable. By departing from the obvious course of allowing the Belgians and Dutch to fight it out between themselves, with a clear stage and no favour; by establishing a *revolutionary power* in Flanders, we have in effect, if not in form, brought the French standards to the Rhine. The revolutionary throne of Belgium must depend on the great central revolutionary power of France; the legitimate monarchy of Holland must depend on the regular monarchies of Prussia and Russia. Leopold is nothing better than the lieutenant of Louis Philippe; he applies, and ever will apply, to him, for aid—as certainly as the Confederation of the Rhine did to the French Emperor.

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* No. CXXXV., September, 1831.

But in addition to this, what have the Whigs done? They have made an arrangement with France, by which the Belgian army, 20,000 strong, is to be governed by French officers —Was any thing ever like this? Not content with establishing a revolutionary throne in Belgium; not content with demolishing the frontier fortresses, and leaving the plains of Flanders as defenceless as after the sweep of Joseph in 1788, they are actually going to have the Flemish army directed by French officers—that is, as much a French army as the Hindoo army is now, or the Portuguese army was formerly, a British force.—What is the pretence for such a measure? The Duke of Wellington, than whom there is no man alive better qualified to speak on the subject, has declared that the Belgian army does not require foreign officers; but, if it did, why not have it filled with British, Prussian, or Austrian officers? Why put the whole force of this revolutionary state at the disposal of French officers? Why put the men who recoiled at Waterloo before the British standards, in possession of the country from which they were then with such infinite difficulty expelled? Why surrender in one day, not only the fortresses, but the country, and the army, which Marlborough toiled so long to save from French ambition, and Wellington in so glorious a manner rescued from their grasp? There can be no reason but one: France is a revolutionary power, and our reforming rulers deem every thing advisable which smooths the way for their revolutionary allies.

Holland is incapable of resisting France without the barriers of Flanders. This has long been felt; and accordingly, though they had the line of Breda, Bergen-op-Zoom, Maestricht, and Bois-le-Duc, to which they are now driven, in the time of Louis XIV., yet they were reduced to extremities by that ambitious monarch, and the Succession War first gave them security by establishing the barrier fortresses at the treaty of Utrecht. —Lord Brougham admits that the interests of Britain are identified with those of Holland; and yet he sanctions an arrangement which renders Leopold a prefect of France, brings their standards down to the Waal, deprives them of all the barrier towns, and reduces them to a weaker state than they were in before the victories of Marlborough. Does he imagine that the United Provinces are more capable of resisting France than they then were? That the winter march of Pichegru to Amsterdam in 1794 has increased their means of defence? Or that the peril to Dutch independence is less because twenty years have habituated the French to the sweets of Dutch dominion, and a new Revolution has revived the unextinguishable passion of its warlike people for the barrier of the Rhine?

The independence of Holland, therefore, that great and deserved object of British ambition, for which the revolutionary war was undertaken, and which, after so terrible a struggle, was accomplished, is now endangered. The French standards are again about to wave, as in 1792, on the Scheldt; the object for which the war was undertaken has been abandoned by a reforming administration. Long and bitterly will England feel the consequences of this immense error; present humiliation and disgrace attend it; future war, increased taxation, additional bloodshed, must be incurred to retrieve it.

But while the advantages and security of former victories have thus been abandoned by our present rulers on the side of Belgium, an equally extraordinary dereliction of all former policy has occurred on the side of Portugal. Not content with abandoning Holland, we have also sacrificed and alienated Portugal; the cry of indignation against England, which fills every city in the United Provinces, has been re-echoed from the banks of the Tagus.

Lightly as in a moment of political

frenzy, and under the influence of the passion for innovation, we may speak of the wisdom of our ancestors, their measures were founded on considerations which will survive the tempest of the present times. As France is the power which had been found by experience to be most formidable to the liberties of Europe, and in an especial manner perilous to the independence of England, our policy for two hundred years has been founded upon the principle, that Holland on the one side, and Portugal on the other, should be supported against it. By a close alliance with these two powers, we extended our arms, as it were, around our powerful neighbour: she could not go far in any direction without encountering either the one or the other. So strongly was the necessity of this felt, that so far back as 1663, in the treaty concluded with Portugal, it was stipulated "that England should resent any insult or aggression offered to Portugal in the same way, and with the same power, as if its own dominions were invaded.'

The result has proved the wisdom of their stipulations. In the two greatest wars which have distracted Europe for the last two centuries, the Netherlands and the Peninsula have been the theatre where the armies of France and England have encountered each other. France has never been effectually checked but when assailed in Spain and Flanders. Five-and-twenty years' peace followed the treaty of Utrecht, and sixteen have already followed the peace of Paris. All other treaties for the last 150 years, can only be considered as truces in comparison. Such is the importance of the Peninsula, that a considerable success there, is almost sufficient to neutralize the greatest advantages in the central parts of Europe; the victory of Almanza had wellnigh neutralized the triumphs of Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and the cannon of Salamanca startled Napoleon even on the eve of the carnage of Borodino, and when almost within sight of the Kremlin.

"The sea," says General Jomini, "which is the worst possible base to every other Power, is the best to England. That which is but a sterile and inhospitable desert to a military Power, conveys to the menaced point the fleets and the forces of Albion." It is on this principle, that the strict alliance and close connexion with Portugal was formed. Its extensive sea-coast, mountainous ridges, and numerous harbours, afforded the utmost facilities for pouring into its bosom the resources and armies of England, while its own force was not so considerable as to render its people jealous of the protection, or averse to the Generals, of England. The result proved the wisdom of the choice made of Portugal as the fulcrum on which the military power of England, when engaged in continental war, should be rested. It is there alone that an unconquerable stand was made against the forces of Napoleon. That which neither the firmness of Austria, nor the valour of Prussia, nor the power of Russia could accomplish, has been achieved by this little State, backed by the might and the energy of England. Austria has to lament the defeats of Ulm and Wagram; Prussia the overthrow of Jena; Russia the catastrophes of Austerlitz and Friedland; but the career of Portugal, in the same terrible strife, was one of uninterrupted success; before the rocks of Torres Vedras, the waves of Gallic aggression first permanently receded; and from the strongholds of the Tagus, the British standards advanced to a career of glory greater than ever graced the days of her Henrys and her Edwards.

It is a point on which military men are at variance, whether fortresses are of more value on the frontier or in the centre of a menaced State. Perhaps the question may be solved by a distinction:—where the State assailed is one of first-rate importance, as France or Austria, fortified towns on its frontier are of incalculable importance, because, if the invading army stops to invest them, it gives time for great armaments in the interior; if it pushes on and neglects them, it necessarily becomes so weakened by the detachments made for the purpose of maintaining their blockade, that it is incapable of achieving any considerable success. Two memorable examples of this occurred in French Flanders in 1793, when the invading army, 120,000 strong, was so long delayed by besieging the frontier fortresses of Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, and Landrecy, that time was given for the Convention to organize and equip the great armaments in the interior, which finally repelled the invasion; and in Lombardy, in 1796, when the single fortress of Mantua arrested the career of Napoleon for six months, and gave time for Austria to assemble no less than four successive and powerful armies for its relief. On the other hand, the extraordinary advantage attending the great central fortifications of Wellington at Torres Vedras, and the corresponding successes gained by Skrzynecki, from the possession of Warsaw, Zamosc, and Modlin, during the late Polish war, and by Napoleon, from the fortresses of Dresden, Torgau, and Wittemberg, on the Elbe in 1813, demonstrate, that where the state assailed is more inconsiderable when compared to the attacking force, fortifications are of more avail when placed in the centre of the threatened State, and when its armies, retiring upon their central strongholds, find both a *point d'appui* in case of disaster, and an interior line of communication, which compensates inferiority of forces, and affords an opportunity for accumulating masses on detached bodies of the enemy.

But His Majesty's Whig Ministers have solved the question in a totally different manner. They have relinquished *both* the frontier and the central fortresses which bridled France; both those which checked its irruption into the centre of Europe, and those which afforded a secure and central position on which the armies of England could combat when matters became more serious. We have lost both the frontier barrier of Marlborough in Flanders, and the interior barrier of Wellington in Portugal; with one hand we have abandoned the safeguard of Northern, with the other the citadel of Southern Europe.

Deviating for the first time from the policy of two hundred years, we have not only loaded Portugal with injuries and indignities ourselves, but we have permitted her to be the victim of revolutionary violence and rapine on the part of France. The Portuguese wines, long the favoured object of British protection, have been abandoned; the duties of French and Oporto wines have been equalized, and our ancient and irreconcilable enemy placed on the footing of the most favoured nation!

The consequence of this must in time be the destruction or serious injury of the immense capital invested in the raising of Port wine on the banks of the Douro. The cultivation of wine there has been nursed up by a century's protection, and brought to its present flourishing state by the fostering influence of the British market. But how is that excessive and exotic state of cultivation to continue, when the duties on Portuguese and French wines are equalized, and the merchants of Bordeaux can, from a shorter distance, send wines adapted to the English taste from the mouth of the Garonne?—Two shillings a gallon has been *taken off* French, and as much *laid on* Portuguese wines; the Portuguese grower, therefore, in competition with the French, finds himself saddled with a difference of duty amounting to *four* shillings a gallon. It requires no argument to shew, that such a difference of taxation deprives the Portuguese of all their former advantages, and must in the end extinguish the extraordinary growth of vines in the province of Entre Douro Minho.

What are the advantages which Ministers propose to themselves from this abandonment of their ancient ally? Is it that the English commerce with France is so much more considerable than that of Portugal, that it is worth while to lose the one in order to gain the other? The reverse is the fact—the British exports to France are only L.700,000 a-year, while those to Portugal amount to L 2,000,000. Is it that France has done so much more for British commerce than Portugal? The reverse is the fact—France has, by the most rigid system of prohibitions, excluded all British manufactures from its shores; while Portugal has, by a series of the most favourable treaties, given them the greatest possible encouragement. Is it because a more extended commerce with France may in future be anticipated from the friendly intercourse between the two countries, and a spirit of rising liberality has manifested itself on the part of its manufacturers and merchants? The reverse is the fact. France, so nearly in its northern parts in the same latitude with England, has the same coal, the same steam-engines, the same manufactures, whereas Portugal, exposed to the influence of a vertical sun, without coal, or manufacturing capital, is unable to compete with any of the productions of British industry. The consequence is, that the utmost possible jealousy has always, and especially of late years, existed on the part of the French against the British manufactures; and that all our measures for their encouragement have been met by increased duties, and more rigid prohibitions of the produce of our industry. Is it because France has been so much more friendly, of late years, to Britain than Portugal? The reverse is the fact. France has, for three centuries, done every thing she possibly could to destroy our industry and our independence, while Portugal has done every thing in her power to support the one and the other.

The reason of this difference in the conduct of the two states, is founded in the difference of the physical situation of the two countries, and of their climate and produce. Portugal, the country of the vine and the olive, without coal, wood, or fabrics of any sort, destitute of canals or carriage-roads, intersected by immense mountain ridges, is as incapable of competing with the fabrics or manufactures of England, as England is of emulating their oil, fruit, and wines. The case might have been the same with France, if it had been possessed merely by its southern provinces; but the northern lying nearly in the same latitude as England, with their coal mines, cotton and iron manufactories, are in exactly the same line of industry as the British counties, and their jealousy in consequence of our manufactures is excessive. The manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons being a much more opulent and united body than the peasant vine-growers of the south, have got the entire control of government, and hence the extraordinary rigour with which they exclude our manufactures, and the inconsiderable amount of the trade which we carry on with that populous kingdom. This jealousy, being founded on similarity of industry, and the rivalry of the same kind of manufactures, will continue to the end of time. By encouraging the wines of France, therefore, we are favouring the industry of a country which has not only always been our enemy, but never will make any return in facilitating the consumption of our manufactures! By encouraging the wines of Portugal, we are fostering the industry of a country which has always been our friend; and, from the absence of all manufacturing jealousy, may be relied upon as likely to continue permanently to take off the greatest possible amount of our manufactures.

But this is not all. Not content with inflicting this severe blow upon the industry of an allied state, which takes off L.2,000,000 a year of our produce, and is so likely to continue to do so, we have insulted and injured Portugal in the tenderest point, and allowed our new ally, revolutionary France, to destroy her national independence, and extinguish all recollection of the protection and the guardianship of England.

Don Miguel, as every body knows, is *de facto*, if not *de jure*, King of Portugal. He is not a *legitimate* monarch; he stands upon the people's choice. We do not pretend to vindicate either his character or his system of government. They are both said to be bad, though, from the falsehood on this subject which evidently pervades the English press, and the firm support which the Portuguese have given him when under the ban of all Europe, there is every reason to believe that the accounts we receive are grossly exaggerated; but of that we have no authentic accounts. Suffice it to say, the Portuguese have chosen him for their sovereign, and, after the experience of both, prefer an absolute monarchy to the democratic constitution with which they were visited from this country. Now, our government is avowedly founded on the system of non-intervention; and when the French and Belgians made choice of a revolutionary monarch, we were not slow in snapping asunder all treaties with the expelled dynasty, and recognising the new monarch whom they placed on the throne.

Don Miguel has now held for four years the Portuguese sceptre; his throne is more firmly established than that of either Louis Philippe or Leopold. He has received neither countenance nor aid from any foreign power; and if he had not been agreeable to the great bulk of the Portuguese, he must, long ere this, have ceased to reign. On what ground, then, is the recognition of Don Miguel so long delayed? Why is he driven into a course of irregular and desperate conduct, from the refusal of the European powers to admit his title? If they acted on the principle of never recognising any one but the legitimate monarch, we could understand the consistency of their conduct; but after having made such haste to recognise the revolutionary monarchs, it is utterly impossible to discover any ground on which we can withhold the same homage to the absolute one, or refuse the same liberty of election to the Portuguese which we have given to the French and Belgian people.

But this is not all—France has committed an act of the most lawless and violent kind to the Portuguese government; and we have not only done nothing to check, but every thing to encourage it.

Two Frenchmen were arrested, it is said, for political offences in Portugal, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine by the courts there. What they had done we know not. The Portuguese say they were endeavouring to effect a revolution in that country—the French deny the fact, and assert that they were unjustly condemned. However that may be, the French fleet sailed to the Tagus, forced the passage of the forts, and took possession of the fleet without any declaration of war. They required the reversal of the sentence against their condemned countrymen, the payment of a large sum in name of damages to them, and a public apology; and having gained all these objects, *they carried off the Portuguese fleet along with them to France*, while their ambassador still remained on a pacific footing at the Court of Lisbon! Now, this was plainly an act of rapine and piracy. Without entering into the justice or injustice of the proceedings against the accused in the Portuguese courts, supposing that they were as unjustifiable as possible, is that any ground for seizing the whole navy of Portugal, after the sentence complained of had been reversed, ample satisfaction made to the injured party, and a public apology placarded on the streets of Lisbon by the Portuguese government?

Against this flagrant kind of revolutionary violence, England has neither protested nor remonstrated:—we have witnessed in silence the spoliation of the Portuguese fleet, as the partition of the Dutch territory, and France can boast of greater naval trophies obtained from the allies of England in peace, than she ever obtained during the twenty years of the revolutionary war. Injuries are often complained of by the subjects of one country against the government of another; satisfaction is often demanded and obtained, and damages awarded to the aggrieved party. But was it ever heard of before, that *after* such satisfaction had been obtained, *the whole fleet* of the power from whom it was demanded should be seized hold of, and carried off as in open war? If this is a specimen of revolutionary justice, and of the new eras of liberty and equality, certainly Astræa in leaving the world has not left her last footsteps among them.

In this iniquitous and violent proceeding towards our old and faithful ally, let it always be recollected, the English government has tamely acquiesced. Well might the Duke of Wellington declare in the House of Lords, that nothing in life had ever given him so much pain, and that his cheeks were filled with blushes, when he thought of the conduct of our government towards its ancient ally. Would the government of Louis Philippe, we ask, have ventured upon such a step, if the Duke of Wellington had been at the head of our administration? Would they have ventured on it, if they had not been aware that no violence of theirs towards the Portuguese government was likely to be resented by our reforming government? In what light are we likely to be viewed by posterity, when, after having made such heroic efforts to save the Portuguese from the yoke of France, for eight years during the reign of Napoleon, we suffer them to become the victims of such revolutionary violence, the moment that a new administration is called to the helm of affairs?

How can we expect that our allies are to stand by us in periods of peril, when we desert them in so extraordinary a manner the moment that a new administration succeeds to our guidance? Have we arrived at that state of vacillation and instability, so well known as the symptom of weak and democratic societies, that there is nothing stable or fixed either in foreign or domestic policy, but government is tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and at the mercy of every agitation raised from the lowest classes of the people? Have the reformers brought this country, whose firmness and stability in time past had rivalled that of the Roman Senate, to such a state of weakness in so short a time, that the British alliance forms no security against external violence, and every state that wishes to avoid plunder and devastation, must range itself under the banners of our enemies? What the motive for such conduct may have been, it is difficult to divine; but the fact is certain, that we have done so, and every Englishman must bear the humiliation which it has brought upon his country.

"The meanest Englishman," said Mr Canning, "shall not walk the streets of Paris without being considered as the compatriot of Wellington; as a member of that community which has humbled France and rescued Europe." The noblest Englishman shall not now walk the streets of any European capital, without being considered as the compatriot of Grey; the member of that community which has partitioned Holland and deserted Portugal. With truth it may now be said, that the indignities and contempt which now await a traveller among all our former allies, are equalled only by the respect which he formerly experienced. Ask any traveller who has lately returned from Vienna, Berlin, the Hague, or Lisbon, in what light he is now regarded; whether he has experienced the same kindness or respect which so lately attended the English character? He will answer that they consider the English as absolutely insane, and that the ancient respect for our people is not quite extinguished, only because they look upon our delirium as transient, and trust to the restoration of the ancient spirit of the nation.

It is impossible it can be otherwise. To see a people suddenly relinquish all their former allies, and connect themselves with their ancient enemies—abandon at one blow the objects of two hundred years' contest, and forget in one year the gratitude and the obligations of centuries—is so extraordinary, that to those at a distance from the innovating passions with which we have been assailed, it must appear like the proceedings of men who had lost their reason. Such a proceeding might be intelligible, if experience had proved that this former policy had been ruinous; that these ancient allies had proved unfaithful; that these hereditary obligations had been a source of humiliation. But what is to be said when the reverse of all this is the fact? when this policy had been attended with unprecedented triumphs, these allies having stood by us in the extremity of disaster, and these obligations having brought with them a weight of national gratitude? when the Dutch remind England that it was not till Pichegru had conquered Amsterdam that they withdrew unwillingly from their alliance; and the Portuguese recount that they remained faithful to their engagements, when the spoiler was ravaging their land; when the army of England had fled from Corunna; when Oporto was in the hands of Soult; when a devouring flame ravaged their central provinces, and the leopards of England were driven to their last defences on the rocks of Mafra?

The French accuse their government of yielding too much to British ascendency; and it may be judged from the preceding statements whether we are not too obsequious to their revolutionary rulers. The truth is, that both charges are well-founded. The governments of both countries appear to play into each other's hands, to an extent inconsistent with the honour or the welfare of either. When the revolutionary dynasty of France deem an advance into Belgium, or an assault on Portugal, requisite to give an impulse to their declining popularity, the reforming

Ministers of England offer no opposition to the spoliation of their allies. If the reforming Ministers here deem their situation critical, by a formidable opposition to the projected change in the constitution, the French troops are directed to withdraw from Belgium—to encamp on the frontier—and preserve their advanced guard, consisting of the Belgian army, led by French officers alone, in the fortresses of Flanders. We ascribe no bad motives to our rulers; we have no doubt that they think they are performing the part of true patriots: we mention only the facts which have occurred, and posterity will judge of these facts with inflexible justice—nor excuse weakness of conduct, because it is founded on goodness of intention.

There can be no doubt that the conduct we have explained on the part of our present rulers towards Flanders and Portugal, would have been sufficient to have overturned any former administration—and that at any other time, the press of England would have rung from shore to shore with indignant declamation at the inconsistency and imbecility of our present foreign policy. How, then, has it happened, that this important matter is comparatively forgotten, and that we hear so little of a course of conduct which future ages will class with the fatal aberration from British policy by Charles II.? The reason is, that we are overwhelmed with domestic disasters,—that revolution and anarchy are staring us in the face at home,—and that seeing the dagger at our own throats, we have neither leisure nor inclination to attend to the circumstances or disasters of our allies.

A catastrophe of a still more fatal kind is rapidly approaching in the West Indian islands. These great colonies, involving L.130,000,000 of British capital, taking off L.15,000,000 a-year of British manufactures, are silently slipping from our grasp. The empire of the Atlantic Ocean will speedily pass to another people. In less than six months, it is more than doubtful whether the British colours will wave on one of the Antilles. The colonial legislatures have openly raised the standard of independence—they are only considering beneath what foreign power they are to range themselves. The outset of Reform in England will be marked, as the commencement of the Revolution in France, by the total loss of all their colonies.

Nor is this surprising. A government which attempted to extinguish our own industry at the Cape of Good Hope, in order to encourage the wines of France—and strove to destroy the timber trade of Canada, in order to encourage the industry of the Baltic—which has harassed the West Indian Islands with a set of slave regulations perfectly unsuitable to the people for whom they were intended, and calculated to light up the flames of a servile war in those flourishing possessions—can never hold together the splendid, but flimsy and unwieldy colonial empire of Britain. It will perish if the present system continues for any time; and posterity will say that it was lost by nothing but the rash and innovating passions of our own people.

Nothing could account for the indifference with which this is regarded by this country, but this tempest of Reform, which has sprung up so suddenly, and with such fatal effect amongst us. It is one of the peculiar and deplorable consequences of such a catastrophe, that it withdraws the attention of the people from the greatest external and internal faults in government, and by silencing the popular press upon every thing but the one favourite object of domestic contest, permits the growth of fatal and irretrievable errors in public administration. Periods of vehement democratic ambition are never those of beneficent legislation or practical improvement; and 'those are the worst friends of the poor, who, by exciting them to strive for the imaginary benefit of popular power, make them lose the solid benefit of tranquil employment.

NARRATIVE OF AN IMPRISONMENT IN FRANCE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

[For the truth and accuracy of the following narrative of a long and painful captivity, the author pledges himself. His object in giving it publicity, is neither to attempt an exposition of facts which may place the French Revolution of 1793 in a light different from that in which it has generally been viewed, nor to avail himself of frequent occasions for political discussion. His pretensions rise no higher, than to furnish an hour's entertainment to those who may be inclined to peruse a tale in print, which has not been thought destitute of interest by those of his friends, who, in the social hour, have listened to its rehearsal. Should it be conducive, in addition to this, to cherish and increase in the minds of his countrymen the love of home, and the institutions of Britain, and lead them to deprecate such violent political measures as produced the miseries of revolutionary France,—a fearful glimpse of which the author saw, he will deem himself happy beyond his expectations, in having contributed towards an object of still higher value and greater importance than *mere* entertainment.

S. W*****, Sen.]

Chap. I.

At that period of life when hope beats high, and the mind is most susceptible of the charms of novelty, I eagerly listened to a proposal, made to me by my father, to try my fortune on the inconstant ocean. With the variety of foreign scenery, and the picturesque vicissitudes occasioned by storms and calms upon a *new* element—the dreary winter and the summer's sun—my imagination had been made familiar, by the recital from time to time of the adventures of my father, whose life, from the earliest period, had been devoted to the sea. I was now to explore that world of wonders for myself. Favourably for my entrance upon nautical life, the "*Morning Herald*" was the property of my father; and, as was then not unusual, he took the command of his own ship. Fitted out as one of his ship's company, I felt all the pride and consequence natural to a British seaman, though I had yet to acquire the skill and practice which give efficacy to his daring.

On the 2d of May 1794, we took our departure from the Nore, bound for Barbadoes, and were borne forward with a propitious gale down the British Channel. When we were off Spithead, we fell in with the grand fleet of England, under the command of Lord Howe. This was the most imposing and splendid spectacle I had ever beheld. The ocean was covered over with ships of war, of the largest dimensions. Each of them, as we approached, towered frowningly before us like a castle; displaying along the lines of their respective decks a terrible array of the heaviest cannon—all majestically wafted along the bosom of the deep, as they spread aloft their ample canvass to catch the rising gale; whilst the contrast of our own comparatively diminutive bark with the colossal grandeur which surrounded us, gave me to feel my own insignificance, and produced a kind of envy towards the men who strode those lofty decks, from which *we* were looked down upon as in a *cockboat*, as though greatness or littleness were conferred upon men by the size of their ships!—I could not but exult in the conscious pride of being a Briton; and that the magnificent fleet which I then beheld booming over the ocean, as over a domain peculiarly its own,—claiming the homage of the world—was OURS:—little thinking how soon the dreadful conflict of the first of June, was to proclaim to all nations the invincible bravery and glorious victory of the British navy over the grand fleet of the French republic.

Within a few days after this gorgeous sight, one of a very different character gradually developed itself from the midst of one of the densest fogs that ever shrouded the sea—sad prognostic of our future woes.—It was on a Sunday morning: our ship was standing towards the northward and westward of the islands of Scilly, distant about fifteen leagues. Whilst my father and officers were below at breakfast, the fog in which we were enveloped began to clear up. The man at the helm suddenly called out—"a sail on the weather-bow, sir—a large ship—seems a man-of-war."—"Oh, no doubt she's an English frigate," replied my father, without rising from a chart he was examining—"she's cruising in the chops of the Channel." Presently the helmsman's voice was again heard—"another sail—on the lee-bow, sir—a frigate;" and in a few moments he called out again—"another sail—on the lee-quarter, sir!"—"Aye, aye! Three frigates? 'tis high time to look about us, I think," said my father; and, snatching up his spy-glass, he was on deck in an instant, followed by all at breakfast. There we were, sure enough, within the toils of a squadron of men-of-war! All the three ships we had descried, instantly ran up English colours—and we answered them with ours. The frigate to windward then bore down upon us, and fired a shot to bring us to! Somewhat alarmed—notwithstanding the show of the British flag—we still kept on our course. I shall never forget the excitement and terrible suspense which I—a lad come to sea for the first time—endured on this occasion. A second and a third gun were fired at us, soon after each other. "Don't you think, sir, we had better heave to," enquired the chief mate—"they'll make us *pay for every shot!*"* "I'm afraid you are right," replied my father, much agitated. "I don't like the appearance of these ships. I can't think they're English, for all they've hoisted our colours. Neither their hulls, rigging, nor the trim of their sails are British! It's all over with us, I'm afraid!" In the midst of this startling colloquy, Providence seemed to favour our escape; for the fog thickened around us, and under its friendly obscurity we altered our course, standing right in an opposite direction; and we should most certainly have escaped, but that unfortunately, as if by magic, the fog at once cleared up, and our attempt to elude pursuit was useless. One of the frigates again bore down upon us, and, opening her main-deck ports, fired one of her large guns at us. The shot whistled close by our stern. Resistance was absurd—escape impossible; and we accordingly hove to. A long-boat, lowered from the frigate, and filled with men, immediately made towards us, and soon sufficiently neared us, to discover, by the undisciplined movements, and un-British aspect of the men,—but, above all, by the *tricoloured cockade* in the hats of the officers,—that we were prisoners of war, and to the French!

The enemy sprung on board like a tiger fastening upon its unresisting prey. Our deck was instantly covered with confusion. The ferocious visages of those who boarded us—the vociferations of a language which I then understood not, and the wildness with which the men flew about the decks, or hurried into the cabin and steerage, gloating with savage satisfaction upon all they saw, as their own—made me feel as though hell had at once discharged its fiends upon our peaceful decks. The French commander had just English enough to say to my father, "Capitain, you prisonair of war!—You tell your men take down dat colour!—Make haste, make haste!" "No," replied my father, sullenly, "you've taken, but not conquered me; and you may put my head at the muzzle of one of your own guns, before I'll lower our British flag at the command of a Frenchman! Take it down yourself, or let it fly at the mast-head for ever!" About ten minutes were allowed to our officers and ship's company to take what necessaries we could carry with us on board the frigate—the French officers standing over us the while, and impatiently goading us to greater speed,—"Take all you can wit you! Make haste, make haste!—take all you can!—make haste, make haste!" A small matrass, with two or three sheets and blankets, and a little trunk with a few changes of linen, together with whatever we could hastily snatch from among our most valuable things, were all we could secure on taking our final leave of the Morning Herald. She was immediately manned by Frenchmen, and we were taken on board the frigate, which proved to be L'Insurgent, of forty-four guns. Then, and not till then, were the English colours hauled down on board the French squadron.

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* A custom at sea, when a merchantman is captured, but holds out obstinately.

Never shall I forget my sensations when we came alongside the frigate. The decks were crowded with the most filthy unsightly crew which my eyes had ever beheld—party-coloured in their dress, and wearing red woollen nightcaps, which, though surmounted with the national cockade, conveyed the idea of their being invalids on board an hospital-ship. To this motley crew I had to ascend, amidst the confused shouts of a language which seemed as barbarous to my ears, as their appearance was hateful to my eyes; whilst savage glee was legible in every countenance as they gazed upon their unfortunate victims. My heart sunk within me! As soon as I reached the deck, I sat down in sullen silence, whilst my busied imagination brought under my review the pleasures of the home which I had so readily quitted, in contrast with the forlorn and wretched condition in which I was then placed, and the gloom which overhung my future prospects. What was to become of me? Our sails were soon filled, and the frigate continued her cruise. For the last time, I looked upon the Morning Herald as she was shaping her course for France, under the command of her new crew, and was fast receding from our sight. Thus I witnessed almost all the property of our family borne away to augment the resources of a detested enemy—my father's ship being but inadequately insured. In justice, however, to the captain of L'Insurgent, it ought to be related, that whatever effects we brought from our ship were preserved inviolable; and every thing which could reasonably be expected to render our condition comfortable, as long as we were under his command, was readily supplied. My father regularly messed with the captain and superior officers, whilst I and the rest of the men were distributed amongst the crew, and fared in all respects as well as they.

During a cruise of about a week, we fell in with and took several vessels belonging to different nations. A circumstance connected with one of these captures may not be uninteresting to notice. Early one morning a ship of considerable size was descried, standing towards the British Channel. We immediately gave chase, and in the course of the day came up with her. She proved to be the Europa of London, a beautiful ship, homeward bound, and laden with a rich cargo of West India produce. We were at this time within sight of the Land's End of England. As soon as the men of the Europa were brought on board L'Insurgent, the attention of the whole crew was attracted towards one young man above all the rest. His countenance was deeply interesting, his person tall and elegant, and his manners graceful; but all his movements indicated unusual perturbation and distress. After pacing the deck with hurried steps, and frequently pausing—in an instant becoming motionless as a statue, with his face directed towards the shore—his agony at length broke through all restraints. To sobs and groans succeeded the most piteous cries and tears. Consolation was tendered to him by some of his friends, who seemed to know the secret of his sorrow; but no ear had he for their counsel or condolence—no control over his passions. He was conducted to the capstan, on which he reclined his head, having covered his face with his hands, and in a perfect roar of agonizing cries and tears, gave vent to the sorrows with which his heart was surcharged. Upon enquiry it was found, that on leaving England about two years before, he had made all the arrangements necessary for marrying a young lady of beauty and fortune immediately on his return. He had been most fortunate in his mercantile transactions, and was returning with the produce of his industry to marry her, and was now within only a few hours' sail of embracing the beloved object of his affections! Alas! this melancholy occurrence stripped him at once of all his worldly treasure, and for ever blighted all his future hopes; for only a few short months numbered him amongst the hapless victims who fell amidst the frightful ravages of disease amongst the prisoners of war at Quimper—a scene of woe which yet remains to be described.

Whilst on board L'Insurgent, we had a fair opportunity of seeing the operation of the favourite principles of French republicanism on the temper and behaviour of the common people. *Liberty* and *equality* were words of perpetual recurrence among them; and the practical application of these famous terms was a constant illustration of the sense they affixed to them—to the no small mortification and annoyance of their superior officers. The very cooks and *swab-wringers* would stand and dispute the orders, and question the authority, of the boatswain; nor could he prevail on them to obey his orders, till he bluntly consented that chance and the suffrage of the people conferred the superiority which he exercised over them! and, consequently, that they had a greater right —if they thought fit to assert it—to command the boatswain, than the boatswain to command them! If he still dared to dictate in the tone of superiority, they would scornfully turn their back upon him, and bid him wring the swabs *himself*, for *liberty* and *equality* were now the allowed right of every Frenchman! If the sails were to be trimmed during the time of their meals, unless it appeared reasonable to the majority, the boatswain might pipe his call till he was breathless, and was obliged to endure their chiding;—"What made him in such a hurry? let him wait till they had finished their meal." Even on the quarter-deck, nothing was more common than to see groups of foremast-men sitting in circles, for hours together, at their favourite game of cards, whilst their superior officers, and even the captain himself, were obliged to *thread the needle* amongst them in walking the deck; and if they expressed dissatisfaction at the inconvenience they suffered, they might expect to hear a growl of indignation,—"Was it the intention of their commanders to abridge them of their *liberty* and *equality*?"

On one occasion, however, we had a specimen of perfect unanimity and universal co-operation. On the sixth morning after our capture, a sail was seen in our wake, about half courses high. She had every appearance of an English frigate, cruising in the chops of the Channel. After a short time she was observed to alter her course, and make sail after us. We were then under double-reefed topsails. A scene of the utmost consternation and confusion ensued. The boatswain's pipe now thrilled through every ear with startling shrillness, and was instantly answered:—"Shake the reefs out of the topsails, and sway them up to the mast-heads!—Set your topmast and lower studding-sails!—The breeze slackens—run up your royals and topgallant-studding-sails!" But oh, the merriment of their British prisoners at the tardy, confused, and lubberly way in which these orders were executed! An equal number of our sailors would have accomplished the same work in one-third of the time at least! And then the amusing remarks which they made upon the slovenly trim of the sails:—"I say, Jack, d'ye see that topmast studding-sail there?—my eyes! why, it sits like a purser's shirt dangling on a handspike!" Such gibes as these, with the loud laughter which generally followed, were sufficiently annoying to *Mounseer*. Nor was the quarter-deck a scene of less interest than the main-deck and forecastle. Though every countenance was lighted up with an animation and eagerness which almost approached a transformation of their original features, yet, from the opposite sensations which were felt, it was surprising to observe the difference between those who were anxious to be overtaken, and those who were eager to effect their escape. Every minute the captain was intensely watching with his spy-glass whether the English frigate—for such their fears had certainly defined her to be—was gaining upon us. Alternate gladness and dejection exchanged sides between the prisoners of war and the French crew as the affirmative or negative was announced. After a chase of two hours, at the rate of about twelve knots, the hull of our pursuer became visible. All prisoners were immediately ordered off the decks; and the command was given to clear away for action. What words can suffice to describe the intense agony of suspense felt by the prisoners confined in the darkness of the 'tween decks, whilst we heard the hurry and confusion over our heads, as they were clearing away their guns and preparing for battle, and the clamorous shouts and execrations of the French sailors, as they despaired of escape and deemed a battle inevitable. In this fever of excitement we were kept for about two hours, unable to obtain the slightest information of the progress of the chase, and expecting every moment to hear a broadside, every Frenchman being charged, under the severest penalty, not to answer any enquiry from the prisoners respecting the situation and position of the ships. Towards the evening, however, the breeze slackened, and we had the mortification to hear that the English frigate had given over the chase and altered her course. We were again permitted to walk the deck, and eyed, with many a wistful look, the prospect of our deliverance receding from our sight.

On the ninth day after our capture we were taken into Brest. Melancholy were my reflections as we sailed past the fortifications, on either hand, on our entrance into one of the noblest harbours in Europe; contrasted with which dejection, the gaiety and hilarity of the French crew tended but to make my condition appear more disconsolate and wretched. Seen from the shore, our frigate must have appeared a beautiful object; gliding majestically along with a fair wind, the chief part of our sails set, all our colours flying, and, as we passed some of the principal forts, the shrouds and yard-arms manned as closely as possible, returning the salutations from the shore with joyous greetings, and singing with the utmost enthusiasm their national song:

> "Aux enfans de la patrie,
> Le jour de gloire est arrivée," &c.

We soon came within sight of the French grand fleet, under the command of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, lying at anchor over the magnificent expanse of water which forms the harbour of Brest. Nothing could exceed in grandeur the sight which presented itself to us, as we passed along successively from one line-of-battle-ship to another, till we had seen the whole extent and magnitude of the largest navy which the French could ever boast. In the afternoon we came to an anchor, and spent the night on board, mournfully anticipating the undefined hardships which awaited us in a French prison, and of which to-morrow was to afford us a specimen. After breakfast the following morning, the boatswain's call gave the shrill announcement that all the prisoners of war were to be immediately mustered upon deck, each man bringing along with him his luggage, in readiness for debarkation. Affecting was the sight, as the officers and men of the ships which had been taken during the cruise were marshalled into their respective groups. Just before we descended into the boats prepared to take us on shore, a formal offer was made, in the name of the Republic, to any of the officers or men who chose to exchange the prospect of a prison for the service of the French navy, with the promise of equal wages and equal fare with their own men. As soon as the proposal was understood by the English prisoners, a burst of indignation and a fearless volley of execrations were poured forth upon those who made the offer; and it was with extreme difficulty that some of the men could be restrained from a furious assault in return. One traitorous wretch alone listened to the proposal, and he was a Dutchman; but it was at the hazard of his life. Had he not been instantly rescued by a body of armed men, he would doubtless have been torn in pieces, to such a pitch of exasperation and rage were all the rest of the prisoners roused. This subject, as we left the side of the frigate and were on our way towards the shore, furnished the topic on which each took occasion to express his wrath, whilst ever and anon they vociferated their execrations on the dastardly coward and traitor they had left behind, as long as they thought their voice could be heard. Scarcely was the tumult occasioned by this occurrence subsided, when we drew near to the shore.

We were now sufficiently discernible by the inhabitants of Brest, who crowded towards the place of debarkation to witness the spectacle of our landing. At scarcely any period of my captivity do I recollect being sensible of more poignant distress than at this moment. The quay on which we were to land was most formidable in appearance with military array, and overhung with multitudes of curious spectators, making whatever remarks they thought proper, as public attention was directed now to this prisoner, and then to another; whilst little else than banter and ridicule, or malignant and ferocious dispositions, were indicated by the countenances, gestures, and clamour of those, into whose power the fortune of war had thrown us. Two lines of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were drawn up to receive us as we landed; and under their escort we were conducted over several drawbridges and military fortifications of great ingenuity and strength; till at length we were introduced into the town. The place selected for our first halt was in the midst of a large square, in the open air. Hither, after a while, our luggage was brought, and piled up in the midst, surrounded with a strong guard of soldiers to keep off the multitude, who, by this time, were come from all parts to gratify their curiosity. In this condition we were kept till late in the afternoon, without any refreshment from the time we left L'Insurgent,—except a piece of bread, perchance, were now and then thrown amongst us by some looker-on, who had a heart to compassionate our wretched plight. Whilst we were thus exposed, a gazing-stock to the inhabitants, a circumstance occurred which promised no small alleviation of the distress in which my father and I were involved. A gentleman of respectable appearance and polite manners obtained leave of the commanding-officer to associate himself with the prisoners. After a while he shook hands with my father, and, to my utter amazement, immediately embraced him with all the ardour of the dearest friendship, exclaiming, in a tone of the utmost sorrow and distress, "O my dear broder, my dear broder! Vat bring you here? It makes me ver great trouble for you, my dear broder! Vat you sall vant in the prizon vare you go, me feel de pleseur great to carry you! Tell me all tings you vant for all times; and all vat dis contrie produce will be at your tres service!" It was a long while before he loosed his embrace; and when he left us, it was with the assurance, that as soon as we should be settled at the prison destined for our reception, at a short distance in the country, he would be our frequent visitor, and render our captivity as tolerable as it was in his power. No sooner had he taken his leave, than my father and I were congratulated on all sides, by our less fortunate companions in tribulation, at this unexpected salutation, and the large hopes with which it had inspired us. It was a considerable time before my father had leisure to explain to me an occurrence which seemed so utterly unaccountable. Was this stranger a near relation of whom my father had never before informed me? or of whom he himself had never heard before? or did they recognise in each other early companionship in distant parts of the globe? No, the whole mystery of this affair lay in the discovery which each had made to the other, of the word and the sign of a FREE MASON! Convinced by this overpowering evidence of the great utility and importance of the institution of free masonry, I from that moment resolved, that as soon as I should be within reach of a lodge, I would offer myself as a candidate. Judge, however, what were our disappointment and mortification, at never afterwards hearing a word of our invaluable friend, our "*beloved brother!*"

Towards the evening, orders were given to commence the march to our new habitation; but, to our vexation and distress, no carriages were in readiness to take our luggage with us. We remonstrated, we entreated, that it might accompany us; but all in vain. We were assured, on the honour of the French Republic, that it should be sent after us in the course of the evening. Resistance was useless. At the word of command, under a strong escort of soldiers, we were constrained to leave our luggage in the middle of the square, exposed to chance, or the designs of villainy. At the beat of the drum we set forward through the streets, amidst the hootings and imprecations of the rabble; as though we had been felons of the most atrocious kind, and no longer entitled to the claims of humanity. After a march of three or four miles, we reached the prison of Pontenezin, situated not far from the sea-coast. It was a double row of building, of a ground floor, surrounded by a wall; intended only as a temporary abode, till a convenient opportunity should occur of removing us farther into the interior of the country. On our arrival, we were not a little comforted to find three or four hundred prisoners, chiefly English, alre inmates of our new habitation. T recognition of each other as Brit subjects, even in these deplorable circumstances, inspired us with a transport of joy, little less than as though we had met each other on our native shore. Three cheers from within, before we entered the gates, were answered by three cheers on the outside, to the no small annoyance of the French soldiers; who learned from this specimen, that no injuries which tyrants can inflict, have power to enslave or control a British *spirit*.

What a refreshment to our sight were the countenances of a crowd of our own countrymen; what music to our ears was even our own language, when unexpectedly heard from hundreds of British voices, where our imagination had anticipated only a dreary gloom and silence! The moment we had entered, and the gates of our prison were closed upon us, we for a time forgot the miseries of captivity in the cordial congratulations which ensued, as one and another recognised a relative or a friend among their new associates; or as information was mutually given or received, in answer to endless enquiries respecting the land of our birth, or the dear connexions from whom cruel war had severed us, perhaps for ever! In addition to the allowance of provisions, which were served out to us that night, whatever rations of wine—which was at that time allowed daily to the prisoners—had been stored up by any of them for rare and special occasions, were brought out and set before their countrymen. Through the whole of that night nothing but hilarity and joy were witnessed. The relation of each others adventures, among the numerous groups of friends and parties, into which the company had distributed themselves, together with the occasional "jocund song and merry dance,"—for even music was not wanting to the festive scene—must have conveyed the idea to any looker-on, not versed in our story, that we were celebrating a triumph, and dividing the spoil, rather than men partners in misfortune!

To this effervescence of nationality, however, succeeded the painful alternation of anxiety and distress on account of our luggage. Instead of the punctuality to which Gallic faith had pledged itself, that our goods should follow us the same evening, we were kept in the most painful suspense and destitution for upwards of a *week*, without having so much as a change of linen, or any thing to lie upon by night but the bare boards of the prison floor! On the ninth day, however, after our arrival, when we were just parting with the last fragment of hope, the arrival of our luggage was announced. The matrass and bedding, to our no small joy, were safe; and these, as long as we were able to retain them, we found to be of the most essential service. But what was our vexation to find, that our little trunk had been broken open, and every valuable article stolen out of it! Scarcely a change of linen was left, and even that only of the very worst kind, which, in our haste, had been thrown in with the rest on leaving the Morning Herald. Complaint was made to the commanding-officer, and also to the commissary of war, and promise was made that diligent enquiry should be instituted; all, however, was in vain—not a single article of which we had been so cruelly bereft was ever restored. Fortunately my father had secured about his person ten guineas in gold, and a little silver; this was all we had to rely upon for the purchase of some of the necessary articles of clothing, occasional food, and medicine, for many months; for, in consequence of the infamous spirit of espionage and jealousy with which the rulers of France were at this time inspired, not one of the many letters we wrote home for supplies ever reached its destination; nor, during the whole period of our captivity, were we able to obtain a remittance from England. Such, indeed, was then the despotism of the French rulers, and the vassalage of the people, that events of the greatest notoriety to all Europe beside—nay, even those which were most intimately connected with their own Republic—were either kept totally concealed from the great body of the people, or the grossest falsehoods were palmed upon their credulity; just as those who were in power thought fit to dictate to the press, which was kept with the utmost vigilance under the exclusive control and authority of the tyrants; a striking and ludicrous illustration of which I shall now lay before the reader.

About a fortnight after our arrival at Pontenezin, our attention was strongly attracted by the eager conversation and gestures of some workmen, who were employed in repairing the roof of the prison, from which they had a view of the sea-coast, and whither they were frequently pointing. We soon learned that they were gazing with exultation on the splendid spectacle of their grand fleet sailing out of the harbour of Brest; and boasting of the terror and consternation which it would soon occasion to Britain, and the glory with which they would ere long return victorious over the English fleet. Only a few days elapsed before tidings reached Brest, and from thence were propagated to Pontenezin, that, after a dreadful battle with the Channel fleet under Lord Howe, the *French* fleet had been VICTORIOUS, and had either captured or destroyed the greater part of the enemy! Several of the French men-of-war soon arrived in a most shattered condition, and it was announced, that on the following day the rest might be expected to make their appearance, together with the prizes they had taken! The French soldiers, and the labourers employed about the prison, were frantic with joy, and with insolent language and gesture gloried in the superior prowess of their navy over that of Great Britain. At all this our men were either *glum* with savage indignation—or, without a particle of evidence to support their assertion, swore it was "all humbug!" and that they were certain the contrary was the truth. To-morrow and the next day came, no additional ships hove in sight. Enquiry among the Frenchmen began to be impatient—what had become of the which were wanting? to which a ready reply was furnished, by those whose business it was to keep them in ignorance—a reply abundantly satisfactory to French vanity and credulity, that the delay of the expected ships was in consequence of their having so many of the British men-of-war in tow!

Not many days intervened, however, before we were made acquainted with the correct history of the affair. A considerable number of additional prisoners were brought to Pontenezin; some of whom had been actually present in one of the smaller men-of-war during the engagement, and witnessed the whole progress of the battle. From these we learned, in detail, that whilst Admiral Earl Howe was cruising off the coast of Bretagne, he was informed that the French Admiral, Villaret Joyeuse, had sailed from the harbour of Brest. He immediately made sail in quest of the enemy, and fell in with him to the westward of Ushant, when Rear-Admiral Paisley briskly attacked the rear of the French fleet. On the following day, Lord Howe, having by his superior nautical skill obtained the weathergage, commenced a spirited engagement. Three days afterwards, the French were brought to close action; the enemy's force consisting of twenty-six ships of the line, that of the British twenty-five. The Admiral, Lord Howe, who was on board the Queen Charlotte, with the utmost skill and gallantry broke the enemy's line; whilst Captain Berkely, in the Marlborough, after sustaining a dangerous conflict with two ships, disabled one and repelled the other. Captain Hervey, in the Brunswick, engaged several ships with the utmost intrepidity, and had a tremendous struggle with the Vengeur, whose crew were glad to cry aloud for quarter; but their ship was already sinking, and Captain Hervey was able to afford them but little assistance; many, however, of the French were saved by the humanity of their adversaries, but about three hundred perished in the ocean. The names and forces of the French ships captured by Lord Howe were, La Juste, of eighty guns; the Sans Pareille, of eighty guns; L'Amerique, of seventy-four guns; L'Achille, of seventy-four guns; the Northumberland, of seventy-four guns; L'Impetueux, of seventy-four guns; the Vengeur, of seventy-four guns, in which six hundred and ninety men were killed, and five hundred and eighty wounded.

No sooner were *these* tidings detailed, than the enthusiasm and joy of the prisoners exceeded all bounds. To attempt giving an adequate idea is hopeless; it will be better conceived than described. On this great occasion, every drop of wine which had been stored, or could be purchased, was laid under contribution against the evening; when it was resolved to celebrate, in the most joyous manner possible, the tidings of the day, and to welcome the messengers who were the bearers of them. Never, during my life, have I witnessed any such scene of frantic joy, as that night presented.—"God save the King"—"Rule Britannia"—and every loyal song known to British seamen, were sung and encored, as long as the performers and the chorus could vociferate. Processions were led around the prison, which, being without partitions, was well adapted for the purpose. Speeches were delivered in praise of the British navy, and the army; of our King and our country; of the heroes who fought, and the heroes who fell; followed with deafening shouts of "God save the King," and "Huzzas" innumerable, till far beyond the hour of midnight. At length, whether through an apprehension that we should tear down the prison, or through mortification at our triumph of solid glory, in contrast with their empty boast, a large body of republican troops burst into the prison with their muskets leveled at us, and swore, that if we did not instantly cease our uproar, they would fire upon us. Thus ended our celebration of the *glorious first of June!*

One hundred and fifty prisoners of war, three weeks after this event, were ordered to be in readiness to march to Quimper, in which number I and my father were included. We set forward in the morning under a strong guard of soldiers. The day proved to be most unfavourable, with wind and rain;—a melancholy presage of the scenes we were doomed to witness in the prison to which we were going. Long before we halted for the night, we were thoroughly wet with rain, nor had we any change of clothes but what were nearly as wet as those we had on. In this condition we arrived at the village where we were to sleep, and where a stable had been provided for our reception; this, however, was so small as not to allow room sufficient for each man to lie upon his back. Some, therefore, were obliged to lie under a shed, and others to walk the yard, till they were relieved by the kindness of those who had rested a while in the stable, or who had been constrained to make their escape from a state next to suffocation, occasioned by so many men pressed close together, and the steam produced by the drying of their clothes upon their backs. When daylight appeared, the escape of the steam from the door and the windows, made the building appear like a place on fire. Yet, strange to relate, the refreshment I received from the sleep which weariness and exhaustion had occasioned, seemed as great as though I had reposed upon a bed of down, rather than on the stones of a stable floor, covered with a thin layer of straw; nor do I recollect that either I, or any of my fellow-prisoners, sustained the least injury from cold.

We had not proceeded far on the second day's march before we were amused with the appearance of festivity and glee, first at one village, and then at another, as we passed along. The cap of liberty, placed on the top of a lofty pole, with the tri-coloured flag floating in the air, caught our view at the turn of every street; whilst here and there groups of French peasantry were dancing around one of those emblems of republicanism, just as our own rustics are wont to disport themselves around the May-pole. At first we were at a loss to account for this scene of gaiety, and ready to conclude, that either they were celebrating an anniversary of some event of the Revolution, or that a country fair had summoned friends and relations together to enjoy each other's society, or, possibly—which was actually the case on some subsequent occasions—that a sentiment of respect towards Britons, as belonging to the land of liberty, took this opportunity of expressing itself as a remainder of Royalism or Constitutionalism, still latent in the minds of this portion of the population. This persuasion seemed to be confirmed by groups of young men and women hailing our approach with demonstrations of joy, and preceding us waving their handkerchiefs and dancing, as though they congratulated a marriage party returning from church. What was our merriment, when, halting in one of these villages, we learned that information had preceded us, that some of the prisoners of war who had been *captured by the French Grand Fleet* in the late engagement were to pass through their respective villages on this day; and that the inhabitants were thus expressing their joy on the occasion! So thoroughly, indeed, had their credulity been wrought upon, that, as the population crowded around us to gratify their curiosity, we heard the eager enquiry frequently put by some of these dupes of republican demagogues,—"Which is Lord Howe? Which is Lord Howe?" Their confusion may easily be conceived when they were told by some of our men the particulars of the battle; that Lord Howe was either in England, enjoying the honours he had acquired by the victory gained over their *invincible* fleet; or that he was in quest of the few ships which had made their escape at the conclusion of the battle!

A scene, however, of a far different kind presented itself in the afternoon of the same day. A procession of a mixed appearance was seen at a considerable distance on the road approaching towards us; whether festive, or mournful, we could not for some time descry. Several carriages of some kind or other were meeting us, gay with female decorations. As it drew nearer, however, we perceived, intermixed, the gleaming of bayonets and halberds, and other military array. Either an army was on its march, or prisoners were in custody. The latter proved to be the case. Just as we came up to them, the procession halted, as we also did ourselves; the soldiers who guarded us, no less than those we met, being desirous of knowing the particular character and object of their respective companies. A piteous sight was before us. Five common country waggons, without any covering, drawn by as many teams of horses, were filled with females. Some of them were, in appearance, the most beautiful women I ever saw; and all of them were dressed with elegance and taste. By their speech and manners they were obviously persons of rank and consideration in the country, as long as rank and character claimed any regard in France. We were permitted to approach near to them; and, when they knew that we were English prisoners on our way to Quimper prison, they solicited conversation with us. Fortunately some of our officers could speak the French language, and several of the men, being natives of the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, were able to converse in it freely. By this means we ascertained that these miserable ladies were either the wives or near relations of those who, during the frightful slaughter of persons accused or *suspected* of favouring the Royal party, had been either murdered by the hands of hired assassins, drowned in the river, or beheaded by the guillotine. Mournful, indeed, were the tales they told, in hurried and affrighted accents, and heart-breaking to those who heard them. "I care not—I care not," said one of the loveliest among them, wringing her white hands, and shaking her black hair over her pallid features. "God, in mercy, is going to put an end to my tortures! I go to the guillotine!"—and her hands were in an instant clasped round her neck—"and I go with joy!—I shall soon be with him I would have died with —my husband! his only crime was that he loved our poor King; and *mine*—that I love my husband!—O hasten, hasten, savage wretches that mock my misery!—Hurry us on to our fate!—Drive us like lambs to the slaughter! oh, make haste, make haste!"

There were little else than moanings and shriekings amongst them all;—but two or three sat against the waggon-sides, without a tear, a sob, or a complaint, looking at us as if they yet saw us not, but were stupified and stunned with their sorrows. Others told us that they were accused of crimes against the republic by individuals whose names they had never so much as heard; that they had never had an opportunity of confronting their accusers, or making any defence; and that, without a moment's warning, they were seized whilst sitting in their houses, by ruffians who hurried them away to the carts in which they were now placed. "We are now," said they, "on our way to Brest, under the pretext of taking our trial; but alas, alas! we know that to be accused and to be condemned are all one! The guillotine is speedily to end our mournful story!—Would to God we could assume your appearance and dress; that we could proceed with you to endure whatever hardships you may be doomed to undergo! Would to God we could entertain the most distant hope of ever reaching the blessed country which gave you birth!—a country where these scenes of horror are unknown; where just laws protect the innocent, and punish only the guilty; or, if this were impossible, gladly would we die in your society amidst all the sorrows of your captivity, rather than perish in the fangs of the monsters who have seized upon us as their prey!" In the midst of these heart-rending accents, with cries, and tears, and wringing of hands, the mournful procession moved forwards; followed by a rude and insulting soldiery, guarding these innocent victims with fixed bayonets, and drowning their sobs and groans in the sound of the boisterous drum; whilst we proceeded towards Quimper, the direful source to ourselves of woes unnumbered.

CHAP. II.

AT Quimper we arrived on the evening of our second day's march from Pontenezin. The building fitted up for the reception of prisoners of war, had been a convent previous to the Revolution; but the same spirit of innovation which had subverted the throne, and abolished the aristocracy of France, proceeded to annihilate, if possible, whatever had been rendered sacred by religion. The pious nuns, who were its previous inhabitants, had been driven from their peaceful dwelling, to seek shelter, if *shelter* could be found, amidst the tumultuary and sanguinary conflicts of a distracted country; whilst their former abode was occupied by captives from all the nations with which France was waging war. The convent was composed of two long buildings, situated on opposite sides of a large irregular court. Each building was four stories high, and each story was divided longitudinally by a passage which extended the whole length of the building, with a great number of small rooms partitioned off on either side. In addition to the court between the two principal buildings, was a large retired space, laid out as a garden and orchard, in which the nuns were accustomed to take the air. The whole was surrounded by a high wall.

On our arrival at this place, we found nearly three thousand prisoners already in possession, distributed through the little rooms, either as choice directed, on the ground of rank, friendship, or nationality; or as necessity compelled those who came last, to take the only situations which remained unoccupied. Fortunately, my father and I were admitted into a room on the second floor, where there was a vacancy for two inmates, among five gentlemen, one of whom was a physician, and the others either captains of merchant ships, or officers in the navy. The rooms, which were all nearly equal in size, were barely sufficient to admit of seven persons lying with their pallet beds close to each other, when unrolled on the floor. On our entrance, we entertained the hope of being able to beguile the wearisomeness of our captivity with tolerable endurance; especially as, through the humanity of our first commissary, the prison allowance was sufficient to ensure the continuance of health, and moderate comfort. Rations of bread, meat, butter, and wine, were regularly served out to each mess daily. Schemes of business and plans of study were drawn up, and prosecuted with laudable industry. Our numerous and diversified community assumed the appearance of commerce and learning. Here resided the mathematician and teacher of navigation, whose room was crowded with the votaries of science; there, the poet and musician; and not far off was the abode of the humble mechanic, who found his interest in being able to ply several trades, as the necessities of his fellow-prisoners required his ingenuity to mend a jacket or repair a shoe. According as the different nations had associated themselves in the various divisions of the prison, we had the Italian row, the German row, the Dutch row, &c., where the British acquired their respective languages, whilst they taught their own in return. These diversified pursuits, as interest prompted, or pleasure attracted, happily employed those hours which otherwise would have been spent in lamenting our lot, and brooding over our misfortunes. We had even our courts of justice, for the trying of delinquencies; and whatever other institutions our *mixed constitution* required, for the maintenance of good order, and the promotion of the general welfare.

In the midst of this scene of business and amusement, we might have passed our time with comparative comfort, and even advantage; but we were destined to undergo afflictions and distresses which rendered most of these employments unavailing. Either according to the regulations of the Convention in the succession of offices, or with hostile intention towards the prisoners, the commissary under whose kind superintendence we were first placed, was removed from his situation, and another of a very different disposition was sent to occupy his place. Stern and ferocious in his countenance and manner, he was no sooner seen among us than times of suffering and calamity were predicted to be at hand. Only a few days after he assumed his office, he gave orders that our allowance of wine should be withheld, as being too great a luxury to be granted to enemies of the French Republic. Soon afterwards our ration of flesh meat was reduced to only half the former quantity, and the butter was entirely withheld. Remonstrance was vain. We had not the means of making our complaint known beyond the walls of our prison, though we had reason to suspect that the reduction of our allowances was not by order of the National Convention, but only at the instigation of the commissary's eagerness to enrich himself by our distress. To this cruel abridgement of our daily food, was added the unreasonable, the unnecessary resolution, of constraining every prisoner, without exception, whatever might be the state of the weather, to pass muster twice in the week, when we were turned into the orchard, and frequently kept there three or four hours together. Not a few invalids, unable to stand upon their feet so long, being obliged to sit or lie upon the damp ground, fell speedy victims to disease!

On one of these occasions an instance of ferocious barbarity occurred. The fruit of the orchard had been sold to a gardener in the neighbourhood, under condition that he was to be at the risk of whatever depredation might be committed by the prisoners when they were mustered; at which time he was allowed to be present, for the purpose of guarding the fruit which was on the trees. The temptation to pilfer was too powerful to be resisted by some of the prisoners, and their dexterity often too great to be detected by the gardener's vigilance. At the time alluded to, I was sitting on the ground, in company with a young man, who was in a state of ill health; unfortunately, in the neighbourhood of some lads who were by stealth knocking down apples, and making off with their prize. Without a moment's warning, the gardener, who was watching his fruit from behind a secret stand, fired with his musket. I saw the flash in front from the midst of a bush. In an instant, my friend fell on his back. Not suspecting he was shot, but supposing rather that the report of the musket had been too powerful for his state of nervous debility, and had occasioned only a swoon, I sprang forward to lift him up, when, to my consternation and horror, I saw the blood gushing from his breast. He uttered not a word;

my friend was shot; he lay a breathless corpse at my feet! The cowardly wretch who had accomplished his murderous purpose, escaped through a private door by which he had access to the orchard, without coming through the prison, and thus eluded the rage of the prisoners. To allay the commotion with which justice was invoked against this flagrant outrage, the Commissary promised that enquiry should be instituted and justice done. On the following day, a committee of gentlemen was appointed to examine the case. Their enquiry was limited to the fact, whether or not the deceased had been guilty of taking any of the fruit. No opinion was ever expressed whether the crime alleged was worthy of death! No fruit had been found on his person. A surgeon was directed to open the body and examine the stomach: No fruit was there. Yet, innocent as he had been proved to be, no farther steps were taken to bring the murderer to answer for his conduct!

This atrocious deed was but the precursor of more melancholy scenes of wide-spreading devastation. We were led, from one or two dark indications, to suspect that deliberate malice, and not mere *connivance* at murder wantonly committed, was determined against the whole of the prisoners. About this time the frightful intelligence was communicated to us, by some of the inhabitants of the town who visited the prison, that the Committee of Public Safety had actually caused a decree to pass the Convention, for the *extermination of all prisoners of war!* And that in future no quarter was to be shewn to any of the allied forces who might be taken in arms against the French Republic. In this condition of dreadful suspense we were kept for a considerable time, like criminals under sentence of death, awaiting the day when we were to be brought forth for execution. Our terrors were raised to the highest possible degree, not only by the dismal reports which reached us of the massacres which were daily perpetrated by Frenchmen of opposite factions upon each other at Paris, Nantes, Lyons, and other parts of the country, but also by the following occurrence:—One morning, to our great consternation, a detachment of soldiers under arms entered the prison-yard, which was generally crowded with prisoners, and forcibly seized on fifty of the first persons on whom they could lay their hands, the rest making their escape in the utmost alarm, as sheep are seen to fly in confusion when savage mastiffs have seized upon and are worrying some of the flock. In a few moments all the windows of the prison, which looked into the yard, were filled with spectators gazing upon the scene below with mute astonishment, while they saw fifty of their comrades surrounded by the soldiers who had seized them. On a sudden, the large folding-doors of our prison, which we had never before seen opened, were thrown wide, and presented two lines of infantry, with fixed bayonets, drawn up on either side of the gateway. Without any information whither they were going—without permission to take any thing with them, or even to bid farewell to their friends or relatives, they were marched within the lines prepared to receive them. The doors of the prison were again closed, and the sound of the drum announced to us that they had commenced their march, but for what purpose, we were left to conjecture.

The terror which pervaded the prison in consequence of this occurrence, cannot easily be conceived, much less described. Each looked upon the other as being indeed "a sheep appointed for the slaughter," whilst imagination was left to body forth the manner in which we were to be put to death; whether by the stroke of the guillotine, or by the less tardy method—which we heard was then in use among themselves—of filling vessels with their prisoners, and sinking them in some of their rivers at high-water, so that they might be left dry at the ebb tide; or by the military method, which had been adopted on some occasions, of drawing up their victims in a square, and firing upon them with grape-shot. While such terrific scenes were continually flitting before our imagination, another and another seizure were made, of fifty prisoners each time, after the interval of three days, and they were marched off in the same manner as the first. Nor [illegible] it till about a fortnight after the first draft, that we were assured our poor comrades had not been put to death, but only marched into the interior of the country to make room for others who were expected from Brest. With such diabolical ingenuity did the spirit of the times delight to afflict and terrify the minds of unfortunate and helpless prisoners! Nor could it but appear to us, that whatever might be the unknown reason why the decree of the Convention was not carried into execution, it was through no lack of inclination on the part of those who could treat their victims with such barbarous cruelty as to sport thus with their feelings. The reason, however, why we escaped all the murderous intentions of the Committee of Public Safety, we afterwards learned, was, that both the French soldiers in the army, and the sailors in the navy, refused to fight till a decree so ferocious and sanguinary was abolished.

The immediate prospect of a violent death was thus removed. Our joy on the occasion was not, however, destined to be of long duration. There were other methods, more circuitous and tardy, indeed, but not less decisive in their results, by which the prison might be thinned of its inhabitants, and the expense and burden of finding provisions for so large a population thrown off the French Republic. That recourse was to be had to these, we were not without too much reason to apprehend. By the influx of additional prisoners, the vacancies made by the late drafts were now filled up, so that we once more numbered 3000 persons. Every place capable of containing men was filled with inmates. On one occasion, as some gentlemen, who had accompanied the commissary to view the prison, were noticing what a vast number of persons were contained within so small a space, they proposed the question to him, What he intended to do, if any more prisoners were sent to Quimper? To which the unfeeling and cruel man replied, with malignant wit, "Do with them? Why, after a little while, I intend to *stow them in bulk!*"*—a determination which soon after was fearfully carried into effect!

Already had our provisions been considerably reduced in quantity as well as quality. They were still, however, to undergo another diminution. The scanty portion of flesh meat, which to this time had been allowed, was now *entirely* withheld, and a small addition made to the usual allowance of bread, to supply its place, the ration of which to each man was now a pound and a half per day. This, and a pint of soup, made of potatoes and cabbages boiled in water, served out twice a-day, constituted the whole of our food. Still, however, some of the prisoners were in possession of a little money, which, being in specie, was held in great estimation by the French, whose only circulating medium was their worthless assignats. In exchange, therefore, for British money, we could obtain almost an incredible quantity of French paper. I have known from twelve to fifteen hundred livres given in exchange for an English guinea. By this means we were able to purchase from the inhabitants, through the aid of the soldiers who guarded the prison, a supply of a few necessary articles to eke out the scanty allowance of the prison. But this only resource, fast dwindling away, and which we had no method of replenishing, was not always exempt from spoliation, by the rapacity of those into whose hands we were obliged to intrust our money for the purchase of articles in the town,—who not unfrequently left the hapless prisoner to grieve over the loss of all he had intrusted to a soldier for the purchase of necessaries! Nor were we the victims of rapacity alone;—sometimes sheer brutality sported itself with aggravating our distress. An instance of this kind may be furnished in the conduct of our hard-hearted commissary. It was customary for the prisoners to purchase meat to make soup, or meal to make a kind of gruel. These, indeed, were the luxuries of those who were in health, the only consolation of such as were sick. The manner in which these provisions were dressed, was by placing an earthen pot, called by the prisoners a *conjuree*, upon two or three bricks or stones in the prison-yard, and making it boil by keeping a small fire under it, fed with sticks, which we purchased for the purpose in small fagots. On a certain day, whilst many of the prisoners were thus busily engaged in tending their *conjurees*, and were just about to enjoy the food they had prepared, the commissary made his appearance, and sternly ordered all the prisoners to be immediately turned into the orchard to be mustered. Every one engaged in his culinary employment was forthwith obliged to cease tending his little fire, and leave the *conjurees*, with all they contained, to their chance. In the orchard we were detained for *three hours*, hungry and faint, but still hoping to enjoy our soup and gruel, although cold. When, however, we were admitted into the prison-yard, piteous was the scene which presented itself to us. During our absence, the unfeeling commissary had given command that all our conjurees should be broken to pieces, and their contents shed upon the ground; pretending that the smoke of our little fires would soil the walls of our prison!'

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* *i. e.* to bury them by wholesale.

Hitherto we had been able to bear up against our troubles with tolerable fortitude. Our allowance of bread was indeed scanty, and its quality coarse, yet we had not perceived it to be *pernicious*. It was not long, however, before we had to enumerate this circumstance among our calamities.

The close of the year 1794 was indeed a time of great scarcity, owing both to the badness of the preceding season, and the desolating conscriptions which had been levied, as well upon the cultivators of the soil, as on other classes of the community, in order to swell the ranks of the army, to the comparative neglect of agriculture. The prisoners of war were sure not to be the last on whom the consequences of these disasters would fall. Towards the close of the autumn, we began to perceive a deterioration in the quality of our bread, and to feel the effects of it in our health. Every week its quality became perceptibly worse, till from the coarsest and worst kind of wheaten flour, it at length was made of such a vile admixture of barley, rye, and other wretched materials, that the loaves had scarcely the appearance of bread. An encrustation, full of husks of various grain, was hardly possessed of sufficient consistency to hold together its loathsome contents. On removing the crust, nothing generally presented itself but a blackish paste, so revolting to look upon, that nothing short of actual starvation could bring a human being to eat it. A pound and a half per day of this wretched substitute for bread, together with water to drink, was all the provision allowed at this time for our support! The result upon the health and life of the prisoners may easily be imagined. That large proportion of our inmates, who through poverty were restricted to the prison allowance, speedily began to droop under the withering influence of disease. Those whose constitution was less robust than the rest fell early victims, and thus escaped the increasing horrors which those were doomed to witness, whose bodily vigour was more tenacious of life.

A small building behind one of the wings of the prison, which seemed formerly to have been appropriated for a cow-house, was now set apart for a temporary reception of the dead till they were removed for burial. Never shall I forget the appalling sensation I felt, and which pervaded the prison, when this antechamber of death first received its guests. A chill of horror came over every spectator, as he beheld the bodies of his comrades laid out in this gloomy receptacle, wrapped up in sheets or blankets,—the only substitute for a coffin which could be procured for any one,—whilst a sad presentiment seemed to seize upon him, that he was looking upon the circumstances in which, after a few weeks, or even days, he was himself perhaps destined to lie. The dead-cart now began to pay its regular visits, every second day, to this transient abode of the corpses, for the purpose of removing them for burial.

After some time an adjoining building was converted into an hospital, into which some of the worst cases were removed from the general prison. Here, indeed, the provisions were considerably better, but the patients were seldom admitted till the spark of life had sunk too low to be capable of resuscitation, Soon, however, the hospital was too strait to receive a tithe of the patients who were daily falling a prey to the ravages of disease, rendered now more desolating than ever, by infection, in the crowded rooms in which we were obliged to lie. Not only did the mortality rapidly increase, but the disease itself assumed a more terrific character. Instead of the languor and exhaustion which before quietly extinguished life, a raging fever now aggravated and exasperated our former maladies. Under the paroxysms of the fever, it was difficult to prevent the patients from destroying themselves. Instances of this kind, not a few, actually occurred. Some during the night threw themselves out of the windows, and were found in the morning lying on the pavement, the most hideous spectacles which disease and death can possibly present; whilst others were found at the bottom of a deep well which was in the prison-yard! As the winter advanced, the mournfulness of our condition was proportionably increased by the length and darkness of the night, during which we were not allowed the use of a candle in any of our rooms; the only light permitted being a small lamp at the head of each of the stairs. All the offices of kindness, therefore, needed by the sick and the dying, were to be performed in the dark. Often did the dreariness of the night draw a veil over the last agonies of our comrades, which only the morning light removed, presenting us, at the same time, with their ghastly corpses. If occasion required any one to go into the yard, he was likely, as he groped his way, to stumble over the dead body of some one who had crawled out of his room for air, and died in the passage; or of one which had been placed there for convenience till the morning. The groans and shrieks with which the gloomy walls of our prison reverberated through the livelong night, still echo in my ears! This might, indeed, have been the very prototype from which our Great Poet has so powerfully described his lazar-house:

> "Dire was the tossing, deep the groans. Despair
> Tended the sick, busied from couch to couch;
> And over them triumphant Death his dart
> Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
> With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
> Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
> Dry-eyed behold!"

Thrice during these awful ravages of sickness and death, were my father and I seized with the prison fever; but, providentially, our illness was alternate, one of us being generally so far recovered, as to be able to attend upon the other; each attack, however, leaving us more feeble than the preceding. My last relapse was as near proving fatal as possible. Reduced nearly to the utmost exhaustion, my father had been for the two preceding days and nights watching over me, expecting me to breathe my last. On the third evening, however, I rallied a little, and recovered my speech; but what I spoke was only under the influence of delirium. The words which I uttered on the occasion, as I was afterwards informed by my father, were calculated only to augment his distress, as he took them to be ominous of his being just about to lose his only child, and consign him to the mournful fate of the hundreds who, far from their native shores, were indiscriminately mingled in one common grave. Just as the parting rays of day were fading into night, I looked at him, and in my delirium said, in a tone—he has told me—the most piteous, "Farewell, father, I am just going,—it is nearly nine o'clock,—I must be at school in time." The saying affected him to tears; nor could those who were present but deeply sympathize in his sorrows. During the night I sunk again into a deadly stupor. The darkness of the room, unrelieved by the least gleam of light, left my afflicted parent, as he anxiously watched over me, no other means of ascertaining whether I yet continued to live, or whether the spark of vitality was extinct, than by the hearing or the touch. It was now past midnight: no other sounds broke the stillness of our room, but the moans of distress which reached us from the contiguous dwellings. He ceased to perceive any symptoms of remaining life; and could no longer suppress the anguish of his heart. "O my son, my poor son! My only child is dead!" he exclaimed. The affectionate sympathy of our companions was instantly awakened, and every argument which kind condolence could suggest, was tendered to soothe his sorrows, and assuage his grief. Doctor Fuhr,—for that was the name of the physician who was an inmate of our room,—kindly repaired to the bed on which I lay, and after long and careful examination, pronounced that symptoms of life still remained. It was the crisis of the disease—the moment of resuscitation—the commencement of a more vigorous constitution than I had ever before enjoyed. So strangely does nature sometimes produce results the most opposite to its seeming tendencies!

Of the extent and malignity of the disease which raged in the prison, some idea may be formed from the following facts; that of the great multitude of persons confined within its walls, scarcely twenty escaped without being two or three times ill of it; and these individuals were looked upon by all the rest as prodigies. At the period when it was most fatal, it was customary for the dead-cart every morning to carry out of the prison gates from twenty to twenty-five corpses for interment. Of the 3000 prisoners who were numbered at the commencement of the mortality, 1700 fell victims during the lapse of only three months.

When the disease began to subside, such was the eagerness for food, and the scantiness of our allowance, that many of the most destitute allayed their hunger by seizing upon *dogs* which accidentally strayed into the prison, killing them and dressing them for food! All the methods which ingenuity could devise, or our exhausted resources furnish, were put in requisition to obtain relief. Among the rest some courted the muse. Ballads—of a sorry sort it is true—were composed and sung, and copies written out and sold to those who had either money or provisions to spare, and were willing to exchange them for song. Out of the fugitive pieces produced on this occasion, I preserved one, which, as it records the scene just described by an eye-witness at the time, may not be uninteresting to peruse. For the homeliness of the phrase and diction it is needless to make apology. The reader, doubtless, will prefer the strains fresh as they came from the pen of misery, to verses polished in after times, with greater care, by other hands. They are given, therefore, without the alteration of a single word, just as they were written and sung, amidst the gloomy scenes which they record.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PRISONERS OF WAR, DURING THE GREAT MORTALITY, IN QUIMPER PRISON.

Ah! Britain's guardian Genius,
Why leave thy sons so brave,
To drop unpitied, unlamented,
To the silent grave?

To pine amid disease and want,
Upon proud Gallia's shore,
Till Death's long night did them surround?
They sleep to wake no more.

Ah! see the sons of Neptune bold,
For valour long renown'd,
Lie helpless as the new-born babe
Upon the cold hard ground;

Who, though they've faced the battle's rage
Unhurt, and tempest wild,
Are doom'd, alas! at last to be
By cruel usage foil'd.

Ah! many a father's tender heart,
And many a mother's too,
And many a widow'd helpless wife,
Will Quimper Prison rue.

For many a youth of promis'd bloom,
And many a husband dear,
Far, far from England's friendly shore
Were stretch'd upon the bier.

Three thousand men were in its walls,
Once healthy, stout, and well,
But ere three months were past and gone,
Full seventeen hundred fell;

Whilst with dejected downcast eyes,
Weak, languid, starved, and pale,
The sad survivors scarce had strength
To tell the mournful tale.

While smiling plenty crowns the board
Of those who rest at home,
Here hardships wait the wand'ring youths,
That for their profit roam.

While life's warm blood bedews my veins,
And grief affords a tear,

Still shall I mourn the hapless hour
  That led my footsteps here.

Should some gay youth, who ne'er has felt
  The piercing dart of pain,
Despise these simple artless lines,
  And laugh the mournful strain;

Ask him, what Muse could sing of joy,
  Amid such scenes of woe?
Though hard his heart, were he but here,
  The ready tear would flow.

Goaded by distress, and nearly famished, it can scarcely excite surprise, that recourse should be had, by some of the prisoners, to unwarrantable actions. One of these, in the order of events, comes next to be described.

Whatever defence the commissary who at this time had charge of us might have made, in reply to the barbarity imputed to his conduct, it was natural for those who had already witnessed several instances of his cruelty, to regard him as the principal occasion of all the miseries they were suffering; nor was it unlikely that revenge would be contemplated. Reckless of all consequences, certain of the prisoners came to the rash determination of assassinating him. With this intention, some of them procured a large stone, which they took to the highest story of the prison, and kept a perpetual watch for his passing by, when he should pay his next visit. The fearful moment arrived. The stone was launched from the window just as the commissary came under it;—fortunately for all the prisoners, it fell harmless at his feet; as there can be little doubt, that had the fatal stratagem succeeded, summary vengeance would have been taken on its perpetrators. Full of fury, the commissary hastily fled from the prison, called an assembly of the magistrates, and related the narrow escape he had just had from instant death, asking their counsel how he should proceed against the prisoners. Some advised indiscriminate retaliation, others to have recourse to decimation. After long deliberation, however, they came to the conclusion, that the man, or men, who actually launched the stone from the building, should be delivered up to the municipal authorities, and undergo the penalty due to their crime; that if this were not immediately done, all the prisoners should forthwith be put to death. Enquiry was instantly made. Five men were found to have engaged in the conspiracy, but only one of them actually launched the stone. This individual—an Englishman—was delivered up to a guard of soldiers, and he was conducted out of the prison, expecting nothing but instant death by the guillotine. To our great astonishment, however, on the following day a message was sent into the prison, stating, that under all the circumstances of the case, the council had come to the resolution of referring the culprit to the judgment of the prisoners themselves; and that when they had determined what punishment to inflict upon him, the council would send a deputation from the town to see it carried into execution. The offender was accordingly delivered into our custody, and the whole case was minutely investigated by a tribunal of our own. After finding the prisoner guilty, the sentence of the court was pronounced upon him,—That he should receive 300 lashes upon his naked back, in the presence of all the prisoners, and of the committee appointed to witness the punishment.

The time appointed for carrying the sentence into execution arrived. All the prisoners were summoned to attend in the yard. The commissary himself, attended by the principal magistrates of the town, repaired to the spot. Two stakes had been driven into the ground in the centre of the yard; to these the culprit was bound by his arms and legs, and the flogging commenced. After a few lashes the blood began to flow. Before he had received fifty lashes, the whole of his back appeared to be raw and streaming with blood. Affected with the cries and groans of the sufferer, and the mangled appearance of his body, the French gentlemen who were present declared themselves satisfied, and besought that the remainder of the sentence might be remitted; even the commissary himself relented; and at the united entreaty of the deputation, who were satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, he was taken down from the stakes, and conveyed into the prison. Whether or not it was from the accumulation of distresses, which we were known by the inhabitants of Quimper to have endured, or from the naturally humane and benevolent temper of the French nation, which was now gaining the ascendency over the demon of cruelty and massacre which Jacobinism had let loose among them, we knew not; we could not, however, but mark a decided improvement in their treatment of us from this time. The quality of our bread was greatly improved; a ration of salt-fish, or beef, was added to our daily allowance of food; and the health of the surviving prisoners began to improve. The former commissary, however, was never more seen amongst us, and another was appointed as his successor. Our wonted employments began to be resumed, and the cheering thought, that we might yet survive to tell our tale on British ground, gave excitement to hope, and vigour to industry.

To our accustomed avocations, indeed, were now added others, which arose out of our former distresses. A great number of persons whom the late mortality had removed from us, had left a stock of effects, which were either bequeathed by will to relatives and acquaintances, or had come into the possession of those whom chance had made their associates. To prevent injustice and settle disputes, a court of equity was instituted, chosen from among those who were thought to be best skilled in the jurisprudence of our own country, and who had most distinguished themselves by wisdom and integrity. In this court all disputed claims to the property of the deceased were adjusted, either by the proof of a will and testament, or by the examination of evidence of the deceased's intention. When no special claims were preferred, nor documents produced, the effects of the deceased were either distributed equally among the surviving inmates of the mess, or given to those who were thought to be most indigent and distressed. With such care and exactness was every case examined, and so great was the reputation of the judges for uprightness, that their decision was generally final and satisfactory.

By this means a large assortment of clothing, books, articles of taste, or instruments of science, were either offered for sale at regular marts, or sold by public auction. Sometimes, when an article was thought to be too valuable to be hazarded by the latter method of sale, recourse was had to the raffle. A circumstance somewhat curious, connected with the last mode of proceeding, may be amusing to notice. A very valuable German flute, the property of a lieutenant in the navy, lately deceased, was disposed of in this manner. The terms proposed were, that twelve persons should subscribe ten livres each; the highest throw of the dice was to be entitled to the flute. These conditions had been announced through the prison for two or three preceding days. Such, however, was the scarcity of money, or the want of musical taste, that at the time appointed for the raffle, only eleven persons had come forward with their subscriptions. An Irish gentleman, one of the inmates of our room, having heard of the affair, with a warmth and energy characteristic of his country, intreated my father to advance me the sum necessary to try my luck. To this he hesitated a long while, urging as a reason, that even this small sum was of great consequence to us, who had no means whatever of obtaining money from home. "Fait," said my Irish advocate, "and why do you stand in the lad's way? I'm perfectly sure—sure to a demonstration—that if you will only tell out your livres, he'll bring the flute down with him under his arm—aye, and so he will."—"What will become of us," said my father, "if our little stock of money fail!"—"Sure, and why do you doubt my word?" continued my energetic advocate, "I tell you, by my faith, I'm so sure he will bring the flute down with him, that if *you* won't let the lad go, I'll put down the money for him myself!" The enthusiasm which his whole manner bespoke on the occasion, carried the point. I took the subscription in my hand. The proprietor of the flute, despairing to obtain the twelfth subscriber, had consented that the raffle should go on with eleven; and when I reached the room it was actually in progress; only three persons had yet to throw. I paid down my money, and took the last chance. Strangely enough, my throw was actually the highest, and I bore away the flute in triumph! On entering my room, all my companions hailed my good fortune. My father could scarcely believe his eyes; whilst my Hibernian friend, with sententious utterance, and a solemnity of countenance which seemed to scout all unbelief in his pretensions to infallible vaticination, said, as he directed his finger towards me, "There, don't you see him with the flute under his arm! Didn't I tell you I was sure he would bring it down with him! Only look at him, and never doubt my word again!"

With business, or amusement, we could tolerably relieve the wearisomeness of our monotonous life during the day. This was not, however, so easy a task through the darkness of the night. Almost the only expedient left for this purpose was friendly conversation, or singing some strains of valour, patriotism, or the scenes of home. Yet one small amusement arose out of even an annoyance. The prison was much infested with mice. These at length became so familiar, that no sooner did the shadows of the evening fall upon us, than they used to sally forth in quest of crumbs scattered on the floor, or whatever provisions negligence had left unprotected. To the former they were lawfully entitled, but their right to the latter we denied. Traps of various kinds were made, and ambushes set, to surprise our nocturnal depredators. None, however, seemed so fully to answer the purpose as a simple contrivance which I had the merit of inventing. The position of the bed on which my father and I lay was such, that my head, when recumbent, was in a direct line with the window's side, about the middle of which was a small projection of wainscoting about an inch and a half broad. This happened to be a favourite mouse-walk, at the corner of which the little brigands used to make their descent upon us. This was the very point on which the stratagem was to be practised. For this purpose, the end of a small string was fastened on one side of the projection, whilst on the margin of the opposite side was made a perforation, through which the other end of the string was passed so as to reach down to my pillow, leaving a small noose at the top, under which it was necessary for the enemy to pass. Here for hours together I was accustomed to lie on the look-out, with the string round my finger, keeping the point where the enemy was expected in a direct line between my eye and a pane of the window, watching the first moment of his appearance, just as an astronomer watches the instant when a satellite emerges from the disk of Jupiter. Not a moment was to be lost; the instant his little snout appeared over the precipice,—for the more advantageous observing of which, a moonlight night was especially favourable,—it was time for action; the deadly twitch was to be made. Scarcely one endeavoured to pass the fatal position, so long as I could keep awake at my post, without forfeiting his life. Sometimes fifteen or twenty fell victims in the course of one night! To such schemes as these—such "*nugæ lugubres*," as one expresses it—we had recourse to make time pass less heavily off our hands.

We had now been confined about eight months within the walls of Quimper prison. Greater facilities than formerly were, indeed, afforded for procuring some of the comforts of life, by those who had the good fortune to possess more money than ourselves; but *our* resources, alas! were almost entirely exhausted. Our clothing was worn out, nor had we scarcely any other subsistence than what the allowance of the prison afforded. Nothing remained but to part with nearly all the valuable things which were left. First our watches were disposed of, and next the German flute which had so lately come into my possession. The latter having been acquired in the manner already related, was not to be parted with without the utmost reluctance; but what bounds can be prescribed to hunger and destitution! It was knocked down to the highest bidder, with my father's promise, that as surely as we ever reached our native land alive, he would replace it with one equally valuable. Upon the proceeds of these sales we lived for a considerable time. We still retained our bed—the only consolation left, and the very last with which we could consent to part. To this dire necessity, however, we were fast approaching, when, to our unspeakable joy, a number of fresh prisoners arrived from Brest. They had been captured in a Portuguese ship homeward bound from the Brazils, richly laden, and containing, among other articles, a large quantity of gold and silver coin, the great mass of which they threw overboard just before they were captured; but had secreted upon themselves, and amongst their clothes, as much as their ingenuity could devise. Happily for the surviving prisoners, they succeeded in bringing their treasures undetected into the prison. Fortunate were they who could produce documents on which the money-holders were willing to lend their cash on interest. Now was the time for negotiation—bonds, securities, promissory-notes, the claims of friendship, and the debts of obligation—all were brought into requisition. New life began to circulate through every member of our community; joy sparkled in every eye; congratulation resounded in all parts of our prison. Never, perhaps, did the precious metals appear more precious; never, certainly, did they answer a more valuable purpose, than in our circumstances, and on this occasion. For though comparatively few could, in the first instance, give sufficient security to satisfy the original holders, yet, in proportion as money got into the hands of other individuals, it became still more within reach of those who were less known, and less able to give a satisfactory pledge; whilst that which could not be obtained as a loan, was, in many instances, conceded by generosity. Thus it came to pass, that few, if any, of our fellow-prisoners were unvisited by this unexpected and most opportune influx of wealth. Amongst the rest, my father, on producing the register of the Morning Herald, the policy of insurance, and other valuable papers, which fortunately he had secured at the time of our capture, was able to procure a considerable sum of money at the first hand; and in his turn lend to those of his ship's company who still survived.

The severity of our suffering was now past. Every week brought fresh evidence that the French people were returning to a compassionate and humane temper. Our present commissary frequently visited us, rather as a friend and counsellor, than as his predecessor was wont to do; from whose approach we used to flee as from the presence of a tyrant. Liberty was allowed daily to a certain number of prisoners, escorted by a soldier, to visit the town for the purpose of purchasing articles of food or clothing for themselves, or of executing commissions for those who continued in the prison. A privilege still greater was soon after announced. All officers and gentlemen who would give security for their correct conduct, were permitted to hire lodgings in the town, upon the conditions of regularly passing a daily muster—of not wandering beyond the precincts of the town—and of being in our lodgings at a given hour in the evening. Of this privilege, the late supply of money enabled my father and me, with many others, to avail ourselves. We accordingly hired a lodging in a respectable house, and were treated with all possible attention and kindness by the family with whom we resided. With a view to secure us from interruption whilst we conducted ourselves with propriety, and kept within the prescribed boundaries, each individual was furnished with a printed document, in which were inserted the name, age, and description of the bearer. The following is a copy of this curious instrument, which the writer of this narrative has carefully preserved as a record of his appearance in the eyes of his French keepers at that time.

QUIMPER. PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE MARITIME.

DEPOT
Du
Port De Brest.

Liberté, Egalité, Humanité.

PREVOST, *Employé civil de la Marine, chargé du détail de la Police des prisonniers de Guerre.*

En vertu de l'Arrêté des Représentans du Peuple GUEZNO et GUERMEUR, du huit Ventôse, il est permis à * * * * * âge de * * * taille de *quatrepieds,* cheveux et sourcils *chatein*, yeux *bleus*, nez *retrousse*, bouche *petite*, menton *rond*, front *bombeu*, visage *ovalle* - - - - - - de loger chez *la Veuve Robbes*, *Neuve*, numéro 481. Il se rendra tous les jours à l'appel qui se fera à 10 heu matin et à 4 heures après-midi. Il lui est défendu de sortir de l'enceinte de et de courrir les rues après la retraite, sous peine d'être réintégré dans les pri de ne pouvoir être cautionné de nouveau.

QUIMPER, ce 12 *Ventose*, an 3^{e}. de la République Française, une et indivisible.

Vu au Directoire de
District de Quimper.
BARAZEV.

PREVOST.

Permitted to be at large, under the conditions specified in the preceding document, we had a fair opportunity of witnessing the peculiarities of the people amongst whom we resided, and learning their dispositions towards the prisoners, who had passed through so much affliction during the preceding months. The unnatural ferocity formerly manifested towards us, was now greatly mitigated; scarcely, indeed, did any of the inhabitants indicate displacency. In many instances we were treated with great respect, and introduced into excellent society. Often on such occasions, whilst rehearsing our misfortunes, and the cruel fate which had severed us from our native country and dearest relatives, and the still harder fate of those who had yet to learn, that the dearest objects of their affections were mouldering in the dust,—have we seen the sympathetic tear steal down the cheek of female beauty, and heard the language of such kind condolence, as beguiled the hours of our sad captivity, and, for a time, made us feel as though we were sharing the sympathies and friendships of home. It was easy at such times to perceive, that whatever chivalrous feelings Britain and France may entertain, as rivals in political wisdom, and military glory, the subjects of each kingdom feel a kindlier glow of affection, and a higher esteem for each other's virtues, than for those of any other country upon earth.

One striking peculiarity in the inhabitants soon attracted our notice. A race of persons, totally dissimilar to the French in language, dress, and manners, were seen to mix up with the population on public occasions. To the astonishment of some of our companions, who were natives of Wales, and could speak the Welsh language, they were able to make themselves perfectly understood by these inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Brittany: the language of the one being little more than a dialectic variation of the other. These, on market days, were accustomed to descend from their mountains in great numbers, bringing the produce of the country in waggons drawn by teams of oxen; themselves the most grotesque figures imaginable,—wearing short blue jackets; canvass breeches hanging loosely over their loins, and bulging out at the knees, after the manner of the Hollanders; shod with large wooden shoes; and surmounted with a hat, whose crown fitted close to the head, whilst the rim was extensive as a small umbrella. So entire had they preserved their original character, that the greater part of them were unable to vend their articles but by means of an interpreter. From this it seems one may fairly conclude, either that Great Britain was originally peopled from Brittany; or that the ancient Britons, when expelled by the Saxons, took refuge there and peopled the country, and have ever since retained their language and pristine manners, with a pertinacity similar to many of the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Wales in our own country.

For the purpose of assuring the freedom of religious opinions and worship; or, as it might with greater truth be stated, in order utterly to supersede the influence of the Christian religion in France, the National Convention had decreed, that whilst the Republic would not allow the exercise of religion to be disturbed, yet neither would it afford any pecuniary support for its exercise, nor furnish any places for its celebration: that it recognised no ministers of worship, nor would contribute any thing towards their lodging and maintenance: that in place of the Christian Sabbath, every tenth day should be observed as a day of exemption from usual labour, for the se of indulging in such festive amusements, as suited every lination. To the credit of feelings of these mountaineers, certain days for the celebration of religion were still observed by them—generally on the market days. At these times the large church in the town was open for their reception, and for the admission of any other persons who chose to unite with them. The former part of the day was generally thus employed, and with such seeming devotion as could not but powerfully impress the occasional spectator. Often was the church so crowded during the public ceremony, that hundreds, unable to gain admittance within the doors, were seen, even in the most unfavourable weather, kneeling on the wet ground, with their faces directed towards the church door. Unfortunately for the consistency of some of these rustic worshippers, they were but too frequently seen in the after part of the day in a state of the most degrading intoxication. Yet it must not be hastily concluded, that this appearance of devotion was not in many instances consistently supported. Not a few with whom we afterwards became familiar, maintained all the consistency of a rational and evangelical piety.

Amongst others of whom honourable mention might be made, the venerable widow with whom we resided, was exemplary for every thing which adorns piety, and recommends morality. She was sixty years of age, and had been a widow about ten years. Her husband had been an officer of rank in the army during the better days of Louis XVI.—a loyal and devoted adherent to the House of Bourbon, and a conscientious and consistent member of the Roman Catholic communion. In the vigour of his days, and the near prospect of higher promotion, symptoms of pulmonary disease began to develope themselves. In less than twelve months he was consigned to the tomb. During the closing scene of his life, he frequently endeavoured to soothe the sorrows of his amiable wife, by representing to her the greater distress she might be called to endure, if Heaven, in answer to her prayers, were to grant him longer life; that he foresaw a fearful struggle about to arise out of the political intrigues, the principles of democratical insubordination, and the contempt for religion which were even then in active, though secret operation. "How could I endure," he would say to her, "to see the fabric of law and order—the product of the highest intellect, and the growth of ages, assailed by the philosophers and theorists of the day, without opposing them to the last extremity!" In making such representations as these, in free communication around our frugal board, often have we seen our venerable hostess suddenly stop short in her narrative, as having committed herself, by making so unreserved a statement before comparative strangers; or as though she suspected some revolutionary spy of the Reign of Terror were in hearing, to accuse her of too near affinity to royalism to be permitted to live. I loved to sit listening to her fervent expressions of piety, and resignation to her bitter fortunes, many of which are now stored in my memory. Ten years she had been a widow; and during the whole of that time had devoted herself to relieving the poor and distressed, as far as her scanty savings would permit. She had indeed heavy trials to bear. She seemed to stand alone in her sorrows. The society of enlightened and accomplished associates, with whom she had spent her more prosperous days, had either fallen victims to popular fury, or been driven to seek an asylum in distant lands, or concealment in their own. Instead of the devout orisons and vespers, and the solemn service of the church, had been substituted, by the national decree, a new ritual of heathenism, a priesthood appointed to teach deism, and hymns and ceremonies instituted for its celebration. Laws had been passed to enforce the Decades as holydays in their new calendar, and for the desecration of the Christian Sabbath by working at their ordinary trades. But the venerable widow sought refuge from these scenes of revolting impiety in secret devotion. Morning and evening she was accustomed to retire into her closet, and more than once, in the middle of the day, have I unawares intruded upon devotions which I found she was in the habit of offering up in a favourite alcove in the garden. Though by nation and from principle a Protestant, and educated amidst all the superior advantages of a reformed religion, I must candidly acknowledge I have been led to entertain a higher reverence and estimation of Christianity, by having witnessed its benign influence upon the heart and conduct of this Catholic lady.

Previously to our leaving this town, I made a visit to the mournful spot, where lay interred so many hundreds of our former companions. The place was about a mile out of the town; an extensive common without enclosure. There were six large graves, each of them capable of containing three hundred corpses. The bodies were disposed in three tiers, with a layer of earth between each tier. Unreflecting indeed must have been the mind, and unfeeling the heart, which could view the scene that lay before me without painful emotion. Scarcely five months had elapsed since the seventeen hundred corpses which now lay at my feet, were my associates in affliction; many of them endeared by the most affectionate recollections, and the performance of offices of mutual kindness! How many distressing fears, and anxious cares which hovered around the soul of the dying husband and father, in behalf of his destined widow and orphan, were here rendered unavailing; whilst the sad tidings had yet to reach the ears of the beloved wife, and enquiring child, and cruelly wrest from the patient sufferers the last fragment of hope! Here, in one undistinguished mass of corruption, unshrouded and uncoffined, lay persons of various ages and nations, ranks and conditions; the sad, the melancholy victims of war, of pestilence, and of famine!

We had now spent nearly ten months in Quimper, the last two of which afforded some compensation for the distress we had endured for the time preceding. Of political events we had been studiously kept ignorant; but in this respect we had little more to complain of than the inhabitants themselves. By the relaxation of former severity towards the subjects of the British nation, we were, however, led to conclude, either that the domination of Jacobinism had been superseded by enlightened and liberal con or that an exchange of in contemplation between tending powers. Of this readily persuaded ourselves, I sequence of the liberation of an English person of rank, Lady Fitzroy, who had been detained a prisoner of war for several months, but allowed to occupy a large dwelling-house in the neighbourhood, guarded perpetually by a sentinel before the door. Previous to her departure she caused it to be secretly made known to the prisoners, that she would be the bearer of as many letters as she could conceal. Through this lady's kindness the very first letter which reached our family since our captivity, was conveyed. Nor should I omit to state here, that this was not the only favour which her ladyship's kindness and liberality conferred on her suffering fellow-subjects. During our deep affliction she frequently ministered to our necessities, by sending food, medicine, and clothing, to some of the most destitute. She left the town followed by the grateful affections and fervent prayers of her countrymen; hoping, at the same time, that her liberation was only the precursor of our own. Under this persuasion, we began, too improvidently, alas! to relax a little the rigid economy that was necessary to husband the limited resources which, we had reason to fear, were all we should be able to obtain for our support, during the indefinite time we might yet be detained from our native country. Events soon gave a preponderance of our fears against our hopes. Whilst we were fondly cherishing the expectation of tidings of a general exchange of prisoners, a messenger arrived from the National Convention, with orders to remove the prisoners of war from their present contiguity to the sea, to remote stations in the interior of France. Thus like a vessel which, having with extreme peril long weathered the furious tempest, is just about to enter the desired haven, but is beaten back by adverse storms to encounter new dangers, so were baffled all our hopes of deliverance from captivity and return home, and our imagination left to brood over scenes of future distress!

Chap. III.

day of our departure from er arrived, but the place of itination was as yet unknown to us. One hundred and fifty prisoners composed our party, which was placed under nearly an equal number of military for our escort. Much more attention was paid to our accommodation and comfort during the journey than we had expected. Carts drawn by oxen, and attended by Bretons, were provided for our luggage; and few, if any, of our comrades left the town without some token of the friendship and good-will of the inhabitants. Our kind hostess was not the last in these offices of benevolence. Whatever her ingenuity could devise as likely to relieve an exigence, or minister to our comfort, was liberally bestowed. Our parting resembled rather the separation of dearest friends, than of political enemies!

The direction of our route was towards the south-east, along the sea-coast, through Quimperté, Hennebon, and Vannes. In the last of these places we began to perceive the prevalence of anti-revolutionary principles: we were approaching the scene of conflict between the inhabitants of La Vendée, and the Republican troops. This at once accounted for the large proportion of military which attended our march, and the favourable reception we met with from the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed. On our arrival at Vannes, when it was known hat we were English prisoners of war, we were hailed with enthusiastic joy. The place of our temporary lodging—which had formerly been a convent, was made ready for our accommodation, with as much care as time would permit. Scarcely had we entered this building before several gentlemen from the town, having obtained permission from the commanding officer, made us a visit. Their object was kindness: they diligently enquired into our circumstances, and extended whatever assistance was necessary. In the article of food, ed [illegible]ad of the disregard to our com- amiab[illegible]hich had been manifested in the gre[illegible]er part of our march, the called to e[illegible]d taken care to prepare swer to her p. it in the best manner they were able; and, in addition to the regular allowance, sent a supply of excellent soup, and half a pint of wine per man. These kind attentions were continued during the two days of our abode at this town.

Nor was attention to our food the only proof of their kindness. Each man was directed to make up his linen into a separate parcel, (affixing his name to it,) for the purpose of being washed; which, on the morning we left the town, every one received, neatly got up, and such repairs made as the time allowed. One instance of benevolence is deserving of special record. A compassionate individual in the place obtained permission for any of the prisoners who were sick, or whose feet were injured through the length of the preceding marches, to be conducted to a house in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of receiving advice and medicine, and that their feet might be dressed. Several of our men availed themselves of this humane proposal. When some of them returned, they were almost in ecstasies at what they had witnessed. "We have been associated with angels," said they. "Ladies of distinction have personally attended to our cases, prescribed for our maladies, and with their own hands have dressed our wounds." Struck with this description, though by no means the most necessitous, I was eager to obtain a sight of so interesting a scene, and pleaded with the guard, as an argument for my introduction, the sad state of my feet, as needing relief. My plea was admitted, and I was conducted to the abode of these angels of charity. The house where they lived, was one of the neatest in the town; and, on enquiry, I learned, that the principal lady who resided there, had, previous to the Revolution, been an inmate of a convent; but that upon the abolition of the priesthood, and of religious institutions, she was driven from her retirement. Subsequently she had obtained permission to reside in her present dwelling, and was now spending her life and an ample fortune in acts of Christian piety and benevolence. She had also provided for the sustenance of several other ladies who had formerly been sister nuns with her, and who now dwelt under the same roof, and were assistants in works of charity. Introduced into a room which was simply elegant, I witnessed a sight which I shall ever recollect with the most grateful feelings. Seated upon chairs around the room were from twelve to fourteen invalided fellow-prisoners, whilst several ladies were busily employed in mixing and administering medicines suitable to the various states of the patients, under the direction of their superior. Those cases, however, which claimed the greatest attention, I perceived she took under her own immediate care. In my eyes she appeared almost more than human, whilst, with her own delicate hands, I saw her dressing the wounds of one of the prisoners; and having finished her office of beneficence—as was her custom in every case—she knelt down, and, with clasped hands, and her eyes devoutly elevated towards Heaven, offered up a prayer to the Almighty for his blessing on her ministration. This incident is one of the loveliest spots in my wilderness of suffering, and of the fondest and most frequent recollection.

The day following we recommenced our march, which, however, was not begun till late in the afternoon. This was matter of curious, and somewhat anxious speculation to us; and especially as our military guard was much strengthened. It was not long before we learned, that it was intended to prosecute our journey through the night; that under cover of its darkness, our march might be concealed from the bands of insurgent Bretons which at that time infested the country. These insurgents were denominated "*Chouans*," chiefly, as is supposed, from the circumstance of their movements being generally made, like those of owls—from which word the term may be derived—in the night; and being now under the direction of the brave and celebrated La Charette, were the dread of the Republican troops. No sooner was this known to us, than we entertained the hope, that ere the morning's dawn, we might witness an engagement between the military who had us in charge, and those of our brave friends; and exchange our
captivity for the ranks of th
were in arms against our
We were not, at the same t
out apprehensions, from sever
pressions which passed betwee
soldiers, and the savage manner in which we were treated by them, that in case of an assault, we should first fall victims, that so might be prevented our escape in aid of their opponents. Our road lay through several dense and overhanging woods, which, added to the darkness of the night, and the momentary expectation of an assault, rendered our situation extremely critical and dangerous. The baggage waggons were drawn up in a line, and the drivers charged not to allow them ever to separate more than six feet from each other as they advanced. The prisoners were ranged on each side of the waggons, and the soldiers close on the outside of us. The commanding officer had given orders that not a word was to be spoken as we passed along the woods, from which the principal danger was expected; and that every soldier was to carry his musket half-cocked, ready for an immediate discharge. In this mute and almost breathless suspense, we slowly wound along the road, every anxious eye directed towards one side or the other of the dark thickets through which we were passing; watching with trepidation and suspense for the flashes from the fire-arms of the concealed enemy. Onwards we moved through the murky night, scarcely knowing whether we had most to hope or to fear from the expected assault, till the dawning of the morning gradually dispelled the darkness in which we had been enveloped, inspired confidence into every mind, and gave liberty to our tongues.

Exhausted with the fatigue and anxiety of the preceding night, about five o'clock in the morning we reached a small village, where we halted till the following day. Here we learned that the precaution employed during our nocturnal march, had not been without reason; for, on the day preceding, a strong party of Chouans had fallen in with a detachment of Republican troops, and after a severe conflict, in which a

iderable number fell on both
e former obtained a decisive
and took upwards of fifty
whom the inhabitants of
saw as they passed along,
guard of royalist soldiers, pro-
in the direction of La Vendée.

It was not our good fortune, however, to meet with any of these bands of patriots in our progress; but we advanced by short stages, till we arrived at the large and populous city of Rennes, formerly the capital of the province of Brittany. Here we were to rest for a week. The place appropriated for our reception was the ancient cathedral; a spacious and beautiful building, but now desecrated to whatever purposes the exigencies of the Republic required. The guests who had occupied it immediately previous to ourselves, were a troop of Republican cavalry. The stalls fitted up for their horses were still standing, as were also some of the accommodations for the soldiers. Nothing I met with in France made so vivid and powerful an impression on my mind of the desolating effects of a democratical revolution, as the sight which this venerable edifice presented, especially associated as it was with the tragical scenes which had but lately been witnessed within its sacred walls. On the breaking out of the Revolution, as we were informed—the inhabitants being known to be generally royalists—whilst the congregation were engaged in the public services of religion, the Republican troops entered the church, and put to the sword indiscriminately all they met with! The marks of recent outrage were yet visible in every part of the cathedral. The altar and its furniture had been torn down, and lay in scattered ruins about the place. All the ancient monuments which had adorned the body of the church, had been overthrown and broken to pieces; the decorations of the quire, and its beautiful organ, reduced to an entire wreck. The pulpit and galleries had been hewn in pieces, and the very tombs violated, either to furnish materials for building, or implements for war. Amidst this scene of devastation, we had to take up our temporary abode; selecting for our beds, as inclination prompted, the precincts of the altar, the horses' mangers, or the long flat tombstones which covered the dead. To a mind that is superstitious, and at leisure for contemplation, such circumstances could scarcely fail to fill the imagination with hideous spectres, and unearthly sounds, during the darkness and dreariness of the midnight hour. Whether from such associations of ideas as these, or a becoming sense of the decorum which ought to be cherished in an edifice erected for the worship of Almighty God, and which for so many ages had been employed for that only purpose, scarcely any conversation was ever heard, or only such as corresponded to the solemnity of the place, after night had thrown her friendly gloom around us.

After having spent a week in this place, we were informed that our final destination was Vendôme, whither we were now to recommence our march, taking our route through Laval and Le Mans. It was interesting to observe in most of the towns through which we passed, with what care the population were trained to the use of arms. Not only were the inhabitants generally subject to military discipline, but even the very boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, underwent a systematic exercise in all the tactics practised in warfare, under experienced soldiers appointed for their instruction. Thus, for instance, as we entered Laval, we saw one party of boys eagerly engaged in constructions of circumvallation, and another equally busied in those of contravallation. Here an assault, furiously made, was, on the other side, as gallantly and dexterously repelled; and there little regiments were drawn up, going through all the evolutions of a regular army, whilst others were learning the artillery exercise with small field-pieces cast for the express purpose. Thus was France preparing herself to be a scourge to the surrounding nations, under generals whom the Revolution had created; and, at the same time, by premature conscriptions, to drain herself of population by the exterminating campaigns in which she was about to engage her sons.

Leaving Laval, we proceeded to Le Mans, one of those places which distinguished itself by the good-will and hospitality of its inhabitants towards the British prisoners of war. Informed of our being about to pass through that town, they set themselves to welcome our arrival with every demonstration of friendship in their power. This disposition rose out of the eager hopes which were entertained, that the royal party in Brittany, reinforced by the French emigrants from England, would acquire an ascendency over the Republic, and once more set the Bourbons on the throne. The ill-fated expedition to Quiberon Bay, which, at the importunity of many of the inhabitants of Brittany to the English Court, was conceded to their wishes, had not yet arrived, but was daily expected; we were, therefore, hailed as precursors of a glorious event, which would terminate their subjection to the hated demagogues of France, and re-establish the legitimate administration of law and order, and the exercise of religion. As we approached the town, we were met by parties of its inhabitants testifying their joy at our arrival, and their desire of rendering our stay amongst them as happy as possible. On entering one of their beautiful streets, we were delighted to see ranks of ladies on either side, with servants in attendance, holding baskets of all kinds of provisions, and vessels full of wine. At the request of the ladies, our commanding officer gave us leave to halt, whilst we partook of their bountiful repast. When we had eaten and drunk sufficiently, they pressed us to take the remaining provisions in our hands, and accompanying us to the place of our lodgment, expressed their sympathy in our condition, and good wishes on our behalf. Similar attentions to those paid to us at Vannes, were repeated here; and we were ready to hope our stay in such good quarters would be protracted. In this, however, we were disappointed; orders were issued for us to be in readiness for marching on the following morning. As attentive at our departure as at our arrival, our kind friends, though at an early hour, were present to bid us farewell; and as each prisoner came out of the gate, he was presented with half a pint of wine, and as much food as he could conveniently carry.

We were by this time so far removed from the sea-coast, an the risk of being intercep Chouans, that our military was greatly diminished, and lance formerly exercised ove laxed. At some of the were permitted to perambulat villages unattended by any soldier, and the places where we lodged were sometimes so negligently guarded, that it was possible to be out the whole night without detection. On one of these occasions a project for attempting their escape and making their way homeward, was formed by three of our friends; the scheme was submitted to my father and me, who were invited to join their party; our consent was obtained, and forthwith we united in counsel how to proceed. Of our three companions, one was a captain of a merchant vessel, another a lieutenant in the navy, and the third a boatswain. The first question to be decided was, what route to pursue. If we directed our way to the quarter where the royalists were in arms, we should probably be detected by the spies which were ever on the alert in their neighbourhood, watching their movements; and were we even to succeed in joining them, we might be only exchanging a captivity which was now becoming more tolerable, for a state of dubious warfare and but a remote prospect of deliverance, with the certainty of having no quarter shewn if found in the ranks of the royalist party. Our distance from the Austrian territories, and also from the Netherlands, was too great to hold out the expectation of reaching them. The only feasible plan seemed to be, that of making our nearest way to the sea-coast on the English Channel, and seizing on some fishing-boat, or small craft that might be found along the beach, in order to transport ourselves to the opposite shore. For this purpose we carefully examined a map of France, not to trace the public roads, these it was our anxious wish to shun, but to see if there were any considerable rivers to cross in the direct line of our intended march. Happily we discovered none but what might easily be avoided. More effectually to escape detection, we resolved to prosecute our journey only under cover of the night, and to shape our course according to the stars. These prelimiusted, our next care was to the means of subsistence e march. As large a stock biscuits as we could con- carry was purchased, and les of brandy; one of which onfided to my care, the other to that of the boatswain. Thus prepared, we availed ourselves of an opportunity which presented itself on the following night. Instead of repairing to the place provided for the lodging of the prisoners, we tarried in one of the houses of the village, till the guard was set for the night; and then, pretending to leave our host for the prison, we concealed ourselves under a hedge till the night was sufficiently advanced for the prosecution of our journey. We then sallied forth, and took a northerly direction, making the polar star the guide of our way. Nothing could have been more fortunate than the manner in which our path opened before us; scarcely a single hedge or rivulet, village or farm-house, interrupted our progress. Towards three o'clock in the morning, however, an untowardly circumstance, and which we scarcely knew how to deal with, occurred. One of our little band, and he whose courage and strength seemed greater than those of the rest, began to fall into the rear, and complain that he was unable to keep up with the march. We slackened our pace, but this indulgence only prepared the way for a fresh demand upon our compassion, unless we determined to leave him behind. To these symptoms of weariness and lassitude succeeded others, which he could not easily describe, together with giddiness in his head. What was to be done? the morning was beginning to break; no place of concealment from the broad eye of day had yet been found; and our strange appearance in the open fields would soon be observed by the natives. The secret of our misfortune soon discovered itself; proceeding to administer a cordial to our invalid, it occurred to us that one of the two bottles of brandy had been confided to the care of our noble-minded boatswain. The temptation had been too powerful for his resistance; during the darkness of the night he had allowed the subtle enemy to board him, and he was now lowering his topsails, and striking his colours. Nearly half the bottle of brandy had disappeared; upbraidings and reproaches were useless; nothing now remained but to look out for the nearest shelter, and escape to it as speedily as possible. Fortunately, at no great distance we descried a wood; thither, without delay, we endeavoured to conduct our imprudent and unfortunate companion, sometimes dragging, and at others pushing and goading him forward, till at length we reached a place of concealment; where having deposited our troublesome, and by this time senseless associate, in a dense recess of the wood, he lay till the after part of the day made him sensible of his misconduct, the loss of time he had occasioned us, and the jeopardy in which we had all been placed.

Concealed in this thicket we betook ourselves to sleep, leaving one to keep watch and give the alarm in case of danger. We rested in security, and though a heavy dew had fallen during the night, we felt no inconvenience and received no injury from lying on the wet ground. Having refreshed ourselves during the day, and made all the observations we could in reference to our future progress, no sooner had the light of the sun sufficiently retired to screen us from observation than we forsook our retreat, applying more caution against the infirmity of our boatswain, who was now, however, thoroughly ashamed, and needed no further reproof. The progress we made during the second night was still more satisfactory than that of the first, and our hope of ultimate success was proportionably strengthened. The only subject which began to give us anxiety was the rapid decrease of our stock of bread. Exhausted with our long night's march, and especially with the exertion necessary to surmount the obstacles in our way in the dark; about the dawning of the morning we found another wood, equally eligible for our purpose with the one we left on the preceding night. After we had eaten our allowance of bread, and taken a glass of brandy, we lay down to sleep, and had no other alarm than the barking of a dog which seemed to be approaching us, fearing it might lead to our detection. Our fears, however, on this head were needless not so on the subject of our provisions; for our next meal left us only what was necessary for our support during the ensuing night's march, and the wants of the next day. We had devised measures for this emergency, and now was the time to put our scheme into practice. I, who was best able to speak the French language, was fixed upon, as well on that account, as because of my youth, to issue forth in the day time for the purpose of purchasing food. Leaving my companions in the wood, I accordingly made my way boldly to one of the farm-houses in the neighbourhood. Only the mistress was at home, who assured me, that such for a considerable time had been the scarcity of bread in the country, that for the preceding fortnight neither she nor her family had tasted it; they had lived only upon vegetables and milk. She, however, set before me as much milk as I chose to drink. Returning by a circuitous path to my companions, I reported the melancholy tidings. Still it was the general opinion, that a reluctance to part with provisions for the worthless assignats which were then in circulation, was the occasion of my failure. Another expedient was to be tried. Knowing how highly the inhabitants valued gold and silver, we concluded that the sight of it would instantaneously and infallibly procure for us whatever they possessed. This was our last, our only resource; if this failed we saw no possibility of proceeding.

In order to give a fair trial to this scheme, we took the following method. Making ourselves as trim as circumstances would allow, we proceeded in a body to another farm-house, preferred the same request, and received a similar answer. To render our appearance less suspicious, we told the family we were sailors from America—which country was not at war with France—that we had travelled into the interior of the country on business, and were now returning to Honfleur, where our ships lay; and entreated them to supply us with bread. Having made this statement we presented the precious metals. They looked with astonishment, first upon the gold and silver, then upon us and each other; and at length told us, that if it were in their power us, *they certainly would,* utterly *impossible*; they bread in the house, and themselves only upon milk den roots. Of the former, they much before us as we chose without any payment. Dispirit and perplexed, we retired to the wood to consult what was to be done.

After deliberating a while, we came reluctantly to the conclusion to abandon our undertaking, and retrace our steps as fast as possible, with a view to overtake our fellow prisoners on their way to Vendôme. But how to effect this without being subject to the severest punishment as deserters, was a subject of anxious consideration. The following was our project: forthwith to repair to the nearest municipal town, and relate before its magistrates a story which we had concerted; that we were English prisoners of war, who a few days ago were on the march with the rest of our countrymen towards Vendôme: that exceedingly wearied with the journey, we sat down under a hedge in one of the fields and fell asleep, during which time our company went forward; and that endeavouring to follow them when we awoke, we lost our way, and had hitherto been unable to find them. We entreated them, therefore, to furnish us with food and lodging, and convey us to our comrades. The plan succeeded to admiration: we boldly entered one of the strongly fortified towns, and were introduced to the magistrates, before whom we made the above statement. A comfortable place was prepared for our night's lodging, plenty of provisions set before us, and we began to eat, drink, and be merry. So possible is it for the mind, not merely to accommodate itself to hardships in the prosecution of a favourite enterprise, but, when failure is inevitable, to resign itself to its fate with cheerfulness. The next morning, accompanied by a small guard, we were forwarded from stage to stage, till after three days' march we overtook our party; and to our astonishment found, that during our absence we had not been missed, nor any enquiry made concerning us.

Soon after rejoining our comrades

at Vendôme, where it was we should remain till the of the war. Here also allowed to be on parole of and hire lodgings in the The inhabitants soon became and treated us with friend- The boundaries of our liberty extended to any distance into the country from which we could return at night, nor was our absence for even a day or two watched with great strictness. As rigid economy was necessary to eke out our little resources, having still no means of replenishing them from home, we endeavoured to turn our liberty to advantage. In the course of our wandering we chanced to find a small farm-house, about four miles from Vendôme, whose inmates showed us particular kindness, assuring us that, if we deemed it worth our while, we might every morning have a plentiful breakfast of bread and milk, at a price so inconsiderable, as plainly shewed they only consulted how to bestow a charity without wounding our feelings. Thither we thankfully repaired, almost every morning, for our principal meal, and often spent the remaining part of the day in angling for trout and other fish, with which the small rivers in that neighbourhood abound. By this means, in addition to the prison allowance, we were able to support ourselves at little expense, and endeavoured to reconcile ourselves as much as possible to the condition of our mitigated captivity.

Fortunately for me, the system of education which now prevailed in France threw open the very best schools for science and arts to all who were desirous of improvement. This afforded me opportunity of employing that leisure, which otherwise might have been spent in indolence or trifling pursuits, in the cultivation of my mind, especially in the knowledge of the French language. I became a regular student under one of the best teachers in the place, who, without any remuneration, seemed to take especial pleasure in affording me all the assistance in his power. The friendship and liberality of Monsieur Bouzie—for that was the name of this gentleman—towards an English prisoner of war, well deserves record amongst those unostentatious acts of benevolence, which, whilst they most efficiently serve a fellow-creature in affliction, greatly enhance the character of their bestower. How far, also, he was above those prejudices which sometimes lead the inhabitants of one kingdom to contemn those of another, and, in times of national hostility, to treat them with severity, the following circumstance may illustrate.

Engaged in juvenile sports with some of my fellow-scholars, two or three of us were tempted to commit a trespass upon our tutor's private garden, by taking some of the fruit which hung luxuriant on some of the trees,—under mutual pledges that none of the party would inform of the rest. The affair passed off with perfect secrecy and satisfaction at the time; but, unfortunately, not long after, some misunderstanding occurred between me and one of my former associates in dishonesty, when, to be revenged of me for our late pique, he went and secretly informed Monsieur of my misconduct. It was speedily whispered amongst the scholars that I had acted dishonourably; nor was I tardy in seeking out the informer, and soon found that my quarrelsome and unfaithful companion had betrayed me. Through his intrigues, I perceived also that the displeasure of most of the scholars was directed against me, and it was generally expected that I should be expelled the school in disgrace. Indignant at the perfidy of my opponent, I sent him a note, informing him that he might depend upon it, the moment the school was dismissed, I would demand satisfaction for his mean and cowardly conduct. Information was speedily circulated that war was proclaimed between English and French, and that hostilities would commence immediately on the dismissal of the school. Accordingly, no sooner had we entered the area than I made up to my treacherous foe, and having stated in the hearing of his companions, who were eagerly awaiting the result, the grounds of the quarrel, I sprang upon him, and planting my first blow full in his face, the blood began to flow copiously from his nose. Before he had time to rally, and prepare his defence, my next blow laid him prostrate on the ground. Confusion and shouts filled the area, the

Frenchmen having never before witnessed this kind of fighting. Some were for a united attack upon me, whilst others, from a sense of honour, held them back, declaring it was disgraceful that so many Frenchmen should be necessary to combat one Englishman. My antagonist was again set upon his feet, and, endeavouring to redeem the honour of his country, he became the assailant, but without the least degree of science, striking sometimes at me with open hands, or only striking the air, whilst his face was held downwards, to avoid, if possible, the anticipated blow. Again I struck him in the face, and, closing upon him, planted my blows so effectually, that he immediately cried out for quarter. Hitherto the battle had been between two of equal size; but, unwilling to have it reported that an Englishman had come off victorious, one of the stoutest and most powerful young men in the school came forward as their champion, and demanded whether I was willing to fight with him. To which I replied, that my design was not wantonly to enter into a contest with any one, but to punish perfidy, which is equally odious whether in French or English: If, however, he thought the mere circumstance of bulk gave him a right to insult a captive Englishman, he should speedily share the same fate as my former antagonist. Here the conflict ended; the whole progress of which, as I afterwards learned, was witnessed with the utmost satisfaction by Monsieur Bouzie, from one of the windows of his house. When I returned home, my father perceived that I was much agitated, and enquiring into the cause of it, I told him the whole story; at which he was alarmed, and severely upbraided my indiscretion for committing such an outrage in an enemy's country, on parole of honour, and under the instruction of so kind a tutor; concluding that we had now nothing else to expect but to be abridged of our privileges, and restricted within the walls of the prison. All his apprehensions, however, were groundless. The next morning I was taken into my tutor's study, and requested to relate to him the whole affair. This I did with all faithfulness. When I had finished, he told me he had indeed been made acquainted with the circumstances, but ed I did not inform him cuser was as guilty as my which I replied, that I was sible we both deserved pun at his hands, and I would bear my share of it; but that I t the punishment of his perfidy be ed exclusively to myself. To statement he gave his cordial approbation, applauding my principles, and the manner in which I had conducted the affair. From that time I was honoured with still greater attention from him, and was treated with greater respect than ever by my fellow-students, as long as I continued in the town.

Removed far into the interior of France, with the express design of providing for a long continuance of our captivity, we began to reconcile ourselves as much as possible to our condition, expecting that nothing but the return of peace would restore us to our native country. After the lapse of about three months,—let not the sceptic deride a premonition from heaven to cheer a drooping spirit: old Homer claims our reverence for a dream, Καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν—my father suddenly awaking from his sleep in the middle of the night, said to me, "Depend upon it, in ten days' time one of these two things will befall me; either I shall die, or a messenger will bring orders for our marching homewards." Startled at this annunciation, I requested him to tell me why he spoke so confidently? To which he replied, "I have just had one of the most vivid dreams I ever remember. Methought I was at our estate at ——, sitting in the parlour, opposite to a window which looked towards an open champaign, when I saw a man on horseback in the distance, making all the speed he could towards the house. As he approached, I perceived that he rode a white horse, and was accoutred as a dragoon. I had an intuitive knowledge that his errand was to me; but whether it was one of terror or not, I could not conjecture; still I was impressed with fear as he rapidly approached. I hastened to throw myself on the floor, directly under the window, that I might escape his observation. Up, however, he galloped to the very window; and as though nothing me from his sight, he me in the following words, elf in readiness, for in you shall go hence.'" So lly did this dream impress that he could not refrain elating it to his friends in the ning, with the same interpreta- which he had given to me.* Concerned lest he should make himself appear superstitious, I endeavoured to dissuade him from making his dream so generally known, as it might bring the laugh upon him. Still, however, he persisted confidently to affirm his belief to almost every one with whom he was familiar. Strange to relate, on the very day which he had predicted, orders were brought by express, that we were immediately to be marched from Vendôme to the seaport town of La Rochelle, for the purpose of being conveyed by cartel to England.

Agreeably to these tidings we joyfully commenced our march homewards, and after a few days' journey, through one of the loveliest countries I ever saw, mantled over with vineyards loaded with the choicest grapes, we arrived at La Rochelle. Never-to-be-forgotten were the sensations felt, and the joy expressed by our company, when, upon reaching the summit of a hill, we first caught sight of the sea. All our past sufferings seemed to be amply recompensed by the joyous sensations which it brought. Our native element lay full before us; a few days or hours would place us upon its bosom; whilst all the endearments of home rushed into our minds. The joy of the ten thousand Greeks under the command of Xenophon, in their celebrated retreat, when they first obtained sight of the same object, was indeed expressed by a greater number of voices, but could scarcely exceed in ecstasy and enthusiasm our own. "The sea! the sea!" was vociferated by the happy individual who first discovered it. "The sea! the sea!" was reverberated through our host as every one rushing forward caught sight of it. Mutual congratulations, embraces, and even tears of joy, gave expression to our feelings.

In consequence of contrary winds we were detained in the town of Rochelle about a week before we embarked; during which time we were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants, who seemed to participate in our joy, and on leaving them they followed us with their good wishes that we might regain our native land in safety. Two ships were provided for our reception, and as soon as the wind proved favourable, we went on board and got under way. The ships were under the command of French officers and seamen; but, as is customary on such occasions, we took the command upon ourselves, determining what port to steer for according to circumstances. A consultation was held soon after our embarkation, to make such arrangements as were necessary. Two subjects principally entered into our deliberations: first, in what place should we be most likely to escape the observation of British men-of-war; and next, what part of the kingdom would best accommodate the majority of our company. The place determined upon was Mounts Bay, in Cornwall. This determination was most providential for us, contrasted with the disaster which befell our companions, who had kept company with us during the chief part of the voyage; but unfortunately fixed upon Falmouth as the place where they would land: for, as we afterwards learned, whilst they were making their way for the harbour during the night, they were overtaken by an English cruiser, and the greater part of the men *were impressed into his Majesty's service!* Thus were our companions in tribulation, who so lately with us exulted in the prospect of home, and of once more embracing their relatives and friends, transferred only to another prison, and, perhaps, to still longer captivity. Deeply to be deplored is the *pretended* necessity of the impress service at all, and derogatory from the character of the British nation,—a nation whose proud boast of being the home of liberty, has little reason to support its claim, and still less to make such an outcry against Negro slavery, whilst such disgraceful coercion and brutal violence, as the press-gang exhibits, are sanctioned and supported by the Government. Whatever arguments may be invented to prop up this infamous system, surely, the mitigation of some of its most barbarous inflictions is not utterly unworthy of attention. Is not the calamity of having lost eight or ten of the best years of a man's life, amidst the sufferings of a French prison, quite sufficient to form an argument of exemption from instant incarceration on board a man-of-war, but that the moment he sets his foot upon his native shores,—nay, even before he has fairly reached the coast, he should be kidnapped by ferocious hands, and transported perhaps to the extremity of the globe? that having previously endured the rage of battle in his country's cause, and won the trophies by which she is adorned, and in which she glories, he should be constrained to approach his own land by stealth and at the hazard of his life, like a felon who has escaped from transportation?

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* My father, I may inform the reader, is yet alive, and in England; and still retains a vivid recollection of his dream on this occasion.

Happily for ourselves, we escaped the disaster which befell our companions. About midnight we came to an anchor in Mounts Bay, and eagerly watched the returning day to present to our longing sight the land of our birth. As soon as it was light we lowered our boats into the sea, and made towards th
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of my spirit as we neared t
The aspect of the land, the
every thing which met
were invested with a chara
culiarly British,—a sacredness
can scarcely be appreciated but
those who, like ourselves, had wi
nessed the melancholy effects produced by the French Revolution on social order and happiness, the civil and religious institutions of the country, and almost every thing which improves and dignifies human nature. When the boat was sufficiently near the beach, I sprung on shore, scarcely thinking myself yet sufficiently secure from being reclaimed by the Republican guards. With a heart grateful to God for preservation amidst so many dangers, and exulting in the liberty which I had at length recovered, I could not forbear falling prostrate and kissing the hallowed ground, and offering up an earnest prayer, That Britain, instructed by the mournful spectacle of revolutionary France, might never hearken to the visionary schemes of self-interested men, who would persuade her to relinquish the substantial blessings she enjoys under her wise and equitable laws, and noble institutions, for an ideal liberty and equality, which France, after a bloody and exterminating conflict of many years, was farther from attaining than at the commencement.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

"Now these things are an allegory."

Chap. I.

How Arthur managed John's matters, and how he gave up his place.

* * * *

Now John's affairs, what with his long lawsuits, pensions to poor relations, loans that were never repaid, and so on, had been getting rather into a crazy condition; so he set fairly about posting his books and diminishing his expenditure. "These stewards of mine," quoth he, "with a pox on them, always tell me they are making improvements every year; that my rents are increasing, and that they are laying by a trifle to pay off my mortgages, but confound me if I can see daylight through their balance-sheets. I'll have a plain sensible man whom I can understand, and who understands me, and, please Heaven, I'll be at the bottom of these same accounts by and by." So he sent for Arthur O'Bradley, the same who had formerly served him well in the long lawsuit about Lewis Baboon's estates on the other side of the River, and who was an old pupil of Hocus,[*] who conducted John's first suit against Lord Strutt;[†] some said he had got more verdicts in his time than his master had, but be that as it may, he was a much honester fellow than Hocus. He was a bold free-spoken man, who liked short speeches and short bills, kept the servants in order, and kicked them handsomely when they did not do their work. He had scarcely sat down in John's office when he turned adrift one of the under book-keepers named Husky, who, being rather a good hand at figures, had given himself great airs under the two last stewards Cunning and Good Rich, and had come to consider himself a marvellous clever fellow. Husky would fain have got back into the office again, after he found his vapouring would not do, and wrote a long whining letter on the subject, saying that when he said no, he meant yes; but Arthur told him plain-dealing was best, and that he would have no more to say to him. Just so he would deal with the rest. "Hollo! Nick," he would say, "have you posted that ledger"—and if it was not done, down came the ruler over Nick's head. "Has that lazy rascal not brushed my boots? I'll teach him to lie abed till six in the morning;" and thereon he would march up to his room, and slap a basin of cold water on him before he could say Jack Robinson. So matters went on for a time, the servants grumbling a little, but John himself being wonderfully pleased with his new steward, and all the tenantry on the estate praising and magnifying him for the wonderful reductions he had made in the management of John's household.

But, as ill-luck would have it, about this time, Peter, the old upsetting priest, who had been turned out of the house for making bonfires in the yard and intriguing with Strutt's lawyer, Dominic, and who had settled in a small farm of John's on the other side of the pond, began to get very noisy and troublesome in John's neighbourhood. John had little cause to like the fellow; but, as long as he remained quiet, he winked at his remaining on the estate, and picking up an honest penny as he best could along with the other tenants;—only he had sworn he should never come into his house. "Nay, but," says Peter to himself, "into his house I *will* come; and then—let every body take care of himself, as the ass said when he danced among the chickens.—I say nothing—but let Martin and Dick look to their sconces." So getting together a number of miserable ragamuffins, headed by a fellow named Dan, they turned out one moonshiny night with shillelahs in their hands, and broke all the windows in the neighbourhood, roaring out they would cut the throats of all John's tenantry, if Peter was not taken into John's house forthwith. John's tenants, in general, had no liking to Peter, whom they knew very well to be a pestilent fellow, but they liked broken heads still worse; and Peter and his crew kept up such an infernal racket about their ears, robbing John's letter-bag on its way from the village post-office, and now and then letting fly at them with a blunderbuss from behind a hedge (though it was only charged with an old newspaper or so,) that, in the end, some of them began to think the matter serious. Arthur had, at one time, hated Peter as he did the devil, and, in fact, had had two or three bouts at fistycuffs with him;—but so it was at last, that Peter, who was a cunning fox, got about him, and what with bragging and bullying, and flattering Arthur as a great peacemaker, and praising up his assistant Bobby, a clever Oxford lad, who sat in the office below, he contrived to get himself comfortably established in his old quarters, very much against John's wishes, who did not feel easy in his conscience about the oath he had sworn to keep Peter out.

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[*] The Duke of Marlborough.

[†] Spain.

This was a sore blow to many of Arthur's fellow-servants, who knew Peter's tricks of old, and swore roundly they would not be surprised if he brought the house about their ears some day. So they who did not like Peter, and they who thought they got more kicks than halfpence from Arthur, laid their heads together, and only waited for an opportunity to go and lodge a complaint with John, and get Arthur turned out. This was not long of coming. Ye must know that Charles Baboon, who succeeded to Lewis Manor, on the other side of the river, a positive pragmatical old fellow as ever lived by bread, got into a quarrel with his servants, because he insisted on keeping the keys of the press in his own hands, and said he would bring whom he liked into any room in his house. Finding that this only made them worse, he tried to clear the hall with a cudgel, but the rascals, who had come prepared geons behind their bac the stick out of his would have broken it over if he had not jumped out o dow, and made the best o to the ferry, where he was fa by some of John's people, an to bed half dead with fright. then a set of them sallying out of th house, ran as fast as their legs could carry them down to Nick Frog the grocer's house, who lived within a stonecast of Baboon's; and joining with some of Nick's servants, they broke into his shop before he knew what was in the wind, cast his oranges in his teeth, and thereby broke his best pipe and tobacco stopper all to pieces, so that the poor man was fain to walk off, holding up the waistband of his breeches as he best could, to an old house that he had on the other side of the canal. The servants who remained in Charles Baboon's house allowed his cousin Philip (who, hearing that Charlie had walked off, stept up to look after the plate and furniture) to take a bed at the house for a week or two; but they shewed him to a nasty stinking bedroom, just above the pig-sty; kept the keys of the pantry in their own hands, and hardly allowed the poor gentleman a decent meal. His life, in fact, while he was in the house, was a burden to him. One night they would knock him up, just as he had fallen into a doze, to quiet some drunken squabble in the court; the next day all the dirty rascals in the neighbourhood would collect in crowds, and sing lewd songs or make water under his parlour window;* and again, if any roystering squire in the neighbourhood got into a dispute with his tenantry, half a dozen tatterdemalions would break into Philip's dressing-room as he was shaving, swearing that he must put a horse pistol in his pocket, and ride post to the farthest corner of the estate, to take part with the tenants in the fray, whether he knew any thing of the matter or not. All this, as ye may suppose, Philip hated as the devil hates holy water; and if he had not thought that, by remaining a little longer, he might contrive to ilver spoons, and walk he would never have to it; but, after all, he help rapping out an oath then, especially one day each of the rascals a pot with his compliments, and lozen of them came in a pet, hrew the liquor in his face.* it then, if he ventured to grumble, Oho!" they would say, "here's rebellion—here's ingratitude! Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if this puppy is to have a will of his own. Why! who the devil are you, and what right have you to shew your nose here, except we choose to let you? Isn't the ale ours, every drop of it, and the tankard too, for that matter, eh?" Whereupon Philip would swear he meant no harm, and that he was their humble servant till death, and so forth.

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* The tumultuous assemblages in the Palais Royal, and Place Vendôme.

Now, there were plenty of ragamuffins on John Bull's estates, who, hearing of these strange doings in Baboon's house, thought this would be an excellent opportunity to get up something of the same kind in John's; for, said they, while other folks are *fighting, we may be filching.* They had in fact tried a prank of the same kind before, about the time when poor old Louis Baboon fell down from the scaffolding and got his scull fractured, and his tenants broke open his scrutoire; but John's steward at that time, who was a fellow of some pluck, turned out in a twinkling at the head of the constables, and the fray was got under in no time. Finding, however, that Arthur and his comrades had got to high words about this cursed affair of Peter, they thought now was their time, while all the servants in the house were at sixes and sevens, and so began burning John's hay-ricks, robbing his hen-roosts by the light of the fire, breaking his threshing machines, stealing his linen from the hedge, and playing off the same game under his nose which had been tried by Dan and his beggarly crew on the other side of the pond.

But at last, after matters had gone on in this way for some time, and some of the ringleaders, whom John's gamekeeper had got hold of, had been tried at the Winchester Sessions and set in the stocks, one of the pack, called Swing, who was a knowing fellow, said to his comrades,—"It won't do, my masters, to go on blazing away at this rate—John will get roused, though he is a dull fellow, and we shall have all our heads broken some fine morning, so we must go more cautiously to work. What think ye of getting up the old story about the Squire's taking back Madam Reform? It's a cursed shame of him—isn't it—to keep her at such a distance—his own blood relation too! they say. Suppose we insist upon his taking her home immediately, and doing for her—then there will be a rumpus—the whole house will be in an uproar, and while they are all at loggerheads, we'll find our way in by the back door. Besides, I've smoked a pipe or two lately with Radical Dick, the old lady's nephew—(on the wrong side of the blanket)—and between you and me, if we can once get her fairly in, we'll soon send those lazy fellows with their gold-lace shoulder-knots to the right about, and see what stuff John's cellar and larder are made of."

Now this old lady whom the rascals spoke of was a very distant relation of John's, and having some knowledge of simples and 'pothecary stuffs, she had at one time, when John was rather a wild fellow, been of some service to him, in helping him to bring his constitution into proper order—and so John used to nickname her Madam Reform. But being a most uneasy fidgety old lady, she never knew where to stop; she was eternally dosing him with drugs when they were perfectly unnecessary; now recommending a purge in order to clear off the rotten humours which she said were preying on his vitals; now plying him with potions, pills, cataplasms, clysters, plasters, blisters, draughts, cathartics, tonics, diluents, alteratives, sedatives, —all the trash, in short, which was palmed off upon her by the quacks in the neighbourhood, who, knowing her hobby, never failed to gratify her by some new nostrum or other.

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* The distribution of the "July" medals in name of the King, which were indignantly rejected.

"Look ye, madam," said John, losing temper at last, "it's very odd that if I am in such a desperate way as you say, I can't for the life o' me find it out. I don't see any thing the matter with my constitution for my part; I eat well, drink well, and sleep well; so you may carry your drugs to the foreign market. Perhaps Esquire South, or Esquire North, or Lord Strutt, or Don Pedro, or Signor Macaroni, may thank you for them, and so good morrow to ye." So they parted, and have had little or no communication since. In fact, after John threw her off, the poor woman got into bad hands—took to gin and low company—hob-a-nobbed with Dan the scullion, and Harry the shoeblack, and Hum the Scotch quack-doctor, and Cabbage the tailor, and the rest of that set who used to meet and drink together at the Westminster tap; and although her friends tried to face the matter out, it was shrewdly whispered—and, in fact, a constable made oath to the truth of it before a Justice—that that hang-dog villain, Swing, had been seen stealing out of her back door in his shirt after two o'clock in the morning. All these things had brought the old woman into discredit, so that although at first some of her old acquaintances would vapour a little about the necessity of bringing her back, and the great use she was likely to be of in John's housekeeping, few people latterly had troubled their heads about her, and John used to put his tongue in his cheek and laugh when any one tried to frighten him into taking back the plaguy old woman into his family.

It was always observed, however, —and this was a bad sign—that when any thing went wrong in John's matters, a set of idle, discontented, brazen-faced fellows, most of whom had been in the Gazette over and over again, would meet at the Three Stripes public-house, and get up a cry for Madam Reform over their liquor. "Ah!" they would say, "if the good old lady had been here, things would not have come to this pass—we should all have been thriving tradesmen, and well to do in the world; there would have been no waste in the kitchen, but all the broken victuals given to the poor; no quarrels with our neighbours; no bringing in idle fellow the backstairs; but all board, d'ye see:" thoug world knew that the old hangers-on were a set swaggering, quarrelsome, self-seeking knaves ext when Swing and the rest of began burning the hay-ricks, nobody could sleep o' nights fear of having his windows broken, there was a great cry got up, as usual, for the old lady. All the idle fellows on the estate, who had no work to attend to but their neighbours', turned out on the village green, and stuck a red night-cap on a pole, and away they marched towards John's house, whooping and hallooing, and crying out that nothing would go right till they had got the old woman back; and that then they would all have shirts to their back, and blue ruin to their bellies. At first the servants only laughed at them, and shut the door in their faces; and Arthur said to Twist the errand-boy, "Horace, my man, step up quietly to my bedroom, will ye—and empty me the chamber-pot upon them, handsomely, over the window;" which Horace did with an air as if it had been an Etruscan vase, instead of an ordinary potter's vessel. But, after all, they only laughed at Horace and his utensil; and, at last, the cry got so loud, that some people in the house began to get frightened, and to say, that though the old lady was a useless harridan, and no better than she should be, it would be better to let her in at once, than have their heads broken. But Arthur was not the man to be frightened by a few hard raps. So, sticking his head out of the window, "My lads," said he, "you had better sheer off as fast as ye can. I have spoken to John about this same old woman—and, body o' me, she shall never come here in my time, that's flat."—"And so say I, too," quoth Bobby, putting his head out of the next window; and then they both drew in their heads again. "What's that you say, sir?" says Peter, crossing himself—"by the holy poker, she has as good a right to be here as I have—you know you blinked an oath to serve me—and I say she *shall* come in." Arthur was thunderstruck to hear that ungrateful villain Peter take part against him;

to see the varlet Dan, n taken in, as he thought, scrape the potatoes, and work of the house, come flourishing his shillelah, ing he would bring her in· of his teeth. But what was dest fancy of all, was, that fellow-servants, who had so enraged at him for bringing in Peter, now joined with Peter in shoving and hustling Arthur to the door, saying they would rather ruin themselves, and all that belonged to them, than have such a hectoring, papistical, cheeseparing fellow as Arthur to be steward any longer. And now it came out that there had been a league between Peter and the old lady, and that Peter had sworn on the breviary, that if he got in himself, he would do his best to bring her in too; but with a mental reservation—if he could make any thing by it.

So Arthur and Bobby went straight to John Bull, who generally sat up stairs, and who had been rather alarmed at the noise, and told him they saw plainly there were a set in the house at present who disliked them, and would rather bring back the old woman, though they hated her consumedly, than lose the opportunity of venting their spite. "But," said Arthur, "as I should not wish to have it said that she turned us out, why it will be more civil to say we parted because we had some little differences about our accounts." —"Well," said John, "if it must be so, there's no help for it. Needs must, you know; but, between ourselves," laying his finger on his nose, "you understand me?"—"Perfectly," said Arthur, cocking his eye; so they shook hands, and John gave them both a very good certificate of character at parting.

CHAP. II.

How Gaffer Gray tried to bring Madam Reform into John's house, and how she was knocked down stairs as she was getting into the second story.

JOHN did not at first know very well where to turn himself for a steward when Arthur left him, but at last he bethought him of one Gaffer Gray, a north-country man, who used to be a hanger-on about the house, though he had no employment there. Gray had been a brisk, active fellow when young, though he was past his best now;—used to be much about Madam Reform's house in his younger days, but latterly he had been getting rather shy of her acquaintance; and, though he said he thought John should take her back some time or other, he always said there was a good time coming, and he would sneer at those who spoke of bringing her home immediately. But, as he was known to have been an old gallant of the lady's, John thought he would be just the man to quiet all this infernal row which had been raised about her. "Well, Gaffer," says John, "you see how the land lies. Are you willing to take the books, and see whether we can get this plaguy business about the old lady settled? If she must come in, she shan't turn my house upside down, I promise you." "Look ye, John," said Gray, "if you'll let me turn out a pack of those fellows that have been keeping me out of employment these twenty years past, and fill their places with some honest friends of my own—all excellent fellows, though I say it—I'm your man. We must let the old woman in, but will keep her to the small closet in the sunk story; and —hark ye—I'll have a strait waistcoat ready in the next room in case she gets wilful." So down goes Gaffer to the servants' hall, and calling his fellows about him,—"My lads," said he, "I believe we are *all* agreed, [this was a lie by the by,] that there will be no peace in the house till Madam Reform comes back;—she is an excellent woman, as ye know—a very excellent woman—but damnably outrageous at times, especially when she gets drunk, so we must keep her snug in her own room;—and, hark ye, if ye see any low hulking-looking fellows coming about the house to speak to her, let loose the house-dog, Dragon, at them without ceremony.

It will take a month or two to get her room put to rights; so, in the meantime, let's see what's to be done with the books."

So up he went to Arthur's room, in which he found every thing in very good order. "Let me see the house-book," said he to Allsoap, whom he had brought with him as under book-keeper, "these are woundy sums to pay out; John must have been confoundedly cheated. Don't you think we shall manage to save the honest man a good many pounds at the end of the year?"—"Mayhap we will, and mayhap not," said Allsoap. But after they had worked away for a day or two, they could not for the soul of them lay their hand on any thing which they thought could be retrenched, except that Allsoap found out some drippings, which the scullion used to pocket as a perquisite. "Aha!" said he, "here is the very thing. See how John's simplicity is abused—the rascal scullion shall not remain in the house another day." Thereupon Gray went down to John, and making him a speech, (you must know Gray was always a good hand at a speech,)—"John," said he, "matters, we find, are not just so very bad as we thought, but we shall be able to save you no less than five pounds at the end of the quarter—and now let's see if we can't raise your rents a little." Then Gray went back to his office, and he and Allsoap, and Buckram, and Drum, and Johny laid their heads together for a week: Drum had been a master-collier, and Buckram an attorney; Johny had never been anything at all. Now John Bull, ye must know, had a sort of savings' bank, where the industrious part of his servants laid up their earnings from time to time; so says Allsoap, "Make the fellows pay twopence every time they draw out their money."—"An excellent scheme, by the Lord!" said Gray and Buckram, and Bill Jones. Drum said nothing, but stirred the fire. But when they came down stairs and told the servants what was to be done, there was such a hooting, and hissing, and whistling, and shuffling with the feet, that they were glad to make their way out of the hall as fast as possible. Then they proposed to change John's wine-merchant, though Don Pedro had John's promise in black and white, that he
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timber for your lives."—"Give them plenty of soap," said Pullet, "the knaves have need of it."—"Shall we touch the sugar and rum?" said Buckram, "I once talked about it when I was out of place."—"We'll see about it, by and by," said Allsoap."—"Harkye, my lads," said Buckram, "I have it—let's set to work and dust the papers in the lumber-room. They're not much in any body's way, to be sure, but it's something to talk about."—"The very thing," said all of them. So down they sallied with mops and brooms to the lumber-room, where to be sure there was a great heap of papers on the floor, and began scrubbing, and plastering, and whitewashing, and dusting, and kicking the papers about, and burning some very useful title-deeds of John's in their hurry. After all, they found they could not get rid of them all, so Buckram huddled the rest of them behind a woolsack that stood in the corner, and squatting himself down upon it, and spreading out his coat-tails to keep the papers out of sight, they called in the servants, and Buckram said to them with a great air, "Look at me, I'm the man to clear away that cursed pile of mouldy papers that stood in every body's way, as ye know. No more of your old bags, and such like lumber, shall be laid down here again, by the Lord Harry!" Then two or three of them cried out huzza for Buckram, but the greater part of them, who had not occasion to be in that room once a-year, cared little about it.

So at last, with all these pestering changes, no man in the house knew where his work lay, or what he was to do; and most of the servants saw clearly that Gaffer was no conjurer. Accordingly, some of the bolder of them took heart and told him so to his face; and if it had not been for Buckram, who was a bold fellow as far as the tongue was concerned, and gave

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Now you must know that John's household was rather oddly arranged. His upper servants, who dined in a room by themselves, had been engaged by John's ancestors, and could not be turned out when John liked, and these worthies did not like the new steward at all. The other servants ate their commons in a room below, and could be sent about their business in the lump if John thought proper. Some of these liked Gaffer Gray, and some not. So Gray sent down Allsoap to them, who told them the old woman was now positively coming home the next day, and that they must make all ready for her reception, and that she was to have the range of the house, and that they must make much of her, and chain up Dragon immediately, lest he should fasten upon any of those that came along with her. Whereupon, rather more than half the fellows threw up their caps, thinking there would be nothing now but junketing and merry-making, and roared and bellowed lustily for Madam Reform. But a number of the others stared at one another, and at last, one knowing old fellow, called Leatherall, who had been bred to the law, and was a match for Buckram himself, stept up to Allsoap, and asked him if he did not recollect something about the sunk story and the strait-waistcoat, and setting the house-dog upon every ragamuffin that showed his face along with Madam Reform? But Allsoap had forgotten every thing about it, and so had Jonny and the rest. "But," said Allsoap, "this you may depend upon; we know very well that the old lady's nephew, Radical Dick, and a set of other blackguards, would fain come in along with her, but we are the men to keep them out—bless your souls! We shall have a constable at the door, and not a man shall pass without a shirt on his back and a shilling in his pocket; and when we have let in enough, why then Buckram and Gray and Bill Jones and myself, will clap our backs against the door, and we can let Dragon loose if need be—and so keep them out."—"*You* to be sure!" said Leatherall; "why, I'll lay my life you've a letter in your pocket at this moment from that rascal Radical Dick, dated Brummagem—Eh! Are not these your pothooks and Johny's?" So he pulled out of his pocket two ill-written scrawls, signed Allsoap and Johny, and there to be sure it was in black and white, Allsoap telling Dick he was proud of the honour of his acquaintance, and Johny telling him a long rigmarole story about himself—and how the opposition against his aunt was nothing but the whisper of a faction, though God knows it was loud enough, and poor Johny, for that matter, never spoke above his breath himself. So with all these taunts, they so bothered Allsoap's brains, which were none of the best, that he gave the matter up in despair; for at last, when he asked Leatherall, who had something to say about the house-money, for a crown-piece to pay the baker's account, he told him plainly he should not have a rap, and so Allsoap went back to Gaffer Gray, looking sheepish, and told him what had happened.

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But therein they had reckoned without their host; for Leatherall and Croaker and their friends got before the door, and a desperate scuffle ensued. Crowns were cracked on all sides. Allsoap was so mauled that he took to bed afterwards; and the old lady got several infernal raps on the head before she was lodged in safety in the lower story,—which her own friends said, entirely knocked out any little sense she had before.

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A NEW SONG, TO BE SUNG BY ALL THE TRUE KNAVES OF POLITICAL UNIONS.

Ye rascals and robbers wherever ye be,
Come forth from your holes, and see what ye shall see:
The jails are all burning, the ruffians are free.
Hurrah! and for ever, Whig-Ministers sing,
That have just made a new Coalition with Swing.

Ye outcasts and felons and radical crew,
That care not one fig for Old England or New,
That love Revolutions, and plunder pursue,
Come forth from your holes—'tis a glorious thing—
The Ministers' Whig-Coalition with Swing.

Come out from your holes without fear of the law,
For 'tis now a dead letter, and not worth a straw!
The devil laughs loud, and cries give us your paw
To the Minister Whigs, as triumphant they sing,
Hurrah! to our new Coalition with Swing.

No longer in secret and darkness conspire,
Come forth from your holes, there are churches to fire,
And throw in the Parson, and Magistrate Squire.
Ye may do what ye like in the name of the King,
Since the Ministers' Whig-Coalition with Swing.

All ye that love blasphemy better than prayers,
Never rest till you've tumbled the Bishops down stairs,
And with insult bring down to the grave their grey hairs.
Then nothing shall check us from having our fling,
In this Ministers' Whig-Coalition with Swing.

Then pile up your fagots, and set up your cheers,
And toss in the Bible long dinn'd in your ears,
And burn the old Bishops, and all the old Peers,
Except those that are led in the Ministers' string,
And hurrah! to the Whig-Coalition with Swing.

And if they want new, there are blockheads, and mimes,
And profligates noted, to wink at all crimes,
And be white-wash'd enough for a show by the Times,
With his pen full of lies out of Beelzebub's wing,
Oh! the Ministers' Whig-Coalition with Swing.

Ye Papists of Ireland new-furbish your zeal,
Your crosses and curses, and pikes of good steel,
There are ready-made pardons all under the seal.
(Should ye shed too much blood) of the Fisherman's ring,
For your own Captain Rock is first cousin to Swing.

For don't ye see plain when O'Connell was down,
The Whigs pick'd him up, in contempt of the Crown;
And the Master of Anarchy wears a silk gown?
Hurrah! for the honours that ruffians may wring
From the Whigs, in their new Coalition with Swing.

All ye that hate taxes, come pay them no more,
That think old English honesty, England's old sore—
Ye know what the Union of Brummagem swore,
And they are the friends to whom Ministers cling,
To maintain the new Whig-Coalition with Swing.

Ye Bedlamites, welcome with clanking of chains,
The world all gone mad—a Whig Ministry reigns,
As insane as yourselves, and without any brains;
Restraint is all over, for Liberty sing,
And the Ministers' new Coalition with Swing.

Ye bloody Republicans, stout Regicides,
That would play the same game as your Prynnes and your Prides
At political nine-pins, and worship the Ides,—
Go sharpen your weapons, and high your arms fling,
And hurrah! to the Whigs' Coalition with Swing.

For they set up new Kings but to knock down the old,
From their stations in mockery again to be bowled,
And contracts they break ere the wax be yet cold.
Then roar in your frenzy, and let the world ring,
Hurrah! for the new Coalition with Swing.

All ye that love rapine and murder and rape,
Though you're caught in the fact, you'll get out of the scrape;
Though the Judges condemn, you are sure to escape,
For a pardon from crimes is the boon that we wring
From the sycophant Whigs' Coalition with Swing.

Though they send down Commissioners, 'tis but for show,
You may mark the King's Judges, and strike the first blow,
There are plenty of weapons and missiles to throw.
Tear them down from the bench with a tiger-like spring,
And hurrah! for the Whigs' Coalition with Swing.

Ye that hate all the gentry, come, see their blood shed;
All ye that would knock the King's crown off his head,
And set up a rascally mob in his stead,
All dance round the fires, and joyfully sing,
Hurrah! to the Whig-Coalition with Swing.

THE FOUR EVENINGS. By Delta.

MARCH.

ARTH seems to glow with renovated life—
The ether with a softness is embued,
Which melts the hardened spirit to that mood,
In which, to feel ourselves apart from strife,
Is ecstasy:—with the green blading grass,
The singing birds, and the translucent sky,
On which the clouds in western glory lie,
We own a bond of union, which, alas!
Though latter years have weakened, comes at times
To claim dominion o'er us, as in youth;
And, as the downcast spirit it sublimes,
We turn from noisy revelries uncouth,
And from the world's vain follies and its crimes,
To ponder on the past, and sigh for Truth!

JUNE.

There breathes a balmy freshness in the air
Of this June evening; on the lake are given
The hues of Earth, which seems the shade of Heaven;
And to the zenith all the skies are bare.
Save the lark singing, so serenely still
Reposes the green landscape far and near,
That, 'mid its blossomed water-flags, you hear
The tiniest tinkling of the tiny rill.
The life-diffusing sun, as 'twere God's eye,
Shuts in the West—yet leaves us not despair—
For lo! a symbol of his blithe return
With glory to empurple Morning's air,
The Evening Star, within the southern sky,
O'er yon far mountains bids his watch-tower burn.

SEPTEMBER.

How bright and beautiful the sun goes down
O'er the autumnal forests! The wide sky,
Cloudless, is flush'd with that purpureal dye
Which gave the Tyrian loom such old renown.
The radiance, falling on the distant town,
Bathes all in mellowing light; and, soften'd, come
Through the lull'd air, the song of birds, the hum
Of bees, and twitter of the martins brown;
All things call back the bosom to the beat
Of childhood, and to youth's enchanted maze;
And hark the rail, amid the golden wheat,
With its craik—craik! Oh, sad it is, yet sweet,
To look through Memory's mirror on the days
Which shone like gold, yet melted down like haze!

NOVEMBER.

For ever shuts the great eye of the World?
So seems it—for a grim and pallid hue
Pervades the cheerless universe, a blue
And death-like tint; ascend the vapours curl'd
From the low freezing mere: the sea-mew shrieks
Down to the shore; and, 'mid the forests bare,
The lonely raven, through the dusky air,
Her bleak unwarming habitation seeks.
Blow on, ye winds! and lower, ye shades of Night,
Around my path. As whirl the eddying leaves
Redly beside me, and the flaky snow
Melts in the turbid stream, with stern delight
The thwarted spirit hears the wild winds blow,
And feels a pensive pleasure, while it grieves!

CURLIANA.*

The seasons of the year are, in this northern latitude of ours, all that the heart could desire; and go where you will, we defy you to shew us such another climate. Our earth, our air, our water, and our fire, are of the best kind possible in nature; with us perfect are all the elements. In proof of this, only look to our character and to our constitution. A few flaws there are in both; so are there in every chrysolite, when you look at it through a microscope. But to common optics, however clearsighted, they are gems; and the setting is of gold. They have borne, without stain, with now and then, here and there, but some uncertain dimness, wind and weather; and they will endure, in their bold and bright antiquity, long after much modern paste has shrunk into dust and ashes. Their splendour is essential; whereas that of many novel productions is superficial, and evanescent as those feeble lights that are seen struggling through storms, and soon swallowed up in the darkness which they have fitfully illuminated. The difference is as that between dreaming and waking; the flickering of fiction and the steadfastness of truth. The one is felt to be transient even at its very brightest; the other in its calm lustre lasting as the laws of life.

It is not our intention to say any thing farther at present of our character or of our constitution, and not much of our climate. Only consider it, for a few paragraphs, in relation to our pastimes. The Spring! Why, we could indite a volume more easily than an article on that gamesome season. But let us ask you, simply, where, in all the wide world, is there such angling? We know, at the lowest computation, one million burns with the prettiest of names, and as many more, at least, strictly anonymous, the beauty of whose silvan or pastoral banks and braes might make a sumph a poet. To say nothing of their twinkling shoals of silvery minnows, heavens! among the gravel what a trouty congregation, from the length finger to that of your ar yard-long,—and of a h lours, when the feed is on, the water glow as if tinged by bows! Of rivers what a wale, b Scotland thorough, and with w placid or prerupt majesty, gath ing, as they go, glory from the green glens, do they flow or roll, on their black or bright career, from source to sea! On the surface all is light or shade, foam, froth and bubbles; below, instinctive all with finny life; and let the breezy sunshine but bring out the winged ephemerals, and lo! the sudden spring or the sullen plunge that tells how thickly the hidden caves are peopled. As for lochs—from every mountain top how they seem from afar to assemble, as it were, beneath your feet!—These are the inlanders—with bare blank braes, yet "beautiful exceedingly," or surrounded by knolls, broomy or birchen, where chants the lintie, or the roe reposes in the glade —or with the "grace of forest-woods decayed, and pastoral melancholy,"—or solemn in the silvan shades, where never yet hath axe startled the ancient yet ever-blooming Dryads—or sublime, always to awe, and sometimes to terror, with superincumbent rock-masses belonging to the unscaled mountains, on whose cloudy crests, in cliff-guarded coves, lies the whiteness of last year's unmelted snow, often hidden by the driving mists, a little lower than the stationary clouds that, beyond the reach of the rack, are settling, or settled, on the utmost summit! There the lonesome angler not only looks but feels like a ghost. His body, his basket, and his rod, are all spiritualized; and in the solitude he regards the enormous prey, that comes slowly sailing from the unfathomed depths to the untrodden greensward shore, with easy dip descending into the liquid shadows, as something preternatural, and born and bred in beauty amid a mysterious world. Or, with a far-off noise like the hollow thunder, comes at full gallop the tide of the great sea, a broken cloud of gulls all a-fish-

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* Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia. Dumfries: John Sinclair; Henry Constable, Edinburgh; Atkinson and Co., Glasgow; John Dick, Ayr. 1830.

kers, and strong
nguard of the sal-
ding the glen, and re-
the meeting mountain-
to storm the waterfall.
for Spring—for takē our
for it, that sometimes salmon,
in that season, scale the tide-
ashed rocks; but sunny and shady
mmer comes, and what then may
our pastime? In the Highlands—
ngling. For what genial warmth
nimates all nature in the time immediately round about the longest day! Winter lingering chills the lap of May, and Winter, stealthily creeping on, clothes with cranreuch the russet cloak of Autumn. But June and July in those lofty regions are the sole summer months, and how bright then the flowerage, the honey-dews how balmy! The lochs are then all alive, and their play is our pastime; you may fill your pannier then and there, by a hook baited with a flower-fly; deadly is the lure of a leaf. Bear witness, ye lonely lochs among the vassals of Ben Lomond and of Ben Nevis! And if ye be silent, then speak thou whose "rushes to the breeze sing forth their ancient melodies," beneath the eagle-haunted deer-beloved cliffs, that seem sometimes to spurn, and sometimes to woo, the silvan altitudes of Glenure! But Midsummer is the season for flappers, and of all this world's quackery, what is so soul-subduing as the quackery of a startled storm of wild-ducks on the shallow bosom of a reed-encircled mere, up among the mists of the mountains, while the morning echoes all jump from their slumbers on the unseen rocks, and the din deadens the sound of the volleying musketry, known to be deadly but by the shower of feathers, and the sprawl, spatter, squatter, and squash on the water, agitated as by a whirlwind!

No paltry prelude this to the Twelfth of August, when out of the deep black bosom of the heather, upsprings, whizzing and whirring, as if his wings were of iron, at head of his own begotten clan, the old gorcock, as bright and bold as his birthplace, and then plumb down in instant death, with a thud like an earthquake, or straight as an arrow away up into ether to die in the sunshine, and on his descent to the lower world, scented out by Fine-nose, among the wild-briers canopying some cairn of the desert. Or seek ye to stalk the deer? Then must your eye ken to distinguish the antlers from the rhindless arms of the "dodder'd oak," from the tree-like branches of the tall lady-fern, which, when not a breath of air is astir, do oft show a visionary semblance of the great-horned animal at gaze, and when the breeze of a sudden is sweeping by, look like forehead of the monarch of the wild, rejoicing ere he run his race before the wind.

But what is this we see before us? Winter—we declare—and in full fig, with his powdered wig! On the mid-day of November, absolutely snow—a full, fair, and free fall of indisputable snow.

Not the slightest idea had we, the day before, that a single flake had yet been formed in the atmosphere, which, on closing of our shutters, looked through the clear-obscure, indicative of a still night and a bright morning. But we had not seen the moon. She, we are told by an eye-witness, early in the evening, *stared* from the south-east, "through the misty horizontal air," with a face of portentous magnitude, and brazen hue, symptomatic, so weather-wise seers do say, of the approach of the snow-king. On such occasions it requires all one's astronomical science to distinguish between sun and moon; for then sister resembles brother in that wan splendour, and you wonder for a moment, as the large beamless orb (how unlike to Dian's silver bow!) is in ascension, what can have brought the lord of day, at this untimeous hour, from his sea-couch behind the mountains of the west. Yet during the night-calm we suspected snow—for the hush of the heavens had that downy feel to our half-sleeping fancy, that belongs to the eider-pillow in which disappears our aged, honoured, and unnightcapped head. Looking out by peep of day—rather a ghostlike appearance in our long night-shirt which trails a regal train from afar—we beheld the fair feathers dimly descending through the glimmer, while momently the world kept whitening and whitening, till we knew not our home-returning white cat on what was yesterday the back-*green*, but by the sable tail that singularly shoots from the rump of that phenomenon. We were delighted. Into the cold plunge-bath we played plop like a salmon—and came out as red as a cut of that incomparable fish. One ply of leather—one of flannel—and one of the linen fine; and then the suit of pepper and salt over all; and you behold us welcoming, hailing, and blessing the return of day. Frost, too, felt at the finger and toe-tips—and in unequivocal true blue at the point, Pensive Public, of thy Grecian or Roman nose. Furs, at once, are all the rage; the month of muffs has come; and round the neck of Eve, and every one of all her daughters, is seen harmlessly coiling a boa-constrictor. On their lovely cheeks, the Christmas roses are already in full blow, and the heart of Christopher North sings aloud for joy. Furred, muffed, and boa'd, Mrs Gentle adventures abroad in the blast; and, shouldering his crutch, the rough, ready, and ruddy old man shews how widows are won, whispers in that delicate ear of the publication of bans, and points his gouty toe towards the hymeneal altar. In the bracing air, his frame is strung like Paganini's fiddle, and he is felt to be irresistible in the *piggicato*. "Lord of his presence, and no land beside," what cares he even for a knight of the Guelphic order? On his breast shines a star—may it never prove a cross—beyond bestowal by king or kæsar—nor is Maga's self jealous or envious of these wedded loves. And who knows but that ere another November snow sheets the Shotts, a curious little Kit, with the word North distinctly traceable in blue letters on the whites of his eyes, may not be playing antics on his mother's knee, and with the true Tory face in miniature, smiling upon the guardian of the merry fellow's own and his country's constitution?

But "somewhat too much of this"—there are other sports for winter, and among them all, multifarious and multitudinous though they be, what single one can compare with—Curling?

That sport stirs the heart of auld Scotland till you hear it beating in her broad bosom. Shepherds, herdsmen, woodsmen, ploughmen, peasants all, lords, clergymen, prof chanics, artificers, spade, shuttle, or ham ing over the fields an ever pit, pond, dam, gleam blue in their brilliant sol to the sun that seems to streng the frost. You see, and rejoice see, the difference between the pulace and the people. For the are the people of Scotland, a stalwart set gathering to peaceful sport; and should you think for a moment of war and battle, you wonder not that the mother of such sons, "Albion, the Island Albion, or Great Britain," should be the freest of the free.

It has pleased gracious nature to besprinkle Scotland with gems of the first water. Not Lochmaben alone should be called "Margery o' the mony Lochs." Let that name be given to our country, and eke to Maga, our country's pride. What an innumerable multitude of isles within our isle! Intersected especially is our beautiful North, by all shapes of streams, and full, to overflowing, with all shapes of inland seas, whose waters are pure and bright, as young poet's dreams. 'Tis the Land of Curlers—and hark how the great stones go growling along a thousand rinks—while ever and anon the joyous shout of triumph loosens the snow-wreath on the cliff, and echo announces from afar the fall of the avalanche!

We are happy to see that this truly Scottish winter-game has at last found a worthy chronicler. *Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia*, though not the best Latin imaginable, is the title of a most amusing and instructive volume. The author is, what all authors should be, an enthusiast; he writes *con amore*, and likewise *con spirito;* and it puts our spirits in tune to read his always animated and often eloquent descriptions of the "roaring play"—a favourite pastime, we know, of the ardent Burns, and of the pensive Grahame, who have celebrated its delights, each in his own way, the one in a few bold flashes, and the other in the calmer light of song. It is indeed a most poetical pastime—and, therefore, dear to us natives of Scotland, who, whatever the Cockneys may say of Sawney, in their usual small lying style, are 's known insight and away people.

sayeth,

> [illegible] ice [illegible] greatly please,
> ly Scot[illegible] exercise;"

author adds truly, that it cidedly a national one. He rom "An Account of the e of Curling," by a Member of Duddingston Society, published 1811, some historical notices of the game, which seem to shew, that though now so national with us as almost to be confined to Scotland, it had probably a continental origin. All the evidence which etymology can give—the technical language of the art being all Dutch or German—directly points out the Low Countries as the place where it originated; and he agrees with those who ascribe its introduction among us to those Flemish emigrants who settled in Scotland about the end of the 15th, and beginning of the 16th century. He finds no mention made of it prior to the beginning of the 17th century. Camden, in his Britannia, (in 1607,) speaking of the Isle of Copinsha, says, incidentally, that there are "found upon it plenty of excellent stones for the game of curling, which shews that the game was both pretty general and in considerable repute at the time." Be that as it may, it is certain that within the memory of living men, the game has become far more artful and scientific than it was among our ancestors. The specimens that still remain of the unhandled, unpolished blocks which were used by the curlers, comparatively of modern times, furnishing a strange and striking contrast to the beautifully balanced and cunningly equipped stones that are now seen circling the tee. It seems probable that, at first, Curling was nothing else than the game of quoits practised on the ice. The old stones which yet remain, both from size and shape, favour that conjecture; having only a niche for the finger and thumb, as if they had been intended to be thrown. Till lately, from one end of Scotland to the other, Curling was commonly called *Kuting*. Now, it more resembles billiards; and our ingenious author remarks "that it may be said to be an extension and complication of the *jeu royal de billard*, bearing, however, to billiards pretty much the same proportion that chess bears to chequers." We suspect he is not a billiard-player; for if he had been, he would have known that the number of possible strokes in that game are infinitely greater than in curling, and consequently that in that game, to attain any thing like consummate skill, is far more difficult, and requires the perpetual practice of a whole life. Neither is he correct in saying that billiards "is an amusement of the pent city, played within the confined precincts of four walls, the arena, the few yards of the gambling-table, the actors but too frequently those whose disreputable shrift it is to herd together to barter for diabolical gains—night-clouded as their purposes, the season—a gas lamp the luminary—jealousy, animosity, and chicanery, the presiding genii of the spot." Such indeed is, in general, but too true a picture of a public billiard-room in a town, and from such low and perilous haunts let all our ingenuous youth keep aloof. But a billiard-room in a gentleman's house in the country is always the scene of an elegant recreation, and in a wet or muggy day, is a pleasant relief from the library, or even the drawing-room. Did our worthy friend never see ladies at play? In their hands the light mace is a more deadly weapon than that heaviest one that dealt destruction around in the mailed fist of the Pounder. But this is a trifle; and he says well, "Curling, the child of day, of honour, and sociality, is waged upon the glassy bosom of some romantic lake; the snow-capt mountains and tesselated woods are the sheltering screen; the season is the Saturnalia of Scottish life; the combatants 'the bold peasantry, our country's pride.'" What higher commendation, he elsewhere asks, can possibly be given of any amusement than that summed up in the following lines?

> "It clears the brain—stirs up the native
> heat,
> And gives—*a gallant appetite for meat.*"

"It rouses"—he adds in illustration of that poetical text—"the social warmth which the howling storms of winter have torpified; kicks out of the penthouse of the mind the chimeras engendered by the leisure perusal of the Dumfries Courier; and lastly, begets in the gastronomical region one of those important vacuums, ycleped by Wildrake a bottomless stomach—into which are cast those gaseous vapours that cloud and distemper the brain, and which, when buried under a trebly replenished plate of beef and greens, with a quantum suff. of whisky toddy, would require even a more startling apparition than the ghost of the Catholic Question, a personification of the National Debt, or any other political bugbear of the day, to arise from the abyss whereinto they have fallen, and extricate them from that load under which they are quietly inurned." Written like a true curler—nor less so what we now quote with still greater pleasure. "We well remember, however, the many schoolboy holydays obtained to witness parish bonspiels. These were white-days, even in those youthful years, when all was gaiety of heart, which stand out still in *alto-relievo* from the *tabula rasa* of all that surround them. When buttoned up to the chin, with skates in our mittened hand, we proudly shouldered our father's besom, and accompanied him to the scene of action, eager to witness the exploits of the day, and with a breast palpitating with anxiety for the result. O! these were, and still are, joyous times! when the winter's sun, 'shining slant on tower and tree,' rises clear and bright over the sheeted lochs—when the winds, as yet congealed, lie sleeping and sparkling in hoary crystallization upon every bough—when the bracing air purifies the blood, and gives elasticity and buoyancy to the spirits, as morning, big with the fate of channel-stanes and fame, calls to the sport 'all the merry handlers of the quoit.' Then, whilst through the livelong day

——'kindles the friendly strife,'

merriment and glee flash around. The village wit pours out unrestrained his banter and his joke. The skaters, flickering in fantastic groups, add variety and gaiety to the scene. Young and old of the slipshod lookers-on anxiously participate in the success or
friends. Then,

Smit with the
there,
While love of
less eyes—
New nerves their arms, and
young once more'—

the joyous schoolboy, n.
sport, and nicknamed aft
champions of the olden time, wag
tiny warfare with pigmy stones. Whilst last, not least, the peerless maidens, 'busked braw,' coming to draw water, coyly submit to those delightful abductions which their swains impose—and, seated upon their water-cans, are hurled over the ice, amidst the shouts and emulation of their numerous attendants, and,

'Hill and valley, dale and down,
Ring wi' the social band.'

These are scenes which might well occasion the appropriate motto of the Duddingston Curling Society—and which, happily, is not applicable to the gracefulness and gaiety of that spot alone,—

Sic Scoti, alii non æque felices."

Though a national game, Curling has never been universal in Scotland. It is estimated, says our author, that even now about a million of the inhabitants never heard of it. We cannot believe that, our good sir. People born and bred in great towns hear of nothing out of them; but almost all the rural population of Scotland, and that of villages and clachans, have surely heard of this game, and know, at least, that it is practised on the ice, and that it is not skating. True it is, however, that in some places where it once flourished, the game has gone into decay or desuetude; while it is a cheering fact, again, that in many others it prospers beyond all precedent—and perhaps nowhere more than round about Edinburgh. Some hundred years or so ago, the very Magistrates themselves are said to have gone to the Curling, and returned, in a body, with a band before them playing tunes suitable to the occasion; and though now our civic rulers never venture as a corporation on such slippery ground,

the Dud-
new spirit has
game. The
society was an
of Curling—and
a centre, have
wide over the land.
the west of Scotland
distinguished also for
the art; and numerous
parochial Curling Societies
in full operation, all indicating
at the game is fast rising to a degree of popularity and vigour, hitherto unexampled in the history of the world. In the north of England, we are told, though we never saw it, that Curling has made considerable progress; the only approach to the game made there, as far as our knowledge goes, being what is called "channelling," a rude and artless amusement, with chance stones from the brook, and not to be viewed by a Scotchman without feelings of pity, akin to contempt. But the truth is, that England is at least a century behind Scotland in all the arts and sciences, notwithstanding the impulse communicated to her by the union of the kingdoms. Some spirited Scotchmen, among the few resident in London, some years ago, got up a spiel on the New River, which was beheld with much admiration by the natives of the Wen. But the ice threatening to give way, the game terminated somewhat abruptly; nor have we ever heard of its having been renewed. In Ireland, Curling "languishes, grows dim, and dies;" though 'tis a pastime admirably suited to the Irish character. A rare sight would be a concluding bonspiel with shillelahs on the ice—and the curling-stones themselves would make no unformidable missiles. With better success, we are told, has the game been carried over the Atlantic, and established in the frozen regions of North America.

"But what the deuce," quoth an English reader, "is Curling?" We cannot tell you better than in the words of Pennant:—"It is an amusement of the winter, and played upon the ice, by sliding from one mark to another, great stones of 40 or 70 pounds weight, of a hemispherical form, with a wooden or iron handle at top; the object of the player being to lay his stone as near the mark as possible; to guard that of his partner, which has been well laid before; or to strike off that of his antagonist." That is Curling; and in these few words you have a general description of a game in which, while it requires a calculating head, and a nice eye and a steady arm, may be aroused almost all the passions of the heart, and all else in this world given to oblivion.

Now for a few words from our scientific author upon the points of the game. The length of the rink—or course of the stones—should be about 42 yards—and the mark at each end is called the Tee.

"*Wicking*—or *In-ringing*, the prettiest and most scientific point in the game by far—and which, we understand, though we can scarce credit it, is not in universal practice—is to take the shot, and leave yourself behind the rampart of your adversary's barricade, when to all appearance their winner was impregnable: viz. by taking an inner angle off a side-shot, in such a manner as to change and direct the course of your stone upon the one to be projected—or else to effect the same, when the case permits, by drawing off the said shot. This high degree of science in the game is by no means hazardous; but one in which such proficiency may soon be obtained as to render its adoption the general rate of play. We have often seen a wily skip first cause an apparently useless side-shot to be laid, and then by a dexterous in-wick eject the winner, and sit like—Will Wastle, invincible in his castle.

"*Out-wicking*, is to strike the outer angle of a stone, so as thereby to put it into the spot. Though a much more difficult operation, it can sometimes be practised with effect when in-wicking cannot. This is an elegant movement, and worthy the attention of amateurs.

"*Chipping a guard*, is simply, by displacing a guard, to open up the winner.

"*Cannoning*, when the game has become complex, and the shot difficult to be taken in any other way, is the combined operation of making a guard butt off the winner, and follow in with your own stone, thus turning an instrument of defence into one of offence, viz., by striking it in such a position as that the guard shall take the winner at a slight angle, and so cause both to spue out, whilst the stone projecting these movements shall follow up, and remain the shot. This, which is nearly, in billiard terms, *walking a cannon*, requires less dexterity than strength, and is very often effective play; for only strike strong enough, and fifty times to one the guard driven will not hit so dead upon the winner as merely to take its place—the smallest possible variation from the direct causing it to diverge. 'Come away, my boy! don't spare the powder!' is always a jocose direction, exciting interest on both sides; and often, from the opposite end of the rink, have we seen the sole of our president's stone over his head, when he had to *lift* up double guards, or take a shot (a favourite one with him) of this description, and been delighted at the consternation of the adversary, as

'With full force, careering furious on,
Rattling, it struck aside both friend and foe,
Maintain'd its course, and took the victor's place!'

"*Butting*, or chap and guard, is to put up a stone, and lie guard upon it.

"*Rebutting*, is towards the end of the game, when the ice is blocked up, and the aspect of the game hopeless or desperate, to run the gauntlet through the same. The effect produced by a stone driven furiously among double and treble guards, is often truly surprising. A thunderbolt of this kind, as in 'change seats, the king's coming,' will often alter the *tout ensemble* of the game.

'"Shew me the winner!" cried Glenbuck,
"An' a' behind stan' by!"
Then rattled up the roaring crag,
While a' did crash and fly.'

"*Chipping a winner*, is to avoid the guard, and take what you can see of a winner.

"*Porting*, is to come up, inter Syllam et Charybdim, *i. e.* to draw a shot through a strait formed by the stones upon the rink.

"To *chuckle*, a term used upon the Ayrshire ice, is to make a succession of in-wicks up a port to a certain object.

"Besides these, there are many minor acts in the roll of doing—such as *breaking an egg* upon this stone, getting under
other, resting at
coming to the
ing a port, &c.
list of what is
such as guarding,
a stone—taking your
your opponent's winner,
word, making good
worse."

Pray, who is a Skip
"king o' a' the core
words, captain, or director of his side of the game—rink ruler—there being, of course, at each rink, two skips. Much depends on the skip—for while he takes [illegible] own turn at the tee, it is his duty to instruct and advise, and, above all things else, to know the capabilities and powers of his subjects. He ought to be intimately conversant, if possible, with the peculiar play of each man of his party—and to have studied, with a learned spirit, their intellectual and moral character. A skip must not only be a skilful curler, but a sound philosopher—else he deserves not the name. We have known skips who were elders of the kirk—nay, ministers—and we should have had no hesitation in backing either of them, singly, against Satan himself—and the tottle of the whole against him and all his legions—off or on the ice. Characteristic of a good, bad, or indifferent curler, is at once seen by an accomplished skip—attitude. From the position in which his player stands, when about to deliver his stone, he can tell whether he will play true for the required point, and will provide accordingly—nor will he ever require, or suffer, a difficult shot at the hand of an uncertain, much less a poor player. Better far in all such cases—and they must be of frequent occurrence—to *spend the stone*. The skip, too, must understand, that he may be able to make due allowances for them, all *biasses* on the ice—and give right direction by his besom placed *traverse*—thereby often seeming to work a miracle. As all players—or rather stones—says our author—do not take the same bias—the skip must detect in each, if not the cause, the kind of deviation. What an amount of knowledge that implies! knowledge, too, of that delicate and exquisite kind possible but to a person gifted with

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dle. When young or unskilful hands commence the game, then ensues confusion wo[illegible]confounded—stones far outshootin[illegible] sideward leaving the tee—"that find no end in devious mazes lost." Though things may not be so bad as this, still a "runaway character" is given to the play, and the true curler *girns* to see the "loose and pointless play."

With regard to the kind, or *style of game*, we entirely agree with our friend, in giving the preference to a *drawing*, over a *striking* play. It affords much more display of science, and of course an intenser interest.

"It ought ever to be kept in view—for this is the distinguishing feature of Curling—that man is leagued with, and opposed to man, not for the purpose of muscular exertion, but for that of skill and address. Unless, then, when in peculiar exigencies the latter requires

> 'The might which slumbers in the yeoman's arm,'

we think that it ought to be a skip's rule of game never to strike away an opponent's stone until the game becomes complicated, and he has at least two or more stones, and one of these guarded within ken of the tee. When the order of the day is,—'strike—strike!' bare rink-heads are the consequence, and no opportunity presents for wicking, cannoning, drawing, porting, and guarding, which bring out the science of the combatants, and constitute that beauty and fascination in the spiel, which alike invigorates the body and braces the mind."

Nor let it ever be forgotten that *sweeping* is one half of the battle. To a keen eye the skip must join a clear tongue—as promptly he cries—"Sweep, sweep." "Up besoms!" But let the skip be in skill the skip of skips, he is worse than worthless if he have not *temper*. Let him shew irascibility or peevishness, and his party is dished; their spirits are damped—nervousness creeps over all, and the strong arm is palsied, or inspired with fatal strength—"brings death into the world and all our woe, with loss of Bonspiel." "Patience is nowhere a greater virtue than on the ice." The Shepherd will pronounce that a "grand apopgthegm." "Be cannie"—"be cautious ever," is a wise saw—and by many a rink has been chosen for the slogan. For a stone that overshoots the tee is a lost stone; while one merely over the hogg—(the line on the hither side of which a stone is dead)—is "in the way of promotion," and either as a guard will be useful, or, what with butts from friend or foe, will find a station near or within the ring.

And what of Cramps? Hear authority. "Curling, where it is considered to be practised upon improved principles, has laid aside the use of cramps, and the players stand upon a movable piece of board, or iron, laid by the tee. This mode may answer the purpose as far as the delivery of the stone is concerned very well—and indeed upon ponds or small fields of ice, where changes of rinks cannot be admissible;—it must ever be kept in view, however, that sweeping forms, as before said, a most important item in the curler's task. Nor can we see how this can properly be performed, unless the player stands *sicker* upon the ice. The alert sweeper has little in common with the mincing steps of the slipshod looker-on. The uncrampeted broomster, and the pilgrim with the (unboiled) peas, may go hand in hand. Commend us to the good old plan. He who cannot play a scientific game in cramps, will never play one out of them."

What are Bonspiels? Bonspiels, or bonspels, in contradistinction to spiels, which may be defined to imply a game or match between members of the same society, or of a limited party of adversaries, are matches between rival parishes or districts. In former or feudal times—our excellent friend well says—when the nobility were principally resident upon their estates, it was customary for one baron and his tenantry to challenge another; these contests were waged, year after year, with all the keenness of hereditary feuds. In latter times, however, it is generally one society or parish against another. These encounters are of course invested with all the interest which anxiety to support the renown of the respective parties can create; though attended, at the same time, with all the harmony and good humour for which curlers are proverbially celebrated. These meetings form the grand field-days of an ice-campaign. Numerous private matches, for trifling stakes, form almost the daily routine of the curling season; and are carried on in a spirit of rivalry which gives zest and variety, during its continuance, to what may be called a society's domestic or everyday sport.

The author of Curliana is a Dumfries-shire man, which is a great curling county, and he writes of his native region with an eloquent enthusiasm. Throughout Dumfries-shire, he tells us that various Curling Societies exist, some with, and others without, a constitution. There, in general, bonspiels are played with forty players a-side—and the parish of Lochmaben, which abounds in lakes, and is very populous, enrols about 150 names in her Curling list, all of whom are eligible to play in parish matches. By the resolutions of the society, however, to meet the general custom of the district, it is judiciously provided that forty of the best players shall be chosen annually in November, to play in all bonspiels—a number amply sufficient to uphold the honour of the parish on the ice. These forty players are divided into five rinks, headed by five Skips, who are *ex officio* President and Vice-Presidents of the society, and who, together with the Secretary and Vice-Skips, form the annual committee of management.

"We regret the want of a minute-book prior to the year 1823, merely on this account, that no written memorabilia exist of the 'days and deeds' of those champions of the broom whose fame has filled the ears of the neighbouring parishes, and which is still fresh in the proud recollection of our own. A regret, however, which this reflection goes far to extinguish—that it is invidious to blazon forth the defeats of others, and at best
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days of old, there are [illegible] few of whom
we have to say, *Nomina stant umbra.*
those who are still familiar in our mou
we have space only to enumerate one
two. The first of these in time, if
in fame, is—

"Deacon Jardine, who flourished from the beginning of the 18th century downwards. He was a very celebrated player, and is the oldest preses of the Lochmaben rinks whose name has survived the lapse of an hundred and thirty years.

"Walter Dryden, his successor, flourished about the middle of the century. Great things are spoken of his skill and prowess; and of the numerous bonspiels he fought and won. He was succeeded in his office by his great rival and contemporary—

"Bailie James Carruthers—the redoubted *Bonaparte*, so dubbed from the distinguished success with which he long headed our ice. He died full of years and honour about the close of the last century—and was succeeded by his pupil in the glacial art, the reigning President, under whose conduct the society has reached its present high and palmy state; and of whom, when he shall have thrown his last stone, it may be truly said, take him for all and all, we ne'er shall see his like again.

"In addition to these magnates, a long list might be given of the eminent ice-players who under their banner fought alongst with them, side by side, sharing the honour and the pride of victory. Of these, however, it is sufficient to mention Dr Clapperton, of antiquarian memory—his son Alexander—Mr Edgar of Elshieshields—Provost Henderson of Cleugh-heads—Dickson, called the "Tutor," of whose superior skill many anecdotes are still afloat—the late Mr Johnstone of Thornywhat—Convener Ferguson—Provost Dickson—Captain Hog-

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Burgess, Thomas Johnstone, jun., Wil-
am Graham, James Jardine, and John
Henderson, may be considered as the

It would be an endless task to attempt to record the triumphs of the Lochmaben Curlers in great parish matches. They have conquered Tinwald, Torthorwald, Dumfries, Mousewald, Cummertrees, Annan, Dryfesdale, Hatton, Wamphray, Applegarth, and Johnstone. In the midst of a contest with the Kirkmichaelites, the ice gave way, and six persons having been drowned, the "roaring play" was hushed and stilled, stones and besoms suffered all to remain where they were, without a thought. The names of the heroes, whose skill and prowess were mainly instrumental to such conquests, have been preserved in the pages of Curliana. "*During the course of the French War*, the following eight Curlers, Sir James Broun, Bailie William Smith, Bailie Francis Bell, Messrs D. Irving of Righeads, Robert Bell of Elshieshields, James Johnstone of Belzies, Alexander Harkness of Gotterby, and David Tavish of Todhillmuir, sustained the renown of the Lochmaben ice; and after numerous victories over the Curlers of the adjoining parishes, obtained, *like Bonaparte's famous legion, the name of the Invincible Board*."

Among the Curlers of the south of Scotland, then, let it be said that the Invincibles of "Margery o' the Mony Lochs," have for time immemorial been distinguished—and let it likewise be said, that the successors of the Invincibles are a set of tall fellows. But how came they on in their contests with the celebrated Closeburnians? You shall hear.

"The Curlers of Closeburn having acquired, by their prowess upon the transparent boards, as much celebrity amongst the parishes of the Nith, as their rivals of Lochmaben amongst those upon the Annan, resolved, during the ice campaign of winter 1819-20, to try which of the parties should bear the palm: accordingly a challenge was dispatched by them, bearing that they would take up a position upon the Lochmaben ice, with forty players, upon a certain morning, and then and there, either lose or win honour with the men of Old Margery. This challenge was not more gallantly given than it was cordially accepted. From the moment, as may be supposed, that the tocsin was sounded, Lochmaben through all her curling population was quite on the *qui vive*. Rinks were assorted—preparations made, and all arranged for the redoubted contest. At length the morning, big with the fate of channel-stones and fame, breaking upon the horizon, witnessed the pouring in of the adjacent population—eager to see the exploits of the day—and the lengthened file of the Closeburnian champions bearing down upon the scene of action,

> 'Wi' channel-stanes baith glib an' strong,
> Their army did advance;
> Their crampets o' the trusty steel,
> Like bucklers broad did glance.
>
> 'A band wi' besoms high uprear'd,
> Weel made o' broom the best,
> Before them like a moving wood
> Unto the combat prest;
>
> 'The gallant gamesters briskly moved,
> To meet the daring foe'—

"The renown of the respective combatants—the distance travelled by the challengers—the numerous body assembled—all investing the encounter with an interest, rather approaching to that which attends the inroad of some hostile aggression, than the engagement of eighty peaceable and friendly curlers, whose stake was the honour of their respective parishes—the forfeit, beef and greens.

"About eleven o'clock the parties marshalled their way to the Kirk Lochs, where the Presidents having agreed to take up each other, and the other Skips having arranged among themselves, the boards were selected, the tees cut, and the 'roaring sport begun.' At first, notwithstanding the cautious tact, and cool possession of the Closeburnians, success seemed to promise a hollow triumph to the Lochmaben party. Their senior rink gained an easy victory over the adverse president's. The second stood at one time 20 shots to 4: when security bred carelessness, and it ultimately won, though with but small credit, comparatively, to itself. The third and fourth eventually lost. The fate of the bonspiel now turned upon the success of our junior rink: all then crowded around to witness the termination; and the anxiety of both parties and of the spectators, wound up to the highest pitch, accumulated as the game approached, and became more and more intense till it reached its ultimatum upon both combatants attaining to twenty. The 'decisive spell' remained!—

> 'How stands the game'—'tis like to like—
> Now! for the winning shot, man!'

The stone was thrown amidst the 'eager breathless grins' of the players—the sweepers 'plied it in'—Lochmaben had it!—and of course, if

> 'Triumphant besoms flew (not) in air,'

and if the 'moment's silence still as death,' which had pervaded the anxious throng, gave place to no 'sudden burst of the victor's shout,' or to

> 'Hurrahs loud and long, man!'

it was only because an honourable etiquette forbids all such vociferous rejoicings over a prostrate foe. Thus terminated, however, the first great match with Closeburn. Both parties then shaking hands, left the ice together in the height of good fellowship and adjourned to the Crown Inn, where smoking cheer awaited them after the labours and amusement of the day: and where, amid new-formed friendships, the evening was spent with as much harmony, sociality, and glee, as perhaps ever crowned a curling board."

Nothing can be more lively and good-humoured than all the above; but on what follows, we must construct a scold. "It was this same Bonspiel, however, which a Reverend Professor, connected with Closeburn, laid hold upon to serve up to the public in a caricaturing article in Blackwood, for February 1820, under the title, 'Horæ Scoticæ, No. I.;' in which, with a total disregard of facts, persons, places, and circumstances, and without a particle of truth, or manly sincerity to redeem—to quote his own words—'the small wit floating in an under current,' which runs throughout it—to give way to a paltry feeling of malevolent jealousy, he

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that all the early sins of Maga
passed into oblivion, and that her reputation was pure as that of a Vestal virgin. With a queerish and qualmyish feeling we turned her up for February, 1820, expecting to be horrified with the blackness of the concern, when, to our delighted astonishment, Horæ Scoticæ, No. I., smiled upon us, of all white things in this world, the most innocent and ingenuous—

> "In wit a man, simplicity a child."

So far from time, place, persons, circumstances, &c., being all misrepresented, not the most remote allusion is made to one single human being in all this blessed world! That the reverend Professor who wrote that admirable article, may have curled as a Closeburnian, against the Invincibles of Lochmaben, among the dominions of "Margery o' the Mony Lochs," is very probable, for he excels in many a harmless and manly pastime. But Horæ Scoticæ, No. I., is a fictitious description altogether—and the bonspiel there described is as completely a creation of Dr Gillespie's brain, as Burning the Tweed is of Sir Walter's, in one of his novels. These men of Mony-Loched Margery sometimes imagine all the world are thinking, and speaking, and writing about *them*, when she is looking after, and wholly engrossed with her own affairs. Never till this hour have they been even so much as once alluded to in the faint-

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morning, besom
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all astir. The Closeburn party being
ady arrived, and our own men, with
turn-out of the parish and neighbour-
in waiting, we proceeded forthwith to the Halleaths Loch, where, preliminaries adjusted, issue was joined. The ice, unfortunately, was far from being strong; but as the morning was clear, and rather frosty, appearances were so far favourable for the amusement in which we all took so lively an interest. I played in our senior rink, which again opposed the leading one of Closeburn—President *v.* President. At first we were most successful, numbering eleven shots before our opponents reckoned one; and we were cheered by similar intelligence from our other boards—the spectators, who moved from rink to rink, informing us that Lochmaben was carrying all before her; and that on three of the other boards, they stood eight and ten love. Our party, as you may well suppose, were quite elate. On the other hand, never did I witness more anxiety than what our opponents evinced. As the game advanced, they seemed to lose all heart. Let no man, however, despair upon ice—well is it called a 'slippery sport.' Our game now stood nineteen to seven—a fearful odds—when the day, which previous to this had inclined to be soft, now changed completely, and became a thaw. To add to our misluck, from the pressure of the on-lookers, (some hundreds,) who the more crowded around us, expecting that we should finish by an end or two—the water rushed up at both tees, and covered in a short time almost the entire rink. The tide now turned—the Closeburn Curlers having greatly the advantage of us, as their stones were much narrower in the bottoms, and did not run upon half the surface of ours. The board soon became unplayable, and forced us—maugre opposition—to remove. The new tees, however, were scarcely cut, when a rent ran from end to end, and before a dozen stones were thrown, we again stood and played in water nearly ankle deep. Our party once more proposed to change the board, but to this the Closeburnians would by no means consent, alleging, as we were the winning party, we had no right to change. Seeing, therefore, that they wished to take advantage of playing amongst water, we determined to try it out, and see whether, unequally yoked as we were, we could not beat them. Accordingly, we played till the water became so deep, that few could get over the hog, so that at last it came to be, that he who threw farthest won the shot. Indeed, for several of the last ends, only four or five stones, out of the sixteen, got over the score. Under these circumstances, twice did the stone of a Lochmaben Curler pass every other, and we came off victorious—if I may so prostitute a term which can only apply to a scientific spiel.

"In the mean time, with reversed success, it fared equally ill with all our other rinks. Our second, in whose favour the game at one time stood thirteen to one, was the first to lose. Shortly after, two others finished, one in favour of either side. Both combatants being thus equal, every one ran to witness the termination of the remaining rink. The parties were well matched, and their game by this time stood nineteen to nineteen. Two shots were still to be gained. It is impossible for me to describe the anxiety now felt by all. Every one pressed forward to see—and scarcely was a stone delivered, till its owner lost sight of it by the crowd of heads stretched out to witness what effect it produced. At this critical juncture, as

> 'Oft it will chance as the doubtful war burns,
> That victory will rest on one high-fated blow,'

when the Closeburn party were lying the game shot, Lochmaben being second and third, it happened, just as our vice-skipper was in the act to throw his stone,

> 'All eyes bent on him who decides the great stake—'

—the rink swept, and all expectation—that a Closeburn Curler called out to him in an impertinent tone, 'Fit your tee, Sir!' —The Lochmaben player, a stout young fellow, and passionate withal, could not brook the insult thus wantonly, and so publicly given, and a quarrel ensued. The consequence was what the Closeburnian intended: the player was unhinged, and missed the shot. But for this circumstance, there is scarcely a doubt that he would have taken it—for it was quite open, and he was one of the very best players on the Lochmaben ice. Every one felt indignant at—and even his o party scouted—the sinister trick; for our player was actually at the inst fitting his tee, the motive was obvious with which it was done.

"We then left the ice in a body, and nearly a hundred sat down to dinner in Smith's inn. Upon the cloth being removed, appropriate speeches and toasts were made and given; and our worthy President introduced in a song a verse or two complimentary to the Closeburnians, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Old Robert Burgess also, with the true feeling of a Curler, sung more than once, that capital ice-song, 'The music o' the year is hushed,' with equal effect. The bands of friendship got tighter the more they were wet. and we were all in the height of sociality before we arose. The best of friends however must part. As many of the party had their horses at the Crown, we convoyed them so far; but here there was no parting, without their *duich-an-dorris*, before they went. Accordingly here we all rejoined—when there was again nothing but shaking of hands—professions of kindness, cordiality, and glee; the Closeburnians saying that they had *never* met with heartier or better fellows,—(and we thinking of them the same.)—and that we looked more like conquerors, than having suffered a defeat. After many kind invitations, and assurances of the satisfaction it would afford them to see us upon their own ice, we at length separated, 'resolved to meet some ither day.'

"A friend and myself had just left the inn, when a message overtook us, that our company was requested in a private apartment. Here we found two Closeburn players—opponents to our rink—who wished to express to us, over a bowl of brandy, how highly pleased they had been with the sports and entertainment of the day. After expatiating at length upon this topic—'Skill depart frae my right hand,' exclaimed one, 'if, when your challenge arrives, I do not send down a special messenger to invite you both to my house. Me and mine have possessed the farm I occupy for the last hundred years,—and there's naebody I shall be so proud to see as yoursells.' Upon this we parted with mutual feelings of regard.

"As I know you to be curious in stones, I may mention, that upon this occasion the Closeburnians brought down several others four f member

So much author says taken by though the unh they had account of ed in Blackwood. Blo they for their pains. Even had been quizzed in Maga, there no need for the men of Margery feel it acutely; but to feel acutely a fictitious general description of the game of Curling, is a stretch of sensibility with which no sempstress could sympathize. The acuteness of their sufferings, however, having been blunted by years, perhaps they might have regained some tolerable composure after this their undisputed defeat by the Curlers of Closeburn, had not "a gasconading poem from the same pen appeared in the Dumfries paper of the week following, entitled, "Hurrah for Closeburn." This atrocious song was "adapted to the double purpose of throwing, with one hand, dirt and disgrace upon Lochmaben, to the uttermost; with the other, holding up Closeburn to the skies." This atrocious song we have never seen to our knowledge; and we trust its wickedness is not so fiendlike as it seems to our fierce Lochmabenite. There certainly is something devilish "in throwing with the one hand dirt and disgrace on Lochmaben, to the uttermost;" yet is that devilishness almost redeemed by the seraphic sentiment, "of holding up Closeburn to the skies." On the appearance of this song, "it was turned into parody, [by the author of Curliana?] and a copy forwarded to the Lochmaben president to be published *en retorte*." But he and his party had the "forbearance,"—we should say the magnanimity—to keep it from the press. But in the spring

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round of all concerned at the time." Of these *plusquam civilia bella*, we never till this moment heard; and should like to see each strophe and antistrophe as they were said or sung at beef and greens. We have not a doubt, that as pieces of personal and libellous matter, they are as amusing as harmless; such little personalities seem to us to proceed mutually from amiable people alone; and it has often occurred to "us much reflecting on these things," that it is strange how the satirical song-writer, for example, who is conscious during composition of a divine philanthropy, which includes, of course, the individual absurdly said to be the victim of an assassin, that is, of a person with pleasing features and a sharp-nibbed pen, jotting down, in prose or verse, notices of certain mental or physical phenomena, presented in the conduct or converse of a brother Christian—"To us much reflecting on these things," we say it has often occurred as very strange how the satirical song-writer, with such consciousnesses as these, can ever for a moment doubt that the lively creature libelling him in return, is inspired with the most affectionate feelings towards him, and ready to do him any service that may be pointed out as lying within the libeller's power. What is a libel, but "a wee bit byuckie?" In our tenderness, we go on and on, till we apply the term sometimes to a single stanza. And such is the horror which some silly people have of the vague idea of something or other
isting in certain sounds, which is
to be "libellous," that they
recourse to Courts of Justice,
ascertain how it may be; and in
event of its being decided by Trial by Jury that it is even so, they seek solatium in what is still more absurdly called damages.

Thus rested matters between the Lochmabenites and the Closeburnians; nor did an opportunity again present itself, till the winter 1825 and 6, for the decisive bonspiel.

> "At last a challenge was accepted by the Closeburnians for the end of January. The Lochmaben party reached Brownhill the night previous, and met with so joyous a reception from their old friends, as by no means improved their nerves for the important business of the day following. That, however, as it turned out, did not signify—for it was again to prove a trial of strength. As bad luck would have it, a drizzling morning rose upon a soft and blustry night, and the rival parties assembled upon the ice with clouded faces, under a clouded sky. Much, however, to the honour of the Closeburn Curlers, they proposed, through their president, as the state of the ice and weather did not permit of playing a fair scientific spiel, that, as dinner was ordered and the parties met, they should amuse themselves till that time with a friendly mixed game. This proposal Sir James and the seniors of his party resolved to accept—but the younger men scouted the idea; and, considering the immense concourse of people who from far and near had crowded to witness the fray, declared one and all that 'they would not have it said for shame' that they had come so far and had not played. Accordingly, after much hesitation, and upon a mutual understanding that the parties should again meet, and under more favourable circumstances decide the palm, the spiel commenced—and it soon fared with Lochmaben as foreseen. From the pressure of the crowd, and the spongy state of the ice, the water soon became so deep as to require to sweep the rink the whole length before each stone was delivered; and even when that was done, it oftener than once happened that out of the sixteen stones, two only would get over the hog-score! It was

under these circumstances that again, *one* rink, Closeburn gained,—and
maben lost,—no honour.

"The combatants then returned to
Inn to dinner—where as usual the great
harmony, good feeling, and hi
vailed. At a late hour, the Loch
party wended their way
Lochs; and as an instance of
impression they left behind
may mention, that one of their
upon returning to the room in
his hat, found the Closeburnians, one and all, mounted upon the table, on one foot, cups in hand, drinking, with all the honours, 'health, happiness, and prosperity to the men of old Margery.'

"In the former bonspiel, one of the Closeburn skippers lost the honour which he had acquired during five-and-twenty consecutive parish spiels. But in this, if, under the circumstances mentioned, it may be so construed, a greater trophy was achieved. It was reserved for the old President of their society to crop the laurels which Sir James for thirty unvanquished years, at the head of the Lochmaben invincibles, had won and worn. The veteran Closeburnian had twice quailed before him—and had been heard to say, that if in the ensuing contest he could beat the Baronet, he would die in peace. *Requiescat!* his wish was amply gratified. Sir James's players were mostly striplings, who could have done their work well had the ice been hard—but as it was, few ends were played, till they were *hors-de-combat!*"

Up starts, again, as if from the infernal regions, the reverend Professor, who, ever since the 1820, and long, long before, had so haunted the men of Margery's imaginations, that he must have been seen in every bush in the moors. "Following up the former provocations, in an early number of the Dumfries Journal another set of verses from the old quarter blazoned forth the defeat of Lochmaben, commencing in the hackneyed strain,

'Hurrah! for Closeburn, fling the note
afar!'"

Now, we cannot help humbly thinking, that it is customary on all such occasions to expect that the poet-laureate of the victorious party should celebrate their conquest by a triumphal lay. It is not moderate or manly to call such song of triumph—justified by the practice of all the most heroic nations—"following up former provocations." But this lay

Vers
right an

ciou
tribes
there was su
tesy and gentlemanly feeling
pletely to overreach its purpos
to hold up its rancorous author
the scorn and disgust *of the public at large*," &c. All this, we take it upon ourselves to say, is absolute raving; Professor Gillespie, the writer of those *jeux d'esprit*—and they were manifestly, from the specimens quoted, nothing else, to say nothing of his admirable talents—being one of the warmest and kindest-hearted men that ever lived, with a heart as full of benignity as an egg's full of meat, and not a drop of rancour in his whole composition.

Our author then goes on to moralize thus:—

"A *jeu d'esprit*, however harmless, and even when expressly written *pour faire rire*, if at the expense of truth, and made public at the expense of others, degenerates into something at best exceedingly despicable. But if designedly and repeatedly persevered in through years, for the vindictive purpose of holding up through the press a respectable body of unoffending men to the derision of their countrymen, it acquires a deeper shade of niddering still. The party whose names have been so unhandsomely dragged into light, can set, however, at nought the knavery done them. The anonymous concocter, and shameless publisher of utter fictions, can be but slightly affected by the imputation of motives which would press heavy indeed upon an honourable mind. We leave him therefore to enjoy upon the pillory, where public opinion has long stationed him,—but in the '*attitude* an

lowing July,
Closeburnian,
[illegible] kpatrick." "Shortly
[illegible] the leading toasts of the day
[illegible] been disposed of, the Sheriff
st[illegible] up, and in an eloquent speech, replete with urbanity and kindly feeling, made his way to the heart of every Lochmaben individual present. He commenced by speaking of ancient times, and the periods of the Bruce—and then, by an easy transition from fields of ire to those of ice, he spake of our own happier feuds—the peaceful emulations of modern men. Alluding then to our recent spiels, and paying a well-turned tribute to our Curling skill, he proceeded to add, that, himself a Curler, and the son of a Curler, who had often headed the rinks of Closeburn, it could not but be expected that he should wish success to his own;—should victory, however, notwithstanding, incline to the other side, he was well assured, even then, that they would lose no honour by resigning the palm to such redoubted compeers. He then proposed, with all the honours—'The Curlers of Lochmaben.'"

Thus matters remained till the ice-campaign of 1829-30. The parish heroes met to try another contest—but Juno and Jupiter were inauspicious—and such was the state of the day and ice, that it was found impracticable to play the bonspiel. The parties, however, modified their chagrin, by dining together—harmony and good feeling reigned—and they parted in hopes of meeting

season on the "trans-
"
a mutual understanding,
party should give nor
a challenge to play a pa-
h till the palm should be
cided between the rival
-Lochmaben has had no
ity for about ten years of
her old friends, the Curlers
neighbouring parishes, upon
e transparent board. Considering,
however, that by taking up the last
position upon the Closeburn ice, that
they were exonerated from an en-
agement which they did not antici-
ate should rival in duration the
Trojan war, and which they had often had occasion to regret, they met, and after four well contested games, conquered Tinwald, Dumfries, Johnstone, and Dryfesdale. The ice was excellent—the weather remarkably good—and fine scientific spiels were played throughout. The games were 21 shots each, and the aggregate number of surplus shots gained in all, amounted to 109—a very distinct proof of the proficiency of the losers in the art.

"Thus ended the celebrated ice campaign of winter 1829-30, which commenced with us upon the 19th of November, and, with few intermissions, terminated upon the 22d February, our last stones sounding *finale* about half-past six o'clock P. M."

One of the most amusing and instructive chapters is that entitled "Mechanical." The author is excellent on Curling stones. "Every Curling Society," he says, "has its noted Curling stones—relics of the olden time, and of the introduction of the game, which "*are looked upon with a sort of filial veneration*," &c. "Of these, several," he adds, "remain upon the Lochmaben ice as '*Palladiums.*'" The most remarkable is the "Famous Hen." She still exists, in all the pristine elegance and simplicity of form, as discovered by old Thornywhat and the late Provost Henderson, in a cleugh upon the estate of the former, and conveyed down to the Burgh in a plaid. She was used for many years in all parish spiels—till the parishioners became ashamed of her—for when once near the tee, there was no moving her—wherever she settled, there,

she *clock'd*; and
merely destroyed
turning up her bott
The Hen, however,
ice.

"We cannot resist in
lowing anecdotes conne
Hen, or omit gracing our
name so honourable to a pla
his father's birth-spot, and
own home; the more especi
are characteristic of the man.
H. Clapperton, the late lamente
can traveller, resided at Lochm
greater part of those three years
peacefullest, certainly—perhaps
piest, of his life—which elapsed betwe
his being paid off in 1817, and his goin
out upon that expedition. There, dwelling amid scenes which had once formed the ample possessions of his maternal ancestors,* and amid the high recollections which have there a 'local habitation and a name,' he gave himself up to those sports and pastimes which form the occupations of rural life. Amongst others, he joined in our Curling campaigns, but, as might be expected from his inexperience, was a very indifferent player indeed. The President, however, never particular as to the individual skill of his players, upon the receipt of the first challenge from Closeburn, chose him into his rink. This—amongst a body of men, who perhaps of all others act up most tenaciously to the no-respecting-of person principle of *detur digniori*—and that, too, upon the eve of a contest requiring a concentration of the experience and science of the society, gave rise to no little dissatisfaction. Accordingly, upon the morning of the bonspiel, the President, upon joining his party in the burgh, was surprised to see Clapperton standing aloof, having a raised look, his hands stuck in his sailor's jacket pockets, and whistling loud. He had not time, however, to get at him to enquire the cause, till one of the skips coming up, explained the mystery, by saying, that understanding that Clapperton, and another naval gentleman equally inexpert, had been chosen into his rink, the Curlers were determined not to play the bonspiel unless they were both put out. The President, upon the ground that a soft answer turns away wrath, said something conciliatory—and turned upon his heel. Upon this Clapperton, in an attitude of proud contempt, and pulled up to his height, advanced, with the air and gait of the quarter-deck, to a respectful distance, when, throwing up his hand *a la mode navale*, he demanded, in a key different from his usual

cited
comprehend
lossal granite so
doubt, was not a
Skip, who, as the tongue
had wished to eject him, wa
comparatively was considered to be a
crack rink, thoroughly drubbed.

"Upon another occasion, whilst playing in a bonspiel with Tinwald, being challenged by his Skip just whilst in the act of throwing the Hen, he actually held her in the air at arm's length, in the same position, until the orders countermanded were again repeated. His family were all athletic players, in particular his uncle Sandy, who for many years played an immense cairn, upon the principle that no other Curler upon the Lochmaben ice could throw it up but himself. These two incidents, however trivial, discovered the germs of that intrepidity which he afterwards developed so prominently in the field of adventure; and which, far from the 'land of his home and heart,' purchased for him an early tomb—and a deathless name.

"Speaking of feats of strength, I am tempted to make a slight digression. We are informed that there have been instances of throwing a Curling stone one English mile upon ice. It was no uncommon thing in days of yore, and there are many still alive who have done it, to throw across the Kirk Loch from the Orchard to the Skelbyland—a feat not much short of the above. Upon the occasion, we believe, of a match with Tinwald, Laurie Young, the strongest player amongst them, challenged the Lochmaben party to a trial of arm. Their president stepped out, and taking his stone, threw it with such strength across the breadth of the

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* The Hendersons of Lochmaben Castle.